This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

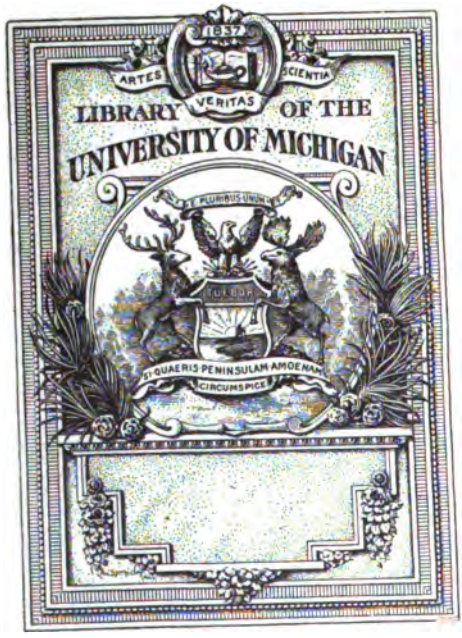
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

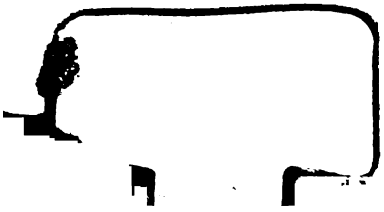
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

BR
1
.M77

Sterling and Carlyle. p. 21.



THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

M DCCC LII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER.

"IF GOD REVEAL ANY THING TO YOU BY ANY OTHER INSTRUMENT OF HIS, BE AS READY TO RECEIVE IT AS EVER YOU WERE TO RECEIVE ANY TRUTH BY MY MINISTRY; FOR I AM VERILY PERSUADED—I AM VERY CONFIDENT THE LORD HATH MORE TRUTH YET TO BREAK FORTH OUT OF HIS HOLY WORD. FOR MY PART I CANNOT SUFFICIENTLY BEWAIL THE CONDITION OF THE REFORMED CHURCHES, WHO ARE COME TO A PERIOD IN RELIGION, AND WILL GO AT PRESENT NO FURTHER THAN THE INSTRUMENTS OF THEIR FIRST REFORMATION. THE LUTHERANS CANNOT BE DRAWN TO GO BEYOND WHAT LUTHER SAW; WHATEVER PART OF HIS WILL OUR GOOD GOD HAS IMPARTED AND REVEALED UNTO CALVIN, THEY WILL RATHER DIE THAN EMBRACE IT. AND THE CALVINISTS YOU SEE STICK FAST WHERE THEY WERE LEFT BY THAT GREAT MAN OF GOD; WHO YET SAW NOT ALL THINGS! THIS IS A MISERY MUCH TO BE LAMENTED,"—*Robinson's Advice to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

VOL. II.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.
1852.

ANALYTICAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Aberdeen Mission, history of the, 413.
Achilli Trial, the, 447.
Address to Dissenters, 1.
Anderson, Rev. Christopher, death of, 190.
Anti-Christ and the Last Time, 224.
Anti-corn-law League, resuscitation of, 251.
Anti-state-church Association, meetings of, 64, 128, 192, 256, 320, 703, 768.
Aphorisms, 52, 633.
Auchterarder Case, the, 353.

Baptist Chapel Building Society, formation of, 320.
——— Missionary Society, formation of, 326.
Bennett, Rev. J. W., vicar of Frome, 125, 315.
Bible Illustrations, 181, 245.
—— the, a historical book, 201, 522.
——— Chronology of, 272.
——— its structure, 642; its tone, 644; its matter, 645; its adaptation to the human faculties, 650.
Bibles, distribution of by the Bible Society, 703.
BIBLICAL COMPARED WITH OTHER ANCIENT HISTORIES:—
I. Biblical and Egyptian History, 200.
II. Chronology specifically considered, 272.
III. Indirect History specifically considered, 396.
IV. Egypt; general culture and particular points of agreement, 521.
Bishop, the first, 137.
——— Christian, real office of, 588.
Bonomi, Joseph, on Nineveh, 354.
Botta's, M., excavations at Nineveh, 355.
Braintree Case, judgment on the, 510.
Bretschneider, 75.
BRIEF MEDITATIONS:—
Our Will and God's Oversight, 165.
Infirmity, 166.
Sickness and the Sick, 168.
Bright, John, M.P., on the Irish Church, 702, 767.
Britain, Primeval Period of, 482.
——— early Christianity in, 489.
Brothers, the Three, 422.
Bunsen, Chevalier, on Egyptian History, 204.
Buxton, T. F., Life, Character, and Reminiscences of, 554.

Calamy in Newgate, 547.
Canon of the New Testament, on the, 330.
——— Old Testament, on the, 468.
Carlyle's, Thomas, Life of Sterling, 21; religious opinions, 29.
Cease from Man, 677.
Chapels, new, 64, 128, 256, 320, 384, 448, 512, 576, 640, 704, 768.
——— Dissenting, Registration of, 511.
Chapter on the Indians of British Guiana, 96.
Child's, the, Last Year; a Family Sketch, 40.
Chisholm, Caroline, life and labours of, 729.
Characters, Biblical, their reality, 523.
Christian Life, influence of, 71.
Christianity, supreme claims of, 13.
——— its economic character, 16; its degeneration, 73.
——— its internal evidence, 641.
Christianization of Literature, 8.

Chronology of the Bible, 206; its superiority to Egyptian chronology, 272.
Church's, the, Mission to the Masses, 65.
Church accommodation in London, 126.
——— for the Poor, history of a, 412, 512.
——— Business in Parliament, 512.
——— the, definition of, 514.
——— early constitution of, 587.
Churches and Chapels in England and Wales, number of, 163.
Civilization, ancient growth of, 525.
Clay, Henry, death of, 510.
Clarke, Dr. Adam, on the Miracles of the Egyptians, 452.
Clergy and Laity, first distinction between, 591.
Cockburn's, Lord, Life of Jeffrey, 363.
Colleges, the Dissenting Anniversaries of, 511, 576, 640.
Coleridge's influence on Sterling, 24; his distinction between the understanding and the reason, 156.
Congregational Union, meetings of, 701.
——————— of Scotland, meeting of, 319.
Congregationalism, evils incident to, 325.
Controversy, Christian, temper of, 594.
Convocation, meeting of, 701.
——————— opening of, 764.
Cooper, B. H., "Free Church of Ancient Christendom," 513.
——— Thomas, Life and Character of, 669.
——— Robert, *ib.* 716.
CORRESPONDENCE:—
"Cato," on the Disendowment of Maynooth College, 37.
"A Pastor," on Church Discipline, 229.
"R. Mimpriss," on Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools and the Mimpriss System compared, 435.
"S. S.," on Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools, 545.
"S. S. T.," on Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools, 305—309.
"A Layman," on the Working Classes and Religious Institutions, 743.
Counsels to the Young, 53.
Cromer, description of, 554.
Cromwell Aphorisms, 52.
Culdees, origin of the, 210.
Death-bed Scenes, lessons from, 114.
Deluge, traditions regarding the, 398.
Deputies, Protestant Dissenting, the, 127, 448.
Dissent—what it involves, 2; is behind its capabilities, 3; general defects of, 4.
Dissent in Scotland, I., 209; II., 350; III., 462.
Druidical remains now existing, 484.

Early Church and its Ministry, the, 586.
Eclipse of Faith, the, 593.
Education, Manchester and Salford Scheme of, 62, 189, 253.
Educational Intelligence, 62, 64, 126, 127, 192, 316, 768.
"Edinburgh Review," establisment of the, 363.
Election, General, Dissenting element on the, 254, 383.
——————— and the Anti-state-church Association, 448.
——————— results of the, 505.
Elder, Christian, real office of, 588.
Egypt, Ancient, and the Bible, 201, 274, 396, 521.
Egyptian History, inferiority of to the Bible, 202.
——— Chronology, 274.
English Editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 683.
Episcopacy, Rothe's theory of, 517.
Established Churches, influence of on religion, 81.
Evangelical Alliance, unity of, 72; meeting of, 639.
Ewald, H., his estimate of Biblical history, 273.
Example, power of, 260.
Experience, on the evidence of, 88.

Feelings, the, distinguished, 159; their office in religion, *ib.*
Fiction, objections to, 9; uses of, 696.
Fisheries question, agitation of, 572.
FOR THE YOUNG:—
A Tale of Slavery, 233.
Child's, the, Last Year; a Family Sketch, 40.
Jessie Hampton, 624.
Mary, Queen of Scots, 424.
Reminiscences of a Good Man's Life—J. J. Gurney, 170.
Restitution—Bentley, the Chimney-sweep, 307.
"Strive to Enter In," 104.
The Man in Earnest—T. F. Buxton, 554.

297352

The Only Sixpence—or the Child's Offering, 494.
The Tempter, 686.
"What will they think of me?", 370.
A Secret worth Knowing, 746.
Foundation stones of new Chapels laid, 448, 512, 576, 640, 704, 768.
France, military despotism in, 190, 699.
——— New Empire in, 764.
Free Church of Scotland, her work, 466.
Free Trade Debate, 765.
Fuller, Andrew, Life and Character of, 321—330.

Gladstone, Rev. J. E., inhibition from preaching, 125; his secession from the Church, 510.
Gurney, Joseph John, Life and Character of, 170—178.
Goethe, his Relation to Christianity, 490.

Hagenbach, translations from, 155, 490.
Hare's, Archdeacon, acquaintance with Stirling, 25.
——————— Life of Stirling, 28.
Hengstenberg on the Book of Revelation, 335; his position as a theological writer, 336.
Hinton's, J. H., Visit to Wittemburg, 301.
History, indirect, its testimony to the truth of the Bible, 396.
History of a Church for the Poor, 412.
Historical Studies, practical utility of, 586.
Holyoake, G. J., Life and Character of, 617.
Homerton Training School, opening of, 316, 640.
Human Race, common origin of, 17, 407.
Huther on the Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament, 516.

Increase of Places of Worship in England and Wales, 162.
Indians, Red, of British Guiana, 96; numbers, doctrines, and practices of, 97—99; missions to, 216.
Infidelity, popular teachers of, 617, 669, 716.
——— Modern, character and claims of, *ib.*
Intelligence, 63, 126, 191, 255, 317, 384, 448, 511, 576, 640, 703, 767.
Internal Evidence of Christianity, nature and importance of, 641.
Ireland, Protestant conversions in, 71.
Itinerant preaching, objections to, 135.

Jaffray, Alexander, Character of, 351.
Japan and the Japanese, 606.
Japhetidæ, characteristics of the, 401,
Jeffrey, Lord, Life and Character of, 361—370.
Jessie Hampton, 624.
John, the First Epistle of, its original design, and peculiar adaptation to our own times, 213.
Jubilee of the Sunday School Union, 541.
Judaism contrasted with Christianity, 139.

Knox, John, his influence on religion of Scotland, 211.

Laity and Clergy, first distinction between, 591.
Laud and Priestism, 102.
Layard's, Dr., Excavations at Nineveh, 356.
Library, Manchester Free, opening of, 638.
Literature and Christianity, 6.
Longfellow defended from N. B. Review, 739.
Lord's Supper, ancient observance of the, 589.

Macfarlane's Japan, 606.
Madiais, the imprisonment of, 701—703, 768.
Man in Earnest, the, 554.
May Meetings, the, 383.
Maynooth College, disendowment of, 37.
——————— Anti-agitation, *ib.* 125, 189, 191, 253, 256, 316, 381.
Manetho's Dynasties of Egypt, 276.
Mary, Queen of Scots, Life and Character of, 424—434.
Meditations, 165.
Memory, the, its office in religion, 156.
Metcorological phenomena of the Exodus, 181.
Miall, Edward, M.P., Life and Character of, 577.
Milton Club, 63, 255.
Militia Bill, Lord John Russell's, 189.
——————— new, progress of, 315.
Mimpriss's, R., System of Sunday School Instruction, 435.
Ministry of the Early Church, 586.
——————— the Christian, hostility of the world to, 145; importance of, *ib.*

Ministry, the Christian, Müller on the, 416.
Ministerial Removals, 64, 128, 192, 256, 320, 384, 448, 512, 576, 640, 704, 768.
——— Resignations, 256, 320, 576, 704.
Ministerial Crisis, 187.
Miracles, reality of, 84; possibility of, 86; probability of, *ib.*; provability of, 87.
——— Hume's argument on, exposed, 604.
Miraculous attestation, 83; assaults on considered, 85; value of, 91.
——— the test of, 440.
Mission, everything has its, 65.
Missionaries, expulsion of from Hungary, 191.
Monthly Retrospect, 60, 123, 187, 250, 313, 381, 444, 505, 571, 635, 699, 763.
Morality, its connexion with Religion, 158.
Müller, Dr. Julius, translation from, 416.

Napoleon, Louis, his *coup d'état*, 61; designs of, 124.
National Public School Association, 126.
——— School Society, operations of, 639.
Neander, Augustus, translation from, 30, 213, 224.
Negro Life in the Slave States of America, 533.
New College, expulsion of Students from, 256, 299, 317, 639.
——— Students, 299.
Nineveh, the buried Palaces of, 354.
"Nonconformist" Newspaper, origin of, 579.
Notices of Books:—
Absolution and the Bishop of Exeter, 249.
Adey, Rev. J., Convert from Popery, 59.
Archer, Dr., the Divine Testimonies, 60.
Adshead, J., the Progress of Religious Sentiment, 248.
Barmby, G., the Poetry of Childhood, 570.
Barrett, W. G., Sermon on Emigration, 698.
Barth, Dr., the Weaver of Quellbrunn, 123.
Barnes', Albert, Christianity applied to the mind of a child, 59.
Bassett, M., Bible Gleanings, 569.
Bathgate, W., the Soul's Arena, 761.
Bentley, R., Gilbert Arnold, 444.
Best, Mrs., the History of a Family Bible, 123.
——— the Casket Rifled, *ib.*
Bible, the, our Stumbling Block and our Strength, 249.
——— Exercises, &c., 123.
Book of Common Prayer Revised, 185.
British Controversialist, 250.
Brown, Dr. M., Wellington and Victory, 762.
Bryce, Dr., Practical Suggestions, &c., 566.
Buckley, T. A., Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, 185.
Calvin's Commentaries on the Romans, *ib.*
Cartwright, T., the Age and the Church, 761.
Cheever, Henry T., the Island World of the Pacific, 187.
Congregational Year-book, the, for 1851, 122.
Classical Selections from British Prose Writers, 121.
Congregational Lectures, 762.
Cox, Dr., Biblical Antiquities, 245.
Cumming, Rev. Dr., Voices from the Dead, 443.
——— Romish Miracles, 249.
Chronological New Testament, the, 313.
Davies, Rev. W., the Believer's Assurance of Salvation, 60.
Dick, Dr. Thomas, the Sidereal Heavens, 122.
——— Celestial Scenery, *ib.*
Dictionary of Domestic Medicine, 250.
Elton, Dr. Romeo, Life of Roger Williams, 377.
Evans, D. M., State Education, 248.
Epps, Dr., Homœopathy and its Principles, 184.
Extracts from Educational Reports, 759.
Fernie, Rev. John, the Fraternal Memorial, 569.
Fletcher, Joseph, Life of Constantine, 246.
Geldart, Mrs. T., Stories of Scotland, 122.
——— Love, a Reality, 312.
Hall, N., Wellington and War, 762.

Hitchcock, Dr. E., the Religion of Geology, 379.
Homilist, the, 250.
Harris, Dr, the Principles, &c., of Congregationalists, 570.
Is Salvation by Water Baptism the Doctrine of the Church of England? 249.
Isabella Hamilton, 761.
James, Rev. J. A., Sermons to Young Women, *ib.*
Jameson, Rev. Dr., Eastern Manners, &c., 247.
Johnson, Mrs., the Elements of Astronomy, 443.
Katterns, D., Sermons, 182.
Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature, 444, 570, 759.
Kitto, Dr., Daily Bible Illustrations, Job, &c., 186.
——————— Prophets, &c., 567.
Lawrance, Hannah, the Treasure-seeker's Daughter, 696.
Leask, Rev. W., the tried Christian, 246.
——————— Moral Patriots, 699.
——————— Beauties of the Bible, 312.
Leisure Hour, the, 249.
Lessons for Truth Lovers, *ib.*
Little Henry's Holiday, 122.
Luke, Mrs. S., a Sequel to the Female Jesuit, 380.
Mannering, Rev. E., Bible Fruit, &c, 123.
Mamma's Own Riddle Book, *ib.*
Miller, E., Scripture Subjects in Verse, *ib.*
Monthly Journal of Homœopathy, 184.
Moody, Clement, the New Testament expounded, 247.
Matheson, J., Ancient Puritanism, 248.
Messenger of Mercy, 250.
Maconochie, Capt., Account of the Public Prison of Valencia, 442.
Martin, Samuel, Lectures on Christianity and Socialism, 570.
Muston, Dr., The Israel of the Alps, 697.
New College, the, Introductory Lectures, 55.
Onesimus, Philemon, and Paul, by J. P. W., 60.
Partridge, S. W., An Idea of a Christian, 443.
Pearce, A. E., The Voice in Rama Hushed, 761.
People's Palace, the, and the Religious World, 698.
Phillips' Commercial Atlas, 313.
Popular Educator, 760.
Potter's Discourse on Church Government, 312.
Pulte, Dr., Homœopathic Domestic Physician. 184.
ProtestantDissenters'Almanack,760.
Perverter in High Life, the, 186.
Parsons, B., a Letter to R. Cobden, &c., 248.
Reed, Charles, the Infant Class in the Sunday School, 186.
Reformer's Almanack, 1852, 59.
Rogers, Rev. J. G., Protestant Dissent Vindicated, 60.
Richer, E., Religion of Good Sense, 762.
Scotish Protestant, the, 59.
Shepherd, Mrs, Reality, 569.
Shepard, Prof., Pulpit Outlines, 379.
Spence, James, the Religion of Mankind, 186.
Stoughton, Rev. J., Philip Doddridge, 118.
Sunday School Union Publications, 58.
Swaine, E., Secular Free Schools, 248.
Tracts of the Weekly Tract Society, 249.
Thomas, Rev. D., Things for all Lands, 249.
Traill, Mrs., the Canadian Crusoes, 568.
Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanack, 760.
Wallace, Alex., the Bible and the Working Classes, 569.
Whitton, J., the Lost Sheep, *ib.*
White, R. T., Think or Not to Think, 570.
Wheeler, J. T., Analysis, &c., of New Testament History, 698.
Wardlaw, Rev. Dr., What is Death? 313.
Wilks, W., the Half Century, 182.
Weiss, B, on the Book of Psalms, 440.
Williams, W. R., Religious Progress, &c., 443.
Wyld, J. W., Man's Purposes Crossed by God's Providences, 249.

Onesimus, the Fugitive Slave, 263; justification of his escape, 265; he robbed his master, 266.
Opinions of Churchmen on the Union of Church and State, 241.

Opinions, worth of, 294.
Orthodoxy, 291—299.
Osburn's Biblical Discoveries, results of, 526.

Paganism, no moral teachers in, 138.
——— in Ireland, 151.
Palissy the Potter, Life and Character of, 659.
Papacy, the Prospects of the, 385, 395.
——— the, its disreputable history, 388.
Parliament, opening of, 187; proceedings of, *ib.*, 251, 314, 381, 444; dissolution of, 505.
——— new opening of, 765.
Paul did not countenance Slavery, 16.
Persecution, Religious, on the Continent, 309.
Peter's power of the Keys, 416.
Philemon, the Christian Slave-master, 14; his character, *ib.*
Pickering's "Races of Men," 408.
Pilate washing his hands, 245.
Plain Sewing; or, how to Encourage the Poor, 549.
Power of the Keys, the, and the Ministerial Office, 416.
Power of the Pulpit, the, 705.
Poetry:—
"And in the Garden there was a Sepulchre," 634.
Be Strong, 51,
Christmas Day, 757.
Death, 695.
Gifts and Receivers, 117.
Lines Written at Walmer, 566.
On a Sleeping Infant, 115.
The "New Earth" and "New Song" of the Redeemed, 231.
The Singer, 117.
True Peace, 116.
Waiting, 118.
Press, the duty of Christians in relation to, 7; influence of, 11.
Primeval Period of Britain, 482.
Principles applicable to the improvement of the masses, 257.
Protestant Alliance, meetings of, 63, 125.
Purgatory of Suicides, Cooper's, 672.

Rationalism defined, 75.
Reason, the, its office in Religion, 156.
Reform Bill, Lord John Russell's, 188.
——— Conference at Manchester, 62.
——— at St. Martin's Hall, 253.
——— Parliamentary, debate on, 314.
Religion, on, 155.
——— in what it consists, 155.
Reminiscences of a Good Man's Life, 170.
Responsibility, our mutual, 262.
——— Christian, in relation to Sunday-schools, 541.
Restitution, 307.
Revelation, Book of, Hengstenberg on the, 335.
——— its authorship, 340; date of composition, *ib.*; is a prophecy, 341; interpretation of, *ib.*
Reviewer Reviewed, the, 739.
Roman Catholic Churches, number of, 100; conversions to, 101.
Romanism in Great Britain, recent progress of, 100.
——— its introduction into Scotland, 210.
Ruskin on Church Matters, 179.

Sabbath, the, movement for enforcement of its observance, 702-3, 766.
Sacredness, Christian idea of, 592.
Salomons, David, action against, 447.
Schiller and Goethe, in relation to Christianity, 490.
Scotland, Dissent in, 209; introduction of Christianity to, *ib.*
——— progress of, 209, 350, 462.
Scottish Anti-state-church Association, 256, 575.
Secessions from Romanism, 256.
——— the Establishment, *ib.*
Self-improvement, every man capable of, 257.
Shemites, characteristics of the, 401.
Simon Magus, his frauds, 455.
Six-mile Bridge affray on, 573.
Sixpence, the Only, or the Child's Offering, 494.
Slavery, its Incompatibility with Christianity, 15, 21, 267.
——— a tale of, 233.
——— its state at commencement of Christianity, 263; condemnation of, 267.
——— state of, inconsistent with a profession of religion, 268.
Slave, fugitive, justified, 267.
Slaves, different classes of in imperial Rome, 264.
Southwell, Charles, life and character of, 718.
Smyth's, Dr. Thomas, "Unity of the Human Race," 407.
State Churchism, fruits of, 4.
Sterling, John, and Thomas Carlyle, 21.

Sterling, John, birth and early life, 22; education, 23; choice of a profession, 24; acquainted with Coleridge, 24; marriage, *ib.*; rector of Herstmonceux, 25; acquainted with Carlyle, *ib.*; death, 26; religious opinions, 27.
Stone pillar worship in Ireland, 151.
——— ——— ancient practice of, 152.
Stowe's, H. B., Uncle Tom's Cabin, 533.
——— ——— English Editions of, 683.
"Strive to enter in," 104.
Sunday-school, importance of the, 193; prominent faults of present system, 194; picture of under improved system, 197; further suggestions regarding. 472.
——— Union, Jubilee of, 541, 703.
——— origin of, 544, 703.
Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools, 193, 472.
Stuart, Moses, death of, 190.
Supplementary chapter on the Indians of British Guiana, 216.

Teachers of Popular Infidelity, the—G. J. Holyoake, 617; Thomas Cooper, 669; Robert Cooper and Charles Southwell, 716.
Temporal interests of man subordinate to the spiritual, 259.
Tempter, the, 686.
Test of miraculous attestation, the, 449; not physical but moral, 456.
Things Old and New, 53, 114, 243.
Thought, its office in Religion, 157.

Understanding, the, its office in Religion, 156.
Union among Protestants, Dr. John Owen, on, 242.
Unity of the Human Race, 407.
Usher's Chronology incorrect, 285.

Victor on the power of the Bishop, 519.

Webster, Daniel, death of, 766.
Wellington, Duke of, death of, 635.
——— burial of, 763.
Wesley and Methodism, 129.
——— John, influence of, 130; errors of, 131; defects, 134.
Wesleyan Methodism, anomalous position of, 131; present character of, 133.
——— Conferences, meeting of, 574, 575.
"What would the World say?" 147.
"What will they think of me?" 370.
Wild, Dr., Poem on imprisonment of Calamy, 547.
Wittemberg in 1851, 301.
Words for the Wise:—
VII. "(D.V.)" 92.
VIII. Loud Applause, 220.
IX. Free Contributions, 286.
X. "Our Common Protestantism," 478.
XI. Cant Terms, 530.
XII. Chapel Extension, 654.
XIII. Pew Rents, 724.
Working Classes, their estrangement from Christian Churches, 69; lectures to the, 128, 743.
——— influence of the wealthy upon the, 262.
——— Men's Educational Union, 255.
Wright's, Thomas, "The Celt, Roman, and Saxon," 482.
Writing, ancient use of, 523.

Yezidis, the, or Devil-Worshippers, 30; origin, character, and doctrines of, 31—37.
Young, counsels to the, 53.
Young Men's Baptist Missionary Society meeting, 640.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JANUARY, 1852.

Address to Dissenters.

BRETHREN,

The season suggests and justifies the freedom of direct address. On the boundary-lines of time we are wont to halt for retrospection and refreshment; and at those resting-places men speak to each other with the frankness that is born of companionship in travel. Around the camp-fire, the severity of discipline relaxes; brethren in arms canvass the chances of the campaign, the designs of the commander, and the merits of their cause. Upon the march of life there is little time for meditation or converse. We start out with convictions lively to enthusiasm, and hopes that veil all obstacles as with a gilded cloud; but, ere long, obedience takes the place of reason—the stimulus of hope is superseded by the quiet force of habit. This is inevitable, and therefore not to be repined at—we must find its counteraction in our Sabbaths and feast-days; in the solemn anniversaries of the family, and the awakening services of the Church.

Our first concern is with a matter capable of various expression—'personal religion,' 'the Divine life in the soul of man,' and so on—but to express which in any form, is to state its paramount, infinite importance. There are those who scarcely admit the reality of the thing meant. They do not allow that between the best and the worst of men there exists a distinction so wide as would consist in the presence or absence of a special relationship to the Divine Being. They acknowledge the moral distinction of good and evil, and that the one or the other may preponderate in an individual character; but

in the vast majority of human beings, they allege, there is no such decided complexion as to warrant the use of terms like these concerning them. Others, who never venture on this philosophy, would appear to regard religion—or, properly, religiousness, the subjective form of religion—as a decorous acquiescence in certain doctrines, and conformity to a conventional morality. A third class assert the reality of this special relationship, and that it originates in a sacerdotal act. We Dissenters profess, by the fact of our separation from the National Church, and our adhesion to other religious communities, to differ vitally from all of these. Our ecclesiastical polity indicates something more than a preference of one form of Church government to another—something more than an objection to liturgy, surplice, or episcopacy. It enters into our conceptions of the nature of Christianity itself. It proclaims our faith in the necessity of personal convictions, and of correspondent character, to constitute religiousness. We iterate in the ear of the world, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;' and we deny that this being 'born again' is an act of unconsciousness to its subject, or is the work of any human agent. We assert, that it consists in the reception of the truth, and the exercise of its purifying influence upon the will and the affections, the habits of the inner and outer life. We affirm that every human mind is able, and therefore entitled, to form its conceptions of Divine things by direct contact with them; that no one man more than another has *authority* to expound them to his fellows; that to every one the revealed law of God alone is the law of life; and that obligation is laid upon all to give heed to the word spoken. Repudiating hereditary or œcumenical beliefs—affirming that neither Parliament for the nation, councils or presbyters for the Church, nor one generation for another, can rightfully prescribe what shall be believed or how worship shall be rendered—claiming for each human soul an independence of every other human soul in relation to the Highest—we nevertheless release not ourselves from spiritual obligations. On the contrary, we bind ourselves in the sight of the world to the horns of the altar. It is because we are leal to God, that we refuse to be in bondage to man. It is as the Lord's free-men that we deny the assumptions of the priest, and repel the influence of society. We profess, by our Nonconformity to prescriptive and enacted religion, that we possess, and would cherish, in our isolation or by voluntary associations, a Divine life in our hearts.

That this profession be a reality, is, then, our highest, first concern. That it is made in deliberate hypocrisy, is a supposition not, we believe, often tenable; and that need not here be entertained. But where there is no conscious deception, there may yet be a wide disparity between the inward and the outward fact. A man's life is untrue not only when he intends an imposition upon his fellows, but so soon as his convictions and emotions fall below or rise above the level of his words and deeds, and practise a deceit upon himself. When we stand up in the congregation to avow that to God we owe all, and from him deserve nothing—when we sit around the table of the Lord to com-

memorate his love—how solemnly do we pledge ourselves to a daily life of cheerful duty, of unselfishness and brotherhood! But when we appear on the morrow in our homes and in our spheres of labour —do we carry about with us the halo of saintship that we wore in the church? Does it not fade in the frivolities of the modern household, or in the heat of competitive commerce? Is it not reckoned sufficient that we are as good as our neighbours, up to the standard of conventional morality, as honest and charitable as men in general? Do we not decline that more should be expected at our hands? Is there any proportionate relation between the professions of Sunday and the doings of Monday? To the best of us, such questionings doubtless bring reproach and humiliation. Shall we, then, conclude that we have pitched our ideal too high, and that we cannot sustain the banner we have lifted up? or shall we not rather search deeper into ourselves for the sources of defection? Let us do both. Let us go over again the grounds of our original profession, and see whether the enthusiasm of our first love for truth did not exaggerate its commendations. If there be any article of our creed—written or implied—which we can no longer subscribe with our whole heart, let us blot it out. If any new light has stolen upon us, let it write itself upon our life. For be assured of this, insincerity is feebleness. Doubt *may* strengthen—falsehood, never. The dark waters of 'unveracity' are near when one is unconsciously drifting from the anchorage of his early belief. Better, better far, that we confess ourselves still in quest of the true and right, than be unfaithful to what we profess to know. Better that we fall back into the ranks of the decorously devout, the respectably religious—that we take our place in the church with those who acknowledge no better reason for going there, than respect to the custom of their fathers, the institutions of their country, and, as by an afterthought, to the claims of God—or that we range ourselves with those whose gospel is social improvement and secular education; who hope to ameliorate the present, and are well content to trust the unseen future to its invisible Ruler—better, far better, that we thus lowered our profession to our practice, than that we continue to challenge the attention of the world as the elect and self-devoted servants of God, and cast discredit upon a vocation that men are naturally slow to admit.

Whatever the admission of personal consciousness, the condition of our societies will not permit us to doubt that the disparity we have supposed in the individual does exist in the body. On one point, at least, the leaders of Dissent are unanimous—namely, that it is far behind its capabilities and the demands upon it of the age. It may be that we are in no respect absolutely worse than our fathers—there is no doubt that in some particulars we are better—but it is certain that we are relatively deficient. They were long ahead of the times—we do not keep pace with them. By the lowest measurement, the numerical, we are defective. We do not gain upon the population. Formerly, we had them to ourselves. Earnest, zealous, proselyting preaching was confined almost exclusively to Wesleyanism and Evangelical

Dissent. Now, out of twelve or fifteen thousand Church clergymen, a third, or a half, are devoted, diligent, and popular. Our sons and daughters do not hold to us. The working classes we never had—but till lately they stood aloof from ignorant irreligiousness; now, from a hostility *they* deem enlightened. The middle classes of the towns are still our strength; but they are dividing themselves with others. Crowded chapels are the exception, and not the rule. If our ministers are not often perfunctory, our congregations are frequently listless and formal. Our Sunday schools, doubtless, do great good; but they do not recruit our churches. Of the scholars in our day schools, only a fraction remain under our influence. Our machinery of visitation is extensive and active; but it adds little to our power. Our influence upon the legislature is considerable; but it is seldom put forth but to our own damage. Of our literature, *we* will say nothing. We raise great sums of money for objects common to our Christianity, but very little for purposes distinctive of our principles. It may be that those principles, though true, are of subordinate place—but if so, we do wrong to make them a ground of separation. Thus we come round to our former position. Corporately, as individually, we are feeble because inharmonious. We lack the strength that unity alone can give—the unity of a man with himself, of a community with its central idea. The personal and practical in religion—in opposition to the territorial and the ritual—we take as the basis of our ecclesiastical existence; but we refuse to make it the ground of action. We stand upon and defend it, but will not advance along it to aggression. It is the soul of our Church system, but we restrain it from its natural development. If allowed freedom, it would push itself through every fibre of our being, and inspire every member with healthful energy—as it is, it is driven to display itself in topical eruptions, while the limbs are feeble and shrunken.

Let us mention one or two particulars in which it appears to us this imperfect development of a central principle is a cause of spiritual weakness to the individual and to the body.

We specify first, the low degree in which freedom of opinion is enjoyed among us. State-churchism makes diversity of belief a ground of political inequality. It elevates the creed of a sect into a place among the laws of a nation, and naturally regards a departure from the one as a transgression of the other. It is the legitimate fruit of this system—and, to our thinking, one of its worst results—that 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy' have become possessed of a similar meaning with the words 'respectable' and 'vulgar;' and that throughout good society, independent religious opinion is a social offence. Congregational Dissent embodies an opposite principle. While requiring of its members the confession of belief in certain objective truths, it does not acknowledge any human formula as setting forth those truths. It leaves each to express his own convictions in his own words. It thereby charters the liberty of the intellect, as well as asserts the right of conscience. But does the legitimate result follow here also? Certainly, there is not the perceptible difference that might be expected

between the atmosphere of the two worlds. Men say of us, that we are staunch defenders of the liberty of belief, but not of the liberty of misbelief—that in words we claim the right of private judgment for all, but visit with proscription those who exercise it amiss—that however liberal up to a certain point, we are stubbornly intolerant beyond it—that our greatest literateur, John Foster, is, comparatively, little read amongst us, because he cherished with a sort of fierce secrecy one or two doctrines that vitiated his whole theological system—that some of our leading preachers act upon the questionable doctrine of reserve rather than hazard extensive usefulness by incurring the odium of unsoundness—and that in our educated circles, religious conversation is confined to generalities, for the sake of peace in families and the stability of friendships. This is said of us by men without our pale, and sorrowfully confessed by many within it. By some, the truth of the representation may be denied; by others, this state of things may be admitted and defended. We are content to repeat the allegation, and to say, that so far as it is true, we are false, and consequently feeble; false to the spirit of our central principle, and especially feeble towards the class of minds which a Church must secure or itself decay—the intellectual and the ardent.

We mention as another particular, the want of activity in religious works amongst professing Christians generally. How many of us are possessed of the 'pure and undefiled religion' defined by the apostle—visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction? Are we 'hearers' of the word but not doers 'thereof?' and do we not 'deceive our own selves' thereby? And should we not be healthier and stronger if we made provision for our *mutual* edification? The prayer-meeting, in which a deacon presides, and may, perhaps, 'expound,' is not such; and if the Sunday-school be suggested, the objection is at hand, that to teach children and to speak to one's fellow-men, are considerably diverse acts. Nor can the little 'lay preaching,' that may be in vogue, be put forth as supplying what we mean. *That* is Evangelization. What we suggest is, an accommodation to modern circumstances of the practice that obviously obtained in the Jewish synagogue and the early Christian congregation. The suggestion, however, is not novel, nor does it lack either arguments for or against its adoption; and, perhaps, it would be found both difficult to adopt and impracticable to work.

We notice, as a last and comprehensive instance, our relation to the political position of the general people. If Dissent were a matter of Church government merely, our mode would pledge us to strong sympathy with the democratic in general politics. But the principle we have been viewing, leads direct to something more than sympathy. It invests the individual, however humble in worldly station, with the dignity of a being capable of reason and decision upon the highest subjects of thought. It invites the poorest and most illiterate into a society which is a company of believers as well as worshippers. How, then, can it permit his degradation by civil governments to the rank of a nonentity, without a protest and a continuous effort on his

behalf? The Church, in its corporate capacity, may not be at liberty to interfere here; but surely on its members is laid an obligation cognate to that of feeding and warming the poor brother. There are many who feel and act upon this reasoning; but they are so few as to deprive their action, in the eyes of the world, of that character which reflects honour and influence on their Church. The democratic activity of the few is naturally attributed to their personal temperament or non-religious opinions. It will be when Dissenters, as a body, are as decided in their demand for the enfranchisement of the masses, as they are vehement in opposition to an offensive Chapels Bill, that the masses will give them credit for faith in those divine truths which French philosophy has condensed into the symbols, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' When they are convinced of our faith in the essential brotherhood of man, they will have advanced within ear-shot of our preachings, and will turn a kindly, grateful eye upon those institutions which they at present regard as but a mitigated form of the superstitions and bigotries of an established religion.

Literature and Christianity.

LITERATURE is man written; his thoughts, creations, discoveries, deeds, and the varied events of his outer and inner life, transcribed in legible and permanent forms for the study of others. A book is a second incarnation of man's mental self. In it he lives and works, centuries after his former body has crumbled into dust. It is no new thing in the world. Its history dates far back as the birth of the first earnest soul. The susceptibilities of impression, the powers of reflection, the social and religious sympathies which belong to our common nature, viewed in connexion with the circumstances which mark our terrestrial life—circumstances ever potently tending to heave the emotions, startle the thoughts, and rouse the imagination—dispose us to give to literature a very early date, and to hold the belief that man, at the very outset of his conscious history, commenced a record of himself. 'Oh that my words were written! oh that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!' This impassioned utterance may be fairly regarded as the irrepressible desire of the human soul under the exciting circumstances of its earthly life to register its history, and as pointing us back to the remotest antiquity for the origin of the art. Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome, all had their authors. The Alexandrian library, with its hundred thousand volumes, presents no feeble idea of the extent of its influence in the earliest periods of the world's history. The invention of printing, by Guttenberg, a humble mechanic of Strasburg, gave it at once a new epoch and a new impulse. The press

has widened and enriched the republic of letters a thousand-fold. As the first book that issued from the press was THE BOOK, Strasburg becomes to us a second Bethlehem—the birthplace of a divine messenger that is destined to speak the thoughts of God to the extremities of the globe and to the end of time.

But it comes not within our purpose now to trace the history of letters; our aim in this paper is exclusively practical. *What is our duty as Christians in relation to the press?* Are we to oppose literature—set our faces against it as against a social demon? Is it our duty to do as many intimate—as some argue—shiver the press because of its corrupt influence, and turn the libraries of the world into bonfires? This question is settled with us by determining another; namely, Does Christianity sanction the principle of diffusing and perpetuating the thoughts and doings of men—or not? Does it allow men to scatter their sentiments abroad, and send themselves down to future generations in books—or not? We have no hesitation in propounding the affirmative. *Give attendance to reading*, is an injunction implying at once that the principle of literature is divinely authorized, and that attention to literature is divinely demanded. In addition to this, there are such confirmatory considerations as the following:—Literature is a *natural* development. It starts from two of the primal principles in man—the *impartive* and the *receptive* tendency—a strong disposition at once to communicate thoughts and to receive them. Who is not conscious of the constant working of these correlative powers within him? These are the bonds of society. They unite men together by the ties of mutual obligation. They prompt and enable the noble and the pure to breathe their sentiments and spirit into the age in which they live, and thus lift it toward their own ideal. They are the wellspring of literature. They make the author and the reader too. The one furnishes the producer, and the other the consumer in the great mart of letters. Now to us it is an axiom in thought, that what is really natural is really right, and what is really right is really Christian. Again, Christianity is transmitted through literature. The communications of Heaven to the fathers and to the prophets; the biography of Jesus and the thoughts of the apostles; these world-renovating and saving forces would never have reached us but for the pen. Hence no command did the world's Saviour, in his final Apocalypse, repeat with more frequency or earnestness, than—WRITE. Moreover, Christianity stimulates the literary propensities of man. It has historically proved itself *the* mental awakener—the archangel's trump to summons dead minds from their graves. Most of the great authors were trained under its influence. The choicest flowers that adorn, and the finest fruits that enrich the fields of literature, have sprung either directly or indirectly from Christian minds. The truth is, Christianity gives a new eye to intellect, a new wing to fancy, a new pulse and spring to the thinking life. These remarks are, we presume, sufficient to show that Christianity sanctions literature, and that therefore we dare not oppose it. *No*, my pious friend, my cynic reader; bad as books are, corrupt as is the

press, the principle of writing is divine; and it must be left free as the winds. Yes! whether it breathes in the zephyr of love, or thunders in the hurricane of wrath—whether it wafts the salubrity of truth, or bears the pestilence of error—still, free as the winds it must be.

What, then, is our duty as Christians in relation to literature? We reply in one sentence—*To raise Christianity to a predominant influence;* to make it the presiding genius in all books. We do not say, to get all books filled with its characteristic subjects—this is not required, nor would it be expedient—but to get all books filled and ruled by its spirit. To get its divine *animus* in all the products of the pen, as the sun is in every blade and flower and tree in the landscape, giving a tinge of loveliness and a glow of life to all. This is confessedly a great work, and may require ages for its accomplishment; but at nothing less than this dare we aim. Though we cannot reach the mark, we can step towards it; and this we are bound to do. *How* and *why* are we to aim at it? are questions naturally suggested, and which must occupy the remainder of our space.

How are we to aim at the Christianization of literature? There are three things which can be done. *First*, patronize only the literature which Christianity sanctions. This implies, of course, that there is a possibility of ascertaining the literature that Christianity would sanction. How is this to be done? Is it by the material of books? We have volumes on all subjects—history, science, language, philosophy, and poetry; books to enlighten, to discipline, and to amuse. Is the congruity or non-congruity of a book with Christianity to be decided by the subject of which it treats? No; truth is one, whether it comes down from the starry dome, up from the stratified earth, back from the revolutions of the past, or out from the abysses of the soul. All truth speaks in one voice, and, though in different tones, for one end; that voice is the voice of God—that end is the weal of man. Is it the mental characteristics of their authors? We have books written by every variety of mind. There is the metaphysical, first in order, penetrating into unseen regions, and heaving from depths into which no vulture's eye had pierced the golden elements of truth. There is, next, the logical, combining these elements according to their rational relations, and bearing them by argument to the judgments of men. There is, next, the poetic, moulding all into new forms, and breathing into all new life. Dressing truth in Orient beauty—dipping it in the splendours of the rainbow, and making it speak in the language of flowers, and shine in the brightness of stars. All these characteristics of mind we find existing in authors, existing separately in every degree, and conjointly in every proportion. He who combines them all to the greatest extent is the true genius. Our Shakspere and Milton had them all; and they sit enthroned as the literary monarchs of the world. Now are we required by Christianity to adopt books written by any particular talent to the exclusion of others? No, it requires every mind to stir up the gift that is in it, and to work in its own way. If you cannot do one thing in rearing the temple of truth, do another: if

you cannot bring the parts into a symmetrical adjustment, provide the gold, polish the pillars, ornament the ceiling, fit up with divine furniture the holy of holies; do something else—be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Still more, is it to be ascertained by the form in which the book is written—prose or poetry, fact or fiction? No; has not Christianity adopted all these? If, then, we cannot discover the point, either by its subjects, the mental characteristics of its authors, or its forms; how are we to find it out? We answer, emphatically, by its SPIRIT. There is a spirit in every book which even a child can easily detect. The face of man does not so clearly express the general disposition of the heart, as does the first page of a book develop the spirit of the writer. There is a moral odour emitted from every leaf which the inner sense, unless sadly perverted, soon discovers. Here, then, is the Christian's test of good literature. The book that 'hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his.' What volumes are we called upon by this test to reprobate and lay aside! All the *trifling* books must go. Occasional flashes of native wit and humour are admissible. They frequently light up the argument, and give a charm to the page and a zest to the reader.—All the *prostrating* literature must go. The tendency of much of the popular writings of the day is to make the soul passive rather than active—act upon humanity rather than to rouse humanity to act upon it. One of the greatest objections to what is called fictitious literature is not its fictitious style, for much of the Bible comes to us in that garb; but its deteriorating influence upon the mind. It is alcohol, stirring the mind to action in dreamy elysiums, but stealing from it all the necessary energies for the duties of life; rendering it intensely alive to ideal sorrow and heroism, but dead to the sorrows and heroism of the real world. It is reported of a popular novelist, that after he had put forth a portion of his work, and was proceeding with the remainder of the tale, that he received numerous letters entreating him to bring his heroine to a happy end, stating that the happiness of the writers depended upon the issue. Is it not an ineffable disgrace to allow our natures to be thus acted upon? We trust the day is dawning when both man and woman shall feel themselves insulted by any writer or speaker attempting to act thus on their sensibilities, rather than to rouse their reason and enthrone their conscience. Such literature grows phantom-corn, not veritable fruit; food for sylphs, not for men. These emasculating, gassy books must be renounced; for the *spirit* of Christianity is that of power and truth. Its aim is not to nourish sickly sentiment, but to awaken healthy thought; not to make men whine and laugh amidst flitting visions, but to worship and labour amidst immutable realities.—All *anti-religious* literature must go. All books which aim to crush the religious element in man, quench the sense of moral obligation, rupture the tie which attaches him to the Everlasting—whatever form they assume—whether they come in the philosophy of Hume, the wit of Voltaire, the scurrility of Paine, or the eloquence of Gibbon—we must repudiate, for the spirit of Christianity is that of reverential loyalty to the Eternal.—All *sensual* literature must go. The writings which appeal more to the passions

than to the reason, excite more animal feeling than spiritual thought; kindle in the inner temple more carnal fire than mental light, whatever garb they assume, narrative or novel, poetry or prose—penned by Fielding, Moore, Byron, or even geniuses superior to either—are condemned by the spirit of that system which demands the mortifying of the flesh.—All *temporizing* literature must go. Books that lower the standard of moral obligation—that advocate expediency rather than right as the rule of life—that enforce what is best now rather than what is right for ever—that view man rather as the citizen of time than the offspring of the Infinite and the heir of eternity—must be put away from us. They are hostile to the spirit of that religion which requires us to do all to the glory of God. Judging books, then, by the simple and practical test propounded, how much of the literature of the world is antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity!

Now if we would elevate our religion—raise her to the throne in the kingdom of letters—give her the sceptre and the crown—her indisputable right, we must encourage by purchase, perusal, and influence, not the literature which its SPIRIT condemns, but the books that breathe her heavenly genius, though they enunciate not her dogmas. If it be the duty of Christ's disciples to separate themselves from the personal friendships of men of corrupt minds, can it be right for them to admit their pestiferous thoughts into their own bosoms by the perusal of their works? or to promote their circulation in the world by encouraging the sale of their productions? Separation from the literature of such authors happily involves no great intellectual denial. For although books written in the true religious spirit are as nothing in quantity to the great bulk of the world's literature, they comprehend every branch of knowledge, and occupy every department of letters; and will be found, moreover, in relation to loftiness of genius, breadth of philosophy, and profundity of erudition, equal to any of which the world can boast.

Secondly. Another thing which we must do, in order to make Christianity the presiding element in literature, is to promote its influence in the world—to imbue society with its regenerative principles. Such was the effect of Paul's ministry at Ephesus, that 'many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them all before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver. So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.' Infuse Christianity into the public mind, and you will kindle a moral fire that shall burn up all corrupt literature. This is the book-burning we desiderate. This fire burns not the paper, but the spirit. The Catholics burnt the paper of Luther's tracts; but, phœnix-like, the spirit rose from the flames to print the doctrines of Luther in volumes that shook Europe to its inner heart. Popular intelligence is every day outgrowing books that were the lights of other times. Thousands of volumes, on philosophy, science, history, and criticism, we have left behind to moulder in the past. Every day the modern world says adieu to books that were the great oracles of generations that are gone.

Now as intellectually we part company with books on the ground of their contents the moment we transcend their intelligence, so morally we separate from books on the ground of their spirit the moment we feel ourselves the subjects of a superior disposition. Let the popular spirit, therefore, be improved by the influence of Christianity; and writings of a corrupt animus, however brilliant in genius, or profound in thought, will be forthwith abandoned. No talent will keep a corrupt book alive in a pure age. The Byrons will not be tolerated a day in the millennium of holiness.

Thirdly. We may yet mention another method of raising Christianity to supreme influence in literature, namely, by contributions of commanding interest and Christian feeling. We say commanding interest, for it is worse than worthless to send books into the world which have no power for this. Thousands of such volumes fall from the press every year, either still-born, or with constitutions too feeble to live many days. They are the modified echoes of other books which the world has read out—old hoary thoughts passing through modern channels and diluted into water. There is nothing in them to attract the attention of men. They start no thought, solve no problem, kindle no inspiration. Books to command an interest must be fresh, vigorous, and earnest. They must be the native expression of the individual *thinker;* seeds falling from a plant full of life, passing on to another spring. They must be congruous with the reason and heart of the world; fitted for the mental habits and experiences of this, the nineteenth century of our Lord. Why should not the Church produce authors that would speak to humanity, and become princes in the realms of literature? Will it never produce any more such men as Bunyan, Defoe, and Milton? Has it less native genius, or is it less in contact with the fountain of truth than the world? Why should this age be under the literary dominion of men whose aim seems to be nothing higher than to provoke the world to laughter or to drive it into scepticism? My Christian reader, if thou hast literary talents, cultivate and employ them; mould the imperishable elements of truth into new forms of beauty; paint them with thine own genius; construct them for the world; inspire them with the life of religion; commit them to the press, and a great work will be done. The triumph of the conqueror, the crown of the monarch, the highest fame of the poet's dream, will not equal the honour that awaits thee.

WHY are we to aim at the Christianization of literature? This is the other general question which demands our attention; space requires that we should condense to the utmost our remarks. Without, therefore, dwelling upon the *great* reason—namely, that our allegiance to God, our obligation to Christianity, and our relation to man, render it imperative—we shall proceed briefly to notice the following reasons:—

The first we draw from the stupendous influence of literature. There are two aspects in which we must look at the press, if we would form an adequate idea of its power upon the character and destiny of mankind. *It is the conductor of the past.* It links the present to all preceding times. It brings on this age the influence of all preceding

ones. A book is a kind of ark, which bears down over the flood of centuries the seeds of the old world in which its author lived. On the streams of literature we see mirrored the institutions, philosophies, and habits of the men who have been carrying on the affairs of time from the beginning. Judea, Greece, and Rome, are brought down to us in books, and made to live their life, and play their part again. Their virtues and their sins are reproduced. But not only is the press the conductor of the past, it is also the *mightiest social engine of the present.* Modern society has no organ of influence comparable to it. It gives a kind of ubiquity to individual minds. Through it the solitary thinker speaks to distant nations, at the same time, makes his lonely voice vibrate through all lands, and resound through all times. As the breath of heaven bears the seeds of autumn to spots where they shall germinate and grow, the press scatters the thoughts of men over the broad field of humanity, where they find a genial soil, and will yield a plenteous harvest in years to come. It is the great leveller. It knows no man after the flesh. Rich and poor, bond and free, male and female—all are one in the great empire of thought. Tyrants have ever dreaded its power. Napoleon, once the terror of all Europe, laughed in the fiercest hurricane of war, but cowed in awe before the might of the pen. Its power, too, is ever on the increase. Already it forms and guides public opinion, influences the debates of senates, and changes the politics of nations. What can we do towards the moral civilization and salvation of the world, so long as this tremendous agent is not on our side?

The second reason we draw from the anti-Christian character of modern literature. All modern authors may be divided into three classes, in relation to Christianity. First, those who have never introduced it into their works. These form a very large class—the largest. It is to us a wonderful mental phenomenon that men born here in England, educated in what are called *Christian* colleges and universities, should be able to write large volumes, and never make allusion to that religion which has confessedly made their country what she is. The literature of Greece and Rome is full of religion. The divinities appear and speak through all. The songs of poets, the narrations of annalists, the speeches of orators and the philosophies of sages, are full of gods. This is natural. The chief thing *in* the mind being the religious, and the chief thing *out* of it, the god, it is only natural to expect that the chief feature in its productions should be religion. The second class of authors are those who introduce Christianity into their writings for a wrong purpose. Some to undermine its authority, strip it of its supernaturalness, and explain away its divinity. Others to aggrandize themselves—to adorn their tales, embellish their productions, and sell their books. The other class are those who introduce Christianity for a good purpose, but in a bad way. Some in the way of whining sentimentality, others in the way of bitter polemics; and others in the way of cut-and-dried orthodoxy. Some of the most anti-Christian books are those written in the name of Christianity. Their narrow spirit, their vapid conceptions, their childish reasonings,

their simpering, mawkish sentiment, and withal their arrogant assumptions: are these not miserable libels on the system of Jesus? And have they not done more to promote infidelity than books constructed for infidel purposes? Give me the book which makes no mention of Christianity, or the book that introduces it professedly to degrade it, rather than the book which seeks to promote it, but contains nothing of its grandeur of conception, freedom of spirit, and nobleness of soul. When we take, therefore, from modern literature these classes, what a small portion we have left that is at all suited to help on the cause of truth, and raise the spiritual man to his fitting destiny! Besides this quantity of antagonistic book-literature, what an immense tide of periodical writing of the most deleterious description is flowing forth every hour through the very heart of the world! Is not this a potent reason for Christians to rouse themselves to action in relation to the press? As long as we have all this against us, we are in our attempts to evangelize the world like a frail barque struggling against a strong head wind, and a surging tide.

Thirdly and lastly, another reason why we should set to heart and head work in this matter is, the *supreme* claims of Christianity. She has the most absolute right to an ascendency over the world's mind—she is divinely commissioned, and divinely fitted to cast down imaginations, and everything that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. She has subjects that tower in sublimity above the highest genius; instructions for the most advanced intellect; principles that solve the deepest problems of our destiny; promises more than commensurating the world's aspirations; a spirit infinitely transcending in freedom and love man's highest dictates of liberty or notions of good-will. The greatest minds have acknowledged her superiority. Paul had traversed the literary domains of the old world. He had culled the choicest flowers from the writings of Hebrew Rabbis and Grecian literati; but when he entered the field of Christian discoveries, plucked the rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley, all other flowers lost their fragrance and their beauty: 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.'

We entreat thee, thoughtful reader, to help us to raise Christianity to a supreme dominion in literature—to help us in hastening the period, when the attributes of Christ shall adorn the hero of every tale, and His spirit be the music of every song; when history shall trace every event to His throne; and science and philosophy unite in His praise.

Philemon, the Christian Slave-Master.

In the records of Christianity we meet with some types of character that are now formally extinct, at least, in Europe, as the Pythoness, the maker of Demetrian shrines, the exorcist, and the sorcerer. The great bulk of its characters are, however, still existent among us, though modified with our new circumstances; and among the latter class, may be mentioned, the humiliating specimen of the Christian slave-master. It is, we admit, only by identifying ourselves with the transatlantic portion of the Christian Teutonic family that it can be literally said *we* have still Christian slave-masters; and some of our readers would, perhaps, rather disown the national kindred, than admit complicity in the traffic of Christian brethren, or even in that of ordinary men.

Philemon appears to have been a wealthy citizen of Colosse, a large city on the banks of the Lycus, which, after dipping into the earth, falls into the famous Meander. It is one of the remarkable facts of classical history, that so little remains to us of a town in proximity to the memorable temple of Cybele, and to the Gordian knot; and which itself was the birth-place of many eminent men. Whether the history of this city perished with it by the earthquake in the 10th of Nero, which destroyed Colosse and Laodicea, or whether the record was lost among the other valuable descriptions of the empire by the conflagration of the temple of Vesta, we have no means of knowing. It is, however, a fact that we scarcely know anything of this Colosse, in which one of the earliest and most flourishing Christian churches existed, beyond the circumstance that it was one of the *foci* of Phrygian refinement, where Oriental luxury and Grecian philosophy combined to debauch the manners and to imbase the thinking of the inhabitants, the conversion of any considerable number of whom to the pure doctrines of the gospel was, therefore, all but a miracle. From an expression that occurs Philem. 19, 'Thou owest unto me even thine own self,' some have imagined that Paul and Philemon were old acquaintances, and that in the former battle of life this wealthy slave-master had been saved by Paul from some imminent personal peril; we, however, rather believe that the apostle, whose views of spiritual obligation to our teachers were as bold as his doctrines were lucid, only refers to the fact that by his services Philemon had passed from the life of mental bondage and pollution, that were inseparable from *any* form of idolatry, to the knowledge of Christ. Nor are we quite sure that the general opinion of Philemon's wealth is well founded. His having one or more slaves is not sufficient proof; for the value of a slave then did not exceed 3*l.* or 4*l.* of our money. There is more ground for this opinion, in the fact that he had 'a church in his house;' which, whether we apply to the numerous Christian members of his household, or to his spacious habitation, that admi[ts]

the constant appropriation of a part to the religious uses of the Colossian Christians, favours the conclusion that Philemon was a citizen of substance. Some have thought that the facts admitted by Paul in the seventh verse of his Epistle, also establish this point; but we must remember that so pure was the heaven-drawn life of many of the Christians in those days, that selfdom, whether hidden in the person, the love of family or friends, was overcome by that diviner love that enabled even poor Christians, 'out of their abundant poverty,' to feed the hungry and to refresh the saints. We may, with more confidence, conclude from the esteem in which he was held by Paul's eminent companions then at Rome that Philemon was a man of eminent and well-tested piety, though it is probable we should never have heard of his name, but for the incident of his connexion with the fugitive Onesimus. On how fragile materials has Christianity built a renown co-extensive with time, for some of its adherents! The widow's two mites; Mary's unguent shed upon the feet of Jesus; the stolen conversation of Nicodemus by night; the climbing of Zaccheus into the sycamore; and the poor woman whose tremulous logic urged her 'to touch but the hem of his garment,' in this particular harmonize with the immortality conferred on Philemon. The vast passion for posthumous renown that has sought fame in sacked cities, and towering columns, seems seldom to have thought how easily fame is obtained through the lowly paths of Christian life. This, indeed, is 'the king's highway' to immortality.

We have no means of knowing how Philemon became possessed of his slaves, whether by a share in the spoils of war, by purchase, or by inheritance; nor whether his possession of them at all had ever awakened in his conscience the question of his right. This vital question in our modern religion, had probably not then arisen; though there can be no doubt that among the wealthy disciples of Christ, there must have been many in the same condition with Philemon. The gospel was evidently a three-fold system of liberty—spiritual, intellectual, and political; and though the two latter forms of it were only couched in the first, the statesmen and priesthoods of that day saw sufficient of its tendencies to abhor its doctrines, and to determine their policy of repressing its disciples.

But is the character of a Christian compatible with that of a dealer in slaves? Certainly not. Slavery requires the dominion of ignorance, it necessitates vice, and can only be upheld by oppression; with all of which the Christian verity wages interminable war. The two elements can never permanently cohere, for they are hostile in essence. Whatsoever things are pure, just, and true, the gospel of Christ is pledged to bring into universal practice among men. Its progressive course is sure, and hitherto has generally been slow. God in his government has always given the enemy all advantages, and allows men to try every expedient by which they imagine they can attain to power and honour. The forbearant spirit of Christianity with some of the evils that it evidently intends to destroy in our days, marked its early history. Slavery was a fearful condition of men; but other evils

which fostered and protected that slavery, must be first assailed. Freedom can only dwell with truth; but gross darkness then lay upon all nations. It was, therefore, the first duty and the highest policy of the primitive Christianity to spread the light that had come into the world, and to justify its diffusion by the glorious moral changes it effected in the individual man. Thus bigamy, the Circus, the Olympic, the harlotry, the passion for war, gluttony, and drunkenness, great and monstrous as these evils were, had to be for a time apparently unnoticed. All true reform are developments of prudence. It was enough for the moment to demolish all the gods of the Pantheon; to denounce their priesthoods as impostors; to declare a new Legislator paramount to all monarchs; to affirm, that the next step after death was *not* annihilation, but glory and eternal life, or a doom of deathless misery. Christianity is eminently economic. It never does too much. Its records are distinguished by a sparing, but a vast wisdom. As John finely and shrewdly says, 'The world would not have contained,' if the first disciples had not been economic in their relations; and slavery, with the other evils that were notched, to be felled in due time, was left for the present, ostensibly; but it was *causally* destroyed, as we shall see.

Some of our readers may be asking the question, Did not Paul, in remitting Onesimus to his master, countenance slavery? A very important point, capable, we think, of satisfactory explication. Onesimus, by the early Christians, was said not only to have absconded from his master, but to have robbed him; at all events, he seems to have been a useless slave, for Paul admits that 'in time past he was unprofitable to thee.' Having become converted by the apostle's ministry, Onesimus became the brother of his old master, Philemon. To him it was necessary that he should make restitution if he had stolen his property, and apology for whatever there might have been in his conduct improper. So much was due to the credit of the Christian name. Christianity was not a sanctuary-ground for the vagabond, but for the broken-hearted. Paul, therefore, dismissed Onesimus to his master, but not with the view of returning him to slavery. The tenor of his epistle evidently is hostile to this supposition. He stipulates rather for his freedom—'Whatever he oweth thee, put that to mine account;' and he writes like a man who delicately entreats a favour which he did not think it prudent to solicit formally. Onesimus is reported by some early writers to have been, prior to his escape, a member of the Colossian Church, but that he had acted unworthily. If that were a fact, by 'doing evil that good may come,' he had violated one of the explicit laws of Christian morality. Now that he was recovered, therefore, it was due to the credit of Onesimus himself, and to the feelings of Philemon, that the fugitive slave should make this visit to his master, who obviously entered into the spirit of Paul's letter, and returned Onesimus to the apostle's service. The apostle, therefore, acted only in accordance with his profound and ordinary prudence; and it was necessary to prevent the scandal, that he harboured runaway slaves. How prodigiously difficult a life was that of the Christian in those days!

Let us now glance at the relation of Christianity to the slavery of that age, and ascertain whether it sanctioned, or connived, or opposed it; and in what manner? Aristotle, in a certain part of his ethical disquisitions, describes the relation which the slave of those times bore to his master in his well-known ὁ δοῦλος ἔμψυχον ὄργανον τὸ δ' ὄργανον ἄψυχος δοῦλος—that is, the relation between the workman and his tool, the soul and the body, or the man and his horse. Slaves were not regarded as *men*, but as *things*. To how appalling an extent the Roman law authorized this hideous doctrine may be seen from the senseless severity, that if one of his slaves murdered a master, all the other slaves in the household, without regard to sex, age, virtue, or condition, were to be destroyed; and Tacitus, in *An.* l. xiv. c. 42, tells a story how in carrying out this barbarous decree, on a particular occasion, the populace were so disgusted and excited that the authorities were compelled to stop the carnage. Alexander, who pretended to give liberty to the nations, when he destroyed Thebes, sold all its inhabitants into slavery. Vedius Pollio threw refractory slaves into his fish-ponds to fatten his lampreys. Camillus sold his Etrurian victims into slavery to repay the Roman ladies who had subscribed their jewels in sacrifice to the gods at the outset of the war. In the play, Euripides represents Hecuba as chained at the gates of Agamemnon, and that in Athens. A slave could acquire no property, nor inherit or bequeath any, according to the Roman law; nor was his evidence valid in a court of justice.

It was impossible for Christianity to be friendly to a system like this, which, however, prevailed more or less through the civilized world in the days of the apostle. Some steps were inevitable—either Christianity must connive at the system which would have proved an insuperable barrier to its progress, or oppose the nuisance. But how oppose it, without magnifying the disastrous lot of the captives? If the apostles had proclaimed open warfare with the evil, they would have brought themselves into direct collision with the universal magistracy; and, besides, would not only have originated a servile war, but have inflicted a grievous wrong on the Christian name. The voice of inspiration was not, however, silent. 'If thou mayest be made free, use it rather,' contains the decree, prudently shrouded for the occasion, but still, the glorious decree, that Christianity was the foe of slavery, and would eventually destroy it; and, without delay, the enterprise was commenced which, though not yet consummated, is rapidly advancing in the old and the new world. But as the doctrines of the gospel were all peculiar, so was the mode by which it commenced its aggression on the domains of slavery.

1. By declaring the common origin of the human race, as taught by Paul in his 'Of one blood God hath made all the nations of men,' the Christian system virtually affirmed the brotherhood of the human race. This doctrine was diametrically adverse to all the received opinions of the sages of antiquity. Our readers of Aristotle, Plutarch, Pliny, and even Plato, will remember the nonsense to which these glorious authors gave utterance, when they spoke either of the origin of mankind, or the divisions and classes into which it was broken. Not only did they 'know not God,' they knew nothing morally and his-

torically of men; and hence the immense value of the Bible, even considered as a non-religious compilation. The relation of human history to human morality is obvious; they act on, and explain each other vitally. And there is nothing in which the insufficiency of reason, as a guide to itself, is more signally demonstrated, than in the fact, that none of the Grecian, the Roman, or the Alexandrian philosophers ever arrived at any satisfactory theory to account for the human race. By declaring, therefore, to them, that 'God made of one blood all the nations of men,' Christianity first brought home to the conscience of the generous and thoughtful Roman, that the slave that acted as his *ante ambulans* was really his brother, and therefore that the 135 slaves he had recently sold to go to Nicomedia were his brothers and sisters. Here was a blow indeed struck, as all the aims of Heaven are, at the power of thought, the seat and remedy of all evil; and thus by preaching the brotherhood of man, Christianity prepared the way for the universal emancipation of the slave.

2. The gospel of Jesus Christ also taught that all men sustained the *same relation* to the Author of the universe. It was the received doctrine of all the schools, that the gods loved the virtuous and the brave, the intellectual and the successful; but that the masses of the ignorant and the poor, and particularly the slave, were too insignificant to deserve the attention of the gods. These men believed that heroes, poets, and priests, might be God-descended; but it never occurred to them that the slave, too, was the child of God. When, therefore, the slave and his master were both conning St. Luke's genealogy, and found that all individual existence tracked its course up to God the Father of all, both were surprised. The master was alarmed, for the book was a grand demagogy that taught this doctrine; but the slave was delighted, and his veins flushed with warmer blood, as he felt the divine affiliation for the first time kindling in his soul. But that discovery changed the aspects of the universe to both. The slave ceased to despair, and began to thirst afresh for freedom; and the master ceased to regard his slave as his chattel; for if he, too, had sprung from the Creator, He would avenge his wrongs, and record his sorrows. Here was another great step towards the annihilation of slavery. The former blow was at the head—this stunned the heart. The windows of the soul were opened, and light now came in apace upon the slave-house.

3. Christianity taught that sin had equally affected all men. One of the standing topics in all those celebrated schools of philosophy that admitted the consideration of moral questions was, What was the real cause that there was such an uniform proneness to vice, and why the life of virtue was so difficult and uncongenial to men? Wonderful and laudable efforts were made to settle that great and dark problem; but till the doctrines of Christianity burst upon the empire, there was no reply. But this system, by its short and sinewy arrow, 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,' went home to the soul, and explained many questions at once. That something in man ever perversely biassed to the selfish and the imperfect, which the Cyrenaics and the Platonics considered merely an accident and a calamity, the

teachings of the evangelists proved to be voluntary and culpable evil. The inference was irresistible—'If this be the secret of all evil, that man is a sinner, I as man must be responsible for my every action; and if all men be thus responsible and evil, what a mockery is the figured toga and the magnificent sandal, for I can be no better than my slave, who feeds my hogs and cleans my mule!' Thus the reader perceives how if Christianity refrained to proclaim an external jubilee for the slaves, it went about their redemption none the less urgently. It drove the wheel of thought faster, and every revolution it made brought the slave-master's view to some new and galling aspect of the radical injustice of man-traffic. It is thus ever with all the noble work of our evangelism. 'Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' Christianity sows the seed in the heart, whence it works outwardly into real freedom and progressive goodness, and thus prepares men for all. The world, on the contrary, begins in the outward revolution, leaves the cave of demons unmastered, and is ever, Ixion-like, recommencing its vain and operose schemes of civilization that have uniformly failed.

4. Not less organic was the assault made on slavery when Christianity preached the world-renewing theme, that Christ died for all men. The notion of the incarnation of divine natures was no novelty, either in the East or the West. 'The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men,' was not an idle exclamation of those Lycaonian mountaineers who dwelt among the shadows of Mount Taurus, but the exponent of a world-wide belief. But the love of God in Christ, and that revealed to a world of blameful and truth-hating men, was indeed a new doctrine. With the ire of the deities all men were familiar; divine love, however, was not in all their thoughts. Here was, at last, a theme, of all themes the most inscrutable, come to men. The love of God not only shown to Regulus, the man of fidelity; or to Leonidas the valiant; or to Cicero the eloquent; or to Pindar, who had charmed nations with his odes; or to Praxitiles, who had beaten out semi-divine forms from stone, all but warm with life, in honour of virtue; or to Cornelia, the prescient and loving matron; but also to the slave that was chained to Cicero's villa, or that wiped Leonidas' armour, or that carried Cornelia's satchel. Herein was Love that abolished the fictions of colour and geography, of wealth and human fame, and fell like a Colossus crushing the heart of the slave-master with a new consciousness of his injustice to his captives. If he saw the miracle, or believed the holy itinerants who spread the story of the Nazarene, how could he help shuddering to think that he, who had loved his slaves unto death, would deal out sore retribution to him that robbed them of everything by keeping them in bondage? And supposing the slave-master became a believer, how was it possible for him to consent to the infamous doctrine of Aristotle, and to treat his equal in genealogy and prospect as he did his goats, or the horse that drew his chariots? Nay, how was it possible for him to pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' and not labour incessantly to add his slaves to the Christian fold? Thus slavery was shorn of its terrors, preparatory to its final abolition.

5. By the Divine arrangement that all men are equal in their Church

relations, the gospel struck another vital blow at the slave-master. All the institutions of the world recognised the artificial distinctions of men; but Christianity that combined with everything truly noble and pure, recognised only the relative grades of life that rested on a solid basis, and enforced them with far higher sanctions; but meanwhile claimed the sovereign right of dealing with its own subjects in its own way. Rich masters and potent rulers, beautiful women and veteran sages, were subject to the same discipline as the reclaimed prostitute, the converted barbarian, and the believing slave. Here was the touch-stone, but there was no quailing on the part of the Church, and compromise of its conditions of fellowship was impossible. Ye are all one in Christ Jesus. Ye were darkness, and are now light in the Lord. Ye had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy, were the simple rules that quelled the heavings of pride, and left no alternative to the slave-master but to receive, perhaps, his branded and mutilated serf as a 'brother beloved,' or himself to abandon the Church. Mammon had found a match at last. 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?' was the blazing beacon before him; and between it or obedience to the faith there was no choice. The slave-master exulted in the liberty indeed he had recently acquired, and looked with grateful ecstasy on the missionary that brought the glad tidings, in his eyes more beautiful than Apollo as he had been wont to appear in his glittering arms to his pagan imagination; and how was it possible for one whose heart thus beamed with lustrous joy, not to sympathize with that Christian brother who had obtained like precious faith, though he still wore the servile anklet for some Grecian rhetorician, or for some amorous votary of the Cyprian worship? Wondrous policy was this to bring in array against the law-begirt and time-worn merchandise in human souls. How impotent were thunder and famine, drought or earthquake, in comparison with the power which the meek and quiet spirit of Christianity employed to subvert a system, which if assailed by mere philanthropic oratory would have appealed at once to the legions of the Cæsars, or to the usages of the *fasti*.

6. Although other parts of the Christian system might be easily shown to have carried on the indirect warfare against slavery, we will only trouble the reader with an additional suggestion on this topic, which is found in the fact, that the gospel required universal liberty of its individual disciples for its diffusion. The Founder of the Church had made it the duty and the spiritual interest of every disciple to propagate his religion. Many hallowed and noble motives of renewed humanity prompted the believer to this course of action. His sense of justice and gratitude to the Divine Author of his hopes, and his newly-awakened benevolence and human sympathies, did not permit him to conceal the treasure he had found, Dangers only armed his courage, and his embittered life lent sad experience to his zeal. But suppose this believer to have been a slave, gifted, as many are, with those natural aptitudes for the service of truth, which can never be fully acquired, how, even if his master were a believer, could he have devoted himself to the mission for which his heart beat? And if the slave of a hostile master, the case would have been worse, for it might have happened to him as Ter-

tullian records another case, where a slave extremely vicious became converted; and when his owner perceived the marvellous improvement in his conduct, was delighted at first, but on being informed of his having become a Christian, immediately sent him to the house of correction. Or if a church should have, from his manifest fitness, chosen a slave for its minister or deacon, how, while his evidence was not admitted in a court of law, and he could neither possess nor disburse property, was it possible for him to discharge these offices and continue a captive? Thus on all sides did Christianity wound the slave-master, and drive him to the virtue of manumitting his bondmen.

From the preceding remarks, it is not difficult to ascertain the relation of Christianity to the slavery that is extant among nominal Christians in our own days. True piety, according to the models of Jesus, is incompatible with slave-dealing. One of these antagonists must quit the field. Either the Christianity of the slave-states must become extinct, or the slave-mart must be closed. We do not speak of the strife as doubtful, for we are more certain of the doom of slavery than of the destiny of the republic. We make here no reference to the great spirit of democracy that has gone forth upon the world, nor to the policy of nations, nor to the doctrines of political economy, the truth in any of which would in time destroy American slavery. We have confined ourselves to the moral hostility that is to be found in all the arrangements of Christian faith and practice—to even the mildest form of slavery, which American is *not*. If we were disposed to add to this article, it would be to draw the attention of the reader to other magnificent means that Christianity employed on this occasion (and indeed on all) to free at least her own children. Nor was this wisdom greater than the benevolence of this policy to the slaves themselves. Any other course adopted, the slaves would have received the external freedom before they had become 'free indeed,' and might have shared the sad lot of our own poor bondmen, who received the outward boon before they had intelligence sufficient to appropriate that for which English Christians so nobly laboured, to their own advantage.

R. S. B.

John Sterling and Thomas Carlyle.

THE notoriety attaching to the name of John Sterling, affords a singular instance of a reputation extremely disproportionate to the qualities and deeds of him who has obtained it; and is owing entirely to the eminence of his biographers—Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle, both his elect friends—and to the opposed points of view from which they have regarded his character. Archdeacon Hare, in editing 'Sterling's Literary Remains,' prefaced them with a brief memoir, in which the religious aspect of his life was chiefly prominent, and its

errors and failures marked and deplored. To Mr. Carlyle this proved vexation indeed,—even seemed misrepresentation and untruth,—and was provocative first of anger, and then of a determination himself to draw Sterling's portrait, and to tell the world his life-story as *he* read it. So poor Sterling's memory has become a controversy, the interest of which is not in Sterling, but in the questions started by his differing biographers. It is not wonderful that this should occasion only pain to those who knew and loved him best; nor that his brother-in-law and affectionate friend, Professor Maurice, should refuse, as it is said, to read either of the biographies.

Of Sterling himself let the kindliest words be spoken; let condemnations be gentle, as they *will be* on the part of all whose religious opinions are convictions, not traditions, and whose enjoyment of the serene light of faith has been reached through the gloom and storm of unsolicited doubt. Yet in Sterling's beliefs and works there is little that is of much significance, or that has an interest for the general world. In the two volumes of his 'Remains,' Archdeacon Hare's Memoir was the chiefly noticeable thing; and in the new life by Mr. Carlyle, all the interest belongs to Mr. Carlyle himself. The purpose of this paper, however, demands that there be a brief sketch of Sterling, and then there is something to be said of what Mr. Carlyle has set down concerning him.

At a kind of dilapidated baronial residence in the Isle of Bute, having a small farm attached to it, and called Kaimes Castle, John Sterling was born, on the 20th of July, 1806. His father, Captain Edward Sterling, was then on half-pay, and trying his hand at farming. His mother was of 'a refined female nature, tremulously sensitive,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'and strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities dependent on these.' From her, John Sterling derived 'the delicate *aroma* of his nature.' His stronger qualities, and especially his restless impetuosity, came to him from his father, a man of great energy and stormy rapidity of character. Captain Sterling, after leaving the army, had an arena to seek, in which the powers he was conscious of possessing might have free play. Farming in Bute did not offer it; so he removed his family—in which was a son Antony, also, older than John—to Llanblethian, a pleasant village in Glamorganshire. John was at that time four years old; and under the influence of the quiet beauty and rural life of Llanblethian, with some interference of a country schoolmaster also, here, for the next five years, the young spirit unfolded. Captain Sterling, meanwhile, had opened a correspondence with the 'Times,' and had gained such notice as encouraged the hope that he had at last found his sphere as a public writer. At the Peace, in 1814, hoping to get to be a foreign correspondent of the great journal, he removed his family to Paris; a new school for John, then in his eighth year, and old enough to enjoy vigorously the new and strange world around him. Next year, Napoleon landed from Elba, and the Sterling family fled home again; and took up their abode in London—never afterwards to be quitted as a residence. Yet were several changes of locality made,

and with them came new schoolmasters and influences for the boys. Thus was the worst of educations, as one would most likely say, given to young John, who is described as 'volatile, swift, and airy,'—and to whom, consequently, change was no well suited teacher. Yet he grew up a noble boy, clever, joyous, adventurous, and withal somewhat impetuous. At twelve, he ran away from school, at Blackheath, and managed to get to Dover, with the view of crossing the Channel; but he was there detected, and compelled to confess, and write home to his mother; and it is very characteristic of him that he wrote a letter in what Carlyle calls 'the steady, historical style, narrating merely, not in the least apologizing.'

It is worth recording, that in these years, Captain Sterling had become permanently connected with the 'Times;' and wrote those daily leaders which gained for him the name of 'the Thunderer.' The remarkable changes of the 'Times,' at the period referred to, were but the reflections of the quick and stormy changes taking place in the mind of Captain Edward Sterling, who, though full of honesty and force, as it is said, was too rapid and impatient for consistency. Carlyle calls him 'Captain Whirlwind.'

At sixteen, John Sterling was sent to the University of Glasgow, his brother Antony being already there. He remained, however, but one year. Subsequently, when eighteen, he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; with the good fortune of having for his tutor the Rev. Julius Hare, who became at once a cordial friend, and remained so ever afterwards. Sterling paid but little attention to the prescribed studies of the university; they were not the discipline and knowledge he required. Yet he made progress in less formal study, devoured and digested multifarious books, and reached a very high degree of culture. The chief advantage of the university to him, was in the circle of noble and loving friends with which he became surrounded,—among whom were Frederic Maurice, Richard Trench, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes, and others who have since distinguished themselves in literature and public life. Amongst these Sterling was celebrated for his clear intelligence, brilliant conversation, and unusual eloquence in debate. He had the gift of being loved,—of powerfully attracting others to himself by his genial spirit and sincerity of soul. In the admiration he won, there was generally tenderness; and the ties that bound him to his friends were of singular tenacity. The university career was not of long continuance; at the end of two years, Sterling left, without taking a degree.

Now came entrance on life—a profession to be chosen. But Sterling had within him certain 'wild radicalisms,' which shut up the road to life lying through the Church; he would not *then* consent to be one of her 'black dragoons,' as he called the clergy; and the probability is, that being a man of true integrity, yet with unawakened spiritual nature, he was also averse to the assumption of a clerical office for which he possessed no religious qualification. Other roads—as those of medicine and law—were closed to him by his desultory habits and restlessness of spirit; so that, eventually, more by chance than choice,

it would seem, he took to literature as his vocation. In connexion with his friend, Frederic Maurice, he purchased and conducted the 'Athenæum,' then newly-started. In this journal he published many fine papers—now included in the 'Remains'—full of promise of excellence afterwards to be attained. No commercial success attended this experiment, however, and the 'Athenæum' was again transferred to other hands. Sterling may, for some time afterwards, be traced in various wanderings to the Lakes, to Paris, and into much new society; continuing, too, decisively a radical, a man of very free and bold opinions.

At this period, about 1828, dawns a new era in Sterling's history. He then became acquainted with Coleridge; and amongst the young ardent thinkers who resorted to Highgate, to listen to the wise and wonderful discourse of the grand old man, none was more heart-earnest and absorbedly-attentive than John Sterling. The influence of Coleridge on his intellect and sensibilities awakened within him hitherto unknown longings after the highest and divinest objects of human life, and gave new directions to his spiritual nature. The impression thus made eventually determined one of the most important acts of Sterling's life; and although, as Mr. Carlyle informs us, 'democratic liberalism,' and other things hard of assimilation with the philosophy and theology of Coleridge, continued to maintain their existence with him, this was the power, beyond all others, to which his nature bent with most entireness. The literary efforts put forth about this period gave proof of the strength of the Coleridgean influence.

Most readers will know something of the attempted expedition of General Torrijos and the Spanish exiles, who had found shelter in this country for some years preceding 1830. Sterling had become a friend of General Torrijos, and had induced his cousin, Lieut. Boyd, to take part in the expedition planned. Sterling was only prevented from personal share therein by failing health, of which there had been many decisive symptoms, and by the spell cast over him by a young lady who afterwards became his wife. Of the fate of these poor Spaniards, and of young Boyd with them, it is enough to say, that after the detection and failure of their attempt, their difficult escape—assisted by Sterling most courageously—and many shifts and sufferings abroad, they were finally taken at Malaga by the authorities, and immediately shot.

Ere this catastrophe occurred, Sterling was married, in 1830, to Miss Susan Barton, whose graces and fine qualities are well spoken of by Mr. Carlyle. Health was then in a seriously-threatening state with Sterling—dangerous illness speedily followed, and proving to be pulmonary disease, on partial recovery it seemed desirable that he should seek a more favourable climate. He went to St. Vincent, West Indies, where was a family property which he undertook to manage. There his eldest son was born. There, too, the tidings of the Torrijos tragedy reached him; and so terrible was its impression on him, that, conspiring with the state of Mrs. Sterling's health to make him feel unsettled at St. Vincent's, he resolved to return home. Letters from him at this

period spoke much of the spiritual exercises of his mind—of prayer, religious studies, and longing endeavours after a sanctuary for the soul. A critical juncture had arrived.

In the following year he went to Germany, and at Bonn met with his friend and college tutor, the Rev. Julius Hare. To him he explained his views for the future—briefly, that he intended a few years' study at a good German university, and then a return to England, and an entrance on the ministry of the Established Church. Mr. Hare approved, and offered his own curacy at Herstmonceux, if it should be vacant at the time of Sterling's return. After some months, this plan was changed; and a letter despatched to Mr. Hare, stating that if the curacy were still vacant, Sterling was ready at once to take orders and enter on its duties. The reply gave assent—Sterling came home, and was ordained at Chichester, on Trinity Sunday, 1834.

Archdeacon Hare testifies that Sterling threw his whole heart and soul into the duties of the Christian ministry—that he was faithful to the pulpit, assiduous in his attention to the poor, and active to the full measure of his powers. Still do some of the poor at Herstmonceux affectionately remember him—perhaps the best and purest remembrance Sterling has on earth. This new life—deeply sincere and devout as it seems to have been—opened a path which, could it but have been kept, might have proved holy and happy, closing triumphantly. *Work*, such as the activities of a parish ministry involved,—and the influence of one having clear, strong intellect, profound learning, and fulness of faith, such as Archdeacon Hare's,—were likely to prove a saving discipline to a temperament and character like Sterling's. But nine short months closed this path also. Again failing health, and the counsels of physicians thereupon, drove him from his duties; and, with 'sorrowful agitation,' he resigned his curacy.

It was in the following year that the second great power came to bear on the mind and character of Sterling; and the history of its results is scarcely favourable to a high estimate of his individuality and inward strength. Ever too ready to bend to the forces reaching him from without—and unconsciously, perhaps, accustomed to take his tone and direction from other minds—it was scarcely possible that he should not be 'led captive at his will' by Thomas Carlyle. Such was the event of an acquaintance which sprung up in the year he left Herstmonceux, and which strengthened and grew to a deep and mutually-prized intimacy, now affectionately commemorated by Mr. Carlyle in his recently published biography. How far-reaching and important were the consequences of this new friendship—it might be said, discipleship—will appear presently.

On his removal to London, Sterling for a while kept his faith in Christianity—retaining the feeling of the clerical office, and due regard for the Church. He occupied himself variously with theological and metaphysical studies; and on breaking into German, made himself familiar with some of the works of Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, and others, delightedly finding therein great increase to his knowledge. At the same time he was aimless and wandering—life had no serious

duties, no practicalities for him. Speculation deep and high suited his mood—various and roving speculations, tending 'nowhither,' modified and changed his opinions at large. The influence of Coleridge was lessening; Carlyle was in the ascendency. By and by, theologies and spiritualisms were somewhat lost sight of; and such work as was done at all was in the shape of efforts at a place in literature.

For the next eight years Sterling made temporary residences in London, occupied with literary labours in several directions—chiefly publication of poems and contributions to 'Blackwood;' but sadly were these labours broken in upon by threatening illness, necessitating flights to Clifton, Falmouth, Torquay, and, in successive winters, to the south of France, Madeira, and Italy. Hope of permanent recovery alternated with the prospect of immediate dissolution; almost ever was he in the attitude of one 'screening himself from swift death.' If his achievements were few and comparatively unimportant, it may be remembered that he had other life-battle to do than tends to victory recognizable by standers-by.

It was while making occasional brief visits to London that a club was founded, at which pleasant reunions with his friends might be possible; this, innocently enough, was called the 'Sterling Club,' and has since become famous, through the gross and unjust attacks made on its members, in some quarters, for a supposed heretical sympathy with views and principles of *rationalistic* stamp, of which Sterling's name was held to be a symbol. It is undoubtedly true that views to which the name of Rationalism is vaguely given, were, in these years, adopted by Sterling. Mr. Carlyle gives no information on this momentous occurrence in his spiritual history; to Mr. Carlyle it does not seem momentous, but rather a happy deliverance from the wrecks of priesthood and from bondage to the incredible. Were it not for the memoir by Archdeacon Hare, and twelve painfully interesting letters to Mr. Coningham, published by him recently, little would be known of the spiritual struggles of Sterling's mind at this period, or of his eventual position with respect to the Christian faith. And, after all, for those who knew not Sterling, there is no very clear account of his inward life possible to be gotten from his biographers. Such words as it is fitting should here be said thereon shall presently be spoken.

In the year 1843, the shadows gathered deep over the path of Sterling. His wife lay newly confined, when he received intelligence of the death of his mother—to him an excellent and well-loved mother. He could not hide his grief from his wife, and, in answer to her questions, gave the intelligence. 'Poor old man!' murmured his wife, 'thinking of the old Edward Sterling now left alone in the world; and these were her own last words; in two hours more she too was dead.' Carlyle adds, 'Sterling has lost much in these two hours; how much that has long been can never again be for him! Twice in one morning, so to speak, has a mighty wind smitten the corners of his house; and much lies in dismal ruins round him.'

In something more than a year from this time Sterling himself was with the dead. The decease of his wife induced a removal to Ventnor,

and there, being possessed of ample income, he purchased a house and grounds, and set about their improvement. A permanent residence was necessary to the six young motherless children now left to his care. His literary labours were again steadily prosecuted; a tragedy published, and eight cantos of a new poem completed. Yet he complained of 'sad thoughts and ghastly dreaminess,' saying, 'the heart is gone out of my life.' Mr. Carlyle confesses to receiving letters from him during this year at Ventnor, which he calls 'melancholy enough;' but he suppresses them. In the spring of 1844, the breaking of a blood-vessel prostrated Sterling under the sickness from which he never recovered. For six months death was immediately before him; and with great calmness and courage he set about the adjustment of his affairs, domestic, literary, and all others, and then prepared to die. The Maurices were with him, lovingly caring for him, and sustaining his spirit. Much religious feeling flowed forth in these last scenes; there was much reading of the Bible—a humble and a happy recognition of the will of God—'I thank the All-wise One;' and to Archdeacon Hare, he wrote, 'Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me, although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents.' At length, on the 18th of September, the end came. He was very weak and quiet, but penned a few verses for friends; and to his sister gave these, the last words he ever wrote:—

'Could we but hear all Nature's voice,
From glowworm up to sun,
'Twould speak with one concordant sound,
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

But hark, a sadder, mightier prayer
From all men's hearts that live,
"Thy will be done in earth and heaven,
And Thou my sins forgive!"'

It grew dusk; he asked for 'the old Bible, which he used so often at Herstmonceux in the cottages;' then conversed cheerfully for a few minutes, and was left to settle for the night:—and so all things closed around him, and he 'trode the common road into the great darkness,' as he himself said, 'without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope.'

Such were the facts of Sterling's life; they are not very important; neither are his completed works numerous, nor of more than partial success. Yet, such as they were, they had a true worth in them; and but for the continual struggle for life, and the over-haste in which all work was therefore done, might have been nobler and more enduring. Sterling had brilliant powers and fine heart; and was full of genuine purity and the deepest sincerity. 'Like other such lives, like all lives, this is a tragedy,' says Mr. Carlyle; 'high hopes, noble efforts; under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever new nobleness of valiant effort; and the result death, with conquests by no means corresponding. A life which cannot challenge the world's attention; yet which does modestly solicit it, and, perhaps, on clear study will be found to reward it.'

Of Sterling's religious errors something remains to be said. They

amounted to the rejection of historical Christianity. The perusal of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus' chiefly, and of other works partly—and amongst yet other influences, that of Goethe, whom he once held to be 'a Pagan in an age when it is the duty of all to be Christian,' but whom, under Carlyle, he came afterwards greatly to reverence—contributed to produce this unhappy result. Yet it would seem that he retained faith in a personal God, and in the moral element of Christianity; and his last lines and words showed something of the ascendency of a believing heart over the errors of the understanding—a sense of sin and of the need of forgiving mercy. Archdeacon Hare truly says, in closing his Memoir, 'The representation of his life is unsatisfactory, because the problem of his life was incomplete. That problem was the same as the great problem of our age. In fact, it was the same with the great problem of all ages, to reconcile faith with knowledge, philosophy with religion, the subjective world of human speculation with the objective world in which God has manifested himself by a twofold revelation, outwardly to our senses, and spiritually to our spirits. . . . Ever since it was solved once for all, for every practical purpose of life, by the incarnation of the Word, new forms of the speculative problem have been continually presenting themselves; every new solution has disclosed a deeper mystery still unsolved; nor has any form of it been more perplexing than that in which it presents itself to the meditative mind of our own times.' Sterling had a deep and painful feeling of the importance and difficulty of these problems; he considered himself called to their solution. And when the channels of practical activity were closed against him—as Archdeacon Hare also remarks—his intellectual impulses gradually became restless and impatient, he deemed himself the antagonist of everything, and the concord of his soul was broken into harsh dissonances. Before a final solution of the problems, which integrity and inward necessity forced on him, could be attained, he was cut off. With much that is melancholy in such an end, there is not wholly an absence of hope. God only is his judge. Yet are there in this history serious suggestions for those who pursue an intellectual life and indulge freely in speculation, without a clear vent for the healthy activity of the spiritual nature.

Contrasting the two biographies of Sterling, Hare's leaves the impression of being truer to the significances of the inner history; but Carlyle's is the more complete and life-like portrait. Of the literary qualities of Mr. Carlyle's book it is impossible to speak too highly. Like all other of his writings, it is most successful in the luminous and impressive conveyance of thought—glows and burns with sincerity and earnestness. It is comparatively free from the attitudinizing, exaggeration and coarseness which marked his last work. With these vices have also disappeared for the occasion other strong qualities of an admirable kind: we listen to no majestic long-drawn thundertones; we witness none of those wild fitful flashes which give to common things a look never to be forgotten; we meet with none of that grim humour which laughs like an earthquake and ends in sorrow-

ful gloom. On the whole, deep tenderness and affection are most conspicuous, often expressing themselves with a fine and manly pathos. Picturesque, painter-like descriptions, graphic sketches of character and society, boundless wealth of imagery, beautiful poetic forms, all combine in the rich narrative, and imprint it lastingly on the mind. There is no living writer whose style has the magnificence of Carlyle's, even when it stands condemned for passages that are uncouth, barbarous, and bloated. Truly is he the greatest of literary men, the first of writers of memoir and history. But throughout this whole story and its episodical reflections, there is no trace of the profound thinker—the true philosopher. On the contrary, such a claim for the author is refuted, by the scorn of reasoning, the obliteration of the facts of history, and the fierce destructiveness that pulls down without having anything to build up, which are manifest here as in other of his works. It is for the tidings it brings of the *man* Carlyle that the book has its chief value. The story of a contemporary, so precious to his heart, so responsive to his thoughts, as was Sterling, runs often into unconscious autobiography, full of genuine interest: and of noticeable men and literature in the present day there are occasional glimpses, opening for brief moments the inner circle in which the author lives, and delightful enough in their way.

In other respects there is good reason to complain of Mr. Carlyle's biography: he has done his utmost for Sterling, but not with entire truthfulness. (There appears to be a studied suppression of all that marked the religious struggles of Sterling's soul.) For instance, Mr. Coningham (a relative of Sterling's) has published twelve letters addressed to himself, as has been already said, which give the truest picture of Sterling's spiritual state at the most important period of his life. Mr. Carlyle was not ignorant of the existence of this correspondence; but he has made from it two brief extracts, upon matters wholly trivial, omitting all that is of the deepest interest, and that reveals most of the hidden man of the heart. These letters have not one characteristic, but many; in much they are painful, but are most necessary to a knowledge of the inward life of Sterling. Mr. Carlyle has designedly shut out from view this mental conflict about the truth of Christianity. And more than this, he has passed over in silence those gleams of faith which shot across the darkness of the death-scene—leaving the reader in ignorance that Sterling died not wholly a Carlylean—recording none of those features which have been preserved in the Memoir of Archdeacon Hare, and embodied in the present sketch.

What are Mr. Carlyle's own opinions of religion can be no matter of doubt. Indecisive as most of his utterances on this head have been, the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' cleared off some obscurity therefrom, and this new book is still more definitely expressive. The sarcastic caricature of Coleridge, whose purifying and strengthening influence on Sterling, Carlyle brought to a close; the scorn with which he speaks of the 'transcendental moonshine cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge, producing divulsions and convulsions, and diseased developments;' the description of Sterling's entrance on the ministry, as re-

sembling a 'bereaved young lady taking the veil;' the sneers at all piety of a Christian order; the contempt shown for Schleiermacher, Neander, Tholuck, and other theologians; the suppression of Sterling's argument with himself for the existence of a personal God; and the absence of all recognition of Christianity, either as history, or dogma, or practical morality,—these all give interpretation to the disbelieving tone of the whole volume, and to its vague Pantheistic utterances. We neither mean to 'screech judgment' on Mr. Carlyle, nor to fling hard names, when we assert that his position is discribed truly as *Atheism*. It is well that he suffers the fact to come to the light: we expect that those who have hitherto been his steady adherents, will now refuse to make with him a surrender of all Christian truth.

When Mr. Carlyle denies the justice of the term 'sceptic,' as applied to Sterling, and insists that he was a '*victorious believer*'—a man of true '*piety*'—he but reverses the accepted meaning of terms, and uses them in a sense peculiar to himself. Such assertions are founded on the doctrine that faith is exclusively of the heart, not of the intellect,—that religion is a sentiment of the soul, which may put on differing forms, or express itself in various creeds, but is independent of each alike. It is lost sight of, that sentiment is called forth by some object, either of the senses or intellect; and that religious sentiment is consequent upon the reception of an idea, and derives its character from that idea. It is absurdly implied in this theory that Truth has no paramount claim for consideration in matters of religion; and that ignorance, superstition, or folly, may alike build temples suitable enough for man's worship, honourable enough for the living God. Such a theory of piety sanctifies the grossest and most degrading idolatry, equally with the purest and most spiritual faith'; destroys all permanence of religious belief, representing that there is nothing absolute or established therein; and contains the very essence of scepticism. The sum of its practical exhortations would be—Indulge the sentiment of religion, carefully purging it from the belief of *anything* specifically, and you shall be a 'victorious believer,' of 'true piety of soul!'—'*We* have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place.'

The Yezidis, or Devil-Worshippers.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. NEANDER.*

We meet in the East with many religious sects, which have existed from far distant ages, some entirely unaltered, others considerably modified by various changes; and it is often interesting to trace such sects to their source, if only for the information we obtain con-

* Wissenschaftliche Abhandlungen von Dr. August. Neander. Berlin. 1851.

cerning the forms in which mind unfolded itself in ancient times, and the manner in which different religions were sometimes combined. Thus in the Sabæans or Mandaites of the present day, we find a sect whose origin is to be traced to the excitements of the first and second century consequent upon the preaching of John the Baptist, but whose character has been quite altered by the different religious elements it has taken up in its course.

We have chosen for examination the enigmatical sect of the Yezidis,* in the hope of ascertaining whether any positive origin can be assigned them. We shall first describe the sect as far as the various accounts we have received enable us, and then, by comparing it with other ancient sects which are in some respects similar, determine, if possible, whether it is to be traced to any one in particular, or to a combination of several. Michael Febvre first mentions them, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He speaks of them as a powerful race, easily contented, living in black tents, leading a nomad life, and mostly herdsmen. He commends their hospitality. They are friendly to Christians, but hate Mahometans, who have been their greatest persecutors. The leading point in their religious doctrines is this, that they will never speak ill of the Devil. Neither persuasion nor force can induce them, and some have been flayed alive rather than consent. The reasons they give are:—'That we cannot with a good conscience abuse any creature, for this right belongs to the Creator alone; and since we find no precept in the Scriptures to curse the Devil, it is not right to offend him as Christians and Turks do, even though we regard him as a rebel against God. They compare him to a minister who has fallen into disgrace, and whom we should wish well to, and not curse. There is still hope, they think, that the Devil will some day be reconciled to God, through the divine mercy; and then he will certainly endeavour to revenge himself for all the insults he received during his disgrace. And even if he is not reconciled, yet, if a man falls into his power after death, he will have the worst to fear from him. So that, in either case, it is best to spare him.' This is the account which the leading men give of their doctrine; the rest never utter the name of Satan, but refer to him in other terms as 'the angel Paon;' 'the Conscious One,' or he 'whom the ignorant curse.' We cannot expect anything definite concerning their doctrines, as they have no written religious documents. They believe in the Old and New Testaments, and the Koran, and teach that all these books fell from heaven. At their feasts, they sing to the guitar, songs in honour of Christ, of Mary, of Moses, of Zechariah, and even of Mahomet. It is remarkable, when we think of the Christian communion, that they sometimes call wine the blood of Christ. If any one, at their festivals, offers another a cup of wine, he says, 'Take this cup with the blood of Christ;' and he who receives the cup, kisses the hand of the one who brings it, all present rising at the same time, and bowing, with their arms crossed,

* A tribe in Asia Minor, having their settlements in the hills between the Tigris and Euphrates.

while he is drinking. They are divided into two classes, distinguished by their dress—the one wearing black, the other white. The former stand highest, and form a kind of sacerdotal caste. Febvre derives their name from a man named Yezid. 'Many of them regard Yezid and Christ as the same under different names. They relate of Christ such miraculous tales as occur in the apocryphal gospels. Those who are clothed in black shrink from killing animals, although they eat them when killed; a feeling which arises probably from a belief in the transmigration of souls. The day, on which one who has worn black clothes dies, is observed as a festival, and not a day of mourning; "he must be congratulated on his entrance to a blessed life." When they pray, they turn to the East; and at sunrise, as soon as the first rays enter their tents, they rise, fold their hands, and pray to God in the presence of the sun.'

This account is confirmed by Niebuhr, who says that there is a village entirely occupied by them between Arbil (the ancient Arbela) and Zab. The following is the account given by the Abbot Sestini, who travelled from Constantinople to Bassora in the year 1781:—'In the Kurdish Hills you come to a village, Sinjar, inhabited by Yezidis, who are called "Worshippers of the Devil." They call Satan, Cherubim. They have their Emir in Kurdistan, where they assemble once a year with their families; and, in the evening, when they have finished eating and drinking, they put out the lights." In his account of a second journey, he gives a fuller description, as received from a Dominican.

He calls them a mixture of the errors of the Manichæans, the Mahometans, and the Persians. The doctrine is spread by tradition without books, since they are forbidden to read and write. They believe in all the prophets and saints of the Christians, whose names are attached to the monasteries in the neighbourhood. Most of them profess faith in Moses, Christ, and Mahomet. God, they say, has given commands, but left the devil to execute them. They have neither fasts nor prayers, for Yazid, they say, performed enough for all his followers to the end of the world. Ten days after the August new moon, they hold an annual assembly, which lasts ten days and a night, at the grave of the Skeikh Adi, when many meet together from distant countries. On their way thither, robberies are often committed; and small caravans are in great danger if a larger body of Yezidis approaches. Many women, too, from the neighbouring villages, the unmarried excepted, come to the festival; after feasting, they extinguish the lights, and never speak again till sunrise. They hold the Christian monasteries in great veneration; and if they visit them, before they enter, they bare their feet and kiss the walls, in the belief that the patron saint of the monastery will be their protector; or if they are ill and dream of a monastery, they visit it, before they are perfectly well, and bring as an offering incense, wax, resin, or some other present to the monastery, and after kissing the walls and remaining a quarter of an hour there, return home. They recognise as the head of their religion the Skeikh who is chief of the race. He has the care of Skeikh Adi's tomb, who

restored their sect. The Skeikh of the race must always be a descendant of Yazid; and in such veneration is he held, that they consider themselves fortunate if they can procure one of his shirts to be buried in. By his intercession and merits they expect to reach a higher place: and therefore many of them buy a shirt for forty piastres (more than 2*l.*); or if they cannot procure the whole, content themselves with a piece. The chief of the Yezidis has always a man present with him, called Kocieck—*i.e.* a teacher, who is listened to as an oracle, and consulted before every undertaking. He is said to receive his revelations from the devil, and if a Yezidi is in doubt about any important matter, advice is obtained for a purse of money. Before the Kocieck replies, he stretches himself on the ground and sleeps, or appears to sleep, and on waking, declares that such a decision has been revealed to him. The following incident is a proof of the importance attached to his revelations. Forty years ago the Yezidi women, like the Arabian, used to dye their under-clothes with indigo for the sake of saving soap. One morning the Kocieck came unexpectedly to the chief, and said that it had been revealed to him, the night before, that indigo colour was unlucky, and not in favour with the devil. This was enough to send men to every tribe with orders to banish the colour, to get rid of the clothes, and put white in their place. And with such care did they carry out the command, that if any of the Yezidis visited Christians or Turks, and a bed of this colour was given them, rather than use it, even in the middle of winter, they would sleep with only their own clothes. The Yezidis believe that the souls of the dead are taken to a place of rest, where they are more or less happy according to their desert; they are said to visit their relatives and friends occasionally, to inform them of their wishes.

The American missionaries, Grant and Hinsdale, visited them during the period of their residence amongst the Nestorians in Persia and the Kurds. When Grant first entered the village, he was received very coldly by the Skeikh, but soon ascertained that the reason lay in his mistaking him for a Mahometan. As soon as he was known to be a Christian, everything changed. In this we have a proof that the Yezidis entertain great respect for Christianity, of which many a relic, as for example baptism, is still preserved by them. They make, too, the sign of the cross. They believe in one God, and, in a certain sense, in Christ as a Saviour. They kiss the first rays of the sun if they fall upon anything near them. They never blow out a light, or spit into the fire, lest they should defile the holy element. They are said to practise circumcision, and observe a passover festival, or something similar to the sacrifice of the paschal lamb.

Grant conversed with a chief of the Yezidis, who said that they were on friendly terms with the Christians, but not with the Mahometans; that their ancestors were Christians of the same kind as the Nestorians. When he was alone with Grant, he asked, with an anxious look, whether the day was not near when Christianity would triumph and rule the world. He pointed to the burning lamp and the

rising sun, whilst he mentioned with warmth the name of Jesus Christ, and bowed in token of reverence. He related, too, after carefully looking that no one was present, as a great secret, that his people were sons of Israel, and believed in the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels; and, with a strict charge not to mention it, said, that they possessed another book of their own, called Furkal. They are said to read the Koran, after covering the name of Satan with wax whenever it occurs.

Layard visited them, and relates that they acknowledge a supreme Being, to whom they present neither offering nor prayer. They never mention the name of the evil spirit, and are said to have put to death many who hurt their religious feelings by using the word Satan. They even avoid any word which bears the least resemblance. They have a copper figure of a bird, which, however, they do not regard as an idol, but as a symbol, probably of the pride of the fallen angel.

They say that Satan, who is suffering punishment on account of his apostasy, still possesses great power. There are seven angels subject to him, who have great influence upon the world. Christ, too, was a superior angel, who assumed a human form; he did not die upon the cross, but rose to heaven. (Here we have a Docetic idea.) They expect the return of Christ. They show the same reverence to fire which they do to the sun, holding their hands over it and afterwards kissing them. Washings are frequent with them. They consider pork unclean, and observe, besides the Mosaic law, the commands given to Noah. Layard disproves the reports of excesses during the nightly festival, as he was himself present at one.

To the accounts given, the Armenian writer, Injijean, only adds, that they boast of intercourse with demons, and observe a ceremony similar to the mass; the priests wearing a dress, like that worn at the mass by Catholic priests. With uncovered head they put bread and wine into the cup and offer over them a silent prayer. If they find a lamp burning before an altar, or an image of the virgin Mary, they dip their finger in the oil and make the sign of the cross.

From these accounts it is evident that there are many difficulties in the way of an examination of this sect and its origin. They appear to have kept their doctrines very secret, and made them known with great reluctance; and, from their want of education, their original faith may have been corrupted in many ways, and mixed up with foreign elements. The frequency, too, with which mixed religions occur in the East, the ease with which this sect could be induced from political motives to attach itself at one time to Christianity, and at another to Mahometanism and the Koran, and above all, the fact that the principle commonly acted upon by such Eastern sects is, to deceive those who are unfitted for their esoteric doctrine, make it more difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion. Still, if we put together all that we find in the preceding accounts, we cannot fail to discover, that the whole tendency of their doctrine is essentially opposed to Mahometanism; that it has had its origin in some connexion with Christianity, though, perhaps, it has since taken up more of the Christian ele-

ment than originally belonged to it. There are indications also of dualism, and the sun and fire-worship of Parsism;* and this is to be expected from their position and their connexion with Persia and Armenia, the latter, the land in which Parsism existed longest, first in opposition to Christianity, and afterwards blended with it. It is evident, however, that we do not find here the *pure* doctrine of Zoroaster in any shape, but one which has sprung from a mixture of Parsism with Christian elements. The only question is, *which* of the Christian sects, where such a mixture is perceptible, are we to fix upon.

This influence of the doctrines of Parsism is evident in several sects. We may mention the old Jewish sect of the Essenes, of whom Josephus says that 'before sun-rise, they converse about nothing common or profane, and address prayers to the sun, as if begging it to rise; and that they fear lest the sun's rays should fall on anything impure,' a feeling existing also amongst the Yezidis. But our knowledge of the Essenes is too limited to allow us to compare them with any other sect.

The most prominent feature in the doctrine of the Yezidis is, that they believe not only that the spirit who is the cause of all evil, was originally good, and has fallen from God, but that he will in the end be reconciled again. Moreover, it is peculiar to this sect, that the fallen spirit, on account of his original nature and his future restoration to his lost dignity, is made an object of special veneration; this is so extraordinary, that, if we find in any sect a similar feature, we may at once conclude either that the Yezidis are connected with this sect, or that the two have sprung from the same source. This applies exactly to a Christian sect, which sprang up in the eleventh century in the Byzantine empire, coming from Thrace and the neighbouring country, under the name of Εὐχιται (prayers), or Ἐνθουσιασται (enthusiasts), so called from their prayers and convulsions. The Constantinopolitan writer, Michael the Stammerer, from whom we obtain our knowledge of this sect, gives the following account. They believe in one God as the Father; from him sprang two principles, the elder and younger son; to the Father they allotted the whole ethereal region of existence, to the younger son (by whom, no doubt, Christ is meant) that which is in heaven; to the elder, the government of every thing in the world; the latter they called Satanaël—a compound word already common amongst the Jews. The professors of this doctrine he divides into three classes. Of the *first* he says that they honour both the sons; for, say they, although at present opposed, they are descended from the same father, and will at last be reconciled. From this it is evident that they did not regard the elder son as originally an evil spirit, an unconscious principle, in its very essence evil, and opposed to the Divine, but as a spirit fallen from God, and, therefore, at last to be reconciled to him. Here we have exactly the

* The religion introduced by Zoroaster amongst the Persians, probably in the sixth century B.C.

doctrine of the Yezidis. Of the *second* class, he says that they honoured the younger, as the ruler over the higher region; the elder they do not honour, as the others do, but think that they should prudently take care that he does them no injury. In this, too, we see something analogous to the doctrine of the Yezidis, for they give as their reason for not insulting Satan, that he possesses great power to injure men. He notices a *third* class who only honoured Satan, and set themselves in direct opposition to God;—it is doubtful, however, whether this distinction is founded on truth. We find another striking correspondence between the Euchitæ and the Yezidis; the former boasted of special revelations, appealed to visions and convulsions, and this we find also amongst the Yezidis. The Thracian mentions, as an example, an occurrence which took place when he attended a meeting of the sect in Southern Dalmatia; a man in an ecstatic state rose and denounced him as having been sent by the government to lay snares for the sect, and publish their secrets, and take him prisoner to Constantinople. There is another resemblance to the Yezidis in the practice of the Euchitæ of holding nightly meetings, at which the lamps were extinguished. They agree further in the allowance of deception and accommodation for the sake of escaping persecution. For, in the work mentioned, it is said, that such men were found amidst the 'holy coin;' whether by this we are to understand the Catholic church, or monks, or the clergy. Here the Euchitæ were discovered, after spreading themselves for a long time secretly, and in the twelfth century they came to light amongst the Sclavonian tribes under another name. There is no doubt that the Bogomilæ of the twelfth century were connected with the Euchitæ. The latter had endeavoured to spread themselves within and around the Grecian empire, and were able easily to find admission to the newly converted Bulgarian tribe. From this they entered again the Grecian empire, and thus it happens that they appear this time with the Sclavonian name Bogomilæ, which corresponds with their original Grecian name. The name is explained from the combination of Bog—Lord, and miloui—pray, taken from their frequent invocations of Deity. Amongst them we find the same doctrine as amongst the Euchitæ; one Father, from whom two spirits descend, the elder, Satanaël, the younger, Christ; that Satanaël rebelled against God, seduced a part of the other spirits, and by the divine power which he still retained, created the world. These Bogomilæ continued to spread for some time in the Grecian empire; and to them we trace some of the dualistic sects, which were found in the middle ages in the west of Europe, under the name of Cathari.

The combination of the Christian religion with that of Zoroaster was not of rare occurrence, but constantly renewed. And the sects which sprang from it spread into all the neighbouring countries of Asia. In such a mixture the 'children of the sun' originated. And though the Paulicians belonged to a different form of dualism from the Yezidis, it is an important fact that they endeavoured to spread in all directions, that they were warlike, as the Yezidis, and were often employed amongst the auxiliaries of the Byzantine empire.

It only remains to inquire, whether the notion of the relation of the evil to the good held by the Yezidis, and certain Christian sects, sprang from a mixture of Parsic* and Christian ideas, or from some later form of the Parsic doctrine, without any connexion with Christianity. This necessitates another question, whether we find in Parsism an absolute dualism, or only a relative one, founded on a belief in the unity of the primary principle as the first cause of all existence. To me a distinction seems to exist between a hidden first cause, and Ormuzd, who has his life in that hidden eternity, and is himself the divine essence revealed. The view of Ahriman as the firstborn, and Ormuzd as the later, found in the relation of Satanaël to Christ, points to an old Parsic sect. But the belief in Ahriman as an originally evil principle does not tally with the notion of future reconciliation, and all that Parsism teaches is that at last the good will triumph over the evil, Ahriman will cease to fight. In this idea, that Ahriman, the evil principle, was originally bad, we find a notion entirely opposed to the views of the sects mentioned, and therefore conclude that they sprang from a mixture of the doctrines of Parsism and Christianity.

J. M.

The Disendowment of Maynooth College.

To the Editor of the Christian Spectator.

MR. EDITOR,—A movement for the repeal of the Maynooth College Endowment Act of 1845, is a natural though inadequate sequence of the anti-papal furor of 1851. It is the only valuable deposit left by the turbid waters of a nine months' agitation, and, if I mistake not, it will bring with it a train of consequences which the majority of its promoters neither calculate upon nor desire.

Events are frequently God's own lessons to the dull or the perverse —the instruments by which he destroys the wisdom of the worldly-wise, and brings to nothing the understanding of the politically prudent. The politicians of 1845—Whigs, Radicals, and Peel-Conservatives —deliberately increased the parliamentary grant to Maynooth College, and placed it on, what they thought, a permanent basis, in the teeth of one of the most determined popular demonstrations chronicled in modern English history. Logic, remonstrance, entreaty, and threat, were alike unheeded. Hostility on exclusively Protestant grounds was met by

* The leading doctrines of Parsism were, that there are two principles in the universe in constant strife; Ormuzd, the good principle, Ahriman, the evil. The creation of the good comes first; Ahriman is the disturbing principle. But Ormuzd is destined to triumph, and the power of Ahriman will be taken away. Every true Parsic considered himself a soldier of Ormuzd.

contempt; the concentration of which, in one brief but bitter phrase, drove Mr. Macaulay from Edinburgh, albeit with the air of a political martyr. The idea of regarding modern Catholicism in the light of its antecedents, was scoffed at as the quintessence of bigotry and folly. The Church of Rome had become tolerant and enlightened, and it required but a few additional thousands a year for improving the education and increasing the college comforts of the clerical staff in Ireland, to attach them firmly to our institutions, and secure their potent influence on the side of stability and order! Protestant Dissenters who, resisting all State-endowments of religion, would have pulled down the existing Establishment with one hand, while withholding the grant to Maynooth with the other, were met by pleas equally shallow, though not equally scornful. Their objections, coming from such a quarter, were admitted to be both reasonable and proper. Their principles were so just and excellent, that if they were *beginning* the world, instead of taking it as they found it, they, the politicians, would be the first to adopt them; but under 'existing circumstances,' the thing was impracticable, and such abstract theories were not for a moment to be thought of as impediments in the way of 'practical' statesmen. And so, rejecting principles as needless incumbrances, these self-sufficient legislators committed their bread to the waters of political expediency, vaunting that it would presently be seen in success brilliant enough to assure the doubting, and silence the discontented.

Mark what has followed! In 1845 Parliament withstood the people like a wall of brass, when the people were in the right. In 1851, another parliament has yielded to a popular clamour when it might have resisted with a show of reason and without danger. Panic-stricken, or affecting to be so, at the re-arrangement of ecclesiastical machinery, the working of which had been counted upon as a means of tranquillizing Ireland, it endorsed all the heavy charges against the Church and Court of Rome, which its predecessors had ridiculed as exploded absurdities six years before, and dilated with cumulative power, and with all the bitterness of disappointed hope, on a series of acts on the part of the Papacy demonstrative of the utter failure of the policy of which the endowment of Maynooth was but an initiative measure.

Well! the anti-papal aggressionists out of doors are about to take these gentlemen at their word. See, say they, the viper you have been nourishing, and, as you cannot tame, at least cease to feed it. The promised Catholic university will banish disturbing visions of half-educated students sleeping three in a bed at Maynooth, and furnish you with a plausible reason for withdrawing your aid to that institution. Having knocked on the head your own arguments, now rescind your conclusions, while Rome is yet angry with your protests and implacable in its hostility to your very harmless acts!

But in this case, as in others, it is far easier to give good advice than to act upon it. The Maynooth Endowment Act was a tentative measure, designed to further the views of those who, like Sydney

Smith, would have had all the Romish clergy of Ireland 'receive their salaries at the bank,' and have placed 'the patronage in the hands of the Crown.' And whence the necessity for so grave an innovation? for necessity it was alleged to be. Avowedly, in the existence of an established Church giving dominancy to the religion of a small minority of the Irish people. But that colossal wrong still exists; and, if *it* is not abandoned, the need for bribing the Romanists into acquiescent silence is as great now as, nay is even greater than, ever. The 'Times' newspaper, therefore, naturally enough, calls upon the worldly-wise among the assailants of Maynooth to calculate the risks attendant on their enterprise, and warns them that the price of their success will be the accelerated downfal of an institution which, though it be the curse of Ireland, is instinctively clung to as a bulwark of the Establishment in this country.

Thus the politicians will not be alone in their embarrassments. Even if Churchmen could reason irrefragably against Maynooth, they must be oppressed with fear lest victory involve their own undoing. But, apart from the object which they have immediately in view, their position, logically, is such as to expose them to a deadly fire from two opposite quarters. The Romanist may legitimately ply his interrogative battery thus—'If your Church is fed to repletion out of the public larder, why should not mine have at least a slice of the loaf? You think my religion to be a deadly heresy, and I happen to have the same opinion of yours; why, then, should you deem it a greater hardship to be taxed lightly for my creed than it is for me to pay heavily for yours? You have plundered my Church to enrich yours; why grudge it a paltry recompense from the national exchequer? If, as citizens, our rights are equal; on what pretence can you call upon the Legislature to withhold from us what you so greedily seize, and so pertinaciously retain for yourselves?'

Nonconformists, occupying higher ground, are in a position to deal out still deadlier blows. To the people at large, and to the members of the Establishment in special, their appeal may fairly be—'See here to what the State-church principle inevitably brings you. You uphold the Establishment as a bulwark of Protestantism, but it, in its turn, requires to be buttressed up, by affording encouragement to the very system it assails. You allow, mostly, that if there is to be a State-church at all, it should be that of the majority of the people. Well, then, on your own principle, in Ireland Roman Catholicism ought to be endowed, and far more largely than it has yet been. If Protestantism had not received public money, it would not have been thought necessary to make grants to Romanism, either in Ireland or the colonies. We believe that the members of that persuasion have as much right to these grants as any other sect. But we believe that no sect should receive them; and, on that ground, we refuse them ourselves, and endeavour to prevent others having them also. While, therefore, we shall join in trying to obtain a withdrawal of the Maynooth grant, justice to both the Roman Catholic body and ourselves requires that we should, at the same time, protest against the endowment of *Protestantism*, either in

England or Ireland, and endeavour to obtain, as early as possible, the disestablishing of the Episcopalian Church in both countries.'

Whether it be possible for Dissenters to adopt this strain, and at the same time to act in concert with Churchmen; and if not, whether it becomes them to merge their Dissent in their Protestantism, rather than impair the force of the projected movement; are questions naturally suggesting themselves, but the discussion of which would encroach too greatly on your space. Let me suggest then briefly that it would, I think, be better to retain the Maynooth Grant for some time longer, than to extinguish it by questionable tactics now; and that Dissenters will be unwise indeed if they neglect so evidently providential an occasion for the wide advancement of their glorious principles.

London, December 22, 1851. CATO.

The Child's Last Year: a Family Sketch.

THE nursery of a Christian home is a holy and beautiful place, although friends who look in at an unhappy moment, as well as mothers, for whom it is not just a trim green-house, but a busy domestic workshop, sometimes see things there neither Christian nor beautiful. But as we prefer to turn ourselves towards what is bright when we can, that when what is dark turns itself towards us we may be able to bear it, we will enter Mr. Eldern's nursery at a good hour, first, however, telling you who Mr. Eldern is. He is one of those men whose presence in your house (unless he has come to dine with you on a gala day!) is a sign of evil, though it be also happily a token for good.

Mr. Eldern is a surgeon; and one of those for whom the work of healing is a work of love. He is, besides, a country surgeon, and though at the time of which we write, it was thought, and thought correctly, that his money income was not so great as the lawyer's or the builder's, it was known to all that no man in the town had a bigger income of love and respect. If the labourer is worthy of his hire, he is worthy of a good deal more than his hire: and if he does not get the hire that is his due, it is comforting to know that he gets, which is not always the case, that better part of his reward—just esteem. But we must come to the nursery, or Mr. Eldern will be there before us, for his horse has just stopped, of its own accord, at the garden gate. This nursery is a large airy room, and the windows look forth into a large airy garden, where now you may see clumps of evergreens with scattered snow on them. It is a day of the early winter, and the short afternoon is closing. Mrs. Eldern sits between

window and fire, her infant on her knee, its head of course upon her bosom.

'That tender rest for tiny head
With every softness furnished.'

Candles are not yet lighted, but the fire flickers brightly, as well as crackles cheerfully, seeming, indeed, sedately conscious of its own importance, yet far more pleased with the acceptableness of its services, than with itself for rendering them. Tea is on the table, and around it are seated three elder children. As the mother now gives her tiny darling some soft baby nourishment, the other children lean towards her to watch its eager, animated face. The gusts of wind are certainly louder than they were, and a fresh snow shower is sweeping against the window. We all hear this, and so Mr. Eldern opens the door unheard, and enters with his hat on, and his riding whip in his hand. His face ruddy with the firelight, he stands in silence, looking first at the group, then at something beyond it, and then at the group again, his eyes evidently so interested, that he is in no haste to use his tongue. And now he holds up his finger for silence, for he is no longer unperceived. Behind the mother, stretched on a little couch, is a boy of ten years. His face is very pale and thin, but his eyes are full of strong and pleasant life. This is Thomas, and it is he who has first seen papa. In another minute Mr. Eldern breaks the silence by saying to his wife, pointing to the children as he speaks, 'These wait all on thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season.'

Of course the wife looks up, and of course the children (except Thomas, poor fellow) *jump* up, with exclamations as loud as they are joyful. A child's joy is naturally loud, and though children's noises must be moderated, and sometimes with what they think undue strictness, yet they must by no means be quelled. As for Mrs. Eldern, she thinks as she hears her husband's words, though she does not say so aloud, 'beautiful words; the sick wait on you, our children on me, so should we all wait on our Father in heaven, who gives us both meat and medicine, and many gifts besides.' What Mrs. Eldern does, after due welcome, and when the children have with hubbub enough enjoyed their first course of kisses, is, despatch Mary, the eldest girl, with some domestic messages occasioned by her father's arrival. One more special kiss and she is gone.

'Well, Thomas,' says Mr. Eldern, going up to the couch, 'and how are you?'

Thomas says he is tired, but not worse.

'Tired, how is that?'

The soft little voice of the second girl, Eliza, who is now standing with her hand in Mr. Eldern's, answers for him.

'He is tired with watching, watching for you, papa dear, he stood at the window till it was dark.'

Poor Thomas, this watching was a ripple of joy rising above the quiet surface of his uneventful happiness, for happy he was, though 'sick unto death.' From the nursery window, portions of the road could be discerned along which Mr. Eldern usually returned home,

and there was at least once or twice a week a half hour's family watch kept for him and his horse. When Thomas was well enough, he always took his post at the window, and then often were the words heard, 'Oh, don't stand before Thomas, let Thomas see.' On these occasions there was much discussion as to who should keep watch to the right and who to the left, for the road stretched both ways, and sometimes after all, Mr. Eldern returned home through a back lane, but when the watching was successful, and the cry raised, 'There he is,' 'There's papa,' all faces were eagerly turned the same way, waiting the moment when Mr. Eldern would be hidden by the trees. And now the task was to keep silence, that his gallop might be heard as he entered the shrubbery walk leading to the hall door. Mary being the eldest, was 'peace officer' on these occasions. And sometimes almost angrily she would say, 'Eliza, do be still;' or, 'Samuel, now be quiet;' but in vain. But when Thomas put his hand on his little sister's head, and said softly, 'Eliza dear, hush!'—then there was no sound but breathing, and patience was soon rewarded.

We have now introduced the reader to the nursery and its tenants, we will therefore just accompany the parents to their dinner, see the children at their tea, indulge in a brief meditation, and then proceed with the incidents of our little sketch.

When Mr. Eldern has talked awhile with Thomas, he leaves the room to prepare for dinner. The children are now at tea, and the infant in his cradle. Mrs. Eldern stands by the fire, waiting her husband's re-entrance, looking, however, every minute or two towards the cradle. The infant moves: his mother hoped he had been sleeping; and falling asleep he is, but he has stretched out his little naked hand and grasped the cradle's side. The mother comes to him, stoops down and looks at him earnestly, and, as she looks, unawares a dewy mist fills her eyes, for these words occur to her—'grass that withereth before it groweth up.' What if it should be with this little Joseph as it has been with Thomas? But another look at the healthy, rounded arm of the child somewhat reassures her—she strokes it gently, and remembers the motto of the Eldern family, 'In hope, our peace.' Mr. Eldern now enters, we descend with them to their neat, bright dining-room, and return.

Thomas is still on his couch, his tea on a little table beside him. This table was his father's workmanship, for Mr. Eldern has much handicraft skill. It was bordered, at the child's desire, with pictures representing Scripture stories; and Thomas says, that when wakeful at night, he raises himself on his elbow and looks a little at these, and that when he sleeps afterwards, they make his dreams pleasant. The other three children seem now as busy with merriment as they are with bread and butter; and in the mother's place, by the fireside, sits the servant, Hannah, sewing diligently.

How can we but fall into a meditation? Here are two little maidens and three boys, and the morning of each opened brightly; but none can tell what a day shall bring forth, still less can any tell what a life shall bring forth. What early gathering of clouds after mornings

of beauty! What bitter winds after first warm beams of sunshine! Truly the hour of birth is an hour of wonder, and if infant man is received with joy, yet the hope with which we gaze on him is mingled with much fear. If he is hailed with a festival, we must call it a solemn one. Shall the child live—in sickness or in health? and what shall his life be? what shall he become? Suppose that at the birth of each child its parents were presented with a clasped book, in which the chief facts of its history were written, would curiosity overcome fear, and the book be opened? Would not its very size—so thick! so thin!—though size might be no certain indication of the contents, create painful apprehension?

Suppose, again, there were in every house a history chamber, in which were sets of pictures, one set for each child, the number of pictures in it as the years of the child's life, and every picture representing his or her contenance and circumstance on some particular birthday. What a wonderful series! How interesting would such a series be as a memorial of our past course! But what mother would dare to enter this chamber, or would even pass the door without a sick and shuddering spirit? It is well the future is hidden from us; and how good to know that He who conceals is He who directs and assists.

But we will leave meditation, and go on to tell of the latter days of our little friend, Thomas Eldern. Of his early ones little need be said. He was a well-formed child, and grew like a flower whose increase, though daily, is but noticed now and then. When his mother made him 'a little coat,' or when a friend visited the family, then only was it remarked that his stature was becoming taller, his limbs stouter, his features more full and handsome. He was mostly merry, yet sometimes cross, and had indubitable marks on him—as what child has not?—of inherited evil; but when the cloud of his fault was breaking away, the sweet, divine bow of childish innocency shone out so brightly, that his parents were comforted, and took courage. It was about his fourth or fifth year that an internal weakness began to produce an external withering away. And shortly after this, he had one of those falls which sometimes occur in families, a fall which produced lasting injury.

It is wonderful that children who fall not seven times, but seventy times seven, and are in harms every day, should be so seldom hurt seriously with their many disasters. But so it is, and such cases as Thomas Eldern's are, comparatively, rare. He drooped slowly but steadily. We have introduced him in his tenth year, and the eleventh was the last of his life.

Thomas early became a little Christian, and both his parents were duly careful, with wise anxiety, lest he should become a little Pharisee. Mr. Eldern, too, though he said he thought there was a lesson and an influence from the Divine Spirit in even the fanciful pious prattle of children, looked for solidity as well as sentiment in the boy's religion. So that while pleased with what Hannah said—that 'Master Thomas did talk so sweetly of heaven and the angels,' he noted with peculiar

satisfaction that his effort against the natural fretfulness of disease was truly a religious effort, and that his pious care for sisters and brothers was not a disguised form of vanity, but really a high and pure form of the child's love. His manner never seemed to say, as that of children thought pious sometimes does, See how naughty they are; see how good I am. But little petulances of temper in the rest gave way before his influence; a word or two from him could adjust their differences; and the little arrows of reproof from his mild tongue were singularly effectual to stimulate, but left no poison where they hit. He had, indeed, as Mr. Eldern had said one day the previous summer, something of the spirit of his Saviour. Returning home that day, he stood with his wife watching the children in the garden. Thomas was standing between Mary and Eliza; Mary had her hands full of roses, and these Thomas was fastening in Eliza's hair. 'The boy wears in his sickness,' said Mr. Eldern, 'his own small crown of thorns, and yet how pleased he is to adorn his sister's head with roses. And this is the usual temper of his mind. And is not this the spirit of the Saviour?'

It was a custom at Mr. Eldern's house for each of the children to repeat in the morning a portion of Scripture, or some hymn, chosen by their mother, and the plan was this. When all was ready for family worship, the child whose turn it was went to the foot of the stairs and rang the study bell, then waited till Mr. Eldern came, gave the morning kiss, and taking his or her hand entered the breakfast-room, where, in the presence of the assembled family, the portion was repeated. As long as Thomas was able to take his turn in waiting, nothing pleased him better than this 'morning exercise.' And he said, he thought when his father placed his hand on his head, that helped his memory. When unable to run about, or even to walk, except now and then, he was brought down on his little couch and placed by the fireside, or near the window, to repeat his verse or hymn. At this time, he slept in a little room communicating with his mother's chamber. One night, as he lay awake, hearing him move about, she came to his bedside and said, 'Thomas, do you want anything?'

'No,' said he; and then added, 'How strange!'

'What is strange?' said his mother.

'Why I was just wishing that God would send an angel to talk to me, and you came—you are the angel.'

'I wish I was, for your sake,' said she.

'You are as kind as one,' said he; 'perhaps a real angel would frighten me; you are my guardian angel.'

'You have a better guardian, Thomas, than I, and I am sure a guardian angel would not frighten you.'

'Not if it had blue eyes,' said Thomas, as his mother stooped to kiss him and bid him good night again, 'because then it would be like you.'

The child was wise in his simplicity. Our mother, or sister, or wife, by the bedside, is indeed as a ministering angel. When we lie sick, carefully curtained round with silence, the whispered voice and

the gentle step, how they refresh and assure us. The influence of this kind presence, that so tenderly moves about for us, is comfortable as a soft fragrant wind of spring.

The next morning, Thomas, after repeating a hymn, said he should like also to repeat a verse he had thought of in the night, altering the words a little to make them true of his mother. So he said, 'When thou goest, *she* shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, *she* shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, *she* shall talk with thee.' His mother smiled, and Mr. Eldern repeated the words as they stand in the book of Proverbs. This led to some pleasant talk on God's special love and care for those who obey him. And though Mr. Eldern then said something on the happiness of those children who feel they have a Father in heaven when their earthly father and mother have gone from them, which made Mary and Eliza look very sad, because they could not bear the thought of living without their parents, yet they were soon comforted, and the breakfast was an unusually pleasant one. So a shower passing, leaves the sky more blue.

Mrs. Eldern taught her children to treat all living creatures kindly, and to watch them with interest as the workmanship of God's hands, provided for by his carefulness. This will account, perhaps, for some questions Thomas asked her one day when the spring came. He was reading to her, lying near her work-table. On the table was a glass of water containing a rosebud, which had just been brought from the garden. In the book there had occurred some remarks on the Divine presence and operation in the world. And when he paused in his reading, after gazing some time earnestly on the rosebud, he looked up at his mother, and said, 'Is God in this rosebud?'

Mrs. Eldern stooped towards the flower, and saw that he was particularly looking at a curious green creature that had just come from its centre, and was now walking on the edges of its leaves. She looked at this, and then again at him.

'I was thinking,' said he, 'how wonderful it is that God can take care of a creature that lives hidden in the midst of a flower.'

'It is, indeed, wonderful,' replied his mother. And then taking a glass from her work-box, together they examined the insect, and spoke of its habits, and of the grand but simple lessons of natural theology.

'Do you think, mamma,' said Thomas, presently, 'that our Saviour ever plucked flowers as he walked along? He spoke of the lilies of the fields.'

'Very likely, indeed,' answered she.

'And if he had seen a green creature like this on one of them, do you think he would have noticed it?'

'I have no doubt he would,' said his mother.

'Then I love him all the more for that,' exclaimed Thomas, earnestly.

When younger, he had often asked, as almost all children do, strange questions. As once, he wanted to know what became of the chariot of fire that took Elijah to heaven, and then, after thinking a little while, said, 'Perhaps it went out.' 'Went out!' thought his

mother, 'what does he mean?' And then she remembered that the chariot was of *fire*. So she said, 'Perhaps it did. But this we know, that Elijah got safe to heaven. And young children may go there as well as such holy men as he, for Christ, who did not need a chariot to take him into heaven, but went up of his own power, will take care of them if they are his. We do not see them as they travel away, so we cannot tell how they go, but we are sure it is safely and happily.'

As the spring months went on and the summer ones followed, Thomas daily became weaker. When unable to walk much, he used often, on fine days, to stand at the window and watch his sisters and brother playing in the garden. One summer afternoon, as he thus stood, there came on a shower. He watched the children run into a summer-house, and then went back a little from the window, and lay down upon his couch. Mrs. Eldern soon entered and closed the sash. As she did so, Thomas said, 'Oh, mamma, you have spoilt my music.' 'Your music, Thomas?' 'Yes,' said he; 'open the window again a moment.' She did so, and after listening awhile, said, 'I hear nothing but the rain.' 'That is it.' 'The rain, Thomas? The fresh smell it brings is very pleasant, if you please.' 'And the sound of it too,' said he; 'it makes such a soft sound upon the broad vine-leaves.' Mrs. Eldern listened again a moment, and as she shut the window, she said, 'It certainly is a very pleasant sound, Thomas.' Presently, when the rain abated, they looked out again together, and Mrs. Eldern said, 'How numerous, Thomas, are these rain-drops, that give the earth fruitfulness, yet each gives its little gift; and so the kind words of God in the Scripture are numerous, but each is a word of life.'

That evening, as she and Mr. Eldern were seated at the same window, there fell one of those very gentle and transient showers that sometimes occur on still summer evenings. First, a large cloud darkened the twilight, then the shower fell, and then all was clear again. Mrs. Eldern remembered the conversation of the morning, and repeated it to her husband.

'The boy is like this summer evening cloud,' said he, 'and a gentle rain of piety is falling from him on his sisters and brothers.'

The parental love of the Elderns was peculiarly equitable, and instead of slighting the other children on Thomas's account, they really loved and valued each the more, for his sake. Once when a friend had spoken of him as the 'little favourite,' Mr. Eldern said, 'Do not mistake, I will tell you how it is. The children brought in one day a drooping lily, the stalk of which had been bruised. They gave it water, watched it quite tenderly, and it opened in the sunshine, and bloomed beautifully for a short while. And when it died, they said they had never known how very beautiful a lily was, till they had nursed this, and now they loved all lilies for its sake. So if it was a "favourite," its brother and its sister flowers were yet the more favoured on its account. And thus it is with our Thomas.'

One very bright day this summer, Thomas was sitting near a flower-border under the shade of a tree, and Mary was with him with a book

in her hand. The bees were working busily, and he said, 'Mary, if I were not a little boy, I should like to be a bee.' 'A bee,' cried Mary, laughing; 'if you were, you must have a sting remember, Thomas.' He looked grave a moment, and then said, 'I should not mind that, I would only use it when wicked insects wanted to rob the honey.'

Mrs. Eldern now appeared at the garden gate on her return from the village, and Mary ran towards her, crying, 'Thomas wants to be a bee! Thomas wants to be a bee!' 'I do not *want* to be a bee, Mary,' said he; and then he repeated what he had said. His mother asked why he liked bees so much. He answered, 'Because their work was such beautiful work, and such useful work; they loved flowers, yet they did not waste their time in looking at them, but get out the honey.' Mrs. Eldern said, this was very instructive, and so she sat down and talked of what may be learnt from bees. At last, taking up his Bible, which was lying by him on the grass, she said, 'How many interesting things there are in the Bible, but it was written not alone to please us, but to make us wise: it is like a large flower, Thomas, with a deep cup and of many colours, and we must be like bees, not only love it, but work in it, go into its different parts, and get out instruction, which we shall find truly sweet, as well as useful to ourselves and others; and whilst we do this we may admire its beauty, just as, perhaps, the bees do the beauty of these flowers, when they are gathering honey.'

It was a custom in Mr. Eldern's house for the whole family to assemble on Sabbath afternoons, then a hymn was sung, and a portion of scripture read, each one, parents, children, and servants, taking a verse, and then Mr. Eldern asked questions or gave a brief address, afterwards closing this domestic service with prayer. But when the 'service' was over, he usually related some little history to the children, or engaged in conversation with them. On these occasions, an old Bible, covered with green baize, that had been in the family a very long while, was used. It was a great delight to Samuel, or one of the girls, as it had once been to Thomas, to fetch this from the study. On summer Sundays the service was mostly held in the garden, but the weather was now getting colder, and so it was held in-doors again. As no text comes amiss when the heart is prepared for a sermon, little incidents often decided what Mr. Eldern should say to the children.

One afternoon they had been busily debating, in their child's way, whether God liked to see puss happy, and had decided (we think rightly) that he certainly did. Mary, as well as Thomas, gave several reasons for thinking so, and the cat, as if making an appeal on her own behalf, put up her paw gracefully, and played with Thomas's shoe, greatly to the delight of Samuel, though to the distraction of his mind from pious observations. Mr. Eldern, who had observed what went on, was now ready for the service, but when it was finished, he said he would tell them something that had made him think how God, who takes care of animals as well as men, notices the humblest and youngest of his children, as well as those who are wise and great.

'Once,' said he, 'when I was from home, I worshipped on a Sunday morning with a very large congregation. Seated next me was a very little boy. When the hymn was given out, he found it in his book, and as I had no book that day myself, he showed it me, and when we all rose to sing, I read from this little boy's book, he holding one side and I the other. I was so much pleased with the singing, that I remained silent for a minute to listen, and forgot my little friend, but presently, stooping down to read the next words, I heard his voice. He was singing the tune quite correctly, and in a very sweet and quiet way; and not only were the tones good, but he sang the words as if he understood them, and felt the meaning. Then I thought, here is a young child worshipping God as truly as any of the congregation, and it is God who has given him his voice and the feelings of his heart, and though he has but a little voice, as he is but a little fellow, yet he is not lost in this great congregation; but God sees and hears and accepts him.'

Here Mr. Eldern paused, and Mary said, 'I suppose, papa, God hears Thomas sing in the night. You know when the church-clock strikes, the bells play a tune, and Thomas often sings the tune with the bells.'

Mr. Eldern then spoke of Paul and Silas, who sang praises at night in their prison, and of good men who had described the comfort and courage God gave them in their sufferings as a 'song in the night.' Thomas said, he sometimes felt lonely in the night, and sometimes his heart beat so loud, it frightened him. 'It sounds like the ticking of a great clock;' but he added, 'I listen to it, and try not to be afraid, but to think that it says, Fear not—Thomas—God is—near you.'

The boy's heart was diseased, but every heart is indeed as a clock of life, and its beatings, we all must sometimes feel to be very solemn in the night silence as we lie awake. For how long is it wound up? and when shall its last beat come? Is not the sound of the heart's pulsations an ever-speaking witness for God? Let us lay our hand upon our bosom, and say, 'Our heart beats, therefore there is a God.' It beats all day, but not by our command. It beats all night, but not because of our entreaty. We will sleep, for it is God who shall make it continue to send forth its 'issues of life.' When we awake also, we are still with him, 'therefore will we not fear.'

During the summer, Thomas had gained a little strength, but the first chilly days of autumn took it from him. After breakfast, he usually lay on his couch an hour or two, and then his mother or Mary, or sometimes Eliza, read to him. One very still October morning, when he was fainter than usual, Mrs. Eldern had read him a short portion from one of the Gospels, and left him for a while. When she returned, he was singing, in a very low voice, the words of the nursery song,

'If any one inquire for me,
Pray tell them I'm asleep
In Abraham's bosom.'

As she heard the words, she paused at the door, for, indeed, her eyes

had filled with tears, and she stayed to let them disappear before she entered. So she heard him begin again,—

'Dig my grave wide and deep,
Strew it with flowers sweet,
That I may lie and sleep
In Abraham's bosom.'

And now she came forward and said, 'How came you, Thomas, to be singing these words?'

'When you went away,' he answered, 'I tried to think of what you had read, but I could not, I felt so weak; and then that song *would* come into my mind again and again, so at last I began to sing. Do you think it was wicked that I did not keep thinking of our Saviour? I did try.'

'Certainly not,' said his mother, quickly.

'I shall die soon,' said he, 'but I should like to have you to take care of me in heaven.'

'You will have a happy home there, Thomas,' she replied.

He was silent a moment, and then said, 'I wish I could hear our Saviour speaking the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me."'

'But, Thomas, he meant us to feel as if we heard him speak.'

'I wish he would tell you, you might say them to me from him.'

'It is just as if he had, I *may* say them to you for him.'

'Then do, please,' said he, 'repeat them to me once more.'

She did so, with true mother's voice, and after a little more talk he fell asleep.

It seemed doubtful whether Thomas would outlive the coming winter, and yet he did, though in a very weak state. Many pleasant Sunday afternoon services and conversations there were that winter, and many small things, which were nevertheless felt to be of memorable domestic interest, could we tell of our little friend. He had often flowers in his room through the cold season, for a gentleman living near sent them from his greenhouse, and he noticed that frequently amongst the strong fine flowers there was one or more worm-eaten or in some way injured. 'These,' he said, 'were like himself among his brothers and sisters, and what a good thing it was that "most of them, like most of the flowers, were healthy."' Nor did Mr. Eldern forget, in his care for the sick, what was appropriate for the healthy. There were plenty of domestic games and studies in the family that winter. And though he was thankful to use Thomas's piety to promote that of the rest, he was careful not to expect theirs to show itself in quite the same manner as his. He taught them that though there is a happy and necessary preparation for death, there is an equally happy and necessary preparation for life. He taught them, too, that they might give practical proofs of a religious spirit by industry, good temper, forbearance, and love of study. He said to his wife, one Sunday, 'We wish our children to be little Christians, Ellen, not little pharisees, and not little doctors of divinity. There are many young boys and girls who cannot talk much of the "way of salvation," but what is far better, they are walking in it. We must teach them the

Scriptures as fully as we can, and we must be lawgivers in our own house. But we must not imitate the meek and grave lawgiver of Israel just at the time when he offended; and address the children in spirit, if not in words, thus, "Hear now, ye rebels!" And we must remember that if it is with the heart man believeth unto salvation, much more is it so that the child believeth. The Love of Christ is possible to children, but much Knowledge that we ourselves possess of him, we cannot give them yet. Strong and right affections are a very great blessing; these are to pious habits as a powerful spring. And,' he added, with a smile, 'if I try to wind up this spring on the Sabbath, and you regulate the works in the week, we may have all the children keep time together, true time, time by the sun.'

The latter part of the winter, Thomas was quite confined to his room, and around his bed in the evening the whole family often assembled, and then he gave with the gravity of a man, but with much simplicity, what we may call his dying charges to his brothers and sisters. They must love one another, he said, and obey their parents, and pray to God, and follow him to heaven. And once, after he had spoken of dying and being buried, he finished by saying, 'Now, Mary and Eliza, you will come and see me; you will come and look at my grave I mean, and you'll bring Samuel and Joseph.' They promised him they would, and confirmed it with a kiss. A few days before he died, as his father stood by him with a glass of medicine, he put up his thin hand and stroked his face twice, saying, 'I shall want it no more, papa. I shall want it no more. I am going to die.' And then he added, 'Mamma says, I shall soon be strong again, and be like the angels.' 'You will, my boy,' said his father, and hastened away.

The evening before his death, Hannah, who had come to bring him something to drink, placed it on his picture-table, and then stood by the bedside to look at him. His eyes were closed, and she thought he was asleep. But as she stood there, he opened them, and said, 'I am going to heaven, Hannah; good bye.'

Hannah's tears fell on his hand.

'Don't cry, Hannah,' said Thomas; 'indeed I am going to heaven; good bye.'

'Oh, master Thomas,' said Hannah, 'if you had never fallen down.'

'But if God knows when a sparrow falls, surely he knows when a little boy does. It was our Saviour who noticed the sparrows, and I am going to the Saviour, Hannah.'

Hannah said she was sure of that. Thomas hoped she would take care of Joseph and the others, for his sake he said. Hannah promised him she would not forget them as long as she lived, and then she left him.

It was a little after sunrise next day that he died. It was an early spring morning, and promised a day of peace and beauty. Both his parents were with him. And where his head first lay, there also it leaned for its last repose—on his mother's bosom. The morning light fell brightly on his face. With his last breathings his features quivered. Mr. Eldern saw and knew that this was death; so kneeling down he

said, 'Lord, into thine hands we commend his spirit.' After a few minutes' silence, in a sorrowful, but composed voice, the mother said, 'And now it is all over.' Thus Thomas died. With tears, Hannah prepared his body for its last chamber. The flowers in his room were placed in his coffin. Each child also put in some early flower, plucked from the garden. Samuel, with a violet, brought a bee which he had found lying near it. 'Papa,' he said, 'here is a dead bee; Thomas loved bees. Mr. Eldern looking at it said, 'It is not dead, Samuel, it is asleep, the cold has benumbed it.' And going with the child into another room, he opened the window, and placed the bee in the sunshine. In a little while it revived, and flew cheerfully away into the garden. 'So,' said Mr. Eldern, 'has Thomas's busy little spirit flown away to heaven, and perhaps, Samuel, there is a garden there more beautiful than that near Jerusalem, which Jesus loved, where he has seen and spoken with his Saviour.' In a few more days, before the violets his sisters had put into his dead hand had faded, the earth covered the remains of Thomas Eldern. On the footstone of his grave, his age and the day of his death were recorded; and on the headstone were these words—

'Thomas Eldern's grave.
He was a Christian child.'

About two months after Thomas's death, Mr. Eldern returning home, met Eliza at the garden gate with a basket in her hand. 'Well, little maiden,' said he, 'where are you going?' 'Papa, dear, I am going to see Thomas; these primroses are for his grave. Mary is behind with Samuel and Joseph.' Mr. Eldern stooped down, kissed her, and passed on.

T. T. L.

Poetry.

BE STRONG!

A WORD TO THE FEARFUL OF HEART.

Heart, with tumultuous tossings driven,
This thought for thy instruction take—
How stable are those stars in heaven
That tremble in the rippling lake!

A wavering hope may yet depend
On that which fails or wavers never;
Nor fully know, until the end,
Its strength—the Rock that stands for ever.

Cork. B. F.

Cromwell Aphorisms.

EXTRACTED FROM OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

NOTHING must make a man's conscience a servant.

It is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not.

Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will.

Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little, but that they square not with you, in every opinion concerning matters of religion.

All that believe have the *real* UNITY; which is most glorious, because inward and spiritual; in the body, and to the head.

[As] for being united in forms, commonly called *uniformity*, every Christian will, for peace sake, study and do as far as conscience will permit.

In things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of right and reason. Notions will hurt none but those that have them.

If any good hath been done, it was the Lord, not we his poor instruments [who did it].

Liberty of conscience is a natural right; and he that would have it ought to give it.

Is it ingenuous to ask liberty and not to give it?

Be above all these [worldly] things by faith in Christ, and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them, and not otherwise.

What profit is there in the things of this world? Except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares.

Mercies should not be temptations; yet we too oft make them so.

I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so anti-christian and dividing a term as 'clergy and laity' is given and received.

A few honest men are better than numbers [without honesty].

The naked simplicity of Christ, with that wisdom he is pleased to give, and patience, will overcome all this [factious opposition and suspicion].

I know God has been above all ill reports, and *will in his own time vindicate me;* I have no cause to complain.

If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly [understand] others' [burdens].

Not the *encountering* of difficulties makes us to tempt God; but the acting *before*, and *without faith*.

'Uprightness,' if it is not *purely* of God, may be, nay, commonly is, deceived.

When ministers pretend to a glorious reformation, and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power, and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, ... [they] may know that the Zion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

Though an approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well [regarding ministers]; yet he that hath no better warrant [for preaching] than that, hath none at all.

Approbation is an act of conveniency in respect of order, not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the gospel.

It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition [that] he may abuse it.

Your pretended fear lest error should step in [through the preaching of other than *approved* ministers], is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country, lest men should be drunk!

I know where to *have* a man that hath principles.

The mind *is* the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief.

Counsels to the Young.

It is astonishing how much knowledge may be acquired by the steady application of only a few minutes a-day. The celebrated Chancellor D'Aguesseau, one of the great jurists of France, is said to have written one of his most elaborate and learned works in the daily quarters of an hour, while he was waiting in the drawing-room to conduct his wife to dinner. In order to acquire even a large stock of learning, it is not necessary for a man to deprive himself of a proper amount of sleep and exercise, or to exclude himself from society and the company of his friends; but it is necessary for him eagerly to seize and diligently improve every moment of time.—*Dr. Wm. Smith.*

My maxims are, never to begin a book without finishing it; never to consider it finished without knowing it; and to study with a whole mind.—*Thomas Fowell Buxton.*

If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and act upon that determination.—*Mrs. Buxton.*

I hold as doctrine, to which I owe, not much indeed, but all the little success I ever had; viz., that with ordinary talent and extraordinary perseverance all things are attainable.—*T. F. Buxton.*

Better blunder than do nothing.—*T. T. Lynch.*

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your error.

Nothing is more beautiful in the world of morals than the great man in talents, who is the little child in religion.—*Joseph John Gurney.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device in the grave whither thou goest.—*Ecclesiastes.*

Things Old and New.

Position of the Bible.—The place which the Bible occupies in the history of the world knows no parallel. As a system of objective truth for a fallen race, it admits of no improvement, and of no increase. There are no heights nor depths, no lengths nor breadths which are not already included in it. Of self-advance it can know nothing: it is already at the goal; its only grief is that man will not follow. All his wanderings it has foreseen; all its emergencies provided for. Its scheme was laid at the first on the calculation of every element in man's nature, and of every combination and development of which those elements admit. Holding in its hand the key of every moral difficulty, and having its finger on every spring of human improvement, its march through time has been marked by a train of blessings. Silently as the light it comes, and the darkness of ages flees before it. With the majesty of law it comes, and the anarchy of evil subsides into order and peace. It comes as an angel of mercy, bringing to all that receive it self-restoration, and restoration to God, and an undying zeal for the restoration of others. There is no form of guilt which it has not vanquished, no intensity of anguish which it has not assuaged. And still it awaits each succeeding generation on a higher level, and at a new starting-point, beckoning the way to unattained heights of knowledge and excellence. And its achievements attest alike its divinity and its truth.—*Dr. Harris.*

On Education.—I find sometimes, that new places do not always bring new thoughts, sometimes they only intensify those which we have thought before. My mind went back to what is held by many persons to be a most prosaic subject—namely, education. And I thought how education, to be of any assured worth, must continue through life. 'Now, sir, that your education is ended,' exclaims the parent or the guardian, to many a young man whose education, in the highest sense of the word, is now about to begin. This is the mistake that we make, too, about the poor. Reading and writing will not do alone. You might as well prepare for a liberal hospitality by a good apparatus for roasting and boiling, but never putting on any viands, so that the kitchen machinery went on grinding unceasingly, with no contentment to the appetites of the hungry. No! before we shall be able to make much of education, the highest amongst us must take larger views of it, and not suppose that it is a mere definite quantity of cultivation—disposed according to the narrow limits of the fashion of the day. If we saw this clearly, we should not be so anxious to succeed at college, at the bar, in parliament, in literature, or in any mere art and science. We should perceive that there was a certain greatness of nature and acquirement to be aimed at, which we would not sacrifice to any one pursuit, worldly or artistic.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

The consummate hypocrite is not he who conceals vice behind the semblance of virtue, but he who makes the vice which he has no objection to show, a stalking-horse to cover darker and more profitable vice which it is for his will not to hide.—*Macaulay.*

It is idle to examine these memorable words (the resolution of the House of Commons, declaring the throne vacant in the time of James II.), as we should examine a chapter of Aristotle or of Hobbes. Such words are to be considered, not as words, but as deeds. If they effect that which they are intended to effect they are rational, though they may be contradictory. If they fail of attaining their end they are absurd, though they carry demonstration with them.—*Ibid.*

When Peter was delivered from prison, and knocked at the gate of Mary's house, the damsel who informed the inmates of his arrival was said to be 'mad.' Then they said, 'It is his angel.' And lastly, when they saw him, they were 'astonished.' So is it generally when *great truths* are first liberated. They provoke the charge of *insanity*. Then they are described as *mistakes*. Then they excite *wonder*. And, at last, they receive *a cordial welcome*.—*Original.*

It has been often remarked that when a stranger enters St. Peter's for the first time, the immediate impression is one of disappointment; the building looks smaller than he expected to find it. So it is with the first sight of mountains; their summits never seem so near the clouds as we had hoped to see them. But a closer acquaintance with these, and with other grand or beautiful objects, convinces us that our first impression arose not from the want of greatness in what we saw, but from a want of comprehensiveness in ourselves to grasp it. What we saw was not all that existed; but all that our untaught glance could master. As we know it better it remains the same, but we rise more nearly to its level; our greater admiration is but the proof that we are become able to appreciate it more truly.—*Arnold.*

The nutritive quality is not the only requisite in food; a certain degree of *distention* of the stomach is required, to enable it to act with its full powers; and it is for this reason hay or straw must be given to horses, as well as corn, in order to supply the necessary bulk.—*Whately.*

To a man moulding his tastes, affections, will, by the influence upon them of an earnestly cultivated sympathy with God, all scenes furnish instruction, all times are times of communion, all acts are acts of religion. The manners of a courtier cannot be laid aside as soon as he leaves the presence of his sovereign—the life of a Christian cannot be suspended or superseded when no longer engaged in exercises of devotion.—*Edward Miall.*

THERE is a certain tact, resembling an instinct, which is often wanting to great orators and philosophers, and which is often found in persons who, if judged by their conversation or by their writings, would be pronounced simpletons. Indeed, when a man possesses this tact, it is in some sense an advantage to him that he is destitute of those more showy talents which would make him an object of admiration, of envy, and of fear.—*Macaulay.*

THUS, too, it (the Scripture) will mark itself as one, by returning visibly in its end upon its beginning. Vast as the course which it has traced, it has been a circle still, and in that most perfect form comes back to the point from whence it started. The heaven, which had disappeared from the earth since the third chapter of Genesis, reappears again in visible manifestation, in the latest chapters of the Revelation. The tree of life, whereof there were but faint reminiscences in all the intermediate time, again stands by the river of the water of life, and again there is no more curse. Even the very differences of the forms under which the heavenly kingdom reappears are deeply characteristic, marking as they do not merely that all is won back, but won back in a more glorious shape than that in which it was lost, because won back in the Son. It is no longer Paradise, but the new Jerusalem—no longer the *garden*, but now the *city* of God, which is on earth. The change is full of meaning; no longer the garden, free, spontaneous, and unlaboured, even as man's blessedness in the state of a first innocency would have been; but the city, costlier indeed, more glorious, more wonderful, but, at the same time, the result of toil, of labour, of pains—reared into a nobler and more abiding habitation, yet with stones which, after the pattern of the 'elect corner-stone,' were each in its time laboriously hewn and painfully squared for the places which they fill.—*French.*

Notices of Books.

The Introductory Lectures delivered at the Opening of New College, October, 1851. London: Jackson and Walford. 8vo. Pp. 268.

THE various and very able papers embraced in this admirable volume, demand a more extended notice than our limited space affords. We can only introduce and earnestly commend them to the attention of our readers. The first, and we think we do not prejudice the rest by saying the most important, is on the 'Inspiration of the Scriptures,' from the pen of the president of New College, Dr. Harris. As we intend shortly to discuss this subject in our own pages, and as one branch of it will probably come under consideration in the series of papers already commenced in this journal, it will be unnecessary precisely to state our convictions concerning it. With the lecturer, we believe it to be 'pre-eminently, in some respects, the topic of the day,' and to nothing connected with human opinions concerning the character and worth of the Christian Scriptures do we more attribute the boldness which distinguishes the Rationalism of the present age, than the indefinite notions prevailing on this subject. There is, we regret to say, no corresponding boldness to be found among the teachers of Christianity. Either, holding opinions which it would be unpopular or unsafe to express, they hesitate, publicly, to state them, or having no opinions at all, they are incompetent to defend the Word from the powerful assaults of its enemies. In the one case they are false to truth and conscience; in the other, they are false to the teacher of that truth, and the God of that conscience. We are well aware of

the unusual difficulties surrounding this subject, but we have yet to learn that mere 'difficulty' should deter us from its consideration.

In an 'Introductory Lecture'* to the students of Stepney College, Mr. Hinton had already taken the field against the captains of German and English Rationalism, and Mr. Gotch chose this subject in the annual address before the students of the Baptist College, Bristol. We feel deeply indebted to Dr. Harris for again bringing it before the Christian public with all the weight so deservedly attached to his high position in theological literature.

After a few introductory remarks, characteristic of the pervading sceptical spirit, Dr. Harris first inquires, 'What is the Biblical idea of Inspiration?' The first general remark is, that it is something different from Revelation, and it is defined to be the divine power of imparting or reporting the truth correctly to others. The lecturer regards it as even superior in its claim to Revelation, observing in proof of this position that 'the Scriptures say little of God speaking *to* prophets and apostles compared with what they say of His speaking *by* them. "The Spirit of the Lord (saith David) speaketh *by* me, and His word is *in my tongue*." God "*hath spoken by the mouth* of all his holy prophets." "The Spirit of God which was in them *testified*." "Holy men of God *spake* as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."' The lecturer's next proposition is, that the inspiration of the sacred writers was different in kind from all the phenomena of mere natural excitement, and of genius, remarking in its confirmation that 'it should surely weigh for something, that while, on the one hand, they lay no claim to the intuitions of genius, on the other, the very greatest of those with whom of late they have come to be compared never thought of laying claim to divine inspiration, and would have been even revolted at the idea." Biblical inspiration is also distinguished from 'superior piety,' in opposition to the remark of Scherer, that 'the influence of the Spirit upon the apostles did not differ, as to its nature, from that which every believer has a right to expect, and which it is his duty to desire.'

The lecturer next discusses what inspiration was—and here we must state that we differ from his views. It is characterised as having been 'continuous and abiding—a state of mind;' in other words, the writer considers that the apostles not merely wrote inspired works, but that they were always inspired—inspired men. Without now entering into the discussion of this question, we may just remark, that in defending this position, Dr. Harris, it seems to us, is obliged to contradict himself. He says (p. 23, note), 'When Paul apparently disclaims the power of officially adjudicating on the propriety of entering into the marriage state (1 Cor. vii. 10, 12, 40), he implies no remission of his inspired endowment, but only that he has no divine "command"—no revelation from God on the subject. And his zealous care in this particular, not to let his own enlightened judgment pass for a divine decision, implies that on other occasions he was conscious that his teaching possessed a divine authority.' Now, what, according to Dr. Harris, is Inspiration? His most comprehensive definition of it is, 'that it is a supernatural state of mind, consciously resulting from the direct agency of the Holy Spirit, and designed to secure the oral and written communication of such truth, and in such a manner, as Infinite Wisdom deems requisite for the present and future benefit of mankind.' (P. 42.) And he elsewhere says that it was 'a habit or state of mind, always ready alike to descry whatever new aspects of divine truth came into their bright horizon; to direct and superintend religious inquiry where such functions only were necessary; and generally to give forth such intelligence respecting divine things as strictly accorded with the will of God.' (P. 22.)

* The Divine Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. By John Howard Hinton, M.A. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

It will occur, we think, to every one reading these passages, to ask in which of these states of inspiration Paul wrote the words above referred to? That it was not a new aspect of divine truth which he had descried is very evident, because it was not *divine* truth at all that was under consideration. Was he then, as Dr. Harris supposes, merely disclaiming any revelation on the subject? Then why did he not make a similar disclaimer on every other occasion, when he does not communicate *revealed* truth? Was he disclaiming inspiration? We think so; and if the lecturer could mean that he was inspired to say he was *not* inspired, we should be disposed to agree with him, but this interpretation of the passage he repudiates. In our own view it is above all things important not to claim for the Divine Being a greater exercise of His power on any occasion than was *absolutely necessary* for the accomplishment of the object apparently in view. The Divine economy, if we may judge from the natural creation, knows of no such thing as a waste of strength or of works of supererogation. One of the first questions, therefore, which should be decided in entering upon a discussion of this, to our mind, most important question, is, what amount of inspiration was apparently necessary for the accomplishment of the Divine purpose in regard to the communication of His truth, *and*, thereby, the salvation of mankind? If it was necessary for Paul to be more or less inspired in order to give an opinion concerning the propriety of entering into the marriage state, then, undoubtedly, he was inspired, and *vice versâ*. But we do not wish to discuss the subject at length now, and make these remarks only to point out the necessary inconsistencies attending any, even a modified, theory of a plenary inspiration, such as that advocated by the lecturer on the present occasion.

The next position of Dr. Harris is, that the inspiration of the sacred writers relates pre-eminently to their thoughts. He rejects, however, the idea of 'immediate and universal verbal inspiration,'—the verbal-mechanical inspiration advanced by many modern theorists. Here is a fine passage in reply to objections urged by certain writers:—

'In the true spirit of individualism so characteristic of the day, men who would be by no means over-scrupulous at the mode of any communication which placed wealth or distinction within their reach, cannot consent to hear of the means of their salvation except on the condition that, in the method of making the announcement, every prerogative of human nature has been ceremoniously complied with. They who would be giddy with delight, who would count it heraldry and fame to be employed to convey a message from certain quarters, even in dictated terms, and on a very small subject, become alarmed for the honours of humanity at the bare idea that any one, thousands of years ago, should have stood on similar terms with the Great God, even though the subject was to influence all humanity for all duration. Men who would be dangerously inflated with the honour of conveying sealed despatches from one human government to another, cannot hear (not of themselves, not of any considerable portion of the species age after age, but) of a very small number of men, eighteen hundred years ago, having been employed to make a communication from the infinite God to the human race, which they had not the liberty of expressing in their own manner, without being as dangerously inflated with indignation. To have been the amanuensis of a Shakspere or of a Newton, even supposing the formulæ of the *Principia* were not understood by the writer, would confer distinction, but for Isaiah to have sustained a similar relation to the Maker of all minds,—the idea is to be resented as an insult to humanity at large! Coleridge tells us, in most poetic prose, how "often he has submitted himself as a *many-stringed instrument* for the fire-tipt fingers of the Psalmist to traverse, while every several nerve of emotion, passion, thought, that thrid the flesh and blood of our common humanity, responded to the touch;" but that the Psalmist himself should submit, as a many-stringed instrument, to the hand of the Infinite Spirit, is deemed intolerable, as destructive of all personality, freedom, and grounds of sympathy.'

The next and last position of the lecturer is, that the sacred penmen wrote 'under the distinct consciousness of their inspiration,' and having

now explained and defended his views concerning the 'biblical idea of inspiration,' he briefly indicates the evidence that exists corroborative of the claim; but here our space forbids us to follow, nor can we say anything of the subsequent remarks of the lecturer on the various theories of inspiration. The lecture concludes with a brief but powerful address on the amount of deference due to the Bible. As a whole, this lecture is one of the ablest contributions to the subject which has made its appearance in this country. As we have said, we cannot agree with every position assumed by the lecturer, and especially are we dissatisfied with the arguments advanced concerning the amount of inspiration claimed by the sacred writers, but we cannot withhold our testimony to the very able and philosophical character of the discourse, its constant and reverent recognition of the supreme claims of the Bible, and the admirable candour and courtesy with which the lecturer has stated the arguments of opponents.

We regret that we cannot do more than briefly name the subjects of the remaining papers in this volume. The next succeeding Dr. Harris's is by Mr. Godwin on the 'Earliest Form of Christianity,' introductory to the course of the Criticism and Interpretation of the Greek Testament. The third, by Dr. Lankester, is on the 'Study of the Natural History Sciences'—a branch of knowledge of which we regret to be informed there is no 'chair' in any other characteristically religious institution but New College. The 'Study of Mathematics,' by Professor P. Smith, is the subject of the fourth lecture, followed by Professor Nenner's, on the 'Exegesis of the Old Testament.' The lecture on the 'History of Classical Learning,' by Dr. W. Smith, ably sustains his high reputation as 'one of the first classical scholars of the age.' The last paper is by Mr. Binney, on the Importance and Responsibility of the Office of the Christian Ministry. We can now only express our own obligation to the lecturers for the great pleasure—unable as we were to hear the papers delivered—we have derived from reading this volume, and our very earnest recommendation of it to our readers, especially to those whose position on the 'ladder of life' may be greatly strengthened by receiving a fresh stimulus and guide in the prosecution of a liberal 'course of study.'

The Sunday-school Union Magazine. 1851.

The Bible Class Magazine. 1851.

Notes on the Scripture Lessons. 1851.

The Sunday-school Class Register and Diary for 1852.

Tracts: New Year's Counsels to Sunday-school Teachers. A New Year's Address to the Parents of Sunday-school Scholars. God, the Guide of Youth. A Word of Loving Counsel to Sunday-school Scholars for the New Year. London: Sunday-school Union.

We entertain a very high estimate of the value and importance of the Sabbath-school institution—not so much because of what it *has done*, as because of what it may do, and is yet destined to achieve. In the beneficial results that have already followed the disinterested labours of Sunday-school teachers, we unfeignedly rejoice, and have been glad to observe a growing inclination in men of all parties to acknowledge them. We think, however, that taking into consideration the amount of labour and means expended, the real influence of Sabbath schools is much less than it ought to be, and are of opinion that those engaged in imparting religious instruction in them should be induced to occupy a higher position in relation to their work, than (in general) they have thought to assume. On this subject we purpose saying somewhat further in future numbers, and in the meanwhile content ourselves by remarking on the volumes, &c., noted above. The 'Sunday-school Union Magazine' is the monthly organ of communication between the 'Union' committee and teachers

generally, and furnishes 'interesting' intelligence connected with Sunday-school operations. It is conducted in a genial spirit—is serious without being dull, and by providing such papers as those on the 'British Museum' must be useful to *junior* teachers, for whom it seems chiefly adapted.

The 'Bible Class Magazine' is an excellent serial, and deserves a large circulation amongst young people of all classes. Our space will not allow us to particularize its contents, but we have no hesitation in giving it our warmest commendation, and in recommending its introduction not only to every Sunday-school, but amongst the children of every household.

We are not prepared to give an adhesion to every explanation, statement, and comment contained in the 'Notes on the Scripture Lessons,' and we should deprecate anything like a slavish use of them by teachers. The committee themselves say, 'We have reason to fear that too many of our friends employ them 'rather as *crutches* than as guides.' This is a great evil. There is much in them that is useful, but they should be regarded only as *helps* to the study of 'lessons' in private. 'The Class Register and Diary'—no teacher should be without. The 'New Year's Addresses' are severally seasonable, but of the three, we think the 'New Year's Counsels to Sunday-school Teachers' decidedly the best.

The Scottish Protestant. Parts I., II., III., and IV. Glasgow: W. R. Mc'Phun.

If this work had made its appearance just twelve months ago, we believe it would have attained a circulation more than satisfactory even to the somewhat enlarged desires of its publisher. The most anti-Popish orators would have found their anti-Popery to be mild, when compared with its spirit. Its leading characteristic is the intensest hatred to every thing Romish. Very much of this hatred we share ourselves, but we question the expediency of exhibiting it after the manner of the 'Scottish Protestant.' The class amongst which this magazine is designed to circulate, hardly needs its anti-Romish feelings strengthened. We would prefer to see it embued rather with the anxious desire to bring Catholics to the knowledge of the truth, than to show them its hatred of the Roman Catholic Church. We believe, however, that Romanism is the same in spirit now that it was in the time of the Waldenses; 'but the wolf has put on sheep's clothing.' To those who wish to see what Romanism *was*, and to those who do wish to strengthen their antipathies to it, we can recommend the 'Scottish Protestant.' It is conducted with both spirit and ability, and we should like it better if it were not for the pictorial illustrations, some of which are simply disgusting.

The Reformers' Almanack and Political Year Book for 1852. London: Aylott and Jones. [This is a kind of annual Black Book of Abuses in Church and State. As a compilation it exhibits great care and judgment, and it will be found extremely valuable as a book of reference to the political events, statistics, and progress of 1851. It contains also some very interesting and suggestive statistical articles on the social state and prosperity of the kingdom, indicated by the late population, pauper, criminal, and emigration returns.]

The Convert from Popery. By the Rev. John Adey. London: Snow. [Narrates an instance of the conversion of an Irish workman from Romanism to Protestantism, the circumstances connected with which occurred under the immediate observation of Mr. Adey, and, therefore, may be regarded as authentic.]

Christianity as Applied to the Mind of a Child in the Sunday School. A Sermon. By the Rev. Albert Barnes. London: B. L. Green. [A very cheap reprint of a sermon delivered before the American Sunday School Union. Its subjects are,—The child, with reference to his capability of being influenced by religion; the adaptation of the Christian religion to the capacity of the child; and, the Sunday School as a means of applying it to the mind of the child. These topics are enlarged on and illustrated with much force and perspicuity. We can heartily recommend this little work to those engaged in the religious instruction of the young.]

The Divine Testimonies; their Wonderful Character. By Thomas Archer, D.D. London: J. Snow. [A tribute of praise to the wonderful character of the contents, the design, the evidence, the preservation, and the varied results and influences of the 'Divine Testimonies.' It is characterised by great force of imagination and eloquence of thought.]

The Believers' Assurance of Salvation—Is it attainable? By Rev. W. Davies. London: J. Snow. [An earnest, practical treatise on the evidences of experimental Christianity. We have read it with much interest, and, in the firm conviction of the whole truth and importance of the author's view of his subject, can only express our desire that it may be made as extensively useful as it is searching and true.]

Protestant Dissent Vindicated. By the Rev. J. G. Rogers, B.A. [A brief but powerful and pertinent defence of the principles of Dissent. Though originating in local circumstances, it is adapted for circulation anywhere and everywhere where Dissent and Dissenters are traduced. There are many such as the rector of Newcastle 'whose opinions on Church matters' might be corrected by this prompt but courteous apology.]

Onesimus, Philemon, and Paul. By J. P. W. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. Pp. 38. [The author of this little work assumes that the Epistle to Philemon, on which it is a comment, is intended to be a 'practical and actual' development of some of the leading doctrines of Christianity, and as such he treats it. It contains a few rather striking thoughts, but the majority of the writer's remarks appear to be as forced and laboured, as they are clumsily expressed.]

Monthly Retrospect.

To the year upon which we have now entered, general presentiment had assigned a mournfully critical character. Eighteen-fifty-two was to witness a repetition of scenes similar to those of 1848, but less spontaneous, therefore fiercer and more decisive. Then was to be fought out, in France, Italy, Germany, Poland, and Hungary, the 'war of opinion' which Canning predicted, and which has become, also, a contest between the absolutist, semi-barbarous civilization of eastern, and the democratic, progressive civilization of western Europe; and must therefore be fought, sooner or later, more or less decisively, on the fields of physical encounter. To 1852, that mournful but not ignoble distinction may still appertain; but the year of apprehended terrors can scarcely match in criminality and horribleness the scenes with which 1851 has closed in the capital of France.

December was already a month memorable in the annals of that country. It was on the 2nd of December, 1804, that Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor, thereby climaxing the reaction from the Revolution of '93. It was on the same day in the next year that he triumphed in that celebrated battle —Austerlitz—which broke up the European league against him, laid the Germanic empire at his feet, compensated for the losses of Trafalgar, and humbled William Pitt even to the death. It was on December the 6th, 1848, that the nephew, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, was elected, by five or six millions of votes, President of the French Republic—the overt commencement of the reaction from the revolution of February. To *that* reaction he has put a climax, as his uncle did to the former. On Thursday, the 2nd of

December last, on the anniversary of the empire and of Austerlitz, he dissolved, by military force, the National Assembly, and appealed to the nation to approve or reject, by universal suffrage, a set of propositions, of which the principal is his own continuance in the office of President for ten years. On the 20th and 21st, the votes of the people were taken on this demand, 'Yes,' or 'No;' and it is known, at the time we write, that the affirmatives are about three to one.

Behind and between the events thus briefly stated, there lies a series of atrocities only to be paralleled in those oriental states where revolutions are the work not of popular passion, but of individual cunning and cruelty. Early on the morning of the 2nd, seventy-eight persons—five of whom were generals, eighteen members of the Assembly, and sixty Republican chiefs—were taken from their beds to prison; all the thoroughfares of the city occupied by troops; and the walls covered with the proclamation of a state of siege. The representatives who had not been arrested, hastened by a common impulse to the doors of their hall, found it surrounded by soldiers, and were stopped by bayonets presented to their breasts. They repaired to the nearest public edifice, constituted a legal meeting of the National Assembly, decreed the President to have violated the constitution, and summoned the High Court of Justice to try him for high treason. To these resolutions, 230 representatives attached their signatures—including men of all parties, Legitimists, Orleanists, Republicans, and Socialists; and some of the most eminent writers and orators of France. The Assembly was interrupted in these proceedings by police and soldiers, by whom they were marched through the streets to a barrack-yard, kept there till evening, and then distributed by the criminal vans in different prisons. The inhabitants of Paris looked on with stupefied astonishment, not unmingled with approval—so low had the majority of the Assembly fallen in public estimation. But when it was found that the newspapers were suspended—that the pretexts on which the *coup d'état* had been struck were self-contradictory—and that it was the Republicans whom it was determined to crush—indignation began to swell. In the democratic clubs it was determined on Tuesday night, that the signal of resistance should be given. In the workmen's breakfast-hour the next morning, a solitary barricade was raised in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the classic ground of insurrection. In a few minutes it was destroyed, its defenders slain, and an immense military force swept through the quarter. The soldiers were evidently determined—the bourgeoisie showed no sign of sympathy with the masses, and the ouvriers had been deprived of their leaders. But all that day the tide of sullen indignation kept rising; the High Court of Justice had twice met and been broken up, but it was known they had decreed Napoleon a usurper; and placards signed by Victor Hugo and Emile Girardin summoned the citizens to arms in support of the laws. The next day a few barricades were thrown up about noon in a commercial and luxurious part of the city. They were apparently raised and defended by young men not of the poorer classes. They were easily carried, and then began a scene which has earned for that 4th of December the surname of 'Bloody Thursday,' and will give it rank in history with the Bartholomew massacre. Fifty thousand

soldiers, horse, foot, and artillery, were marched along the Boulevards. Not a symptom of insurgence was seen or heard; the footpaths were occupied by numbers whom curiosity and accident had drawn to the spot. From the windows and balconies of many houses, ladies and gentlemen looked down at the dazzling display. Suddenly a fire was commenced right and left, above and below. Showers of bullets stretched the dead and dying on the pavements, riddled the fronts of the houses, and penetrated to the hapless occupants. Of this we are assured on the abundant and independent testimony of Englishmen who were witnesses—otherwise, it would seem incredible.

What effect this change of government in France may have upon her relation with other nations—whether the Republican usurper will league with crowned despots against the invisible government and armies of Europe, or will find employment for his Prætorian bands in reconquering the French empire—are serious questions, but which time alone can answer. It seems already to have occasioned an important change in the English ministry. Rumours have long been rife of the revival of the old feud between Lord Palmerston and Earl Grey; the Foreign Secretary's reply to the Kossuth deputations brought these differences to a crisis; and approval of the Napoleonic *coup d'état* is alleged as the final cause of his retirement. The country will not easily believe this last assertion, nor will it be persuaded that Lord Palmerston's continuance in office was in any degree so prejudicial to public interests as Earl Grey's rule over the colonies.

The Manchester Reform Conference was a numerous and very influential gathering. One of the speakers observed, that the employers of so many workmen had never before assembled in one room. The resolutions adopted differ little in substance from Mr. Hume's motion, the basis of the National Parliamentary Reform Association. The representatives of that body attempted to engraft the terms of Mr. Hume's resolution upon the scheme submitted by Mr. Bright, but ineffectually. The most popular feature of the project is, the ballot. An immense public meeting ratified the decisions of the Conference with hearty unanimity.

A deputation was appointed by this Conference to wait on Lord John Russell; but his lordship declined to see it. 'There would be great inconvenience in receiving deputations from particular districts on a subject of this nature, in which the whole country is interested.' It was hardly in conformity with this rule that his lordship entertained, but very lately, a deputation from Manchester in favour of the Richson scheme of education. To those gentlemen he listened with patience, even pointed out certain difficulties in their way, and promised favourable consideration. We observe that the Society of Friends, at Manchester, have published their 'Reasons' for objecting to the plan; from which it is evident that its working would have to encounter such resistance as is offered to the payment of church-rates. The Congregational Board of Education is very actively pushing its operations. The Voluntary School Society has held a conference, which proved indeed the sacrifices which its earnest supporters are prepared to make in its behalf, but at the same time the non-appreciation by Dissenters generally of its peculiar claims. It is a matter for continuous and growing regret, that a junction between this body and the Congregational cannot be effected, even in the training of teachers;

but as liberal Catholic-minded men on both sides do not see their way to such a combination, we must admit that at present it is impracticable, and encourage each to work to the utmost in its own line. Voluntaries need not despair; they may find help, when most wanted, whence least expected. The letters of D. C. L. (Mr. A. B. Hope, M.P.), in the 'Morning Chronicle,' evince the rapid growth among Puseyites of right views of the relation of the State to the minds of its citizens, and of a resolution to act upon them when the occasion demands.—We have room only to mention that a meeting has been held at Birmingham, of ladies and gentlemen interested in the prevention and cure of juvenile criminality. The excellent Recorder of Birmingham presided; the Rev. J. Clay, of Preston Gaol, and many noted prison disciplinarians, 'assisted.'

The Protestant Alliance has inaugurated its agitation by meetings in Freemasons' Hall, in Edinburgh, and other places. It has a twofold object—the disendowment of Maynooth College, and espousal of the cause of religious liberty in Europe. With both we of course agree; but with respect to the first, we quite concur in the difficulties forcibly stated by our correspondent, 'Cato.'

Christmas is the last of the occurrences and topics of the month. We believe there was no visible abatement, this year, of the traditional observances. We are sure that in tens of thousands of homes, there were hearts touched with solemn gratitude at the memory of the event which Christendom thus agrees to commemorate, and faces bright with the reflection of mutual domestic love. May every returning Christmas behold more and more eyes turned to the 'Star in the East,' for hope and guidance—more and more households giving 'glory to God in the Highest,' enjoying 'peace on earth,' and animated by 'good will to men.'

Intelligence.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.

THE Protestant Alliance has now fairly taken the field against the Maynooth Endowment Act. At its first general meeting, held at the Freemasons' Hall, on the 28th ult., it was resolved to organize an extensive agitation on this subject, and a petition to Parliament against the renewal of the annual grant was at once adopted. The meeting in question—whether from the attraction of the speakers' names, or from a pure interest in the movement undertaken by the Alliance, we are unable to say—was very numerously attended, and the speeches were both temperate and powerful.

A NONCONFORMIST CLUB.

We see it stated in the columns of our Dissenting contemporaries that a project is on foot for the erection and formation of a Nonconformist Club. A meeting of Dissenters, of various cliques and of various shades of political opinion, was held on the 9th ult. at Radley's Hotel, for the purpose of taking friendly counsel together concerning the practicability and desirableness of the scheme. The meeting was very influentially attended, and resolutions were unanimously adopted in its favour. The sum proposed to be raised for the purpose is, we understand, about 60,000*l.*, and in

the preliminary prospectus the terms of membership are put at five and two guineas. Of the desirableness of such an institution there cannot be two opinions, but we have grave doubts of the practicability of the scheme.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

There are four educational schemes and institutions before the public at the present moment, and three of them have been actively advocating their respective claims during the past month. The most pretentious of these, the NATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, has held its annual meeting of the council and general body of members since our last. There were present at the meeting Mr. Henry, M.P., Mr. Cobden, M.P., Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. George Combe, of Edinburgh, and others; and Dr. Davidson contributed to its importance by furnishing a paper on the respective merits of the Manchester and National schemes. At the meeting of the Council the constitution of the society was slightly amended, but by no means improved. ——The CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION, in prosecution of its last scheme, has also held large meetings in several of the principal provincial towns. An important conference was held at Bristol on the 6th ult., succeeded by a public meeting on the evening of the same day, at which papers were read by Mr. Conder and Mr. Baines, and 'very able' addresses delivered by other gentlemen. It was resolved to form auxiliaries of the society for Bristol and Gloucestershire. A meeting, attended by Mr. Conder and Mr. Reynolds, has also been held at Rawdon, and Mr. Edward Baines has lectured at Birmingham, Stroud, and Sheffield; we understand to crowded and interested audiences. An appeal to Congregationalists, signed by Mr. Morley and Mr. Baines, for support of the Board, has just been issued, of which we regard the following as the most important paragraph:—'The Board is not restricted to denominational schools. It regards with favour all schools where there is evangelical teaching, and where no Government money is received; and to such its grants would be extended and its teachers sent."——A Conference—very thinly attended, however—of the friends of the VOLUNTARY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, was held at Crosby Hall on the morning and evening of the 9th ult., at which papers were read by Mr. Hinton and Mr. Miall, and several addresses delivered, and resolutions approving of the voluntary principle adopted. A liberal subscription towards the funds of this institution was also entered into; and, perhaps, we cannot just at present better serve the objects this society has in view than by stating that its secretaries, we know, will be glad to receive further subscriptions at the office of the society, 30, Surrey-place, Old Kent-road. Its constitution has our own most hearty approval, and we could only wish that the success of the society were better proportioned to its merit.

THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION

is vigorously prosecuting its winter scheme of operations. Meetings have been held in several of the most important towns in Scotland—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, Perth, Dunfermline, &c.; and Mr. Kingsley has been lecturing at Launceston, Modbury, Kingsbridge, Totnes, Dartmouth, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Ruxham, Newton Abbott, Tavistock, Liskeard, &c. &c. At Tavistock, the Rev. T. Gibbons, a curate of the parish, challenged Mr. Kingsley to a discussion on the subject, which resulted, we are told, in the sad discomfiture of the clerical advocate of a State-establishment.——A novel and interesting series of historico-biographical lectures, illustrative of the progress, principles, and working of the State-church system has also been in course of delivery at Islington. The subjects of the lectures have been, Constantine, Hildebrande, HenryVIII., Queen Elizabeth, and Archbishop Laud; the lecturers being, the Revs. W. Forster, R. S. Bayley, and J. Burnet; Mr. Miall, and the Rev. G. B. Thomas.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

BODMIN (Congregational church).—The Rev. W. Hill, late of Western College.

GOODSHAW, LANCASHIRE (Baptist church).—The Rev. John Jefferson, late of Bishop Burton.

SALISBURY (Scots-lane Chapel).—The Rev. George Willets, late of North Petherton.

TEWKESBURY (Baptist church).—The Rev. John T. Wilkinson, late of Atherton.

WOODSIDE, GLOUCESTER (Congregational church).—The Rev. James Mann, late of Dumfries.

NEW CHURCH OPENED.

PEMBROKE DOCK.—Congregational church, on the 3rd ult.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

The Church's Mission to the Masses.

Every created thing has its mission; that is, it is sent forth for some special purpose to do some one or more things for which it is specially created and endowed. Its birth is not a mere accident—the unforeseen and undetermined product of the chance combination of particles of matter. Its being, and the conditions of that being, must have been predestined. However long the chain of physical causes to which its existence is owing—however accurately you can determine the circumstances to which each feature of that existence is to be ascribed—you cannot avoid the conclusion, that the power by which it is so evolved comes from God, and that there can be no operations of power which He has not foreseen, and which His wisdom and love have not willed. In the vast majority of cases, a close and skilled observer may discover some splendid adaptations to the performance of a most needful and salutary work even in the things that seem to be the lowest product of mere material changes. The forms that owe their very existence to the process of material decay and putrefaction—the beauteous lichen that adorns the crumbling surface of the rock and the diseased bark of trees; the tortuous worm that follows in the track of death—do a wise and kind behest for man. The one adorning what were otherwise deformity and ugliness; the other converting into wondrous life what were otherwise a loathsome pest. To say that these and hosts of similar agencies are only 'provisions of Nature,' is to attribute to Nature the intelligence, the foreknowledge, the beneficence, and the skill of God. It is, surely, far more rational to say of all such things,

that they have their mission, and were sent of God to do that special thing.

Regarded thus, the universe is like the splendid palace of a glorious king, where all the forms that meet our eye are ministering servants, that gladly, blissfully perform their monarch's will. There are countless suns. He sends them to give light and heat and binding power to stars that roll around them. That is their mission: splendidly do they fulfil it. 'He bringeth them forth by their hosts; he calleth them by their names. For that he is strong in power, not one faileth.' The earth (in common, we believe, with all the worlds) has her maternal mission—to bring to birth, and nurse, and educate, the various types of life; to unfold ceaselessly God's infinite ideas of beauty, love, and power. And each of the several divisions of the vital agencies has its mission, which it never fails duteously to perform. Each ray of the solar beam, so intimately blended as they appear to us in the pure white light, has nevertheless its special, separate function. And whilst the mountain-gorge absorbs its peculiar shades, the glistening glacier-peak is feeding on other portions of the same sevenfold beam.

But all these things, glorious though they be, are only the menials in this vast palace of God. They wait upon the higher forms of life, and bring them the means wherewith, priestlike, they may minister intelligently and holily before their Father and their God. And each of these, again—archangel, seraph, principality, and power—has his own mission. Each has his own endowment, fitting him for special work. God must have a will for everything—a work for everything to do; and, with one or two mysterious exceptions, all things do his will, fulfil their mission.

That man, therefore, has a mission—that there is some special, priestly course which he was intended to fulfil in the great temple of the universe—seems an indisputable conclusion. When you turn from the lower creatures, upon whose nature a very small amount of wisdom, comparatively, has been expended, and regard those in whose construction God has seemed (to speak humanly) to have bestowed especial pains; whose constitution displays a wisdom unsearchable; it seems a most necessary conclusion, that that more exquisite contrivance points to some more excellent ministry to which their endowments adapt them. Not, as some miserable philosophies imply, that man is destined to sit in his chariot, the world, drawn by the foaming, curbless steeds of fate, careering madly through an orbit fixed by chance, with nought to live for, nought to love above himself. No! when the morning stars sang together as the noble tenant of another sphere upreared his goodly frame and turned his lofty brow to heaven, its native light, God, his maker, surely had some great destiny marked out for him—some holy ministry, some worthy mission. What this originally was, it is useless, as well as beside our purpose, to speculate. As far as time is concerned, that is in great measure lost. And the man who would now give himself to the fulfilment of his mission, consciously and religiously, must seek amongst his fellow-men the sphere where he can do God most service. Undoubtedly, the entrance of sin into the world has altered materially, in

some respects, the character of that service which they must render him who would devote their life to him. This sad catastrophe has furnished to them a work, demanding for its proper performance the most thorough consecration and the most devoted zeal. They have to recover the world for God; to carry, not the terror of his arms, but the might of his loving sway, into regions where revolt prevails, and where foul and tyrannous usurpers occupy his throne. They have to rear again the shattered temple of the Lord, whose dome covers all lands, and to gather into it a godless world. They have to uplift the standard of truth, and to fight its battles. They have to infuse into the thinking of the world great religious ideas; and into the life of the world, great religious principles. This is now the Church's mission. Through the sinful and godless condition of the world, the servant of God now (whatever man's mission originally was) must be in a position of antagonism and aggression. He cannot afford silently to contemplate the glorious manifestations of Deity unfolded in the creation, and to drink in with ever-new delight, with ever-deepening wonder, with ever-enlarging capacity, the great thoughts of God with which the universe is filled. It is not for him now to stand simply as a priest in the universal temple of God, and yield him ever high, holy, intelligent, homage and worship; his life must now be a labour; his worship must consist of work. The priest must go out of the temple, and gather in the worshippers; must use moral force and constraint; must plead and wrestle, and, with loving might, compel; must sometimes even become the soldier, and, with manly valour, using divine weapons, guard the shrine. He must even be the labourer, and, with hard and patient toil, work at its increase and edification. The student of Divine wisdom must come down from the radiant contemplative heights where he glistens with the glory that gleams upon him, and so reflects and multiplies the divine honours which his tongue adoringly confesses; and he must translate his truths into other strains than hymns of lofty praise, which lift heaven-high the soul that utters them; even into vulgar phrase of common earthly speech. He must suit them to the world's ear. He must construct them into arguments and pleas; must carry them where they will not be welcomed and admired, but, on the contrary, hated, and controverted, and denied; and he must abide by them, uttering them constantly, through evil report and good report, until they silence the opposition, and compel the homage of the world. The Christian now cannot simply take his stand among his fellow-men, one with them in the possession of all things desirable—virtue, piety, joy, and peace. He must see an appalling amount of woe and wretchedness around him, and must minister to it. His delightful hours of converse with God, and communion with saints, must be only the recruiting of his energies for the discharge of his loving duties. His very worship will become sin when it keeps him from his work; when its delight absorbs him, and holds him in selfish enjoyment. He must worship by his work; and his more formal worship must always better fit him for his work.

Now these appear to us to be truths which the Church has yet to

learn and adopt. They may be known; but they are not acknowledged, at least by its life. Can any candid observer of its attitude towards the world—towards the godless at home and abroad, at the present moment, say that it expresses anything like this conviction deeply impressed upon its heart? 'I have a mission to the world. A glorious embassy and office. A work most pressing to be done; for whose accomplishment the world wails and agonizes, though it knows it not. On whose success depends the adjustment of all that is disordered; the extinction of all that is deplorable; the introduction of all that can be desired in the world;—the demolition of tyrannies, slaveries, injustices, undue inequalities, insolences of power and pride, superstitions, blinding and degrading faiths;—the expulsion of wars and envyings, vices, and their prolific woes: which shall blend the confused jarring din of earth's wrathful strife into harmony, and spread an air of peace and love, like balmy odour, over the world. A mission in whose discharge I have the co-operation of God, and the interested sympathy of all holy watchers of God's rule in the world. For whose performance I have all means and all encouragements, including that greatest of all incitements, the impossibility of failure, the certainty of success.' Is that the spirit that breathes in the Christian activities of our age? Does such a conviction as that indicate itself in each of all our many and multiplying schemes? Is there any sign amongst us of a deep-seated, moving consciousness that we *have a mission;* that God has gathered us into his Church, not merely to save us, and educate and sanctify us; but that we may, as his agents, save and educate and sanctify the world? Is it apparent to all beyond a doubt (as it should be, if we have any such mission), that we are blending with our cultivation of personal piety, with the 'working out of our salvation with fear and trembling,' a constant, ceaseless, earnest attempt at the recovery of the world for God, and the regeneration of its disordered, cursed life?

We hesitate not to avow our conviction that there are very *few* signs that this is one of the Church's great thoughts in the present age; and we fear that the proofs of the truth of this conviction will be but too numerous to all who have anything to do with the direction or the sustenance of the Church's life. What mean the incessant 'special appeals' of our various religious societies? What, the wide-spread complaints of our Sabbath schools and kindred organizations, of a paucity of labourers? What says that voice which is daily waxing louder in the Church's ear, but which as yet has awakened no adequate response, which has almost bewildered us in the attempt to meet the call;—that voice which, as a confused din, in which the loud tones of atheism and infidelity and materialism make themselves distinctly heard above the inarticulate roar, of the utter irreligiousness of tens of thousands of the working classes, calls upon the Church to acknowledge her supineness, and to arouse herself vigorously to meet and remedy the evil? What light will our prayer-meetings throw upon this most momentous inquiry? Are they so thronged, and is their tone so eloquent of a restless consuming anxiety for the spread of

God's kingdom, that we can augur a speedy and worthy effort for its advance? Is it an uncommon thing for some of our missionary prayer-meetings to be marked by an almost entire absence of supplication for anything beyond immediate personal blessing? Does the Church's prayer reveal that her heart is deeply, sadly pondering the religious state of the millions within reach of her arm, and within hearing of her voice? That she is conscious of her mission to them, and zealous to fulfil it? We may be wrong; we should be happy to be convinced of our error; but our impression is, that we have already more machinery than we have power to work—more benevolent schemes than we have benevolent spirit to sustain. And that the response which is given, on the whole (there are, of course, noble exceptions), to these varied calls, is rather an unwilling submission to a duty, than a glowing, zealous embrace of a glorious mission and privilege. Let this conviction but get itself graven on the consciences of all the real Christians of Britain, that they have in their hands the instruments, and that they themselves constitute the agency by which God will evangelize the world, and, in addition, that they have long ago received the command to do it, that God waits for their action, and will not effect it without them; that they are, therefore, in a great measure, responsible for the condition of their neighbours: let them embrace and welcome this conviction, and modes of agency will soon start themselves. Truth will soon begin to go forth in the midst of men, not as a suppliant for toleration, but with the majestic, graceful mien of a conqueror, whose charms will defy scorn, and whose voice will carry conviction.

This is one of our answers to the question, 'Why are the working classes estranged from us?' It is because the Church has not only not fulfilled her mission, but has *forgotten* it—has lost the spirit of it. They have multiplied more rapidly than her zeal has increased. Their voice has waxed, whilst hers has waned, or, at the best, has remained as it was. The pace of their progress has been too rapid for her lagging steps. And now, only a determined, earnest effort can overtake them. Only a new baptism of zeal can put her in their midst, with any hope of materially affecting their position. That that may come it surely behoves her fervently to cry. There is a fire that can kindle us into that zeal. But it will only kindle on hearts that seek it; that seek it in the inner shrine of self-consecration, which is approached through the outer courts of reflection, penitence, and resolve.

That, then, is the thought and spirit which (if such a tone may be allowed us here) we would urge on all who are at all alive to the danger and disgrace which surrounds us, to diffuse about them in their several circles of influence and spheres of labour. Let our pulpits resound with this strain. Let a power go forth from preacher-lips, which shall sometimes forcibly expand with the heat of love the body of Christian life on which they act, and diffuse it into the midst of the ungodly life which teems in thickening crowds on all sides. Not, indeed, to the neglect of its other most important work, the exposition of the truth on which that life depends, and the building up of that

life into a strong, lovely, holy, and divine thing, and the compacting of its beautiful diversities into a closely united body. There need be no antagonism betwixt the two. Nay, they are very closely related to each other, and will reciprocally aid each other; for the zeal will be a powerless, fitful thing, unless it be the emanation of a healthy life. And on the other hand, the life will become a sickly, healthless, joyless thing, unless it have the exercise of an active zeal. And let the Church welcome such teaching. Let the trumpet call to its work, to the fulfilment of its mission lead it, not to rub its heavy eyes, and cry with the sluggard, 'Yet a little slumber, yet a little folding of the hands to sleep;' but to rise with the alacrity of the soldier, eager for the battle, as one whose heart is in his work, and who looks for repose, for joy, for health, for heaven, only there. Let us all remember that whilst we have a choice as to *whether we will do our duty or no*, we have no choice as to *what is our* duty. And let all Christians lay well to heart, that their mission is to evangelize the world!

On one great branch of the topic, viz., what can be done *directly* to gain a hearing for the truth amongst the masses? we have already expressed our thoughts.* Very much depends upon the kind of teaching we offer them, and on the mode in which we approach them. But teaching is not the only mode by which they can be influenced. There is an indirect power which can be applied to them, and, indeed, without which the oral teaching will fall comparatively powerless. The life can teach as well as the lips, and sometimes much more forcibly than they. As we hinted in the article just cited, it is certain that much of the positive antagonism to the gospel, the theoretic infidelity which is found amongst them may be easily traced to anomalies in the Church's position and life. These constitute the staple of their objections to Christianity. These furnish the missiles which they fling with no little zeal and heartiness against all your elaborate argumentative structures in defence of it. And to not a few minds they seem to demolish all those structures. There are hundreds of them not capable of following an elaborate or a spiritual argument, perfectly competent, however, to feel the force of an inconsistency, and to magnify the objection which an incongruity in the life furnishes to the truth of the creed. Indeed, it is one of the laws of man's nature that his life shall be a teaching power. Every home and every age furnishes examples of the law. There is always a vast class of human beings who are receiving the main of their education from the example of those in whose presence they live. Of what force is the influence which children receive from moral maxims, and oral instruction, compared with that exercised by parental and other example? You may iterate every hour the foolish injunction, 'Do as I say, and not as I do;' but what of it? Does the child heed that? No! nor does the man. The inculcation of the most beautiful virtue by means of the ear, will be unavailing if the eye is drinking in at the same moment an opposite instruction. And for the simple reason, that what strikes the eye has

* *Vide* 'Christian Spectator', Dec. 1851; art. 'The Gospel and the Poor.'

so much more vividness and reality than that which falls on the ear. With uneducated minds—minds that receive their strongest impressions through the senses, and not by purely intellectual means—a true teaching must always be supplemented by a true life, or it can avail nothing. And such are the majority of the minds of whom we now speak. We may carry the simplest gospel, the purest truth to them; but if we carry it with impure hands, and with an unsimple life, they will not receive it, but will point at us in scorn, and say, mockingly, 'Physician, heal thyself!' On the other hand, the strongest and most despotic superstition, a positive creed held for ages and revered as a national tradition, fastened on the minds of the people by a priestly power which has juggled into its own hands the conscience and will of an entire people, cannot bear up against the force of a true Christian life of love. A very remarkable proof of this is furnished in a fact communicated in a recent number of the 'Eclectic Review,'* and known to us also from private sources. In one of the darkest and most priest-ridden provinces of Ireland, that most priest-ridden of all lands, where the life of a Protestant has never been safe; where the peasantry, under the guidance of the priests, have refused to sell provisions to, and thus consigned to starvation, the holders of that hated faith; the priestly power has utterly given way before the generous conduct of those Protestants in the time of 'the hunger,' as they emphatically call it. Their children are now in Protestant schools by hundreds, and from themselves a hearing may now be at any time obtained—a thing until now unknown. This is but an illustration of what will be even more readily seen on a wider scale where we have to do not with a positive creed in opposition to us, wielded by a priestly power, and a priestly malignancy of hate, but with a mere negation—infidelity, or with a merely negative attitude towards the truth we would instil.

This principle of the influence of the life of Christians upon the world's reception of Christianity is one which our Lord himself recognised and uttered more than once during his own life. 'Let your light so shine before men, that they seeing your good works may glorify your Father who is in heaven.' 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' Again, in that most remarkable and sublime prayer offered by our Lord just before his passion and death, there occurs this most significant petition for his disciples, 'That they all may be one—that the world may know that thou hast sent me.' By the unity of the Church is the grand conviction to be written on the world's heart, that Christ is the Messiah of God; or, in other words, that Christianity is God's remedy for all the world's woes. And for ourselves, we have no doubt that when that prayer is fulfilled, that world-wide triumph of Christianity will speedily follow. For in that desire is included all else that is wanting in the Church's life. Its unity, spiritual and deep, can only be arrived at by the absence of the great evils which are now the fruitful sources of disunion and mutual envy. The unity of the

* See 'Eclectic Review,' Dec. 1851; Art. I. pp. 660, 661.

entire Church will be the fruit of the universal spread of the spirit of love. Nothing else can bring it about. We have proofs numerous and signal of the utter inefficiency of organization and external forms to produce it. What is the unity of Roman Catholicism, which it boastingly offers as an asylum to all troubled and doubting spirits? what but the veriest fiction? The unity of minds not allowed to think; of minds that blindly and tamely submit themselves (or pretend so to do) to the dictates of an infallibility whose impudent presumption is its only evidence and foundation. What is the unity which has been aimed at by the recognition by law of certain human expressions of religious truth and human institutions of worship? Is there any division of the sects at the present moment more serious, more fundamental, more wrathful, than is to be found in the so-called Church of England? What is the unity of the Evangelical Alliance—an organization whose origin was owing to the recognition of the duty of love one to another, and a desire to fulfil it—but of whose efficiency from the first we have had our doubts? What is it but a platform unity? A unity which will shake hands with the slaveholder who subscribes its creed, and withholds its brotherly grasp from the Quaker who will not? A unity which is in appearance, and not in heart? The confession of the rightness of a principle which does not exist, or it would not need an organization to kindle it or to give it a palpable expression. None of these are real. They are attempts at unity opposed in principle to the divine method of producing whatever is desirable in man's life. They seek by appliances from without, whose whole mode and principle of action is external, to create an inward and spiritual thing. Their principle is exactly the same as that of the baptismal-regenerationists. Our belief is, that such an unity as our Lord prayed for, and for which the world waits ere it will accept our religion, is that which will naturally and spontaneously accrue from the perfection of the inward and individual life of Christian professors, and that no merely external process can hasten it. You may erect your arched device of wire-work, but the germ-seed of love must be quickened, and begin to grow of its own native power, ere it will cling around it and adorn it with its beautiful petals. If there ever should come a day (and happy will be the eyes on which it shall dawn) when every Christian Church shall send its delegate to the metropolis of the world, to partake of a great symbolic communion, expressive of the glorious fact that the Church now is *one*, that the voice of mutual discord and envy has for ever ceased, that act will be as the bringing of the top-stone to the temple of God in the earth. The edifice will have been completed, and nothing will remain but with united force to gather in the world. But we are far enough from that yet. It is folly to build the scaffolding for the top-stone whilst as yet the foundations of unity have to be laid.

The Church must direct her attention to other portions of her life; must give herself to the correction of some of the more inward evils which underlie this great and manifest outward wrong; and by so doing, it will remedy itself.

Returning now to that class whom we have specially in view, let us

seek for the true picture of Christianity which is at the present moment before their eyes. Virtually, the Church of each age is its Christ; that is, the Christ which is seeking the confidence and love of the world is more powerfully presented by the prevalent Christianity of the life of professors than by the doctrinal teaching of its preachers. Of course, we speak not now of atonement. But as our Lord prepared the way for the reception of his religion by living in the midst of men, and so winning beforehand the attachment and confidence of a few, by whose means that religion should be established in the world; so, in the same way, we believe that the life of the Church is ever preparing the way for the saving reception of the Christian truth.

What, then, are the characteristics of the Christ which, by the life of the entire Church, is before the eye of the world, and is asking for its homage, its adhesion, its confidence, its love, its entire submission as to a King and Lord? One striking fact there is, which ought to make our hearts sink within us, conscious of some great defect—it is, that whilst the true Christ gathered the masses round him, and 'the common people heard him gladly;' we, in our day, are deploring the almost entire defection of that great class which that term now designates. Surely, this contrast implies some sad difference betwixt the Church's life and that of Him it professes to follow. The poor gathered round him in crowds, drank in his words with wondering delight, following him to mountain heights, to hungry deserts, eager for the sunlight, the joyful inspiration of his words. The Pharisees derided or hated him; men in power laughed at the vulgar infatuation; the rich and honourable bestowed on him their magnificent contempt; but the poor did him homage in throngs wherever he went. How is it now? Let the metropolis of our land answer. Our kings and statesmen ride in procession to Christian edifices, and the crown is placed on the head of royalty by official Christian hands; our wealthy ones roll in easy state to church, and sit there in easy state to hear the voice of the Christian teaching of the age. *Our* Pharisees do honour to the once-hated name, and, in modern phylactery, present that very Christ to the masses for acceptance whom once they derided the vulgar for admiring. Our powerful, wise, and wealthy ones, pay outward respect, at least, to the good thing which came out of Nazareth; and it is the masses now whose feet tread not the courts of the Lord; who call not his 'Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord and honourable;' aye, amongst whom are found the most subtle, determined, and vengeful opponents of the religion of the Meek and Lowly. Surely the change is strange! Some cause must underlie it, which may prove that the reason of the change is, because the Christ of this age appears as one with whom pomp and power, luxury and ease, can sympathize—one whom Pharisees may delight to honour, because he applauds their practices; and not one who, putting himself on a level with the poor, and espousing ever the cause of the oppressed and the sorrowful, irresistibly enshrines himself in their hearts, and by doing the deeds of a God, causes his words to be received as a divine message. Does not the history of Christianity prove this surmise to be correct? Is it not,

at the present moment, in alliance with the pomp and power of the world in every land of Christendom? Have not its priests decked themselves in gorgeous apparel, and so removed themselves from the masses? Are not its institutions, in by far the larger portion of the nominal Church, Pharisaic, formal, ritual? Is not the religion of ceremony positively sanctioned by the law of this Protestant land? and throughout Europe, is it not almost the only form of Christianity that prevails? Further: Has not this very Christianity, by means of some sections of the Church, or at least which claim to be so, been the abettor of tyranny, and absolutism, and despotism? Has she not taken the side of the strong against the weak? Has she not wielded the civil sword with more than secular rancour and fury? Is the term 'proud ecclesiastic' one which can find no appropriate wearer in the present day? To descend into less exalted regions: Has not the profession of Christianity been seen, in numberless instances, irrespective of all Church distinctions, to be compatible with a licentious, immoral, and utterly worldly life? with a spirit of determined recklessness, of speculation, and haste to be rich; with utter self-indulgence, with overreaching, puffing, griping, grasping, habits of trade? Have not theologic rancours become proverbial for their bitterness? Are any anathemas so terrible as those which church hurls at church, and Christian at Christian? And now, when great popular wants make themselves known, whether here or in neighbour-lands, is it not the case, that to rouse a public sentiment about it, instead of being an easy task, because it is a spontaneous thing which Christianity ever has at hand ready for use; it is, on the contrary, a very difficult thing to excite any enthusiasm, and what is so excited is confined to the few? Are not our philanthropies becoming, in great measure, things independent of Christianity? Where are the enthusiasts for liberty—the men that groan their inward execration upon tyrannies and despotisms? Are they in our Christian Churches? Are all our communicants—whom the world sees as the representatives of Christianity, be it remembered—at active work in the midst of these masses? Do they know anything about them? Have they any sympathies with them? Do not many of them look down upon them from their lofty, luxurious heights, and see them in a dim haze—a moving mass without form or feature? And can we, then, wonder that the multitude should not hear the Christ of this age gladly? Not that there are no exceptions—no churches which seek to have a simple and truthful form; to repudiate corrupting and destructive alliances. Not that there are no individuals in all churches who are following Christ in his humble, loving track—who participate his wide sympathies—whose brotherhood embraces the world. We would by no means utter so sweeping a condemnation. But, on the whole, we fear greatly that a minute comparison of the life of the Church now, and that of her Lord, would reveal a terrible dissimilarity, quite sufficient to account for the comparatively slow progress of his kingdom.

If our space permitted, we could come to particulars, and draw the portraiture of different types of individual Christian life, too, which

would show how this hindrance has worked in its smaller circles until it has become the gigantic evil we now deplore. But we must forbear. We have indicated what appears to us to be one great branch of the Church's mission to the world. She must look at her own life, and comparing it with that of her Lord, must seek to have a Christ-like piety. Ere much can be done, we must all be penetrated with the conviction that we have a mission, and must be filled with the spirit of it. Every professor must be at work—doing something for the spread of Christ's kingdom, and doing it with his might. And we must bear about with us the remembrance of the truth that our life is either adding to or detracting from the success of such efforts. That the quality of our individual piety is a line in the features of the Christ of the age, giving it either winning attraction or repulsive deformity. That the spirit which is in us is helping to make up the spirit of the religion of the age by which men are being influenced. Making it either a strong, manly, noble, and at the same time, a tender, loving, generous, sympathizing spirit; or else a weak, sickly, inert, selfish, narrow, contracted spirit, which will win and deserve the contempt of the world; and instead of guiding its progress, and marching in the van of its advance, will be left far behind, to have its impotent pretensions derided, and its feebleness pointed at as its disgrace. We must seek to rid the Church of all its inconsistent reliances for support upon the fleshly arm of power; to induce it to put off the paltry ornaments of childish pomp: to throw down the ceremonial which cramps up its spirit, and hides its power. We must, in a word, cease to take mere theology as the inspiration of our life, and turning to Christ himself, labour at ourselves with untiring pains, until we bear about in our own persons some feeble portion of the influence which he brought into the world, and by which the poor were won to God.

C. W. C.

Bretschneider.

To a simple-minded disciple of the Lord Jesus, unversed in the disputes of the schools, Rationalism must appear a strange phenomenon. When he rises from the perusal of the New Testament, and hears of dogmatical extravagances which some half-fledged divine has thrown out in the parlour, or some lover of novelty has broached even in the pulpit, questioning the miracles or denying the sinfulness of sin, he may well feel surprise, and ask by what process professed expounders of the gospel can have been led to such opinions. What is Rationalism? Rationalism is the recognition of human reason as the fountain and the standard of religious truth. By human reason is

meant the reason of the individual—your reason and mine. And by reason is meant not man's intelligence, not his whole reasonable nature, but his logical faculty, the faculty whose special office is to compare ideas and draw conclusions. This is Rationalism in its principle and essence: the unqualified and exclusive reliance of each one on his own reasoning powers. Those powers may be untrained, half-trained, perverted; may be defiled by sin, tinged with Paganism, cramped by narrow experience. No matter; they are the masters, they the instructors, they the judges; for light sufficient; in authority supreme. To them are subordinated all man's other faculties; and they are the tribunal before which revelation itself must stand. The verdict may be anticipated. And, in fact, Rationalism has pronounced condemnation on the New Testament; for as to its excuses and qualifications, we consider them mere sham; and, in the long run, we know, that if Rationalism prevails the religion of the New Testament has had its day. Well may a truly religious and unsophisticated student of the Scriptures wonder at the existence of Rationalism in the Church, and ask how the state of mind can have been produced. An answer to the question is very desirable. An answer in detail has been given from the press.* In this paper we give an answer in a sketch of the formation of the mind of a rationalist, one of the more moderate kind, a learned, virtuous, and amiable man. Such an instance offers instruction the more reliable, because free from the polluting influence of sensualism and the distorting influence of such extremes as the lowest rationalism presents.

Karl Gottlieb Bretschneider, the son of the pastor Johann Gottlieb Bretschneider, was born at Gersdorf, in Saxony, on the 11th of February, 1776, the ninth of a family of ten children. The father, though accounted orthodox, remarked to a friend in Karl's presence, 'We cannot deny that our proofs for the independent deity of the Holy Spirit are very weak.' Struck with the observation, the child seems to have not only retained the recollection of it, but to have received an impulse in a negative direction, which continued with him throughout life. The impulse might have been obliterated, had the father been as diligent in training his child's religious affections as he was in communicating to him the elements of secular, and specially classical learning. As it was, the influence of a moral life in the father was abated in its operation on his children by a severity and sternness which shrouded the father under the instructor, and failed to temper authority with the gentleness of Christian tender-heartedness. The unexpected sight of one of his deacons in a state of intoxication in public, brought on an attack of apoplexy, to which he was constitutionally inclined, and putting a sudden term to his existence, threw Karl on the charity of an uncle, by name Tag, a singer in

* A critical History of Rationalism in Germany, from its origin to the present time, by Amand Saintes, translated from the second edition of the French original, and edited by the author of 'The People's Dictionary of the Bible.' One vol. 8vo. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1849.

the church at Hohenstein. To the grammar-school in that town the boy was sent, in order, agreeably to a wish expressed by his father, to prepare for the university, with a view to the Christian ministry. Having, as a chorister at Chemnitz, and with charitable aid, passed through the classes of the high school there, Karl proceeded to the University of Leipzig, of which he became a student in the year 1794. There he spent four years in diligent study, free from vice, given to no gross pleasures, and finding his recreations in walking, in riding, in playing at billiards, or at tennis. Having finished his course in Leipzig, he became tutor to two sons of the Baron Von Kotzau, whom he accompanied to Altenburg, where the youths entered the gymnasium, or high school. He found the baron, with whom he occasionally went a hunting, an upright, kind, and well-disposed man. During the four years he passed in this office he discontinued his theological studies, and applied to the study of German poetry, composing many poems and verses, and so forming his taste and his style, which to the end of his life were of a very superior kind. Towards the termination of his tutorship, however, he resumed his theological studies, and in making himself master of Reinhard's lectures, imbibed a large draught of Rationalism.

In May, 1804, Bretschneider settled in Wittemberg, and began to teach for a livelihood in connexion with the university. Afraid lest his academical position might be put in peril by the then triumphant arms of Bonaparte, who had just gained the decisive battle of Austerlitz, he resolved to accept the office of a Christian pastor. By influence, and after much difficulty, he was ordained senior minister in Schneeberg, where he found himself in comfort, with an income of 600 dollars yearly. He was next promoted to the post of superintendent, which led to his settlement in Annaberg, where his income amounted to 1,400 dollars per annum. With a view, however, to a better post he took steps (1812) for becoming a doctor of divinity. The honour cost him above 300 dollars. In 1816, he was raised to the dignity of Superintendent-General in Gotha, with an annual salary of 1,800 dollars, with the prospect of an annuity for his widow of 450 dollars. In 1833, he received the honourable appointment of privy councillor to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and in 1841 was named director of the upper consistory. He was thus elevated to the highest honours in the gift of the government. His official duties were, however, such as to leave him a large portion of time for literary pursuits, which he industriously occupied in preparing and publishing works, that added greatly to his fame, and placed him high in the first class of German theologians. He departed this life on Sunday evening, the 22nd of January, 1848.

The hue of Bretschneider's opinions is to be ascribed in part to the spirit of the age in which he began his higher life. That age was essentially negative and destructive. The mocking superficialities of the philosophy of Voltaire and his Gallic fellow-workers had given to the mind of Germany an impulse which led to the assailment of the recognised doctrines of the gospel. The work which France had done

by raillery and scorn, Germany undertook to complete with its ponderous learning and cold ratiocinations. An established church, secure in its position and 'creature comforts,' accepted and went far to accomplish the unhappy task. In that church Bretschneider held an elevated post, and in that work he performed a distinguished part. But by his natural disposition, Bretschneider was prone to such principles and views as constitute Rationalism. Of that disposition he himself thus speaks: 'The predominant quality of my mind is the understanding. The occupations which require judgment and discrimination were always the most agreeable to me. In virtue of this peculiarity I was always fitted for a learned, rather than a practical, theologian. I do not lack feeling, but I have always kept feeling under the control of reason. Accordingly, I was born to be a Rationalist.'

His religious doubts began at an early period. When, at the age of fourteen, he was confirmed by the pastor Schubert, after having received the usual catechetical instruction, he held opinions of a nature bold enough for a full-grown freethinker. He thus reports his sentiments: 'Although the pastor Schubert was a man of talent, his instruction made no permanent impression on me; specially strange seemed to me the Christian way of salvation as then set forth —I mean, the doctrines of a divine call, conviction, repentance, faith, justification, regeneration. So little were they in accordance with my own experience and the moral discipline which I saw in others, that I could not account the views correct, and thought with myself, "It is not so," "that is not true."' Here we have the complete and confirmed rationalist in the boy. His own experience is his sole test of religious truth. In his own reason, howsoever imperfectly informed or disciplined, is the source, the touchstone, and the rule of Christian doctrine. With such presumptions the youth may well have grown up into a confident denier of evangelical truth. And here is an exemplification of one evil in religious establishments; religious instruction is made by them a mere routine, a part of a profession, a matter of course. The Rev. Mr. Schubert was a good man of his kind. Doubtless he expounded the catechism diligently, and duly questioned his pupils. But religion is an affair not of the head, not of the lips, but the soul. Only in part can it be communicated or inspired by human tongues, and not at all, unless those tongues have been touched by the Divine Spirit. Having himself never undergone the great change, how could the teacher aid in the new birth of his scholar? Yet was he set by authority to preach and to teach. There he was in the outer church, bearing all the symbols of spiritual power and authority, yet devoid of the reality; a false guide, a misleader, because his mission was of man, and not of God. And so must it always be, so long as an academical training and a secularized call are the portals to the Church, the pulpit, and the communion-table. From a regenerate, not an established ministry, may the welfare of the flock of Christ be anticipated. In the case of Bretschneider, the truth is, that the boy's mind was preoccupied. He had made solid acquirements in language. He had learned music. Just before his confirmation he had fallen upon and

devoured a library of what he calls 'polite literature;' the character of which he specifies as, for the most part, 'romances, historical matters, and poetry.' There was the furniture of his mind, there his real preparation for church-recognition. And it was, for the most part, heathenism. No wonder Christian seed failed to take root in such a soil. Yet such is the soil prepared by the grammar-schools and universities of the Anglican Establishment.

At school the religious influences to which the youth was subjected, were anything but satisfactory. 'As to what concerns my religious education, I came to Chemnitz with the notions which the instruction of my father and pastor Schubert had given. The religious teaching in this school proceeded in a similar spirit, and was dogmatical without anything of a practical tendency. Among the books which I read, were some which might well have interfered with my determination to study theology. Our tutor, Lessing, committed the indiscretion of warning us in the school against "his brother's" books. This excited our curiosity, and the "Fragments," edited by Lessing, circulated among the scholars. I read that portion of them which deals with the miracles of the Old Testament. The resolution, however, to study theology, was the result of accident. My father had so wished it; my mother's brothers were all theologians. I remained, therefore, with theology, though I knew not the nature of that science.' It is difficult to conceive a more effectual way to produce an extreme rationalist. The only wonder is that Bretschneider did not become an unbeliever. Not because he loved the gospel, and from loving it, wished to proclaim its truths; but because his father wished him to be a parson, and because his mother's brothers were all parsons, did he apply himself to studies preparatory to the ministry. And then Lessing's 'Fragments!'—the work which gave the impulse to the destructive efforts of the most negative school of German theology—read by a youth under the enticements and factitious estimation of a Dominie's prohibition! Well can we imagine with what eager delight the boys huddled together in some hiding-place, chuckled over their disobedience to their usher, and swallowed the precious morsels of forbidden infidelity. Lessing, the Fragmentist, had a literary reputation, and with the boys would, in their dark proceedings, contrast favourably with his unlucky brother, the tutor, and so recommend his theological wares to their acceptance with special force.

Bretschneider's course of theology at the university was scarcely more of a Christian tendency. He shall describe it in his own words.* 'In theology I attached myself chiefly to Beck, Keil, and Burscher, and in Hebrew, to Meisner and Kuinöl. Beck annually read an exegetical course on the New Testament. That course I attended. What I then heard was to me a thoroughly unknown land. As yet I knew nothing of the interpretation of the New Testament, its rules and its aids. I cannot, therefore, set a high value on the good done

* Aus Meinem Leben, Selbstbiographie von Karl Gottlieb Bretschneider. Gotha, 1851. Pp. 21, 22, 23, &c.

me by Beck's lectures. I very well remember, however, how troublesome to me in his Exegesis, was the word πνεῦμα (Spirit) πνεῦμα ἅγιον (Holy Spirit), which, according to him, signified now "the Christian feeling," now "mental fervour," and now something else. More satisfaction was given me by Professor Keil's lectures. He recognised the principle that we ought to take the words and phrases of the New Testament in the sense in which they were taken by the Jews, who then spoke Greek, by whose usages their meaning ought to be determined. This principle—the principle of the historical method of interpretation, as Keil named it—approved itself to my mind, and I adopted it fully, and now applied with the greatest diligence to use as a means of explanation the Jewish theology and its modes of speech. A host of arbitrary meanings was thereby set aside. The attempts to banish the devil from the New Testament by the power of Exegesis, to put a moral signification on the expressions respecting the pre-existence and higher nature of Christ, or by exegetical artifices to make the miracles of the New Testament into natural events, appeared to me as denials of revealed truth. I could not, however, consider Keil's dogmatical "Canon" true and well grounded—namely, that all religious conceptions which the Jews had had of Jesus and his age, belonged not to the revelation through Christ, inasmuch as they were previously manifest, and that, therefore, when Jesus and the apostles spoke according to those conceptions, their doing so was to be regarded as an accommodation to the ideas of their contemporaries. Thereby Keil accounted the whole doctrine of the Messiah, the doctrine of the Logos, of the Spirit, of the fall of Adam and its consequences, of the sacrifice of Christ, of the devil, of demons, of the kingdom of Christ and his second advent, of the resurrection, as mere Jewish conceptions, representing no permanent reality. Dissatisfied with this accommodation theory, I went to another academical teacher, professor Hempel, who was accounted quite orthodox. I began to hear his instructions in Christian doctrine. I found myself, however, quite disappointed, inasmuch as his method was wholly devoid of system. The senior of the theological faculty seemed to promise to fill up the want I felt—namely, a demonstration of the doctrines recognised by the Church. But how little he was fitted to satisfy scientific requirements all who heard him knew. In his lectures on the Creeds he busied himself with narrating their external history, and never thought of conceiving and exhibiting their theological contents in a systematical form. He, indeed, often attacked the neologists, but, alas! rather with drollery than instruction. Speaking of the fact that some neologists did not consider certain proofs satisfactory, he would say, "let him who holds these scriptural proofs to be insufficient, find others." ' Such a course of religious instruction might beget curiosity or aid investigation, but it could not and did not "make ready" an apostle of Christ.

In the midst of the negative diversities which occupied the young man's mind, it is not surprising to find that Bretschneider entertained the thought of renouncing theology, on the ground that 'I felt myself

unable to maintain all the doctrines of the church, as set forth in the formularies of faith.' 'What, however, met the difficulty and satisfied my mind, was what I read in Reinhard's "Morals," respecting the religious oath (declaration on oath of belief in the established creeds); further, the thought that so many great and estimable theologians, as Keil, Rosenmüller, Henke, and many others, widely departed from the opinions acknowledged in the church, and especially that in public and in the learned world "the enlightened theologians" (for the name of Rationalist was not then customary) stood in great respect and enjoyed general estimation. I believed in the continuance of this feeling, and could not foresee that after the lapse of a generation the enlightened theologians would be persecuted with so much bitterness as now takes place; *could I have foreseen this, I should certainly have devoted myself to law.* As it was, my mind was made up to remain faithful to theology.'

His first sermon was in the same style of passive routine with his whole religious training. *Religious* training? The term religious must be used, however little religion there was in his preliminary discipline. Language has its exigencies, otherwise we should not apply the epithet 'religious' to a course of instruction which was merely theological, professional—an instruction in the letter and not in the spirit of religion; a discipline which touched only the superficies of the character, and left the heart unmoved and the soul unregenerate. 'My first attempt in the pulpit I made at the end of my second year. at the university in the village Lössnig, near Leipzig, where I preached in the afternoon, instead of the schoolmaster, who was to have read a sermon. The students used to arrange the matter with the schoolmaster. I remember that I preached on the duty of gratitude, that I had spent a fortnight in committing my sermon to memory, and went through it without stumbling, though I was once obliged to look at my manuscript, because a dog ran into the church. Some of my friends had come from Leipzig, who criticised my delivery, which they found not unpleasing.'

With no fixed opinions, and with such opinions as he had of a negative kind, he, in imitation of many of his elders standing high in the Established Church, undertook to explain the passages in the Old Testament which are adduced in proof of orthodox sentiments. With his academical life began also his literary exertions as a writer. 'I felt the necessity to rouse myself in order partly to make for myself a name in the learned world, partly to gain the means of subsistence.' If anything would surprise one after what has been reported, it would be that in his first work he undertook to set forth, in a systematic form, the several opinions which formed the acknowledged belief of the church. Yet in this engagement is seen the same professional view of religion which ruled his life, and so commonly enters into the very spirit of an Established Church. Religious truths may be regarded in two lights: first, as deep personal convictions; secondly, as historical facts. With them in their former aspect the young lecturer had as little concern as he had sympathy; but in their latter relation he could

speak of them, handle them logically, critically, historically, and that, too, equally without faith and without self-compromise. This is what he did, and in this he received another lesson in personal irreligion. The moment you begin to regard and treat religious opinions as so many counters, to be put together or put apart, to be heaped up or spread out at pleasure, that moment you are in danger of parting with all reverence, and sinking religion into a trade, especially if you shuffle the cards with a view to personal distinction or pecuniary gain. Oh, it is a lamentable, a fatal mistake, to operate on religion as a surgeon operates on a dead body, with the dissecting knife in your hand, and an eye directed to reputation and a comfortable domestic establishment! From such a state of things rationalism, infidelity, anything but a vital faith and a godly life may come.

The studies of his life, undertaken and carried on under the deep impress of early rationalistic views, naturally confirmed Bretschneider in rationalistic principles. These he from time to time set forth in his numerous publications, and even with little modification retained until his last days. Specially was he, in the discharge of his what we may for the sake of being understood by the English reader term episcopal duties, led to the conviction that religion must be philosophically proved before faith in revealed religion can take root in the soul. With this idea he resumed his metaphysical studies, and formed a kind of eclectic system of his own, under which his teachings and writings became more systematic without being more evangelical. And as, in the latter part of his life a reaction was called forth by rationalistic extremes in favour of the ancient opinions of the Church universal, he, in union with other theologians of his school, employed no small degree of his energy in offering a sturdy opposition to the efforts for the revival of religion, and in maintaining the negative views which he had been led to embrace. Naturally enough did he employ his pen to withstand the requirements which seemed to be imposed on all ministers of the Established Church by the forms which attended their admission to the ministerial office. Those requirements were designed to enforce orthodox opinions, to secure their belief on the part of the clergy, and to perpetuate their communication to the people. This coercion Dr. Bretschneider found inconvenient. In its defence we ourselves say nothing. But we record his opposition as a fact illustrative of a huge evil in ecclesiastical establishments. Not only could this theologian occupy the highest post in his church, without conforming to the avowed opinions of that church, but he also found himself at liberty openly and publicly to assail its doctrines, defy its sanctions, and resist its authority, employing its honours, emoluments, and resources, for a purpose antagonistic to its inherent, its essential, its historical aims and rights.

As his life was that of a virtuous man, so was his death such as morality may occasion. Thus did virtuous Pagans quit life before the gospel shone on the world with its blessed trust and 'joy unspeakable.' We conclude with the account given by his son of his views and feelings when he was on the brink of the grave. 'In reference to the

social storms which he foresaw, and in reference to his own speedy departure from the earth, he spoke on the question—"On what power under God may we set our hopes? On *truth*, which will at last gain the victory over all error; on *virtue*, which can never be destroyed; on *right*, which eventually overpowers all wrong." 'Bretschneider was ready for, and often spoke of death; but he spoke of it with a composure and cheerfulness which can arise from nothing but a consciousness of duty faithfully performed.' This, whatever desirable qualities it had, was not such an end as the Christian may hope to die. Higher authorities than that of Rationalism have uttered words no less momentous in this matter than true and everlasting. Thus spake Jesus: 'So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do.' (Luke xvii. 10.) Thus spake Paul: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing.' (2 Tim. iv. 6—9. Compare i. 12.)

Miraculous Attestation.

Towards the close of our first volume* we took up the question, 'What has God spoken?' and gave a general view of the evidence by which God himself has provided that his communications to mankind may be discriminated and ascertained. We stated this evidence to consist of two kinds, the external and the internal; the external being again divisible into two parts, the one derivable from prophecy, and the other from miracles. To a brief consideration of the evidence supplied by prophecy the remainder of our last paper was devoted; and we now proceed to survey that which is afforded by miraculous action.

Upon this topic, which has given rise to so much controversy, and has been involved in so much perplexity, without, however, losing anything either of its importance or its power, we shall endeavour to speak prudently, but we shall speak without either fear or hesitation. The subject asks nothing but attentive and impartial consideration.

In the outset of our discussion it is proper to pay some attention to the fact, and to show how amply it stands before us, that God has employed miraculous action to attest his communications to mankind. The case of Moses naturally and immediately occurs to us as an

* Christian Spectator, vol. i. p. 657.

example of this. When God had commissioned him to speak to the children of Israel, and to say to them, 'Thus saith the Lord God of your fathers,' the sacred narrative thus proceeds:—

'And Moses answered and said, But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee. And the Lord said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod. And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it. And the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand, and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand: that they may believe that the Lord God of their fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath appeared unto thee. And the Lord said furthermore unto him, Put now thine hand into thy bosom. And he put his hand into his bosom: and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous as snow. And he said, Put thine hand into thy bosom again. And he put his hand into his bosom again; and plucked it out of his bosom, and, behold, it was turned again as his other flesh. And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, that they will believe the voice of the latter sign. And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe also these two signs, neither hearken unto thy voice, that thou shalt take of the water of the river, and pour it upon the dry land: and the water which thou takest out of the river shall become blood upon the dry land.'—Exodus iv. 1—9.

Not to do more than refer in passing to the miraculous powers exercised with a similar view by Joshua, Samuel, Elijah, and others of the Hebrew prophets, let us proceed to observe that it was by similar evidence that the Messiah proposed to make good his own standing in the world. That he, in point of fact, wrought many miracles, was at once the affirmation of his friends and the confession of his enemies; and the purpose for which he did so is expressly stated by his own lips:—'The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, BEAR WITNESS OF ME THAT THE FATHER HATH SENT ME. Believe me for the very works' sake.'* And this design of his miracles is pointedly set forth in his treatment of John's disciples, when, at the suggestion of their master, they came to Jesus, and asked him, 'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?' Our Lord's response to this inquiry the evangelist gives us in the following terms:—

'And in the same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. Then Jesus, answering, said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.'—Luke vii. 21—23.

We might follow up this statement by referring to the miraculous powers exercised by the apostles and some of their contemporaries; but we have said enough, we think, to make the fact quite clear that God has been pleased to employ miracles in attestation of his communications to mankind.

Let us now try if we can make clear to ourselves and to our readers the nature of a miracle, or explain what a miracle is. Peril prover-

* John v. 36; xiv. 11.

bially attends all attempts at definition, and much that is infelicitous has practically attended the attempts to define a miracle; but we cannot get on without a definition, and the patent mistakes of others may, perhaps, teach us caution, and lead us right.

The word miracle affords no clue to the idea which we want. It is formed from the Latin verb *miro*, to wonder, and has etymologically the simple signification of a wonderful thing; but many things may be wonderful, which are not, in the sense in which the word is now commonly used, miraculous. We shall do better if we select a fact of the miraculous class, and inquire into its constituent elements. Take, for example, Christ's raising to life the deceased youth whom a widowed mother was following to his grave out of the gate of Nain. This effect, doubtless, resulted from the exercise of divine power; but in this respect it did not differ from an immense multitude of other occurrences, which also result from the exercise of divine power; and, consequently, viewed in this aspect alone, it was not miraculous. It resulted from an exercise of divine power in some way peculiar; it was a case in which divine power was exercised in a manner differing from its ordinary operation. What was this difference and peculiarity? Divine power in the physical world is ordinarily exercised in a way that is mediate, or indirect—that is, by the operation of second causes, as medicine cures disease; but here is an effect produced not by the intervention of any second cause, but by an exercise of divine power direct and immediate. Our definition of a miracle, then, is, that it is an effect resulting from an immediate exertion of divine power in the physical world. In a broader view, a miracle may be regarded in two aspects, the one generic, and the other specific: in its generic aspect it is, in common with all natural phenomena, an effect produced by an exercise of divine power; in its specific aspect it is, unlike all other phenomena, an effect produced by divine power immediately exerted.

From this definition of a miracle we may pass to the consideration of the general subject. This it will be necessary to take up in a manner somewhat controversial, inasmuch as the miraculous attestation of divine revelation has been opposed, not only with great tenacity, but on very various grounds. It may be well to have these distinctly before us. The miraculous attestation of divine revelation is assaulted in the following methods:—

First, by denying the value of miraculous attestation.

Secondly, by denying the reality of the miracles recorded.

Thirdly, by denying the credibility of miracles universally.

Fourthly, by denying the probability of miracles.

Fifthly, by denying the possibility of miracles.

To put all these ideas into a single sentence, our opponents tell us that a miracle is impossible; or that, if it be not impossible, it is improbable; or that, if it be not improbable, no report of it can be credible; or that, if a reported miracle might be credible, the miracles actually reported are false; or that, if the reported miracles were true, their attestation would be worthless. Thus we are challenged to battle at every point: but we will not decline the challenge.

In noticing these topics, it will be convenient to begin with the last of them, and work our way backwards.

In the first place, then, we are told that a miracle is not possible.

We answer this assertion in two ways. First, by translating it into plainer terms, in which its falsehood becomes obvious. A miracle, it is alleged, is impossible; that is to say, an immediate exercise of divine power is impossible. But if so, then was creation impossible, for that was an immediate exercise of divine power; but creation clearly was not impossible, since it was actually effected. And further, if an immediate exercise of divine power is not possible, no exercise of divine power at all is possible; because the first exercise of divine power must of necessity be immediate, and, if there cannot be a first, there cannot be a second, or any subsequent exercise of it.

We further answer the assertion now before us by proposing a question, and asking why this, which is evidently not true in fact, should be supposed? The only reply we get to this question is, that the universe is acted on by physical powers, which are governed by fixed and immutable laws. These alleged laws are dignified with a grand appellation—the laws of nature—and they are conceived to operate, not merely independently of the Creator, but in such manner as to exclude his interposition. But this view of things is altogether fallacious. The active powers of the physical world are nothing apart from God; they are strictly forms of His activity, only thrown one step further back by the insertion of an intermediate physical cause. And as his power is the energy, so his will is really the law or rule of its action. When, indeed, we look at the universe, not as from a standing point in the divine nature, from which its realities present themselves to us, but from the standing point occupied by ourselves amidst its phenomena, then we see effects, which tell us that there are energies at work, and regular effects, which assure us that all are working according to rule; and hence we come to speak of nature as having laws, and of those laws as if they were not only powers, but beings. No fallacy can be more transparent than this to a thoughtful mind, and none, certainly, ought to be more carefully guarded against, since the seed of atheism is in it. The entire operation of second causes, with all their vastness and diversity, is resolvable, and requires to be resolved, into the simple operation of a first cause, without which in its immediate exercise, continued as well as primary, it must in every department instantly cease. Were God, the living spring, to withdraw from the created universe, all the wheels of this magnificent machinery would come to a stand. So far, consequently, from an immediate exercise of divine power being impossible, such an exertion of it is incessant, and the question whether it shall be employed to produce an ordinary or an extraordinary effect, a regular or an irregular result, is one that lies wholly, as a question of expediency, within the Divine mind.

We are now told, in the second place, that, granting the possibility of a miracle, it is in the highest degree improbable.

This allegation cannot, of course, be taken absolutely; because, if so, it would infer the high improbability of creation itself, which was

an immediate exercise of divine power, and the first and greatest of miracles. Should any one choose to extend the argument so far, the fact of creation having taken place would, at least, prove it to be worthless.

We suppose, however, that it is intended to assume creation as a fact, together with the regular operation of physical energies in it; and then to say, that since God has been pleased to govern the universe by fixed laws, it is in the highest degree improbable that he will depart from them. To a limited extent, there need be no difficulty in admitting the general principle thus laid down. Undoubtedly, the Author of the universe framed it with infinite skill, and must be supposed to be bent on honouring—that is, on maintaining—the ordinances he has instituted. This principle, however, must be admitted in a limited sense only; it cannot be held as absolute. With whatever skill the great Artificer may have constructed the physical mechanism, and however strongly his glory may seem to require that his wisdom should be honoured by its careful maintenance, it is clearly within the range of possibility that some occasion may arise on which, for a great purpose otherwise unattainable, he may see fit to modify its action. And who shall judge of such a contingency? Is it for *us* to judge? This is a mere argument from human ignorance and presumption. The determination of such an issue clearly lies, not with human or any other created intelligence, but with the supreme and sovereign Ruler. To take this out of his hands, and to make ourselves definitive judges of the probability of miraculous interposition, is as impertinent as it is unphilosophical

Miracles being neither impossible nor improbable, it is next contended that, if they occur, they cannot be proved, either by sense or by testimony, so that their occurrence must be useless.

We commence our remarks on this allegation by observing, that it would be really an extreme infelicity in the constitution of things, if such exercises of divine power as belong to the category of miracles could be wrought, but not ascertained; more especially when the benignant and all-important purposes for which they may be conceived to be wrought are taken into consideration. For God to have produced such a state of things as this, would have been to shut himself out from his own works, and to preclude himself from communication with his rational creatures, under circumstances of, perhaps, inconceivable and eternal moment. It is difficult to suppose that he should have subjected himself to such a restriction as this, or have forged such a fetter for his own arm. Indeed, were the constitution of the universe really such, this itself might be regarded as a defect which it were a worthy object of a miraculous interposition to remedy.

But why, let us ask, should it be impossible to arrive at the knowledge of a miracle? Every miracle is a fact, and a fact claiming credence only so far as it is, like other facts, brought within the sphere of our knowledge, either directly or indirectly, by observation or by testimony. These sources of information being credible in all other cases, why are they not so in the case of a miracle? Because, we are told, they are,

in this case, contrary to experience; and, consequently, the evidence which seems to prove a miracle must be held to be deceptive.

Now we have a great respect for experience, and have no inclination to say anything in the present argument by which the value of this proverbially effectual teacher may be depreciated; but this is setting her to unfair work. Experience is, doubtless, one of the sources of our knowledge, but it is not the only source of it; immediate observation by our senses is another, and testimony borne to us by others is a third. If there be any force in the argument we are now examining, it lies in exalting one of these sources of knowledge at the expense of the other two, and in assigning to experience the prerogative of overriding sense and testimony. This is demonstrably wrong, however. The evidence of experience is, in truth, the evidence of sense and testimony accumulated, and nothing more, since it is clearly not in the power of experience to supply any original or independent evidence of her own. She is absolutely limited to the work of a compiler; and merely reduces to a code of practical wisdom, either what has happened to ourselves, or what we are told has happened to others. She is, consequently, the inferior, rather than the superior; and if superiority may be claimed by either party, it is certainly sense and testimony that are entitled to it, since they furnish the primary authentication on which experience herself reposes her confidence. Not, however, that an absolute authority is to be claimed, either for the senses alone, or for the senses aided by testimony; since sources of fallacy are always incident to these, in avoiding which experience renders invaluable and indispensable aid: but neither, in her turn, is she to be absolute. It is not to be a positive bar to belief of a reported fact, that nothing of the sort has been known to happen before.

If, indeed, an opposite principle were laid down, and nothing contrary to experience were held entitled to belief, it is far from being miracles alone which would be expunged from human knowledge. In that case, nothing could be believed that was without precedent, nothing that happened for the first time, nothing new. Upon this supposition, it behoved that everything which was to happen in his history should have happened to the first man during the first moment of his being, since he was precluded from believing anything which was not authenticated by his experience. How, indeed, even with this help, could he believe in the world around him, when he beheld the glorious aspect of it for the first time, or in the first sunset, or in the first sunrise? Or how could the drowning population of the old world have believed in the deluge which was carrying them away, if the evidence of the senses could prove nothing which was contrary to experience? But we cease this questioning, which we fear our readers may grow weary of as unnecessary. It is too plain that all which we now believe on the evidence of experience was once new, and believed, not only without her aid, but in contradiction to her voice; and that by continually believing in a similar manner more new things, we are continually adding to the treasures of practical wisdom with which she enriches us.

It is, in truth, a primary and indestructible principle of our nature to give immediate credence, both to the evidence of sense, and to the evidence of testimony. We find ourselves, indeed, occasionally misled by both, and we are constrained to resort to methods for correcting the errors to which both are liable, but such means are ready to our hands, and are far different from an absolute subjection of our faith to our experience. In fact, miracles are as capable of proof as any other occurrences.

Well, be it so, says an objector: but the miracles actually recorded cannot be proved, for they never took place. The records of them are either false or fabulous.

We cannot here go fully into the extensive subject which this allegation opens to us, or do any justice to the mass and variety of evidence by which the historical truth and fidelity of the scriptural narratives are demonstrated. Nor can we undertake to advert, even in a cursory manner, to all the miracles recorded in the sacred writings. We shall confine ourselves to a few remarks on the Christian miracles, or those by which the Messiah signalized his residence on earth, and gave proof of his mission from heaven.

Taking the evangelical narratives as we find them, and looking at the allegation that the miracles therein recorded were frauds—that is, that the occurrences represented as miraculous were not really so, but merely tricks practised upon unwary observers—we make this general observation, that, if the miracles of Christ were frauds, they were the most marvellous and incredible of frauds.

Frauds, as a class of human transactions, have a generic character, by which they may be distinguished from the other affairs of life, and for which every sagacious investigator makes a careful search. All frauds have an object in some way gratifying to the inventor or executor of them. All frauds exhibit, when fully examined, marks of contrivance and artifice. All successful frauds are indebted to felicitous circumstances and coincidences for their issue. To set that down as a fraud which has not these characteristics is unjust. Let us try by these tests the miracles of Christ.

All frauds, we say, have an object in some way gratifying to the inventor or executor of them. It is not in human nature to take so much trouble, unless with a view to procure by it some pleasing or beneficial result. Now, with respect to our Lord Jesus Christ, he tells us frankly what the end he contemplated by his miracles was—namely, to prove that his Father had sent him; not only a spiritual object, identical with no worldly gratification, but an object in order to attain which his miracles must of necessity be genuine. Tricks of legerdemain could have no tendency but to defeat it. What other object did he seek, which feigned miracles might seem adapted to secure for him? Was he ambitious? Did he court wealth? Did he court human applause? Nothing of the kind. All that could possibly be gained by a course of clever and successful artifice he disregarded and flung away. Why, then, should he be suspected of insincerity?

All frauds, we have said, exhibit, when fully examined, aspects of contrivance and ingenuity. They would otherwise have no adaptation to their end. Having no reality, they must have a semblance of truth. The simple and straightforward consists only with the honest. In this respect what was the character of Christ's miracles? Are there any indications of elaborate preparation? Was there watchfulness of time and circumstance? Were there any curious precautions, or signs of timidity and suspicion? Was there any attempt at concealment? Was there any study of publicity and display? Was there any fishing for applause? Again, nothing of the kind. The miracles of Jesus were wrought upon the most natural occasions, with the greatest possible modesty, without the slightest preparation, with the utmost conceivable openness, and in all varieties of circumstances, from the domestic privacy of the sick chamber to the presence of thronging multitudes. Never did an artful man bear himself so modestly, or a juggler lay himself so open to exposure. Never was a knave at the same time such a fool, or so utterly wanting in the indispensable tactics of his profession.

All successful frauds, we have further observed, are indebted to felicitous circumstances and coincidences for their issue. Being adapted to their end, not by reality, but by appearance only, it is not in their nature to succeed by their own force, but only as aided by a fortunate concurrence of tributary causes; and thus it is, for the most part, in subsequent periods at least, not difficult to trace, as in the rise of Mohammedanism, for example. But what in this relation was the aspect of the Christian enterprise? Were earthly powers in its favour? Were Jewish prejudices in its favour? Was pagan philosophy in its favour? Or pagan morals? Did it pander to the luxury and vices of mankind? Did it present stimulants or rewards to ambition? A third time, nothing of the kind. On the contrary, everything was adverse to the success of Christianity. The venerable antiquity and unquestionable divinity of Judaism, and the inveterate prejudice of the Jew; the lofty pride of pagan wisdom, and the utter profligacy of pagan morals; the feeble and defenceless condition of its advocates, and the crushing magnitude of its foes. Yet Christianity succeeded; and, if a fraud, assuredly in circumstances in which no other fraud ever succeeded in the world. But it cannot be. If Christianity triumphed, its triumph must have come from heaven; a testimony and an honour which no fraud can be supposed for a moment to have enjoyed.

Regarding the achievements of Christianity as a problem to be solved, indeed, the supposition of its having been a systematic fraud places the greatest of all difficulties in the way of its solution; it is far more easy if we proceed on the supposition of its genuineness and truth. It is passing wonderful on the latter hypothesis; but on the former it is utterly inexplicable.

The genuineness and reality of the Christian miracles being admitted, however, we are finally told that the evidence so derived is

of no worth. Miraculous attestation need not be contended about, for, if it be obtained, it is valueless. So writers of grave name now allege.*

On this allegation we may observe in passing, that, if it had occurred to former writers of the infidel school, it might have saved them a great deal of trouble. They would scarcely have taken so much pains to impugn a species of evidence, which, if it were conceded, was of no weight. To which it may be added, that the studied depreciation of the evidence of miracles may fairly be taken as a confession that the miracles themselves cannot be got rid of. But to the allegation itself.

Miraculous attestation, we are told, is of no value. We ask, why? Because, says the writer already referred to, God appears sufficiently and best in what is regular. Our remarks upon this are two. First, that what may be either sufficient or the best indications of God's presence in the world, is not a question for Mr. Mackay, or for any one but God himself, to determine. Secondly, that to indicate God's presence in the world is very far from being the intention of miracles, as this writer supposes. This is entirely misconceiving the thing to be proved by them. The object of a miracle is to prove that God has given a commission to another—namely, to the party by whom the miracle is wrought: an object which, it is clear, could not be effected by the regular processes of the natural world.

Mr. Newman is equally beside the mark, when he asks, with an air of triumph, of what doctrine can a miracle be to me an evidence?† Miracles were never intended to supply evidence of doctrines. Their sole intention is to prove a fact; and that fact is simply this, that the person by whom a miracle is wrought has received a commission from God. It was for this purpose specifically that miracles were employed by Christ, as appears decisively from a passage which we have already quoted—"The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." And the method of proof is by no means recondite. The work effected is wrought by an immediate exertion of divine power, but, as this is beyond human control, the effectuation of works by it implies divine permission and warrant; and this warrant would not be given but for a purpose by God approved. When, therefore, a person says, I have a mission from God, and works a miracle—or, in other words, wields divine power in proof of his assertion, his argument has certainly a direct bearing, and a decisive value.

Such, indeed, has been the admitted force of miracles in all ages. So it was with the Israelites, when they saw the miracles of Moses. So it was with the Jews, when they saw the miracles of Jesus. 'Rabbi,' said Nicodemus, 'we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, except God

* See Mackay's 'Progress of the Intellect.'
† Phases of Faith.

be with him.' And after one of his magnificent works—the feeding of five thousand men with a few loaves and fishes—the evangelist adds, 'Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.'*

Words for the Wise.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'—SOLOMON.
'Ego autem neminem nomino; quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui ante de se voluerit confiteri.'—CICERO.

VII.—'(D.V.)'

'WHAT can it mean?" said the lady. 'What can it mean?' echoed the gentleman. 'Perhaps it is a new degree,' suggested the lady. 'Perhaps it is,' replied the gentleman. 'Doctor of Virtue, for instance?' queried the lady. 'What do you think of Victorious Doctor, my dear?' asked the gentleman. 'You are always so foolish, Charles; I will ask Dr. Pliable myself,' said the lady. 'Do, my dear,' answered the gentleman; and they passed on.

Now this dialogue, neither so long, nor, to say the truth, so witty as Dr. Dodd's famous sermon on M.A.L.T., was occasioned by half that number of letters on a hand-bill. The name of her favourite divine had caught the lady's eye, and she had stopped to read it. There, in magnificent capitals, ran the announcement which puzzled, whilst it delighted her,—'The Reverend Popular Pliable, D.D., will (D.V.) take the chair;' and it was the latter pair of letters, attached to the reverend gentleman's name, which had occasioned the dialogue in the street. Arrived at home, her thoughts still ran upon the cabalistic letters. D.D. she knew all about; but D.V. was incomprehensible. She *must* know. To see that stout member of the corporation of letters, Mr. D., paying his addresses, in a kind of parenthetical boudoir, to a Chinese beauty without any feet, was too much for her woman's curiosity. 'What *does* it mean, Charles?' she asked at the dinner-table, more vehemently than ever. 'Mean, Emily? Hem! let's consider. Why the half-moon, of course, glorifying "the baseless fabric of a V——."' 'How absurd you are,' she rejoined, and relapsed into the silence of speculation. But the ruling passion was strong within her, and when the cloth was drawn, she asked again. 'Numerals, perhaps, Roman numerals,' suggested the naughty Charles this time; 'Sidney Smiths' "forty-parson power" raised to five hundred and five.' 'How provoking you are; as if I did not know that the letters were initials.'

* John iii. 2, and vi. 14.

'Initials—humph! Dr. Pliable too—if now (and he raised his wine to the light) if now, *dum vivimus vivamus*.' But the lady took offence at the Latin, and flung out of the room; muttering, however, as she went, something about 'trifling with sacred things.' '*Things*, indeed,' soliloquized the gentleman, with a very strongly marked emphasis upon the former word.

More I know not, nor care to know. Neither do I admire this husband; I rather blame him. To be sure ridicule has its uses; and you shall sometimes see persons who could in no wise have been reasoned into wisdom, driven remorselessly from their follies amidst peals of inextinguishable laughter: but this course with the wife of one's heart! No, I think there could have been no children in that house.

What of this poor lady, however, and her 'sacred things?' Are 'things' made 'sacred' at so cheap a rate? May one appropriate them to holy uses with that easy nonchalance? Is there, in short, such virtue in two letters of the alphabet?

'Who can doubt it?' cries Abavunculus. 'Remember the late Master of the Mint. Is his fatal experiment on our coinage already forgotten? How many years have passed since his omission of "D.G." from the florin caused the potato-rot?' Ho, Abavunculus, is that you? I cry you mercy. Well, we will pass on, then, giving you the full benefit of your example. Yet, surely, these and the like magical letters—nay, the words themselves in full—have not always the same consecrating power. Thus there is one Henry, who is, as he alleges, 'by divine providence' (or D.V.), Bishop of Exeter; and there is one John Bird, who is likewise, 'by divine providence,' so he writes it (or D.V.), Archbishop of Canterbury: yet have these three words produced upon the two prelates, respectively, such opposite effects, that one excommunicates the other without mercy, thinking him, I suppose, anything but divine. Perhaps those very words incited the fiery Hotspur of the Church to take up arms against his liege lord. I doubt exceedingly if he would have ventured upon that thick pamphlet of defiance without them. In like manner, as I have been informed, must the Italian brigand procure St. Anthony's blessing for his steed, if he would cut throats with an easy mind. Destitute of that, he will be slow to run any considerable risk, or to engage in any enterprise of moment, lest, either in the attempt itself, or in the flight from justice, his unholy horse should stumble, and leave his master in the lurch; but, let him get that, and he will shoot his man without compunction, relying with confidence upon the efficacy of the good saint's blessing to keep Bucephalus upon his legs. Of a truth, Abavunculus, there are things done upon the earth every day, which not even all the forty letters of the Servian alphabet itself would avail to sanctify.

There are many different versions of 'D.V.' The shipowners have used one from time immemorial; and the curious in such matters may find the printed form of it on all bills of lading to the present hour. Was it in abeyance, I wonder, during the period of the slave-trade? More modern, however, and in some respects more venial, is the version of Blackletter, the bookseller, who, having thriven, let us hope, in his

present occupation, is minded to engage a larger shop, and who thus announces his intention in his last catalogue :—'Notice. E. Blackletter intends (*if permitted*) to remove to much larger premises before Christmas.' But whoso would see this practice in perfection, let him repair forthwith to Mohammedan countries. The genuine religious man of the East, when shown a fine horse, or introduced to his host's son, says '*Mashallah*' (what the Lord pleases); or when about to do anything whatever, says a lively writer about Scinde—*e.g.* to light his pipe, sip his coffee, rise from his divan, &c.—utters sonorously '*Bismillah*' (in the name of the Lord). How astonished Pliable would be, now, if we should write him down a Mohammedan!

In truth, one scarcely knows which to prefer—the Jewish superstition, which would not so much as write the Divine name; the Mohammedan, which uses it as a prelude to the lighting of a pipe; or the pseudo-Christian, which thinks it sufficient to indicate the same upon handbills by means of two letters.

O Pliable, Pliable! You often read with due cadence and inflexion the fiery words of the old Hebrew prophets; but what would these men have to say to your curt and irreverent familiarity with the Divine name? Will a man rob God? Will he cut down the Infinite to 'D.V.'? Will he amuse himself with brachygraphy in presence of his Maker? Will he enclose the mighty and exuberant Source of all that is within the briefest possible parenthesis? Will he abbreviate—? But you begin to look confused, my friend; perhaps you had better go to the meeting at once, and take the chair, leaving us to finish the article without you as best we may. Whereupon, *exit* Pliable; Veridicus shouting after him at the top of his voice, and less kindly than could be wished, 'Let D.V. mean henceforth, *Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt!*'

Were the Pliables of the day the only persons who sanctioned this cursory mock homage, it would be simply contemptible; but there are many better men, who, whether from blind habit, or from sincere hazy piety, do the same; some few perhaps who translate the language of their own hearts, at times, into 'D.V.' These men I must respect; for have not I too a keen conviction, that only in the present, and not in the past, nor in the future, can we truly live? Otherwise assuredly these trifles had never been written. When the grey-haired peasant, therefore, lifts up his eyes to heaven, and reverently says, 'Please God,' I can understand that, and hope that something more than the mere sentiment of natural piety may be there. I can comprehend also how, on some great occasion, a Christian might even quote the apostle word for word, and say aloud in the fulness of his heart, 'If the Lord will;' although I find it hard to imagine him, even in that case, putting the sentiment into the hands of the printer, and commissioning him to strike off five hundred copies in his largest type: but for this cool pietism, which affixes its brief imprimatur to the awful future, much as the officials at the Assay Office stamp their little lions on our silver spoons, I cannot away with that.

Surely the faith which commits its future to God, will be content to

do so, for the most part, in humble, thankful silence. What is the real worth of a piety which, in order to make sure of itself, must always be talking, as the schoolboy, in the church-yard, 'whistles aloud to keep his courage up.' There is a life which shrinks, like the Camellia, from the hot glare of noon; even whilst it craves eagerly the light, and would die without it. So much as there is of this life in each Christian soul, will make its own forms, and find its own expression; not necessarily in floods of copious eloquence, much less by due intercalation of 'D.V.' upon handbills, but often rather by silent, resolute, protest against the falsehood that is; and by manful, breathless, wrestling for the truth that shall be. This, thinks Discipulus, will be the real Christian battle of our times: to get the truth, which is preserved with care in books, made actual in the life. For have we not at last got the BOOK itself, he asks, weeded of all spurious texts, till only the *ipsissima verba* remain? Has it not been defended and illustrated, as no other book ever was, by ten thousand times ten thousand pens? Have not all critics paid us, each in his turn, tithe of preposition, particle, and aspirate, drawn from its riches? Are not divines weaving about it their theories of dictation, inspiration, *Theopneustia*, and the like, more than enough? Have we not, in short, got its existence acknowledged, even by its enemies, as a 'great fact?' And what more do we need as a ground of real Christian battle? This is no time, he thinks, for Logomachy, still less for Sciomachy, so called, or fight with shadows; for the hosts are mustering for the real battle: and the soldiers whose arms consist mainly of well-weeded Bibles, correct theories of inspiration, due payment of tithe in particles, reverent insertion of intercalary letters upon handbills, will be of no use then,—mere camp followers at best, not fighters,—not able to defend the camp itself. He advises, therefore, that we leave these to do the shouting, and reserve our own breath for the battle, where it may be needed. And as for the Bible, he is of opinion that the surest way to understand why that was given us, will be to read it in the intervals of the fight. We shall not then adore it; we shall not even enshrine it: we shall neither handle it as one might handle the volume of the necromancer, nor unclasp it to cull from its pages cabalistic letters; but read it in a warm, earnest, entirely human manner, opening our hearts to it as the sun-burnt soil opens to receive the rain. And, haply, we may look up from it to the everlasting hills; sometimes to smile, sometimes to weep; but always to remember that the *letter killeth*, but the *spirit* giveth LIFE.

X. Y. Z.

A Chapter on the Indians of British Guiana.

History is the geology of mankind. A rare fossil is full of poetry, and suggestive of profound speculations. It is treasured up with miser-like secrecy in the oft-visited cabinet, and is eloquent of the old days when the earth 'was a preparing' for the palace and the workshop of the great innovator, man. And a picture or a chapter of extinct or disappearing races of men, is full of interest, instruction, and reproof; and we, for wisest lessons of social intercourse, may become debtors even to 'barbarians.'

There are two races of men in whom we take a lively interest, of whom, in their own homes, we have seen somewhat, that are alike misunderstood and maligned, and of whom it is hard to say whether the red or the black man has suffered most at the hand of his haughty conqueror and non-educator, the white man. Both have been despised, oppressed, and hunted down; both have been made Ishmaelites by centuries of grossest misgovernment and treachery; and while Mohammedanism has spread a degree of safety and civilization around the northern coasts of Africa for the black man, the Christendom of Europe and of England has laboured, in its southern, to exterminate his race as savage and irreclaimable.

Our connexion with the red man has been equally unrighteous in its character, and disastrous in its results. On the northern coast of South America still survive some remnants of the once mighty hunters of its woods, and proud possessors of its soil. Whether they were in Raleigh's time as fine and athletic a race as he describes them, cannot now be proved; but at present, nothing can be more deplorable than the abject and decrepit appearance of the Indians that venture, for trading purposes, into the precincts of the white man. Short, squalid, repulsive in look, unclean in person, and almost unclothed, when the shy and suspicious Indians are met with, they present a strange and forbidding contradiction to the dreams of our youth respecting these untamed rovers of primæval forests. And although we have never penetrated very far into the interior, and have never seen these children of the forest in all their native wildness, yet we have had the most reliable evidence that Sir Francis Schomburgh's pictures of them, in his 'British Guiana,' are too much affected with the traveller's frequent complaint of *coleur du rose*. Apart from this, there can be no doubt that the origin of the Indians in America is fairly accounted for by Sir Francis as follows:—'It appears that ancient Egypt and Hindostan were invaded by a powerful tribe, who introduced their peculiar customs into the conquered country, built temples and pyramids, and covered them with hieroglyphics. Historians here allude to the Cushites, who, after having erected a splendid empire, were dispersed. They are traced, chiefly by the ruins of their mural defences, in a north-easterly direction to Palestine; by the relics found in their tumuli, and

their peculiar zodiacal signs, to the north of Siberia, where all further traces of them are lost. Similar tumuli, mural defences, hieroglyphic inscriptions, astronomical divisions of time, and zodiacal signs, were used by the civilized aboriginal race of America; and as the geographical position of Behring's Straits, and the Alcantski Islands, admits the possibility of emigration from Asia to America, we are led to believe that the Toltecans and Aztees arrived that way. The descendants of the latter tribes, the conquerors of the ancient Mexicans, constitute the aboriginal inhabitants of North and South America—tribes who, though dissimilar in language, possess philological affinities, and are distinguished by the same predilections for a nomadic and savage life.'

How many these tribes once mustered, it is vain to suppose. Like the Mexicans, they are so rapidly disappearing, that very soon they will no more be found. That vast extent of country called British Guiana, extending certainly over 100,000 miles, although its boundaries on the Brazilian side have never yet been correctly ascertained, contains but a miserable remnant of these once powerful people. Five tribes only are found wandering in its woods, and traversing its mountains, of different language, of different customs, and of unceasing hostility to each other; their names are easily learnt, and so far as through the conjurers of the tribes their numbers can be ascertained, the following enumeration approaches correctness:—the Macoosies about 3,000; the Arrawaks 1,200 or 1,300; the Carabeese (who once gave the name to the Archipelago called 'Caribean') 700; the Warraws not more than 100; and the Accawais about 600; or altogether, putting these remnants of once mighty spoilers together, not 6,000 souls are now left of the original lords of 100,000 square miles. So rapidly will war and physical degeneracy exterminate man!

All these tribes agree in one thing—they hold the white man in proud scorn. They are disappearing fast before him—they know it—it is the will of the Great Spirit, and they sullenly submit; but the instrument they detest. There is not a custom of their forefathers which they will abandon; with the energy of despair, they eat and paint, and marry and bury, just as their tribes from the earliest records of their unwritten history have done before them, and no bribe can purchase, and no threat compel, apostasy. Two things only they have learnt to use with a Caliban perversity—

> 'You taught me language: and my profit on't
> Is, I know how to curse.'

So the Indians have learnt to use the gun, and to enjoy the fatal pleasure of 'fire-water' with a skill and an intensity that is fearfully appalling. The old bow and arrow will soon fall into desuetude; and the blowpipe, the simple air-gun of these people, will soon be a rare curiosity; the white man's weapons are in the ascendant. The waters of the clear stream, and the luxurious draught of morn-collected dew, will soon be forsaken for the exciting, maddening draughts of rum bought at twopence the half-pint. We have seen the Indian use the

gun with a skill that would astonish the 'field,' and we have seen him swallow draughts of undiluted spirits enough to destroy the strongest frame. And the gun and new rum will soon finish what civilization, without Christianity, has begun.

The Macoosie tribe is, as we have seen, the most numerous; on the open Savanahs (or plains), formed by the frequent overflowing waters of the Rupununi and the Parima, or at the foot of the Pacaraima and Conuka mountains, they are generally to be met with. None of this tribe, we believe, have ever been brought under the influence of Christianity, although some most devoted men of the Church Missionary Society have laboured amongst them amidst unparalleled toils and privations with apostolic zeal and simplicity. This one tribe alone prepares the fatal wouralli poison; and in its preparation and use there is such a mixture of savageness and sublimity that it reads like a nightmare-poem more than plain unvarnished fact. The conjurers or priests (if they who have no form of worship can be said to have such) alone prepare it. They collect the root of a bitter, poisonous vine, called 'hai-arry,' which is bruised and steeped in water; to this is added two black venomous ants of the largest size that can be found, and one red ant that inhabits decayed trees; into this mixture a quantity of Cayenne pepper is put; the forest is then searched for two of the deadliest snakes that infest these solitudes, the Labarri and the dreaded 'Bushmaster;' these being caught, their fangs are added to the already Macbeth-witch preparation. The conjurer then retires into a hut built on purpose; no woman is allowed to come near him while he prepares this poison; he fasts rigidly the whole time, and when it is concocted, the hut is immediately destroyed by fire, and the conjurer remains secluded from his tribe for a week. We had some small arrows tipped with this wouralli poison, which we brought home from South America; having been done some time, we tried upon a mouse whether the poison was still as deadly as ever; we had scarcely pricked him in the thigh before he rolled over and died—certainly much more humane than giving him to a cat.

All the tribes have retained the secret of preparing a most intoxicating liquor, called 'Piwarri,' from the bitter cassada. The cassada root is bruised, strained, and its powder baked into cakes. These cakes are then moistened with water, and the women of the tribe are assembled to prepare the drink. The cakes of cassada are slowly chewed, and, by their acridity, excite the salivary glands to an incredible extent; into a hollow trough prepared from the common cotton tree (the bombax ceiba), this saliva is discharged until many gallons of this disgustingly prepared liquor are ready. Fermentation is allowed to take place, and then the Piwarri is fit for use. Intoxication, and orgies of a bacchanal character, succeed its use, and after the night of its introduction the remainder is carefully preserved for the men of the tribe. The European who goes amongst the Indians is compelled to drink this Piwarri: it is the *sine qud non* of intercourse and safety; after that he is a guest, and the inviolable laws of hospitality are over him by night and by day.

One of the most deadly weapons used by the Indian is his blow-pipe. This extraordinary tube of death is one of the greatest natural curiosities of British Guiana. It is not known, so jealously is the secret kept from Europeans (even Sir R. Scomburgh, in his long residence among the Indians, failed to discover it), where this reed grows. The one in our possession is nine feet long; it is perfectly smooth and straight, and there is no knot or joint in it; another reed of the same kind, but smaller, is introduced through the whole length to strengthen it; towards the end, two teeth of the Acouri are fixed on most curiously, which serve the Indian for his 'sight' in taking aim; and with this weapon of death, and his 'ourah-ourah' arrows laden at the end with a small knob of silk cotton, the Indian steals through the woods with the silence of an unbroken whisper; sees his prey, man, beast, or bird, collects his breath, and at one hundred yards distance never fails to blow his death-bearing arrow with fatal certainty. He takes no immediate trouble about securing his prey; he marks a notch or two on a neighbouring tree to point out the whereabouts, and when his day is ended returns secure to find in the immediate neighbourhood the victims of his blow-pipe and wouralli.

Our space is exhausted at present. We shall hope, hereafter, to show what Christianity has accomplished for some of these extraordinary people; what the woodcutter up the rivers and the government settlements have failed to accomplish, a few missionaries have, to some extent, realized. One of them, a clergyman of the Church of England, writes thus:—'The Government of British Guiana, in 1844, voted 10,000 dollars for the civilization of the Indians. Such a plan betrays great ignorance of the Indian's character and habits; and it will be found a moral impossibility that it should succeed. We may as well expect to "gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles." In spite of the taunts and sneers of men, I maintain my humble opinion that if the Indians are to be saved, it must be in a way that Scripture and reason alike recommend. Christianize them first, and civilization, really deserving the name, is sure to follow.'

At present we add only the following comment; it is wise and well spoken:—

'Oh, woe for those who trample on the mind,
That deathless thing! they know not what they do,
Nor what they deal with! Man, perchance, may bind
The flower his step hath bruised; or light again
The torch he quenches; or to music wind
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew;
But for the mind! Oh, tremble and beware
To lay rude hands on God's high mysteries there.'

Recent Progress of Romanism in Great Britain.

We are glad to take advantage of the publication of the 'Catholic Directory' for the present year, to lay before our readers the present position of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain. In commenting, about twelve months since, on the history of this Church in England, we took occasion to remark that we apprehended no real danger to the Protestant faith from the then recent re-establishment of a Romish hierarchy in this country. We are confirmed in this conviction by the following comparative statement of the progress of Romanism in 1851:—

Number of Churches and Chapels in England and Wales.

	1850.	1851.	
Westminster . .	47	50	Increase 3
Southwark . .	56	58	„ 2
Hexham . . .	56	51	Decrease 5
Beverley . . .	61	65	Increase 4
Liverpool . . .	82	84	„ 2
Salford	34	35	„ 1
Shrewsbury . .	35	39	„ 4
Newport . . .	18	18	„ 0
Clifton	30	31	„ 1
Plymouth . . .	29	23	Decrease 6
Nottingham . .	42	42	Increase 0
Birmingham . .	82	84	„ 2
Northampton . .	26	26	„ 0
	597	606	Nett Increase 11

Churches and Chapels in Scotland.

Aberdeenshire	10	Kirkcudbrightshire	4
Argyleshire	3	Lanarkshire	12
Ayrshire	3	Linlithgowshire	1
Banffshire	10	Morayshire	2
Buteshire	1	Peeblesshire	2
Caithnesshire	1	Perthshire	4
Dumbartonshire	2	Renfrewshire	5
Edinburghshire	5	Rosshire	1
Forfarshire	4	Roxburghshire	1
Invernesshire	19	Stirlingshire	3
Kincairdineshire	1	Wigtonshire	2

Total number of churches and chapels in Scotland . . 98
Last year the total number amounted to 97
Increase (!) 1

Besides the above, we are informed that new churches or chapels are being built at Woodchester, Hammersmith, Poplar, Glasgow, Mortlake, Coughton Court, Studley, Carmarthen, and Bayswater; in all, nine places of worship, which it is expected will be completed in the course of the present year.

The 'grand total,' however, of churches and chapels in Great Britain

at the present time, is 708, making an increase of 12 in the number reported last year. This need not alarm us!

Priests in England and Wales.

Diocese of	Westminster	113	Diocese of	Clifton	47
,,	Southwark	67	,,	Plymouth	23
,,	Hexham	70	,,	Nottingham	53
,,	Beverley	84	,,	Birmingham	122
,,	Liverpool	125	,,	Northampton	27
,,	Salford	56			
,,	Shrewsbury	29	Total		836
,,	Newport	20			

Scotland.

Eastern District	31
Western District	58
Northern District	29
St. Mary's College	6
Total	124
Grand Total of Priests in Great Britain, including Bishops	1032
Number last year	972
Increase	60

The conversions come next in order. One would suppose from the frightened attitude of the Evangelical section of the Established Church, that these would have been alarmingly numerous. On pages 184, 185, of the work now before us, is a list of the principal converts. From this we gather that the total number of clergymen who have seceded during the year, is THIRTY-TWO. 'Of lay converts,' it is said, 'these are numerous as usual, and from all classes of the community,' yet the names of only forty-seven are given. As a set off to these we might allude to the fact of twenty-seven members of the Catholic Church in Bermondsey having lately renounced their connexion with that church; and we might also refer to the statement alluded to in another article in our present number concerning the aggressions on Romanism in the West of Ireland. These circumstances indicate that the 'gain' is not all on one side, and we think they should allay the groundless fears of the 'weak in faith' that the increase of Romanism is greatly disproportionate to the increase in other sects. What, after all, is its utmost gain during the past year? Twelve chapels, sixty priests, and some four or five score 'converts!' In church-building power, with all its wealth, dignity, titles, and foreign aid, it cannot compete with the single denomination of Congregationalists. Its 'priests,' many of whom have been imported from Ireland and the continent, are a manufactured article—just as much so as the 'Brummagem ware' of our celebrated manufacturing town—a ware, by the bye, which it resembles in more than this one respect. Its 'conversions,' it must be acknowledged by all, are a clear gain to Protestantism. Not one of the thirty-two clergymen who have seceded from the Puseyite-Episcopal Church of this country, was ever a Protestant at heart; not one

has ever done anything to advance pure Protestant interests in this country. Where is our loss in 'losing' such as these?

So far, therefore, from feeling discouraged at these statistics, we think there is every reason for cherishing a contrary feeling. Their result, when compared with the pompous announcement of the present Pope, in the celebrated 'Letters Apostolic,' of the 'very large and everywhere increasing number of Catholics in England,' is ludicrously insignificant. Even the small figures we have quoted, overstate rather than understate the case. In scores of places where there are chapels and priests, there are either no attendants at all at the public ceremonies of religion, or the congregations are of the barest possible description. What, we should like to ask, is the attendance at 'East End, near Lymington?' What at Bangor?—what at the majority of the churches opened during the last four or five years? In some districts Romanism is heard of only as a tradition. In all Bedfordshire there is only one church. In Cambridge and Nottinghamshire only three; in the whole of Wales only eleven. From Anglesea, Merionethshire, and Montgomeryshire, this book contains the brief report, 'No chapel! No mission-house! No school-house! No mission-fund! No missioner!' These are the hosts which were to conquer Protestantism! But the day of Rome's glory is departed. She still sits on the seven hills, but only as the galvanized remains of her former self. 'Fine linen and purple' clothe her withered limbs, but the gorgeous vestments are put on only to conceal her weakness and deformity. The spirit of modern civilization is arrayed against her. Her former wisdom has deserted her. The only governments that will now ally themselves with her are governments based upon tyranny and the sword, and with tyranny and the sword she will fall.

Laud and Priestism.

[The following is extracted, by the kind permission of the author, from a lecture lately delivered at Islington (*ante*, p. 64), by the Rev. G. B. Thomas, pastor of the Islington Green Baptist Chapel. The lecture has not been printed, but having been present at its delivery we subsequently requested the use of the manuscript for this purpose. Our readers, we think, will agree with us that the sentiments expressed by the talented lecturer are peculiarily well-timed, and call for our very earnest consideration.—Ed. Christian Spectator.]

Strange reflections crowd upon the mind as we read such an account. We ask what envenomed power could that be which was, as it were, coiled round this man's heart, that poisoned the very sources of thought and action, and rendered him a spectacle of hideous bloatedness and foul spiritual disease? What was it that made him twist the pure precepts of Christianity into a knotty scourge with which to lacerate both body and soul of each unfortunate delinquent, giving to cruelty a fierceness which the perversion of no other religion could have stimulated? We have but one reply—it was the activity of self-love. And it has always been the same. Exalt one above the rest—let him

say, 'I hold my office immediately from God and Christ, I possess a *divine right* that is superior to all law and all liberty of conscience on your part'—and you are little aware of the mischief that will result. His doctrines may be pure, but you will be giving to selfish interest their dispensation, and its wizard power will immediately transform their benignant purity into the vilest means by which to establish its own supremacy. The infant sacrifices and other cruelties of poor, ignorant, Pagans are fearful enough, but they sink to child's play when compared with the elaborate cruelties inflicted by a selfish hierarchy on all who dare to question their absolute authority. But we look a little more deeply at this. Granting for a moment that Laud's argument for his priestly authority was sound, his course of action is not to be condemned. At least I cannot find it in my mind to condemn him. If one man is selected from his fellows, commissioned invisibly by God to stand always near to the invisible altar, having authority committed to him, power to forgive sins and to retain sins, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine, to correct and punish all that are 'unquiet, disobedient, and criminous,' and all this by direct authority from Heaven, then I say you must be prepared to submit without murmur to everything determined upon by such a man for the accomplishment of these ends. If a man is placed in such a position, you have no check upon him, if you admit as valid the reasons given for the occupancy of that position. After having read carefully the offices for the consecration of priests and bishops of the Church of England, I say, calmly, that Laud was, in a sense, fully justified in the course he pursued. Have you examined those offices? You will find that the position occupied by Moses himself was more circumscribed, and in narrower limits, than that marked out by the language to which I have referred. If there be truth or justice in the allowed and authorized assumption of the priesthood of the Church of England, then Laud did no more than it was just or right of him to do.

Then our work is not so much with the *man* Laud as with the priestism embodied in him. I need not enter into an argument as to the fact that priestism, *literally*, is unknown to Christianity. Wherever the sacrifice ceases, there the man remains and the priest disappears. Protestants admit this, but there yet remains too much of that assumption of authority which becomes only men who offered sacrifices. I imagine that I see much of the evil in the present day, and that needs only circumstances favourable thereto to show itself in a *laud*able form. You go into your garden and pluck up a great weed,—small particles of the root still remain, and in the midst of your flowers you find a number of little weeds. And so has it been with this monster evil of priestism. You see it—in the manner in which a man is tabooed for holding an opinion that is not orthodox—he must not preach to your people because on some point of the received orthodoxy he differs from you; he cannot pronounce Shibboleth; he subscribes not to your articles; he believes not in your *ism*, and therefore he must stand down. My soul verily sickens within me at the assumptions of greater knowledge, purer doctrine, and spiritual domination that meet the eye. I look on the one hand at the Divine Master, his countenance beaming with the soft effulgence of heavenly love, every utterance of his lips a God-proclaimed truth, walking the earth in the glory of charity, rich in blessing, sublime in instruction, beautiful in holiness. I look again at the weatherbeaten countenances of the fishermen of Galilee, and the hard every-day workinghood of the apostles of the Lamb. In the one I see the incarnation of heaven's brightest light and God's dearest love; in the others, the types of true men who do God's work in the world, instruments for the regeneration of humanity and the rebinding of the soul to God; and then I look at a strange phantasmagoria of tiara, mitre, rotchet and lawn sleeves, at surplice and gown, ordination and sacrament, at creeds, catechisms, and systems of divinity, at ministerial garb, assumption, and authority, at doings of convocation and tyrannies of conference, and all surrounded by a sickly halo of professionalism, that attracts whilst it repels, and excites scorn whilst it commands. And when I remember that all this, and much more of the same kind, is but as a remnant of the one-time hideous usurpation of authority over men's consciences and souls—stones of the dungeon in which free thought have been immured, I view them all with

that feeling of deep intense aversion which a true love of spiritual liberty alone can excite. It may not be expected that, in the present day, we have to fear atrocities similar to those we have related. But the present is a time when we should be prepared to sift every pretension of spiritual power and authority, and be ready as Nonconformists with clean hands to do battle for God and his truth. The spirit of priestism is not yet extinct; it must be watched carefully. Just look back a little and see signs of its vitality. Begin with 1850. That was a most remarkable year. We had the Gorham case at the beginning, and Cardinal Wiseman at the end. Mr. Shore let out of jail, the Pope brought back to the Vatican, Guy Faux incensing the cardinal, and Mr. Horsman twitting the bishops. In obedience to defunct Judaism, a widower was forbidden to marry his deceased wife's sister; in defiance to the spirit of Christianity, the Jew was debarred his civil rights. At the commencement of the year candles were lit in churches; at the close, they were put out, candlesticks and all. And now ecclesiastical matters are ever and anon thrust forward, and the thorns and thistles of theological controversy are growing thick and fast; and it is my firm belief that the great conflict approaches of priestism and spiritual individualism. The people have much to do. So long as they surrender the guardianship of their spiritual rights to others; so long as they revere the principle for the person, and not the person for the principle he holds; so long as they reverence the man who conducts the worship of God as a part of that worship; so long as they allow temporal power and civil authority to be used for spiritual purposes and ends, must they be prepared to yield to assumptions that have no fixed limits. Therefore, I say, have clean hands. Cherish that independence of thought and action with which Heaven has gifted you; guide yourselves by the truth which you know, rather than by that which authority wills. There is now but one vast brotherhood of man in the sight of God—the *only* Priest is within the veil—and if on earth one man is nearer the invisible altar than another, it is the man whose heart is fullest of love to God and his creatures, and whose life is replete with holiness and truth. Stand out in the might of your own personal and spiritual individuality, and you will be prepared for contest with priestism and despotism of every kind. The knell of all political and spiritual class-work is now being rung, and its booming sound may be heard far and wide. The gigantic edifice of oppression and wrong is being shaken to its very foundations, the plaster is falling off, its worm-eaten joists and rotten beams are exposed to view, and anon it shall fall, and the rubbish be swept away by a joyous people, free in all respects. It is my prayer that the consummation may be in our day, and whilst we labour and wait, I ask all praying hearts to join in the language of England's noblest mind:—

'Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth, put on the visible robes of thy imperial majesty, take up that unlimited sceptre which thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed thee, for now the voice of thy bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed.'

For the Young.

'STRIVE TO ENTER IN.'

'EDITH! Edith! where are you?' exclaimed a merry-hearted, lively girl, as she hastily opened the door of a cheerful little sitting-room, and saw her elder sister quietly reading. 'Edith, dear, do put that dry book down, I have something so pleasant to tell you;' and she fondly leaned over her sister and put an open letter in place of the volume.

'Ah! I knew you would be glad,' she said, as she observed the smile of pleasure on her sister's cheek. 'What a happy Christmas we shall have with dear Margaret here. Do you remember our visit to her, and how delightful it was? She will have the next room to ours, and with the door open we shall be always together. I am so glad mamma has given us this pretty boudoir for our own. Oh dear, how happy I am! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday; how I wish it was come now!'

'Why, my Ellen! how fast you are talking. Edith cannot say one word,' interrupted her mamma, who had come to share with her children the pleasure the announcement of their visitor had occasioned.

Margaret was the only child of a beloved brother of Mrs. Thompson's, who resided in a distant part of the country, which prevented the cousins from frequently meeting, especially as Margaret's parents did not often like to part with their child, and Edith and Ellen were still busy with a governess at home. But now it was the merry time of Christmas, when families gather round their cheerful fire-sides, and hearts are gladdened by sweet intercourse with friends from whom they have been long parted. Christmas! what pleasant memories does that dear old name recall, with the shout of happy children's voices, giving the merry welcome and the happy new year! But we must return to our story, and seek a better acquaintance with the family to whom we have been already introduced.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson resided in one of those pleasant and commodious villas to be found so frequently in the suburbs of our great metropolis. They were pious and intelligent people, who earnestly desired to use their talents and energies for the welfare and happiness of others, and who had carefully trained up their beloved children to consider the service of God as the chief end of their existence. Edith was their eldest child, and at the time of our story had just reached her fifteenth year. Always thoughtful, studious, and quietly loving, she formed a striking contrast to her merry, light-hearted sister. Ellen, who was nearly two years younger, was the life of the household: she had scarcely known a sorrow, and wore always such a happy face, that she obtained the name of 'Sunflower' from her father, whose cheerful character she seemed to share. Different as these sisters were, they had grown up together in the closest love and intercourse. Edith was ever the guardian and guide of her beloved Ellen, whilst Ellen was concerned in every wish of Edith's, looking up to her with fond admiration, and yet often helping her to immediate decision and action by her more hopeful spirit. Several years had passed since this happy family had been visited by the dreadful scourge of fever, when two interesting boys were taken away, leaving a dreary vacancy in the hitherto unbroken circle. Little Ronald and Annie completed the group; but they had not yet left the nursery department. Edith had missed her brothers very much; from that sad time she had been more serious than before, more thoughtful of her mother's comfort, and more fondly loving to her precious sister.

And now, my young readers, that you know the family, we will

hasten with our impatient friend Ellen to the much wished-for Thursday when the traveller was expected.

'Dear mamma, it is all ready; Edith and I have been so busy. She has chosen her favourite books for the shelves, and I have arranged the ornaments in first-rate style, and now the fire is burning so brightly; I wish dear Margaret would come.' Edith was watching at the window.

'You will not have long to wait, Nellie; I think I hear the carriage in the drive; let us run to open the door.'

Mutual congratulations escaped the lips of the cousins, as Margaret sprung from the carriage into their embraces, and received the affectionate welcome of her aunt, who had followed them to the door.

'Come, come in girls, let us away to the fire this cold day; Margery is nearly frozen after her long journey; and now, Edith, stand by your cousin, and let me take notes of you both,' said the cheerful Mr. Thompson. They were remarkably alike; only a few weeks differing in age. Margaret had the same soft auburn hair, the same open thoughtful brow, and the same happy seriousness in her manner, only a little of Ellen's mirthfulness in her laughing eye.

The first evening passed happily away. Margaret made acquaintance with the little ones, and observed the changes since her last visit; she had also brought the good news of her papa's and mamma's intended arrival before Christmas-day, and they began to talk of the expected pleasures of the season. At last they retired to their own room, the Bible was opened, and they read together the happy meeting of Jesus and his two disciples at Emmaus. Margaret had lately become a follower of that gracious Saviour; Edith thought it a pleasant way, but she had not yet tried to enter in; and Ellen trod in such a sunny path, she hardly fancied that she could be happier. Edith, however, was not at rest, she lay awake long that night thinking of her cousin's words. Margaret had said, 'How many pleasant times she hoped to enjoy conversing together of the Saviour's love as the disciples had done.' She saw that her cousin was changed since their last meeting, and she felt that it was a happy change; but she could not share in it, she could not become a Christian; many times she had resolved to 'arise, and go unto her Father,' but something always hindered; she wished to become a child of God, and feeling this desire she was sometimes almost ready to complain that her prayer was not heard, and that she was not converted. Edith made a very common mistake; she expected to have the work done for her, and failed to seek the help of the Holy Spirit, without whose convincing power we never can possess the broken heart and contrite spirit which God alone accepts.

It was at the breakfast-table the next morning that Mr. Thompson reminded them of a meeting to be held that evening for the spread of the gospel on the continent. 'Oh, mamma,' exclaimed the eager Ellen, 'may we not go? I do want to hear what the Protestants are doing against the Roman Catholics; I hate them with all my heart, and I wish——'

'Nellie, my wild little Nellie, stop, stop,' said her papa, 'you are running away too fast. It is not like the lowly Jesus, to speak of hating people because of the opinions they hold. We may pity them, and wish to do them good by leading them right, but we must not hate.'

'Oh, no, papa, I did not quite mean that, but I could not pray to the saints and the Virgin, and I would not give up my Bible and confess my sins to the priest.'

'No, my dear child, but the way to keep out error is to receive the truth in the love of it; has my Ellen done that?'

Ellen lifted up her eyes to her father. They were filled with tears; he understood this silent answer to his question, and kindly diverted attention from his child by asking who would be of his party in the evening. 'All, all,' was the unanimous answer; and Mrs. Thompson willingly gave her consent. When breakfast was over, Ellen followed her father to his room, and putting her arms around his neck, said, 'Papa, I know what you wish, and I will try.'

'God bless and help you, my child,' was her father's reply. There was a bond of sympathy between these two, and his tender words sunk deeply into her heart.

But let us follow the two cousins, and draw our chairs with theirs to the fireside, that we may listen to their conversation. 'Edith, why are you so silent? You did not use to be so grave when you were at Leaside. I want to know what you are thinking about?'

'Do you think I am grave, Margaret? I am sure I cannot tell you why, but I think that you are altered, dear; you are so cheerful, and seem merrier than you were last year. I cannot quite make it out.'

Her cousin smiled. 'Suppose we try to discover the secret of these changes; and, first, Edith, what are your grave thoughts about?' She was silent; this was the very question she found it so difficult to answer. At last she hesitatingly replied, 'You have left me behind, Margaret.' It was the first time the cousins had spoken of this change, and to Edith it was a painful subject; united as they had always been, she could not bear to feel that there was one point now on which they were not agreed. Margaret's eyes filled with tears, as she took her cousin's hand, and persuasively said, 'You will not stay behind, dear, you will come with us, and we will do you good. I want you to listen to my story, and when I tell you how happy this change has made me, I think you will choose the same path.'

'You know when you were staying with me last year we sometimes talked about being religious, and we intended then to wait till we were older. After you returned home, I often had serious thoughts, which I did not tell to any one, because I had not made up my mind, and I was afraid of being obliged to be religious too soon; so I drove away the better thoughts, and often put on an indifference which I did not feel. In the autumn, good Mr. Taylor came to stay with us. I did not think that I should like him, because he was so pious; and I felt so conscious of my resistance of convictions, that I avoided him, lest he should speak to me, and I should be unable to maintain my careless

manner. I think now that he understood my character, and tried another way. He, and papa, and mamma, conversed on a chosen portion of scripture at breakfast time, and I found myself interested before I was aware—the passages were so suited to my case. I remember, too, one day, on going to fetch something from Mr. Taylor's bedroom, being much struck by seeing his Bible open on the table; it looked so well-used and so marked, I felt convinced of the reality of his love to the Saviour, and I almost wished to be like him.

'A few days after this, he was poorly, and could not go to our evening service; mamma left me at home to take care of him. Dear Edith, I wish you had been with me. I had been unhappy all day, longing to tell my sorrow and get relief, and yet afraid of involving myself in a necessity to be decided. I knew this must come some day, but I wished to put it off as long as I could. At first I felt very uncomfortable, but Mr. Taylor had such a pleasant way of talking that I soon forgot my fears, and insensibly he led me on from one subject to another, until at last I had told him all, even the worst.'

'And what did he say?' asked Edith, eagerly.

'Why, he looked so grieved; and then he said, "Margaret, I am disappointed. You do not even *wish* to love the Saviour who loves you; I did not think you could be so ungrateful." His words made me miserable, but I was not able to reply. That night we were interrupted, and the morrow he was to leave us. I longed to recall what I had said; I wished now for any tie which would oblige me to seek salvation, and my Heavenly Father saw my need, and sent me help. The next day I was going to grandmamma's on a long-promised visit. It was only a little out of Mr. Taylor's road, and he offered to take me. I knew that he would speak to me, but this time I did not dread it. I resolved to tell him the truth. We set off, and he began talking on other subjects. I was afraid the time would be all gone, and at last I said, "Mr. Taylor, it was not true what I told you last night. I do care about religion."

'"I thought so, dear child," he replied; "and yet you were not wrong when you said that you did not wish to be a Christian. There are two minds within you, one fighting against the other; is not that it?"

'I felt that it was, and that the *no* mind was the strongest.'

'"Now, I wish," he continued, "to see the right mind get the victory; but as I am going away, you must make me one promise—you must tell me that you will not rest until you have yielded your heart to Christ."

'I felt afraid. All the old feelings rose up to prevent me, and for a long time I was silent; but he would not leave me without an answer, and at length I said, "*I will try.*" They were the last words he repeated to me when I bade him good-bye; and it was those three words, by God's blessing, which brought me at last to the Saviour.

'For three months there was a struggle in my heart. I did not like to give up my will to Christ's. It was not pleasant to submit; but I had promised, and I must try. At last I did try, almost against myself. I was tired of going on so, and resolved to enter in. That

Sunday papa's text was, "Is it well with thee?" I heard only those words, and the words of Jesus, "Strive to enter in." God's Holy Spirit came to my help. He showed me the love of Christ—subdued my heart. The fighting was over, and I yielded to the Saviour. Dear Edith, I cannot describe to you the peace and joy that followed, it was like the blessed calm which comes after a stormy season. I do love the dear friend who made me promise that I would try.'

Edith had rested her head on her cousin's knee, as she sat on the low stool. She did not wish her to see all that she was feeling. Margaret's story was so like her own; but then she was far behind. The struggle was not yet over. Edith did not know the happiness of pardon and reconciliation.

The dinner-bell called them down, and soon they were on their way to the evening meeting. It was deeply interesting. Many excellent men spoke and told of their joys and sorrows; of the ignorance and superstition of the people, and of their willingness to listen to the word of life.

The next morning there was a family consultation at Mr. Thompson's, what should be done to keep the missionaries in their work. They had been told how much schools were wanted, to prevent the children from being taught by Roman Catholic priests or nuns, and Margaret, Edith, and Ellen formed themselves into a little society, to collect Christmas offerings for this purpose. Little Ronald understood it, and brought his penny for the children, and Annie produced a bright sixpence, which she had treasured up for a long while, because she thought *new* money must be the best to give. The first contributions being made, and papa and mamma chosen presidents, the servants came in for family worship. Mr. Thompson read from the Gospel of Luke, and Edith heard again the Saviour's words, 'Strive to enter in.' Her anxiety was increased. Margaret's history, and the relations of the past evening, could not be forgotten. 'Have I not tried? and what more can I do?' It was in her heart to say, 'I cannot be religious, so I will give it up;' but Edith's was not a nature that could long resist a loving influence; these angry feelings soon gave place to kinder and better thoughts, and she hastened to her room, that she might find relief in tears. Were they tears of penitence? Was Edith now 'striving to enter in?' No, not yet. She was vexed at the discovery of so much evil in her heart, and it was a humbling and painful lesson.

Mrs. Thompson had silently been watching her beloved child; she thought she knew what was passing in her mind, and presently she went to seek her. 'Edith, my loved one, what is the matter? Why are you in tears? Tell me, dearest, and let your mother share in your sorrow.' It was a voice of love Edith had never resisted, and she did not now. Her tale of grief was soon told, and her mother wept with her. 'Dear mamma, what must I do; how can I be religious?' Again the same answer came—

'My precious child, you must "*strive* to enter in."'

'Ah, that is just the impossibility,' said Edith, hopelessly. 'I have tried, and it has been of no use.'

'Does my Edith consider the meaning of that word *strive*. It should be translated *agonize*. And now, dear, can you truly say that you have agonized for your salvation?' Edith felt her difficulty increased by this explanation; her heart was not made willing, and she knew that she could not agonize to enter in, until she was ready to give up all other things; she was silent. Mrs. Thompson understood the conflict of feeling; she felt that she had said enough, but she did not leave her child until she had joined in prayer, that she might be made willing, and committed her to the teaching of the Holy Spirit. That night Edith wrote with a trembling hand, in her pocket-book, 'I do resolve to strive to enter in at the strait gate. Oh, Lord Jesus, wilt thou show me the way?—EDITH.'

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson did not keep much company; they sought rather to make home the happiest place to their children, and they endeavoured to select those friends for them who were trained to the same quiet pursuits and enjoyments; they knew that if they allowed their children to taste the pleasures of the world, they would be only heaping up hindrances in the way of their decision for Christ; still it was sometimes difficult to draw the line, and having inculcated right principles, they wished them now to decide for themselves, aided by their judgment. Edith's determination was soon put to the test. I have said that it was the season for friendly meetings, and invitations came for the cousins to join these evening parties. It was on one of these occasions that Ellen was sent to call her sister and cousin to her mamma in the drawing-room. 'I know what mamma wants us for,' said Ellen. There are two invitations come for us to go out. One is from the Misses Shephard, and the other from Mrs. Evans. Only think of Mrs. Evans asking us; but of course we cannot go. It is sure to be a gay dancing party, and papa and mamma would not approve of it, even if we saw no harm.' 'And do you see any harm, Ellen?' said Margaret. 'Why just a very little,' replied Ellen, laughing. 'At least, if I went once, I am afraid I should want to go again; but let us hear what mamma has to say;' and they hastened to Mrs. Thompson.

'My dear children, here are two invitations for you. What answer shall we send?' The decision was referred to Edith, but she was silent and irresolute. Her thoughts were with the villagers of whom they had been told at the meeting, who had given up these pleasures, to save their souls; then she remembered her written resolution, and she could not say, 'We will go;' but yet she was not quite satisfied to refuse. Religion did not forbid the pleasure of meeting together, though it did not seem right to spend the time in dancing, and if they declined, what would their friends think of them? In her difficulty, she applied to her mother.

'Mamma, you would not like us to go to Mrs. Evans's, would you?'

'What do you wish yourself, dear, and what does Nellie wish?'

'Why, mamma,' said Ellen, 'I like dancing, and I do not quite see that it is wrong.'

'Dancing is not wrong in itself,' replied her mother, 'but it leads to what is evil, and that is why Christians avoid it.'

Do you think that you can come home from a dance late at night, and enjoy reading your Bible and prayer?'

'No, mamma,' said Edith, earnestly. She was satisfied now that Mrs. Evans's invitation must be refused, and Ellen and Margaret agreed with her.

'But the Misses Shephard are great favourites of yours, mamma,' said Ellen. 'You do not object to our visiting them?'

'On the contrary, I shall be quite pleased for you to go, dear, and I think Margaret will enjoy an evening in their society.' Edith, however, lingered by her mother's side. She felt that just now no parties would be desirable, and she wished to say that she would rather not go.

'Is it not quite right, dear?' said her mamma, observing her perplexed look.

'Not quite, mamma. Nelly and Margery can go, but may I remain at home?'

'Yes, my love, if you wish it.'

Edith kissed her mother, and left her with a lightened heart. She had gained one victory over herself, and she felt strengthened for further trial.

Perhaps my young readers will be ready to ask, Is it necessary to make this sacrifice? I do not say it always is, but I think we must be willing to give up any pleasure, however dear, if it is likely to divert our thoughts from the great object of seeking our salvation. Edith felt this, and she was right in acting as she did.

Several days passed by, and Edith's mind alternated between hope and fear, whilst Margaret anxiously watched and longed to help her cousin; but she could only commit her to the tender care of the Saviour, who had guided her feet into the way of peace. Ellen's observant eye had detected her sister's anxiety. She guessed the reason, and longed to see her happy again, though she was at a loss how to help her. One evening, when they were alone, and Edith seemed more than usually sad, she put her arm caressingly round her sister, saying, 'Edy, dear, do not look so miserable, I thought we should have such happy holidays, but ever since Margaret came you have been so grave. I am sure I hope, dear sister, you will not be religious, if it makes you so unhappy.'

'Nay, do not say so, Ellen. It is because I am not religious that I am sad. You know if we want anything very much, and cannot get it, it is very disappointing, and that is just what I feel.'

'But why do you not get it and be happy, Edith? If I really wanted it, I think I would soon obtain it.'

'Would you, Ellen? then I wish you would help me.' She felt that she needed her sister's spirit of determination.

'Tell me exactly what you wish, dear, and then let us try together, for I know I ought to seek my salvation as well as you.'

'I want to be at peace with God,' was Edith's reply; 'but there is some feeling in my heart I cannot get over; I believe it is pride.'

'Oh, no!' interrupted Ellen, 'you are not proud, dear;' but Edith

felt it was true. This little conversation had helped her to see the hindrance. Ellen was perplexed, but she knew that they could pray; and they knelt together, and asked help from Him whose help is never sought in vain.

Ellen's love to her sister would not let her remain uninterested: she felt that if Edith was striving she must do the same. The way did not seem so difficult to her. She did not quite understand it, but she was sure that if it was only explained she would soon find it out. The next day was the Sabbath, and as Ellen knew her father spent part of the afternoon in the library, she resolved to go in search of him and ask his advice. She opened the door, and received an immediate invitation.

'Come in, my sweet Sunflower; what makes you so serious to-day? are you come for a little chat?'

'Yes, dear papa, Edith is unhappy, and I want to help her, but I don't exactly know how, so I thought perhaps you would tell me.'

'What is the matter with Edith?'

'She wishes to be at peace with God, and I thought if we could seek it together it would be easier for both of us.'

Mr. Thompson's eyes filled with tears, and he fondly kissed his child. He saw that her *motive* was love to her sister, but he wisely judged that in this way the blessed Saviour might intend to lead her to a higher and holier love. He gladly pointed her to Jesus, showing her how he is our peace; explaining to her that the Saviour required the submission of the will, and the loving obedience of the heart, if we would come to him. And then gently seeking, by the persuasiveness of the gospel, to attract her to him, he ended by asking—'And is my dear child willing to make this surrender? Does she feel her need of such a Saviour?'

Ellen had listened earnestly to all her father had said, and her heart had been touched by his words; but she was too truthful to say at once that she would be a child of God. 'Papa, I think I am a beginner, and I wish to go on,' was her simple answer. We must not forget that Ellen's early religious training had gradually prepared her for this change. Until now light seemed suddenly to break in upon her mind. She saw, and resolved to obey. We know how the little bud is slow and tedious in its first unfoldings, and at last how it surprises us all by quickly throwing off its sheath and opening into a lovely flower: and so it is with the spiritual life; for a long time it is hidden, perhaps, and then as suddenly appears when we least expected it. Ellen's was a character that could not wait, and would not easily be daunted. No sooner did she set her heart to seek the Lord, than she was ready to say, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' She heard the Saviour's voice, and delayed not to obey his call with child-like confidence.

Edith and Margaret were together when Ellen joined them. 'Where have you been, Nellie?' they both inquired; 'we have been looking for you quite in vain.'

'Have you?' replied Ellen; 'I have been in the library with dear

papa. It was our talk last night, Edith, that made me go to him. I could not help remembering how much easier we have always found it to do things together, and I knew that I ought to enter the strait gate if you did. I thought about it until I began to wish to go very much; and now, since I have been talking to papa about it, I feel quite resolved, for I am sure it is the only way to be truly happy. So, dear sister, let us seek the Saviour at once, and Margery will help us, will you not, dear cousin?' said Ellen, imploringly.

Margaret was too much affected to speak. Her cup of happiness was full to overflowing; for since her own decision for Christ, it had been her constant desire and prayer that her cousins might make the same blessed choice. She could only press Ellen's hand in token of her joy. And what did Edith think? She was taken by surprise. She saw her sister outstripping her in the race. There was no feeling of jealousy; but just as she had questioned her own resolve, she was disposed to question her sister's. Ellen, however, was too intent to be diverted. One object was clearly before her, and she determined to reach it at any cost. 'Come, dear sister,' she said, in her most earnest manner, 'let us go to Jesus now.' Edith's scruples were silenced; they knelt in the Saviour's presence, and he heard the fervent prayer of his young disciple, and even then spoke to those trembling hearts his own gracious words—'Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.' There was a hushing of the tempest, an end to the warfare. Edith looked for her difficulties, thinking to carry them still, but all had vanished. She had, indeed, come at last to Jesus, and she knew it. She felt that she could say, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' And she arose from that prayer at peace with God—a new creature in Christ Jesus. Ellen, too, had not been passed by unblessed. It was a memorable Sabbath to those two sisters, and they think of it still with heartfelt gratitude.

It was the Christmas week, and on the Tuesday Margaret's papa and mamma were expected. Thursday was Christmas-day, and all were full of busy preparation. The poor had to be visited; warm clothing was ready for distribution; and there were plans for making the children of the school happy; but, in the midst of all the bustle, Edith and Ellen did not neglect what had become their greatest enjoyment—intercourse with Jesus. The happiest time was when the dark hour came, and the three friends could quietly sit by their own favourite fire-side, and talk to each other of their new-found love.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson noticed the change in their beloved children with deep gratitude, but they waited to express their joy until they should be assured that it was indeed the Lord's work. Their friends arrived, and all looked forward to a happy Christmas. Margaret told her parents of Edith's and Ellen's decision, and they rejoiced with her. That evening, when Edith was alone with her sister, she sat so long looking earnestly and silently at her, that Ellen inquired her thoughts. 'I was thinking how much I owe you, my precious sister. I am so happy now, and we shall not have dull holidays after all.' 'Oh no, not now,' answered Ellen, 'but you must not say that you owe

it to *me*, dear. We both owe it to the Saviour who heard our prayer.' A glad household awoke in that happy home on the following morning. Edith and Ellen were early in their mother's dressing-room, waiting to surprise her with their loving wishes; however Mr. Thompson was before them, and drawing his children to him, he implored for them heavenly blessings. 'Dear mamma,' said Edith, 'I am so happy now. Ellen helped me to strive, and I trust we have both entered into the strait gate.' 'No, no,' persisted Ellen, 'I should not have thought of it, if I had not seen you so anxious.' 'My children, is it not the Saviour we must bless, who has led you both into his fold?' said their mamma, kissing them fondly. They assembled at the breakfast-table with grateful hearts, and tears were in many eyes, when Mr. Thompson gave thanks for the wanderers restored to their father's house; and thank-offerings were not forgotten for the distant villagers. In the evening the cousins were together again. Their faces were bright with happiness. 'Dear Edith and Margaret, have we not had a delightful day?' said Ellen. 'I could not have believed that religion was half so pleasant as I find it.' 'Nor I, either,' said Edith; 'I am sure worldly amusements never made me so happy as I have felt to-day. There is such peace in doing right. How I wish we could persuade others to "strive to enter in." We can say as Solomon did, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."'

My dear young readers, many years have passed away since Margaret, Edith, and Ellen began to try this course. They have had many trials, for we must not suppose the Christian's life a life of ease. I have told you only of their putting on the armour. Some day I should like to tell you how they fought the fight. They are not children now, but they have never repented their choice; for in all their difficulties, they have had a heavenly Friend to guide and help them. Will you not follow their example, and strive to enter in at the strait gate?

Things Old and New.

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY:

A LESSON FROM DEATH-BED SCENES.

How noble was the spectacle presented in the Mammertine prison at Rome! An apostle, weary, and worn out with toils in his Master's cause, expecting to be led forth to be torn in pieces by the lions, or to be cast into the flames, takes a collected retrospect of all his past career, and expresses no regrets, and enters calmly and joyously on the prospect of his coming doom, and neither flinches nor fears it. Beautiful and quiet, and full of strength, is the closing scene presented here. It is a contrast strong and sharp as contrast can be to scenes,—death-bed scenes,—presented by those who either knew not the Lord of Paul, or had rejected the gospel of Christ. One distinguished for his taste in literature and acquaintance with the world thus closed his sparkling career, in language which sufficiently contrasts with the words of Paul. Lord Chesterfield said, 'I have

recently read Solomon with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise as he; but now I am old enough to feel the truth of his reflection,—"All in the world is vanity and vexation of spirit."' Goëthe, the distinguished German philosopher and poet, declared, at the age of eighty-four, as the lights of time went out, and the great lode-stars of eternity were beginning to open out on his vision, that he had scarcely tasted twenty-four hours' solid happiness in the whole course of that protracted career. Lord Byron, the great poet, gifted beyond measure in genius, destitute more than many of grace, wrote his experience in his own beautiful but unhappy strains, when he said, upon the verge of the tomb:—

'Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure fill the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

'Ay, but to die, and go, alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go,
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe.

'Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

'Nay, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been,
Man and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.'

The bitter sarcasm of the poet contrasts indeed with the glorious pæan of the apostle, 'I have fought a good fight, I am ready to be offered up. There is reserved for me a crown of righteousness.' Voltaire, the French atheist, pronounced the world to be full of wretches, and himself the most wretched of them all. Mirabeau, one of the same school, died—calling, in his last moments, for opium to deaden the terrible forebodings of coming woe. Paine died intoxicated and blaspheming. Hobbes, prepared to take a leap in the dark; and Hume died joking and jesting about the boat of Charon, very much, I suspect, in the way in which school-boys whistle when they walk through a dark and lonely place, just to keep their spirits up, and their terrors down; but Paul, of far different character, breaks forth, as he departs, in the euthanasia indicated in the text, 'I have fought a good fight.'

Why should there be this contrast? Was Paul a fanatic? He was the soberest of men. Was he a mere mystic dreamer? He was the most logical of reasoners. Was he a novice? He had been in perils by land, in perils by sea, in perils amongst false brethren, arrested, tried, beaten, scourged, imprisoned; and yet, at the close of all, conscious that he had a rock beneath him, and a bright light above him, and a glorious home before him,—he breaks forth in these thrilling,—almost inspiring,—certainly inspiriting, accents, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.' I do indeed believe, that a sober and extensive comparison of the death-beds of those who have repudiated the gospel with the dying moments of those who have accepted and rejoiced in it, would alone convince mankind that Christianity is true,—that Infidelity, practical or theoretical, is a deception,—a delusion, mischievous in life, and miserable at death. —*Cumming's Voices of the Day.*

ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

Gently bending, softly breathing, view a vision bright and fair
Of a child in sleep reposing, curtained by its golden hair;
Circling round it, sweetly singing, angels guard this form of clay,
Inward whispering holy counsels, ere they wing their flight away.
Mark! its ear hath caught their meaning; round its lips there beams a smile,
Innocence and beauty's signet, all undimmed by worldly guile;
Passion's blight hath not yet fallen on this glowing, tender face;
Vain ambition, pride and folly, in this bosom find no place.
Free from earth's contaminations, the young heart may now proclaim,
With affection's pure devotion, 'Father, hallowed be thy name.'

'A. F. L.'

TRUE PEACE.

THERE is not less of poetry than principle in the following extract from Mrs. E. Barrett Browning's last volume, entitled 'Casa Guidi Windows.' 'Deeply,' as a recent critic remarks, 'as Mrs. Browning venerates peace, she is no party to that one-sided tranquillity which is built on the sacrifice of the weak. True peace, she holds to be the recognition of mutual rights by the component classes of a state. There are few things in modern poetry more passionate or vigorous than this protest against that hushing of human claims, which means not the silence of a people contented, but that of a people stifled. It is almost needless to say, that it is directed not against these noble teachers, who, abhorring recourse to the sword, would base national peace upon national justice,—but against the despotic, who, in the lust of power, would crush the soul, and the sordid, who would postpone its demands to the convenience of traffic.' In regard to the means which should be employed to obtain this peace, *we* should perhaps differ from the gifted authoress, for we believe in no peace obtained through 'raking of the guns across the world,' or any other physical means. Brute force never yet brought 'fellowship' and 'mercy.'

'I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole
Of immemorial, undeciduous trees,
Would write, as lovers use, upon the scroll
The holy name of Peace, and set it high
Where none shall pluck it down. On trees, I say,—
Not upon gibbets!—With the greenery
Of dewy branches and the flowery May,
Sweet mediation 'twixt the earth and sky
Providing for the shepherd's holiday!
Not upon gibbets!—though the vulture leaves
Some quiet to the bones he first picked bare.
Not upon dungeons! though the wretch who grieves
And groans within, stirs not the outer air
As much as little field-mice stir the sheaves.
Not upon chain-bolts! though the slave's despair
Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,
And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip,
To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.
Nor yet on starving homes! where many a lip
Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain!
I love no peace which is not fellowship,
And which includes not mercy. I would have
Rather, the raking of the guns across
The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave.
Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse
Of dying men and horses, and the wave
Blood bubbling . . . Enough said!—By Christ's own cross,
And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a Peace which sits
Beside the hearth in self-commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good
Of the poor wanderer. What! your Peace admits
Of outside anguish while it sits at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue,—
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—
'Tis gagged despair, and in articulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Razed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls, in brief.

Poetry.

THE SINGER.

'Sing praises unto God, sing praises.'

I HEARD the winter weep and sob
  Through hours of a moonless night,
When the blank fields and naked trees
  Were suffering the wind's despite:
And yet, as on my bed I lay,
  My heart, she sang in her delight.

With change of weeks now shone the moon,
  Her beam of double pureness bright,
Shining on self-illumined snows
  That helped her beautify the night;
And still, as on my bed I lay,
  My heart, she sang in her delight.

So sings she on calm summer days,
  When even the very grass is still;
And when the winds that herald showers
  Sound from the woods, she singeth still.
All times, she saith, their music have;
  And sing she must, and sing she will.

She finds a glory in the dark,
  Another glory in the sun;
A glory in the ending year,
  A glory in the spring begun;
And thus her changeful, steady song
  She sings, as round the seasons run.

GIFTS AND RECEIVERS.

'Ye are straitened in your own affections.'

HEAR we no music in the shade?
  See we no beauty in the wild?
Feel we no freshness in the wind,
  When storms have passed and skies are mild?

Still from the deaf is music far,
  Though sweetest birds around him sing;
Still to the blind, how vainly near
  Beautiful flowers are clustering.

And though the sun may brighten graves,
  The pulseless dead unwakened lie
When clearing heavens kindly smile,
  And warm-cool airs blow tenderly.

Dumb is the world if we be deaf,
Flowerless and dull if we be blind,
And pulseless hearts in trespass dead
No merciful enlivenings find.

Yet in each shade some Promise sings,
In every wild some Joy there grows,
And the true heart oft torn and dark,
Sweet Powers of Revival knows.

WAITING.

'My soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope.'

While waiting for the summer sun
The winter fire is warm and bright;
And though to-morrow's dawn is sure,
A lamp we kindle for to night.

Oh! Book of Life, thou art my lamp,
Thy beam how friendly and how clear,
By waters sounding in the dark,
I travel on, and will not fear.

And oft I rest in shelter safe,
And feel the fire's kindly glow,
Thy church my home, thy promise, Lord,
Still brightest when the dark storms blow.

Oh! comfort thee, my soul, and wait
For all thy Saviour said should come;
That summer and that day so great,
The last and lasting light and bloom.

T. T. L.

Notices of Books.

Philip Doddridge; his Life and Labours. A Centenary Memorial. By John Stoughton. London: Jackson and Walford. 12mo. Pp. 257.

A weekly contemporary, of high literary pretensions, and professing a great regard for works of a historical character, has flippantly dismissed this publication in a single sentence, as 'a historical rhapsody by Mr. John Stoughton.' To the critic of the 'Athenæum' it may be nothing more than this; to ourselves, who *can* read works by Dissenters and of Dissenters, we hope with more disposition to impartial judgment than is displayed by our contemporary, it possesses an unusual interest and value.

Doddridge may be said to occupy a position midway between the great divines of the seventeenth century, and the earlier generation of our own day. His times and history carry us back to the date of the "Act of Toleration," when South and Sacheverell were fulminating against Dissent, and when Baxter, Bates, Howe, and Calamy were living. He was contem-

porary with Wells and Warburton, Wesley and Whitefield, and with Stillingfleet, Butler, and Jonathan Edwards. These and a few others seem to have almost exhausted the parturitive power of the century. After their death the list of theologians is scanty enough. Dwight, Paley, Lardner, Price, Priestley, and Clarke, are the most conspicuous names;—Fuller, 'Darracott, Fawcett, and Lavington,' are the only illustrious ones in the roll of 'Evangelical Dissent,' and of these the last three are known only to the students of history. The next list in the order of time is adorned with the names of Chalmers, Gregory, Hall, Mason, Hill, Foster, Irving, Channing, Pye Smith, and others known to all our readers. Doddridge, however, occupies a peculiar position. He was not a *great* man, nor has his influence been extraordinary, yet he is, undoubtedly, one of the most conspicuous in the history of Evangelical Dissent. We ascribe the reverence which attaches to his memory solely to what we must reckon to be his beneficial influence on Christian literature. His writings are not greatly characterised by human genius, but they overflow with religious feeling. He was not remarkable as a poet, but he wrote, with many indifferent exceptions, some of our choicest hymns. That he was a man of cultivated mind, and of extensive learning, his 'Family Expositor' indicates, but all his writings show that he was deficient in imagination. His works, therefore, are comparatively unattractive, but to those who may be drawn to them by their deep and earnest religious tone. His 'Rise and Progress of Religion,' one of the most useful, and, perhaps, the most remarkable of books on experimental Christianity that has ever been written, is a dull and heavy performance, and, in many respects, very inferior to the works of a similar character by Baxter, Bunyan, Flavel, and Guthrie, and in modern times has been greatly superseded by James's 'Anxious Enquirer.'

Mr. Stoughton, who is, perhaps, disposed to place a higher estimate on the talents and influence of Doddridge than we feel warranted in ascribing to him, charges him with exhibiting as a theological tutor an undue charity towards heretical and unorthodox opinions. The charge is founded on the statements of his biographers, Kippis and Orton, to the effect that the doctor in his lectures, with what we judge to be an admirable candour, laid before the students the arguments on both sides of the question under discussion, and then 'left them to judge for themselves.' This, Mr. Stoughton says, is 'not the way to teach either religion or theology,' and that the doctor made a mistake in 'supposing that candour and love towards heterodox *men* required him to deal gently with heterodox *principles*—that intolerance in reference to *persons* is involved in the intolerance which has reference to *things*.' Without asking Mr. Stoughton how he would propose to suppress heterodox opinions and principles without suppressing or silencing the men who hold them, we must express our firm conviction that Doddridge took the right, and the only right course in thus teaching. We cannot see, indeed, how any candid theologian can act otherwise. Is he to act as though his opinions were the only ones held upon the subject,—never to state and discuss objections, or when stating them, to colour and distort them after the fashion of most polemical writers? Is theology, then, to be taught, because it is theology, with more dishonesty than the other sciences? Should it not rather be taught with less? It is, we conceive, to the glory of Doddridge that he had the scrupulous honesty, the courage, and the confidence boldly to particularize and explain the objections of opponents. To our mind it is an evidence of his confidence in the soundness of his own views—an evidence far more likely to weigh in their favour than if he had systematically concealed differing opinions. Heterodoxy, we are afraid, is more generally the result of the opposite course of instruction. Besides this, there is no

evidence to show that Doddridge did not habitually sum up objections, and state precisely his own belief, so far at least as that the students were never left in doubt as to his views, or in ignorance of his reasons for holding them. His printed lectures, as Mr. Stoughton says, 'pronounce decisive judgment, noticing objections only to answer them,' and the report of Kippis may, after all, only mean that he 'noticed' them with characteristic candour and honesty. These qualities, we may add, never shone with greater lustre than in the person and character of the subject of this 'memorial.'

Of the manner of life and general disposition of Doddridge, when at Northampton, Mr. Stoughton gives the following vivid picture, one of the many with which the book abounds :—

DODDRIDGE AT NORTHAMPTON.

'Behold, then, his tall and slender form enrobed in academic costume, and his large features and good-humoured countenance encompassed by the curls of a flowing wig, and an ample supply of snow-white collar, turned down over the shoulders, as he meets his young men at six o'clock on a summer morning, to open the day with short and solemn prayer. Later, at family worship, they read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, Orton and Kippis, and such promising lads, performing the exercise with commendable diligence, but some of the idler fellows slurring over the task by slily placing the English translation beside the original, which the professor, who is very short-sighted, is unable to detect. The reading, well or badly done, he goes on with his accustomed perspicuity to expound the paragraph, and to aid the young linguists by the light of his own ever-ready critical learning. After breakfast comes the grand business of lecturing, and forthwith he unfolds a formidable string of "propositions," "scholias" and "lemmas," bearing on some branch of ethics or divinity, which he illustrates by references without number to learned works, and erudite opinions:—all of these are at his finger ends, and as he reads or talks, the listening alumni jot down in Rich's shorthand the substance of what they hear. Civil law, hieroglyphics, mythology, English history, and *Nonconformist principles*, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, anatomy, and the rudiments of other sciences, together with antiquities, Jewish and ecclesiastical, we are told all came in for luminous treatment by this man of large intelligence. Critical lectures, containing the germs of his "Expositor," are delivered weekly; and polite literature, heretofore but little regarded among Nonconformists, but for which Doddridge, through mental predilection, and the training of Mr. Jennings, had acquired a decided taste, is not neglected in this wonderful hive of intellectual industry. Pastoral theology and the composition of sermons have a course of lectures devoted to them; and never does the warm-hearted professor appear more in his element than when, with vehement energy, he inculcates upon his students the necessity of "preaching Christ." One day is set apart for reading and examining themes, homilies, outlines, analyses, and translations; and on the Saturday previous to the communion day, he spends much time with his young men in devotional engagements, delivering some solemn discourse on the evil and danger of neglecting the souls of men; and never does his heart appear more strongly affected than at these seasons. Another of his engagements above all we like, and think it worth a good many of his lectures. Entering his well-stored library, we see him surrounded by groups of listeners, going from shelf to shelf, and giving a *vivâ voce* catalogue, which displays a surprising extent of knowledge, and recommending at what period of their course, and with what special views, particular books should be read, and which of them it is desirable they should be most familiarly acquainted with, when settled in the world. And now, in he comes, with a merry laugh and a ludicrous anecdote. A little girl has just been playing with a dog and nursing it in her lap, as he sat on the old-fashioned window-seat. And "do you know," she gravely asked, "who made you?" A look of blank wonder from the questioned animal was of course all that followed. "Shame on you," proceeded the young interrogator, with grave reproof; "you Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you?" "And if,' after relating the comical story, he adds, "so much is expected from my dog, what may be expected from my students!" We drop into his study, and find that there the youths have access, and come with filial confidence to state a difficulty, and ask advice. The family meal is improved and enlivened by his intelligent conversation, and his searching yet considerate questions. Like the surgeon, who, not content with the theoretical instructions of the lecture-room, takes his pupils to walk the hospital, so he invites his ministerial students to accompany

him to the houses of his people, when he visits the sick or performs a private baptism. He brings them acquainted with the poor of his flock, that they may learn how to address those of a lowly condition—ever cautioning them not to despise the common people, nor think condescension unworthy of a scholar. On a Sunday night, when, if at any time, a Christian heart should be more than usually tender, he takes them separately into his study, converses with them concerning the state of religion in their soul, and gives them suitable counsel and encouragement. Though by no means a strict disciplinarian at home—indeed a little at fault in this respect—yet it is his custom, when some grave offender has been detected, solemnly to arraign him at family worship, and publicly pronounce the sentence of expulsion. Lamentations steeped in tears form that day's diary. But over others how joyous are the boundings of his heart! He has just been to hear a promising young pupil. . . . . And now another who has gone through his whole curriculum with honour, is to leave the institution for some pastoral charge, and on the occasion a religious service is held; the elders take part in the exercise, and brethren from the neighbourhood are invited to share in the tutor's satisfaction. And yet another—having for a year or two tasted the anxieties of the ministerial life, and panting for the sympathy and counsel of the wise—wends his way to Northampton, and calls at Sheep-street, and there a greeting of no common sort awaits him; Doddridge's house is to him as a father's house, and the young visitor, timid and modest, feels himself at home.

'Well might Job Orton say, "After this account of his behaviour to his pupils, and concern for their usefulness and happiness, the reader who knows anything of human nature, and the attractive influence of love, will not wonder to be told, that they in general loved him as a father, and that his paternal advices and entreaties weighed more with them than the commands of rigid authority, or the arguments of a cooler mind, when the affection of the heart was not felt, or not tenderly expressed." '—Pp. 93—99.

Mr. Stoughton has prefixed to this work a valuable chapter on 'Dissent in the Reign of William III.,' and in a 'postscript' there are interesting memorials of the three colleges now united in New College—Doddridge being the originator of the first of these—known as Coward College. The author's task in compiling these and the memorials of the life of this eminent man is very ably and faithfully executed, and the work forms a valuable and almost necessary companion volume to Mr. Stoughton's previous book of 'Spiritual Heroes,' and to Mr. Miall's 'Footsteps of our Forefathers.'

Classical Selections from British Prose Writers; chiefly Illustrative of the Principles of Intellectual, Civil, and Religious Liberty; of Peace, Philanthropy, and Social Advancement. London: A. Cockshaw. Pp. 374.

This volume of the "Library for the Times" is likely to be one of the most useful of the whole series of works contemplated by the projectors of this scheme. Its design, which we cannot better state than in the words of the editor, 'is to bring before the minds of the young the highest literature of our country, engaged in the cause of truth and reason, of virtue, philanthropy, and religion. It has been compiled with the hope of attaching them to those principles which every good and wise parent would desire that his children should imbibe; and, at the same time, of making them acquainted with those writers whose works may constitute the staple intellectual and moral aliment of their future life.' The selection of the extracts is made with great judgment and taste; indeed we know of no other single volume which may be said so faithfully to illustrate the true genius and eloquence of modern British prose writings. It has struck us, however, that as a school-book, and a work for the young, it might have been made more attractive by the insertion of a greater number of extracts of a *lighter* character, such as that on 'Rebecca and Rowena,' &c. &c. Greatly to impress the minds of the young, it is absolutely necessary to excite their interest, generally to touch the finer chord of their feelings. Comparatively few of the extracts in this volume are adapted to effect this. This is a deficiency, and one which we should be glad to see remedied in future editions of the work.

The Congregational Year-Book for 1851. London: Published for the Congregational Union of England and Wales, by Jackson and Walford.

In addition to the list of ministers, societies, &c., which make this volume valuable as a manual of the Congregational denomination, it contains the addresses of the chairmen of the meetings of the Congregational Union, and the papers read thereat by Mr. Corbin, on the 'Employment of Lay Agents as Preachers, by the Congregational Churches'—a paper, full of useful suggestions, by Professor Godwin, on 'The Best Means of calling forth the Talent of the Church for the Work of the Ministry—by Mr. Baldwin Brown, on 'The Renewing of Spiritual Life the great Need of our Churches'—by Mr. Galloway, on 'Chapel Extension,' and the very able paper by Mr. Reynolds on 'Scepticism and its Counteraction.' These papers should secure for the work a sale out of the mere limits of the denomination.—We notice, by the bye, that in the list of periodicals at the end, the 'Monthly Christian Spectator' is omitted.

The Sidereal Heavens, and other Subjects connected with Astronomy, as Illustrative of the Character of the Deity and an Infinity of Worlds. By Thomas Dick, LL.D. Fourth Thousand. Ward and Co.

Celestial Scenery, and the Wonders of the Planetary System Displayed Illustrating the Perfections of the Deity and a Plurality of Worlds. By the same Author. Eighth Thousand. Ward and Co.

These are new editions of works which we hope are already well known to the majority of our readers. Should there be any not acquainted with them, we take this opportunity, late though it be, of adding our testimony to their value. As popular compendiums of astronomical science, they are altogether unsurpassed, and they breathe throughout the spirit of the finest Christian philosophy. The unwearied labour, the searching investigation and patient thought, which the writer has bestowed on this, the greatest of the physical sciences, merit a better reward from the Christian world than he has yet received.

WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Christmas season is usually prolific in works for young readers, of which we have on our table a small accumulation. As we have made the instruction of this class in the Christian household a somewhat prominent feature in the pages of the *Monthly Christian Spectator*, we think it not amiss to give this month one page to a notice of the efforts of others in the same direction.

The first book that we reach is, *Little Henry's Holiday at the Great Exhibition* (Houlston and Stoneman), by the editor of 'Pleasant Pages.'—It is the only book for young people on the 'Crystal Palace' that we have seen. The author divides it into three parts—I. 'Going there;' II. 'Walking through;' III. 'Going Home;' the walk there being occupied with a conversation on the origin and history of the undertaking, in which many facts of science and history are told in familiar conversational style. The contents are explained and commented upon after the same simple and attractive manner in the second part; and the third is occupied with a desultory conversation on the general characteristics and productions of the countries contributing to the 'Fair,' on London, and on 'Peace and Brotherhood.' The work is very happily designed and executed, and our young readers generally would rejoice to be possessed of it.

Stories of Scotland and its Adjacent Islands (A. Hall and Co.), by Mrs. Thomas Geldart, is the work of a lady who, we hope, has contributed largely to the profitable entertainment of our young friends. The aim of the authoress is to communicate the principal facts of Scottish History, legendary and other, in 'plain and simple prose.' The novel, but to the young attractive, plan of connecting these facts with places, rather than with dates, has been adopted, and we think with great success. The geographical order is followed; and the map is traversed from south to north without the omission of a place remarkable for any event in

the romantic history of Scotland. One obvious advantage of this plan is, that it teaches geography as well as history. Mrs. Geldart is peculiarly happy in telling a tale to the young. She has the best of narrative styles, always light and genial, yet serious and earnest; and these 'Stories of Scotland,' so happily are they dressed in this style, will be read by many of the class for whom they are written with as much interest as the most fictitious tale. We may add, that the work is accompanied with a map, and illustrated by many engravings.

Bible Fruit for Little Children, gathered by the Rev. E. Mannering (J. Snow), is an attempt to convey some of the leading truths and more familiar facts of the Bible to the understandings and hearts of the youngest in the family circle. The style of its composition is the very simplest, and many flowers of happy anecdote and illustration has the author gathered with the 'Fruit.' The book reminds us of Todd's 'Lectures to Children,' and is exceedingly well adapted for use in the 'Infant Class.'

Bible Exercises, a Sabbath Recreation for Young People (J. F. Shaw), we confess, does not please us so well. It is an attempt to teach Scripture by means of riddle and acrostic. The work certainly displays great ingenuity, but it is an ingenuity that we cannot praise.

Our next work is one from the German of Dr. Barth with the taking title of *The Weaver of Quellbrunn; or, the Roll of Cloth*—translated by J. E. Ryland. Dr. Barth is well known as a talented and successful tale-writer; and there are undoubted indications of such talent in the present volume of Messrs. Paton and Ritchie's 'Nursery Library.' The tale is well told; and although the plot is somewhat faulty in its construction, its 'moral' is one for Christian children.

Scripture Subjects put into simple Verse for the Young, by E. Miller (J. Snow), is a collection of original verses on various Scripture subjects, adapted to impress the memory of a child. The verses have various degrees of merit, but, on the whole, the task is discharged with indifferent success.

The History of a Family Bible, a Tale of the American War; and *The Casket Rifled, or Guilt and its Consequences*, both by Mrs. Best (J. F. Shaw), are well designed to interest and instruct. The 'Family Bible,' however, is by far the better performance, more natural in style, though not perhaps better adapted to convey instruction.

Our last book is *Mamma's own Riddle Book* (Houlston and Stoneman), a very ingenious collection of riddles done into simple verse, and well calculated to make home cheerful,

> 'When tasks are completed, when lessons are done,
> And night's sable curtains have shut out the sun.'

Monthly Retrospect.

EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO has opened heavily for the prospects of peace and progress. On 'the first day of the first month,' Louis Napoleon went in state to Notre Dame Cathedral, to return thanks to GOD for the 'salvation of society' which he had been the humble instrument of accomplishing. Seven salvos of artillery proclaimed to Europe that the French people had responded, by seven millions and a half affirmative votes,* to his modest propositions—a ten years' Presidency, and a constitution modelled

* The *official* statement of the *plebiscitum* was as follows:—Affirmative, 7,439,216; negative, 649,737; null, 36,880.

on that of the year VIII. [1799]. On the 14th, the constitution made its appearance. It is simply an organization of despotism on the basis of universal suffrage—absolutism, authorized by a democracy debauched or intimidated into the abdication of its functions—an arbitrary *Ego* expanded, by the self-abrogation of multitudinous units, into all the faculties of national life, executive, legislative, and administrative. The People elect, perhaps by direct suffrage, perhaps not—certainly not by ballot—a *Corps Législatif* for six years. The *Corps Législatif* pass the laws sent down by the Senate, and vote the taxes asked by the Ministry. The Senate, except the Cardinals, Marshals, and Admirals, is nominated by the President—its members, removable at his pleasure, and may or may not be compensated for their services by a salary not exceeding 1,200*l.* a-year—its business, to forward a stage the laws introduced by Ministers, and vote the President's civil list. The Council of State is nominated by the President—its functions, to advise with him, when invited, on affairs of state, and constitute his medium of communication with the Senate and Legislative. The Ministers are chosen by the President, and are responsible to him alone. The President is responsible to—the People, at the distance of one decade; the necessity of responsibility being slight from the triviality of his prerogatives—the proclamation of any town or department in a state of siege, the making of war, and the conclusion of treaties. The temper in which these powers will be used, has been amply indicated. Paris—and we know not how many of the departments—are still under martial law. Hundreds of prisoners have been transported, without public trial, or the specification of offence, to the pestilential swamps of Cayenne and French Guiana. Three lists of proscription have been issued—the first, sentencing to Cayenne or Algeria five leading members of the Mountain party—the second, seventeen illustrious writers and generals to exile—the third, sixty-six Republican ex-representatives, to banishment; the penalty of disobedience, transportation. The censorship of the press is as severe as in Russia. The National Guard is disbanded. Lastly, the property of the Orleans family is virtually confiscated; and MM. Morny and Fould have given way to men yet more unscrupulous than they.

Quite naturally, proximity to this military dictatorship, with an immense army in pay, and under the necessity of giving it employment, is felt to be an uncomfortable if not dangerous position. Belgium and Switzerland, there is much cause to fear, will early fall a prey to the ambition, the fanaticism, or the necessities of the tyrant. Ground of quarrel it will be easy enough to find. Already the Government of the former country has commenced to temper the duties of hospitality with the instincts of self-preservation. The cantons are only the more in danger from the fact of their having formerly given an asylum to the present scourge of France; for bad men forgive benefits less easily than injuries. The traditions of the Revolution as well as of the Empire, claim the Rhine for the eastern boundary of France. It can scarcely be conceived that he whose every act is motived and vindicated by the example of 'mon oncle,' can abstain from the imitation of his belligerent genius. It is not impossible that, strengthened by alliance with Austria and Russia, the eagle may be let fly at higher game, and England be at once singled out for attack, in the

hope, of at least, humiliating and crippling her. So wide-spread is the impression that war may be forced upon us at a moment's notice—not only for the maintenance of treaties to which we are a party, or in aid of nations whom it would be an intolerable dishonour to refuse to succour, but even in defence of our own insular territory—that the excitement is without parallel in the memory of the present generation. We remember the Russophobia of 1837-40, and the invasion-panic of two or three years since. We are bound to declare that the feeling at present manifested differs widely from either of these—is infinitely more spontaneous and reasonable in its origin, if inebriate and even ludicrous in some of its displays. At the same time, we earnestly trust that no pretext for umbrage will be given to the unprincipled adventurer who now holds in leash the dogs of war; and that our fellow-countrymen will not suffer themselves to be diverted for one moment from the pursuit of domestic reforms, nor suffer themselves to be further taxed for means of defence until our existing establishments are rendered as effective as talent and honesty can make them.

The ecclesiastico-political incidents of the month are numerous, and suggestive of more extended remark than we can bestow upon them.—The promoters of the Declaration in support of the Royal supremacy over the Church having obtained 3,262 signatures to that document, have transmitted it to the primates, by whom it was graciously received. Two other and vivid illustrations of the good order secured by that supremacy have been afforded. Mr. Gladstone, minister of Long Acre Episcopal Chapel, having spoken of his diocesan as a 'traitor,' or an abettor of treason, to the truth, was summoned to the presence of his lord, and required to retract. Refusing so to do, he was served with an 'inhibition;' notwithstanding which, he continues to preach, incurring thereby the unknown 'terrors of the law' as administered by the Court of Arches. Meanwhile, Mr. Bennett, whose expulsion from St. Barnabas every one remembers, is presented to the vicarage of Frome, by a lady patron, the Dowager Marchioness of Bath. The Evangelical clergy and laity of Frome entreat her ladyship to forbear the infliction upon them of an heretical pastor; but are simply informed, 'What I have done, I have done.' They next betake themselves to the Bishop of Bath and Wells; from whose antecedents one is not surprised to learn that he has full confidence in Mr. Bennett's soundness in the faith. 'When ye are persecuted in one' diocese, 'flee ye to another.'—The Anti-Maynooth agitation has been commenced with considerable vigour by the Protestant Alliance; and an auxiliary clerical movement has been initiated by Dr. Croly and the Archdeaconry of London. Meetings have been held at Edinburgh, Manchester, Hull, Derby, and other places. The last mentioned was converted into an anti-state-church demonstration; the Rev. W. Griffiths proposing and carrying an amendment, denouncing all state endowments of religion. Anti-state-churchmen generally may be disinclined to defeat the object for which a public meeting is got up; but they owe it to themselves and their principles not to suffer a section of the inhabitants of a locality to petition the Legislature in the name of that locality against the Maynooth endowment alone. It is perilous to work for a good end in bad company—it is all but fatal to

truth so to utter it as to make it do the work of falsehood. The observation and reflection of the past month has confirmed the suspicion we expressed in our last—that identification with the Alliance, in this division of its labours, is unwise and uncalled for. Conscience requires us to demand the discontinuance of all religious payments by the State — judgment may or may not indicate Maynooth as a favourable point of approach. In any case, if we lay one hand upon the Popish college, let us fasten the other on the Anglo-Irish Establishment. Practically, and as a matter of detail worth observing, we say to our friends—Put the Church first, and the College second, upon the bills that convene your meetings; take care to be first in the field, lest the simple 'Protestant' get possession of the local ear; and appeal to the working men (Irish included) of your districts—their alliance may be of little value just now, but their hostility is much to be deprecated.—The Scottish Voluntaries, we observe with much pleasure, are once more arousing themselves. Drs. King, Thomson, and Beattie, have put forth some 'Suggestions' of exertion on Parliament and the public, which can scarcely be neglected, and could not fail to be highly serviceable.—The Public School Association (the seculars) have drafted their scheme into a parliamentary bill, and had an interview, by deputation, with Lord John Russell, who gave them about as much encouragement as he gave the Entwisle deputation. The Voluntaries have also sought, through Mr. Morley, of London, and the Rev. J. A. Pearce, of Manchester, an interview; which was declined on the ground that Government had no intention of moving in the matter next session. We have, therefore, another year's armistice from legislative aggression—let us prepare the more thoroughly for the contest that is only postponed.

Intelligence.

CHURCH ACCOMMODATION IN LONDON.

The annual public meeting of the London Congregational Chapel Building Society was held in the Poultry chapel on the 14th ult., the Lord Mayor presiding. From the very able and interesting Report presented by the secretary, Mr. Davies, it appears that this society, though little more than three years old, has been the means of building, or of helping to build, or of preserving, no fewer than seven places of worship—viz., City-road chapel; Bedford New-town chapel; Horbury chapel; Notting-hill; Haverstock-hill chapel; St. John's-wood chapel; Portland chapel, Portland-town; Notting-dale Potteries chapel; and Battle-bridge chapel. Two of these edifices, St. John's-wood and Battle-bridge chapel, are not yet built, but, we believe, the works on them will shortly be commenced. In addition to these, the society has purchased an eligible site in the neighbourhood of Nunhead (Peckham Rye); another site has been secured at Bayswater, and the committee, it is further stated, are in treaty for the purchase of sites at Stoke Newington, Wandsworth-road, Blackheath, and Chelsea. Remarking on the present insufficiency of chapel accommodation in the metropolis and neighbourhood, the Report showed that the population of London consisted of more than two millions and a quarter of human souls, and that it is being augmented yearly by an addition of not less than 40,000; and that the accommodation for public worship provided by all denominations, including Romanists and Unitarians, does not amount to 700,000. 'If we deduct the proportion of this accommodation which is identified with Romanism, Tractarianism, and Unitarianism,

we can hardly estimate the provision for evangelical teaching and worship at much more than 500,000.' We call the earnest attention of our readers to the concluding sentences of this Report:—'In a properly evangelized community, we ought to be able to reckon upon the attendance of at least one-half of the population of the Sabbath at one time, but here is not provision for a quarter of the people. Five hundred places of worship, then, containing, on an average, 1,000 each, are needed to overtake the existing deficiency, while at least twenty additional should be erected annually, to meet the influx of 40,000 which is pouring into our midst every year. Such facts as these prove that there is "ample room and verge enough" for the extension of every denomination, while they constitute an imperative demand for vastly increased effort and liberality in the prosecution of this noble work.' After the reading of this Report, the meeting was addressed by Dr. Leifchild, Mr. Ald. Wire, Rev. Geo. Smith Mr. Morley, Mr. Eusebius Smith, and Mr. Stoughton, in support of the resolutions approving of the object of the society, and asking for increased support. It was stated by one of the speakers that one lady had given 2,000*l.* to the society. Large subscriptions were also announced, and the Lord Mayor subscribed twenty guineas.

MEETING OF THE DEPUTIES OF THE THREE DENOMINATIONS.

The annual meeting of this body was held on the 16th ult. (J. R. Mills, Esq., in the chair), and its proceedings were of more than ordinary interest. The Report stated that the deputies had decided on petitioning against the Maynooth grant, and also to continue their efforts to effect the repeal of the law which prohibited marriage with a deceased wife's sister. An intention was also expressed of publishing an abstract of the evidence taken before the committee of the House of Commons on church-rates. The Educational Controversy was likewise referred to. After alluding to the difficulty of separating secular from religious instruction, the Report complained of the existing system, and many of the alterations made in it, as opposed to religious freedom. At present, in the National Schools, which absorbed 78 per cent. of the whole grant, there was a new religious test established, inasmuch as the Church Catechism was, in effect, made compulsory. Lord J. Russell, by giving his sanction to such a system, was acting counter to his own declared principles. The committee declared, in conclusion, their opinion that the administration of the education grant by the Committee of Privy Council was unconstitutional, unjust to the Dissenters, and dangerous to the principles of civil and religious liberty. After the Report was read a discussion followed, principally on church and education rates. At the close of the meeting, in acknowledging the vote of thanks to himself, the chairman said that 'he saw every day, more and more plainly, symptoms of the great question of the separation of Church and State coming prominently up before the public mind.' Is it too rash to express hope that the *Dissenting* Deputies will *do* something towards bringing this great question before the public mind?

EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION has caused to be delivered during the past month a course of lectures on 'Religious and Voluntary Education' at the principal places of worship in the suburbs of the metropolis. On the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, the Rev. Andrew Reed, of Norwich, gave a lecture on 'Educational Parties —their Present Position,' at Dalston, Horbury, City-road, and Hackney chapels respectively. On the 16th and 23rd, at Camden-town and Trevor chapels, Mr. Viney, of Bethnal Green, lectured on 'Education—its Nature and Importance;' while Mr. Conder, of Leeds, treated the subject of 'Voluntary Education—its Principles and Prospects,' at the British Institution, Cowper-street, at Tottenham-court-road chapel, and at the Kentish-town British school-rooms, on the evenings of January 20th, 22nd, and 23rd. The lectures were, on the whole, well attended.——A CONFERENCE of the friends of 'voluntary and unsectarian education' is to be held in Manchester, on Monday evening, February 2nd, in the Baptist chapel, Grosvenor-street, and by adjournment, to a morning sitting in the Free-trade Hall, on Tuesday, February 3rd, under the auspices of the VOLUNTARY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION. An aggregate meeting (under the united auspices of the Voluntary School Association, and of the Congregational Board of Education) of the friends of voluntary and unsectarian education, who are opposed to all Government grants and local taxation for education, will be held in the Free-trade Hall, in the evening, when a deputation from London and other places will be present and address the meeting.——A deputation from the NATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOL ASSOCIATION has had an interview with the Premier since our last. It was composed of several members of Parliament, and of gentlemen representing various denominations. The Premier, in a very Delphic reply to observations made, said that 'one thing he saw with great satisfaction was that, although there had been a protest by the Society of Friends in Manchester, the great body of the ratepayers there were

willing to be taxed for the promotion of education. He hoped they would go on with their scheme, although, of course, he did not pledge himself to any particular course. For himself, he did not hold that there was any hostility between secular and religious instruction.' Since this his lordship has spoken more decisively, and we are now told that the Government will bring in *no* Educational measure during the next session of Parliament.

LECTURES TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

The Christian Instruction Society has just concluded two very successful courses of lectures to the working classes; one, consisting of six lectures, at Hawkstone-hall; the other, of four, at King Edward Ragged-schools, Mile-end New-town; and a third course is now in course of delivery at Horsleydown and Poplar. The committee were happy to secure the 'prompt and generous' services of the Revs. John Dickenson, Robert Ainslie, Thomas Davies, George Smith, R. W. Overbury, Henry Batchelor, J. C. Galloway, M.A., John Kennedy, M.A., Robert Ashton, J. Adey, J. Burnet, J. B. Brown, and W. Leask, as lecturers on the several evenings. The subjects were varied in their character, as Christian Politics, Priestism, Atheism, Mohammedanism, the Jesuits, Babylon, Christianity, Social Inequalities, and Mormonism. The spacious rooms, we are informed, were filled on every occasion, sometimes densely crowded, with deeply interested audiences of working men, who testified their approbation ever and anon by most unmistakeable, and sometimes not very silent signs; and we are glad to see it stated that, encouraged by such attendances, and believing that most beneficial results will flow from such lectures to the working classes, the committee have made arrangements for other courses to be delivered in various places during the winter.

THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH MOVEMENT.

Several meetings in connexion with this important movement have been held during the past month. On the 12th, Mr. Kingsley, the talented lecturer of the Anti-state-church Association, addressed an 'overflowing audience' at Banbury. On the 13th, Mr. Kingsley lectured at Brill, and on the 14th, at Thame. On the 15th, the first of the series of monthly meetings convened by the Anti-state-church Association was held in the City of London Literary Institution, Nathaniel Griffin, Esq., presiding. The audience was very ably addressed by the Rev. W. Brock, John Scoble, Esq., and the Rev. Brewin Grant; and the attendance indicated that these meetings would be successful. On the 19th, Mr. Kingsley lectured at Rotherham. Mr. Williams (the secretary) and the Rev. J. Hirons, attended and addressed a meeting at Luton on the 21st; and Mr. Kingsley and the Rev. J. R. Campbell, of Edinburgh, have attended as a deputation from the society at a meeting held at Darlington on the 20th; Halifax, 21st; Wakefield, 22nd; Hull, 23rd; Sheffield, 26th; Leeds, 27th; and York, 28th.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

ST. HELIER'S, Jersey, Congregational chapel, on the 4th ult.

UGHBOROUGH, Devon, Congregational chapel, on the 30th of December

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

CLARE, Suffolk (Congregational church).—The Rev. John Reynolds, from Lady Huntingdon's chapel, Gloucester.

CHESHUNT (Congregational church).—The Rev. G. Wright, late of Upper Clapton.

GAINSBOROUGH (Congregational chapel).—Mr. Henry Lee, late of Airedale College.

HACKNEY (Hampden Congregational church).—The Rev. E. Tasker.

NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS.—The Rev. Theo. Davies, from Ludlow.

NANTWICH (Congregational church).—The Rev. Edward J. Sadler, late of Wem.

ST. NEOT'S (Congregational church).—The Rev. P. Turner, of Evesham.

SHANKLIN (Congregational church).—The Rev. John Greener, late of Bishop Auckland.

SYDENHAM (the Park Congregational church).—Rev. W. Campbell, M.A.

WETHERFIELD, PENISTONE (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. Sutcliffe, late of Easingwold.

Mr. John H. Wilson, the late very efficient editor of the 'North of Scotland Gazette,' has retired from the conduct of that paper and become minister of Albion-street chapel, Aberdeen.

The 'Wesleyan Times' announces that the Rev. W. L. Horton, of Castle Donington, has seceded from the Wesleyan connexion with a view of joining the Congregational denomination.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

MARCH, 1852.

Wesley and Methodism.*

THE name of John Wesley holds no secondary rank among the worthies of the Church. All intelligent persons now unite in acknowledging his claim to be regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. Every important religious movement is liable to be misunderstood at the time. Nor is it possible it should be so free from the infirmities of human nature as not to present to view some excesses to furnish a plausible ground for reprehension. To confess that this was the case in Methodism is to make no unreasonable concession. The sober-minded professors of that age might well look with wonder upon those scenes of mental excitement, and even of bodily convulsion, that were exhibited under the preaching of Wesley and his associates, in doubt whether these could be regarded as the results of genuine Christianity. But now that the societies thus originated have been long settled—have become recognised Christian bodies in all parts of the country, and, in most instances, have been purged, we may hope, from blemishes and extravagances which were the subject of ridicule with the world, and of regret and prejudice in the Church, we are able to appreciate the great work that has been accomplished; and he must be strangely bigoted who refuses to allow that the founder of Methodism, as an extraordinary instrument of Providence,

* 'Wesley and Methodism.' By Isaac Taylor. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.

deserves the gratitude and admiration of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

For what religious community has not profited more or less by his labours? He was the first to make a bold and successful aggression upon the masses of popular ignorance. The Established Church of his days, contented with having territorially occupied the country, so as to embrace within its enclosure all who did not openly dissent from its doctrine and discipline, carried on its lifeless services for the benefit of the few who resorted to the sanctuary, but doing nothing for the crowds of wandering sheep that lived in a state of darkness and sin, little differing from heathenism. Nonconformists built their red brick meeting-houses, and mapped out their areas into so many family pews, so that wherever such an edifice exists, a casual glance is sufficient to show that they contemplated a substantial but limited congregation, for whose instruction and benefit the place of worship was provided. It would be untrue to say, that preaching the gospel was neglected; but nobody thought of going out to attack ungodliness in its own hiding-places. All might come and hear, and were welcome, but those who would not were, for the most part, left to perish. The great result, as we conceive, of Wesley's life and labour, shared alike by all communities, is, that ever since his day, evangelical labour has been eminently aggressive. Hence he was the instrument of infusing new life into languishing, and almost powerless denominations; and while he founded a new society bearing his own name, was the true fountain whence proceeded all those schemes of Christian enterprise which are now watering all parts of the world, and conveying, in still increasing efficiency, the blessings of life and salvation.

While, however, we speak of Wesley as the fountain, we must not be understood as excluding the labours of Whitefield from an equal share in the important revolution that must ever be identified with both their names. They must be regarded as inseparably connected, at least in the origination of the movement. And in our judgment, the doctrinal separation that afterward took place was either one of Wesley's most fatal errors, or else the greatest misfortune of his life. Bound to a rejection of what is called Calvinism, his societies must of necessity stand in a position of antagonism to a very large class of evangelical Christians. Not only was there no need for such exclusiveness, but it was highly impolitic, considering that Wesley was a Churchman, and that his object was not dissent from the doctrine and discipline of the Establishment, but a means of usefulness supplemental to it. That he should adopt and enforce a system of theology so much at variance with the Articles of that Church as understood by the Evangelical party could not but throw a great gulf of separation between them. If he had intended to found a church that, having overspread the whole country, should take a permanent rank among other existing bodies, then his course becomes intelligible. But this does not appear to have been his object. His object was to convert sinners by the preaching of the gospel. Subsequently he collected them into societies, not with the view of forming them into a church, but simply for the purpose of

retaining and consolidating his conquests, that the fruits of so much self-denying toil might not be lost through want of oversight, and fall back again into the hands of the destroyer.

As we have no fear that the reputation of this eminent servant of God can suffer from fair and candid criticism, especially when a review of his errors may be a much needed lesson to the living administrators of his polity, we shall take for granted that all our readers hold him in the highest estimation, as we do, whatever may be our opinion of the system which he has left behind him under his name. We shall, therefore, make our remarks with Christian freedom—it being understood that his character as one of the most sincere, upright, and devoted religious reformers, stands unimpeached and unimpeachable. We may not think him exempt from the ordinary infirmities of humanity, and yet regard him as among the best and most useful of men.

First of all, then, we regard it as a great error, that instead of constructing a church upon the principles of the New Testament (for which no man ever entertained a profounder veneration,) he contented himself with founding a society. His strong attachment to the Established Church, in which he was brought up, was unquestionably the reason why he did not frame for his followers a regular ecclesiastical polity. Subsequent successes give us reason to suspect that such an organization might have collected to itself the strength and vital piety of the country to an incalculable extent. It may, perhaps, be contended by some, that he *did* intend his societies to grow up at last into a hierarchy, But this we think is a misapprehension, at variance with numerous facts, and an injustice to the man, who must lose all his credit for wisdom and consistency on that supposition. Wesley was not a Dissenter, and to the present day it is constantly asserted that Wesleyans are not Dissenters. Nothing is clearer to our minds upon the face of his history than that he meant to subserve and supplement the existing Church, not to establish a new one. This was the result of a narrow prejudice, and a positive blunder.

For, it is obvious to remark in what an anomalous position his societies are found with respect to the hierarchy of which they theoretically form a part. They have celebrated their centenary, and yet they remain in a state of separation. Do they ever intend to return? Men stand on well-defined and intelligible ground when they withdraw from a Church as unscriptural, and identify themselves with another which they deem more pure, or else begin to build afresh, retaining what is right and rejecting the rest. But when professing *not* to withdraw, they abandon its ministrations and ordinances, set up distinct sanctuaries, carry on separate services, and live and act for a hundred years together as independent communities, then their case becomes a marvellous perplexity to ordinary understandings. Either they are a Church, though they disclaim it, or *they are not*. If not, then, on their own showing, Wesleyanism is a mere human institution, standing side by side with the Church which it professes to acknowledge, and yet wholly deserts. Where shall we find schism, if not here? Dissent

is not schism. The Established Church *is* what Nonconformists cannot approve, requires what they cannot conscientiously yield, and separation is compulsory. Wesleyanism professes to approve the Church, and theoretically belongs to it. What are all its societies, then, but rents *in* the body? What, then, could their founder mean? Were they in his mind a temporary expedient, or were they destined to be permanent? If *temporary*, he must have been strangely wanting in foresight and sagacity; at least, he could not have had that far-reaching intellect which can forecast the future, and which we have a right to look for in men of his order. If *permanent*, then it was a great fault to form societies without building them into a church. So that upon the Wesleyan theory, his congregations are no more than assemblies of private persons, who agree together in forsaking the ecclesiastical body to which they belong, and in substituting for its offices and discipline a government and services of their own.

It seems to be a very doubtful point whether Mr. Wesley himself had any distinct and definite idea of what he was doing, or intended to do. He knew, of course, that he was collecting and organizing religious communities; but to what ultimate end, and what might be the future destination of those bodies, was, we imagine, more than he understood. Whatever rules and expedients he adopted, arose generally out of the circumstances of the passing hour. His scheme was not laid down and elaborated beforehand, it grew by degrees. Now a man must be a great man, and well qualified to rule, who shows himself capable of making wise arrangements in every new emergency. But a system, the parts of which are created separately, must, upon the whole, exhibit a want of compactness, solidity, and coherence. The Wesleyan polity bears upon it all the indications of the founder's anomalous position as belonging to the Church, and yet erecting and organizing apart from it. How could *he* have any purpose in view who was gathering around him a new and increasing sect, and yet felt himself constrained to deny them a distinct ecclesiastical being? We are not making out that he lived and laboured without an object. He had the greatest of objects before him—the conversion of ungodly men, and their continued edification; but, apparently, he did not see that to attain these ends he must have a Church to receive them, and if none existed in the keeping of which they would be safe, he ought to have broken down his prejudices and have formed one. It is solely as the founder of a sect that we say he lived and acted without a definite purpose, meeting wants and difficulties as they arose with wise and masterly expedients, and then bequeathing to his successors a fabric made up of these loose and uncompacted materials, either to be moulded into a hierarchy by their wisdom, or else to crumble into ruin by their mismanagement.

The consequences might have been easily foreseen, nay, *were* foreseen, and constituted one of the most painful anxieties of Wesley's closing days. He foresaw that the people would not be long obedient when the presiding genius was no more. But before the results of this one error can be contemplated with advantage, we must join the

consideration of other things which contributed largely to those embarrassments and distractions that have all along troubled the Wesleyan body, and which now seem fast bringing on a crisis that must decide whether the Methodist reformation shall become a thing of the past, or whether, itself reformed and renovated, it shall run a new career of usefulness and honour to the Church and the world.

Recent events have fully brought to light, and rendered palpable to all men, an astounding anomaly among Protestant Churches—a religious society under supreme clerical control. It can no longer be concealed, nor indeed is it denied, that such is the prominent peculiarity of Methodism as it is. Now, in the first instance, when Wesley began to form his converts into communities, such a government might have been a necessary evil. Raw recruits—uninstructed persons just recovered from the depths of popular heathenism—were perhaps wholly unfit to be entrusted with power. But *now* the Methodistic laity are a very different class, yet their position is not altered. The people ask for their undoubted rights as Protestant Christians, and they are told that Methodism is unalterable. Treated as babes at first, when they were really *such*, these full-grown men are doomed to the obedience and subjection of an everlasting infancy. Such is the present doctrine of Conference. Now this doctrine is certainly at variance with the theory and practice of all Protestant Churches. Even the Church of England not only recognises the lay element, but in the supremacy of the Crown and Legislature that element greatly preponderates. Priestly pride may swell in the bosoms of certain ecclesiastics, but it is of no avail; they have not the power, happily, to carry out their pretensions. This is the case, more or less, throughout the entire realm of Protestantism, with but one exception—Wesleyan Methodism. No body is more thoroughly averse to the doctrines and sentiments of Popery, and yet no other Protestant body fraternizes with it in this one respect. The clerisy is all and all, and the people nothing as to church government. Concessions may have been made from time to time, but the principle itself is not abandoned. To attempt the proof that such a principle of church government is opposed to Scripture, and is flagrant and pernicious, would be a waste of time and labour. It is averse to justice and reason; it revolts common sense. Conference, in adhering to it, lends its support to one of the very worst features of Romanism. Its courts of discipline are become a ludicrous caricature of Popish inquisitions, without the prestige of splendour, antiquity, and terror—without the power of effectually subduing rebellious spirits. They can only inflict a harmless penalty, and in doing it exhibit an impotent mockery of proceedings which, however detestable in their spirit, yet by their awful consequences could not but command some measure of obedience, if not of respect.

Did Wesley foresee this? If not, the admission must seriously detract from his reputation as a legislator. The collision between the preachers and the people ought to have been anticipated and provided for. If he did, his vindication will be yet more difficult. There still

remains, however, one more alternative. He might have thought that Conference, guided by wisdom and piety, would act in his own spirit, and deal righteously with every emergency as it arose. If so, events have not justified his expectations. Further than this we dare not trust ourselves to speak. Let the Wesleyan ministers persist in identifying themselves in principle with the Romish priesthood, and they must share its fate. They have neither the thunder of the Vatican, nor its antiquity—nor its array of learning—nor, to their honour be it added, its craft and policy to avert their doom. The Christian world will mourn the close of their short but brilliant chapter in ecclesiastical history. Not that the religion of Methodism can ever die, or the influence which it has exerted for good ever cease to be felt; but that *the system itself* must either be renovated, or else speedily pass away, is a conclusion from which we cannot escape, nor contemplate without profound grief and earnest deprecation.

Other topics rise up before us in corroboration of these views, to which we can only refer with brevity. The doctrinal narrowness which binds down so many intellects to all the theology of Wesley, true or false, is a much more serious evil than it appears at first sight. Minds of a low order may find no difficulty in adopting an extensive creed upon the faith of their founder. But independence of thought and extensive theological acquirements are utterly incompatible with any bonds except the authority of Divine revelation; much less with bonds so strait as a belief of all that is contained in the first four volumes of Wesley's Sermons and his Notes on the New Testament. It is only necessary to read the Life of Richard Watson to see how this exclusiveness acts when it comes in contact with men of intellectual preeminence. But independently of all such illustrations, the very thought that there are several thousands of religious teachers who all believe, or profess to believe, whatever Wesley wrote, and continue in that creed unshaken, through a whole life of supposed devotedness to prayer and to the study of the word—this very thought, we say, is startling and incredible to those who know that the human mind is incapable of any advancement in knowledge without undergoing perpetual change or modifications of opinion. Can men be really educated who never see cause for any change or modification in such a wide range as is embraced in the standards of Wesleyan theology? Much more since the volumes in question have long ceased to have any considerable value in the literature of the Church. Watts and Doddridge still hold high rank with the enlightened of all sects; but no biblical scholar appeals to the opinion of Wesley, whose works have no recognised place anywhere except in the libraries of his own followers. To the world at large he lives only as the founder of Methodism; as a theological writer, he is already consigned to oblivion. Unless his successors can break the chain by which he has bound them to his dead 'body of divinity,' every succeeding age will leave them further and further below, till nothing remains to them except a place in history.

We must add one more particular. Itineracy as distinct from a

permanent pastorate—though theoretically we may admit that it has its advantages, and, all other things being equal, it is a fair subject for debate whether of the two is best; yet in the case before us, it is a manifest aggravation of some of the evils to which we have adverted. The preachers, who have absolute and irresponsible power—at whose feet the people lie—have but a three years' interest in the friendship and intimacy of the flock; they do not strike root anywhere; they have not time to form any strong or lasting ties; they are not restrained from the exercise of power by any apprehensions of future discomfort, from which they know that, if even it should follow, they will in a given period be emancipated. The effect, therefore, is not unlike that which is attained in the Romish Church by the celibacy of the clergy. Hence, then, to discuss the merits of itineracy in the abstract, and apart from the subject of clerical rule, would be an imposition upon the understanding. We are of opinion that an itinerant ministry is adverse to the cultivation of studious habits, and, consequently, to the acquisition of that large knowledge of biblical science which is every day rendered more and more essential to the efficient discharge of pastoral functions. We cannot think that the transient traveller, who alights in a place for a season, is comparable in point of moral influence to the man whose long-tried patience and consistency have not only endeared him to his own flock, but have made his name a household word in a whole neighbourhood, and his character a kind of public property. But if even we could think the balance equal in other respects, yet when we remember that this bird of passage holds under Conference an absolute lordship over his own society—that he need fear no murmurs of disaffection—no alienations of friendship to pain his heart or rebuke his despotism—who does not see that we have before us a church-ruler whose power would be beneficially restrained by innumerable social checks, if he were compelled to spend his whole life in one sphere of labour, and to reap the comforts or discomforts arising out of his own conduct, good or bad? In short, no Wesleyan minister, in the present disputes, would have obeyed the Conference to the havoc of his flock, if the system of itineracy did not render it possible to kindle a conflagration and then to escape from all its distressing consequences.

Even this brief review is amply sufficient to account for all the troubles and dissensions that have arisen in the history of Methodism. If these causes did not begin to work in the founder's lifetime, they certainly began to bring forth their bitter fruit immediately after his death. From time to time, large bodies have been rent away from the parent stem. The wonder is not that such things have occurred—it is more wonderful that the secessions have not been more numerous and powerful. These destructive elements must have long ago dissolved the entire Wesleyan polity, had they not been subject to some mitigations. Thus, for instance, it must be granted, we think, by all candid and impartial persons, that such a result would have taken place, if the Conference had not ordinarily exercised its power with great moderation. Or if, on the other hand, the people had not been extraordinarily

patient and forbearing, the same thing would have happened. Besides, a profound veneration for the name and authority of Wesley; the spiritual successes which have continually enlarged this body; and, more than all, the affection which Christians invariably feel for the men whose labours contribute to their edification; have hitherto assisted to put off the evil day, and to hold the societies together. But in proportion as Wesley recedes into the past, conversions become less numerous, the ministry behind the age in intelligence, and in spirituality less decided, these evils in the system will grow more palpable and repulsive; they will be denounced, both within and without the body, in tones of thunder that will leave the Conference no alternative but surrender—or destruction.

We apprehend that there can be but one sentiment upon this subject among evangelical Christians of all denominations. It is, that Wesleyan Methodism may be purged from all the evil elements incorporated with it by human prejudice and infirmity, and that it may long continue to flourish as an efficient instrument for extending the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer in this and in all lands. Past services entitle it to the admiration and gratitude of all good men. Names are identified with it that must be held in honour by generations to come. Myriads of its trophies are now, doubtless, with the spirits of just men made perfect; and myriads of living saints, we may hope, breathe within its enclosure. He must be miserably insensible to all that is excellent and holy, who can be indifferent to the best interests of such a community. Its existence has been an incalculable blessing to multitudes of the human race; its renovation would be, under God, the renewal of its glorious youth; but its loss could hardly be repaired without an outpouring of the Spirit, as signal as that which distinguished its origin. Let its rulers, then, be awake to their vast responsibility—the people calm and solemn in the assertion of their rights and principles—let Christian men be kind and temperate, yet candid and faithful, in all their strictures—let the New Testament govern and overrule the trust-deed of Wesley, and be the final standard of appeal;—thus we may hope to see Methodism reformed, harmony and confidence in the body restored, and one of the fairest fields of British Christianity redeemed from the ravages of the demon of discord.

But, in the meantime, every year adds to the difficulties of the case in proportion as it increases the danger of delay. Whatever Conference may think, dissidents are not to be despised with impunity whose weekly newspaper circulates to the extent of more than 7,000 copies. It is madness to expect deliverance by any conceivable amount of expulsions. Nay—every such expulsion is a new act of power, that makes the blot of clerical domination appear more foul and obnoxious. Besides, is not the remedy as certainly fatal as the disease itself? A handful of men has been expelled—and *fifty-six thousand* members have been lost! One such stroke of discipline draws with it innumerable defections besides. Cast out a few more, and Conference will have no community to govern, and may wind up their affairs by handing over their chapels to the hammer of the auctioneer! No—expulsion will

not do. The questions at issue must be met, discussed, and settled, on terms of friendship and confidence. Before the breach grows wider, let wisdom and righteousness interpose. By and bye, the gulf will be impassable, and Wesleyan Methodism gone, beyond the help of any earthly mediator.

The First Bishop.

As a system of revealed truth must of necessity be in its purest state at first, before it has become liable to the dangers of traditionary transmission, so divine institutions are perfect at their commencement. In this respect Christianity stands in fine contrast to all the human sciences, which begin in conjectures and accidents, and progress slowly through a course of experimental development; never possess any other authority than what they derive from the laws of logic or the application of a physical test, and are always improvable. The world witnesses at the present time a fierce and melancholy contest, maintained by a very diversified class of unregenerate minds, to reduce Christianity to the ordinary conditions of a human science. No new war, indeed, is this, for all the intervening generations, from the apostolic to the present period, have exhibited the same contest in different forms. This contest has always had the same issue: it has enriched the Christian citadel with new and valuable means of defence, and it has never failed to expose the intellectual weakness and the intense malignity of the assumed champions of reason, nominally, but of infidelity, in disguise. But why *is* this running siege on the truth and institutions of revelation? There is not a better known fact, than that all the master spirits of the old classical world, whenever they approached any great question that involved morals, yearned for a revelation from the gods to supply to morals those fixed certainties that geometry possesses in its axioms; and groaned aloud under the huge burden of their hearts, whose fears and hopes for the future, and whose thoughts and consciousness for the past, even their potent and cultivated reason could not appease. Plato and Aristotle were such men among the Greeks, and Cato, Cicero, and Pliny among the Romans. *They* were surely not fanatics. They knew at least what they desired, and why they hoped that the gods would some day compassionate mortal anguish, and solve those vast enigmas that had confounded the great thinkers of all schools on the moral condition and destiny of human nature. It is very possible that, loud and frequent as these imploratives to 'the unknown God' were, that these very men would have either rejected the revelation by Jesus the Son of God, or have received it only with hesitation, perhaps with disgust.

Our solution is simple—'the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God.' It must, however, be admitted, that the class of celebrated men to whom we have referred, were better judges of the competency of reason on moral questions than the motley advocates of the different systems for reducing Christianity to the level of a physical science now, and for perfectionating the world without a renewal of nature, an absolute standard of moral truth, or an atonement. Before they dogmatize about the sufficiency of their candle, it would be but honest to put out our Christian sunlight; but if they be not able to separate the diffused light of the Christian system which has filled the earth, let them permit the only witnesses worth hearing to be heard; and whether selected from the schools of the Ptolemies, the porch of Athens, or the villas of Tusculum, *before Christianity had appeared*, one voice will be found everywhere—the prayer, that the gods would relieve the souls of men by a REVELATION.

While the Christian system thus supplied the greatest want of the Pagan world by an infallible standard of moral truth, and that in a way which, though it offended the prejudices of the sophist and the rhetor, was eminently suitable to all times and all types of the fallen family of man, Christianity also, in its institutions, provided for other great wants of the human soul. Till Jesus appeared, there was no centre of unity for mankind; no perfect models of attainable human excellence; no fold to separate the virtuous from the evil; no compact between good men to bind them into one spiritual fellowship; and no body of *moral teachers*. By the establishment of its ministry, the Founder of the Church supplied the last desideratum; and as it was undoubtedly the constitution of an entirely new office in society, and has become subsequently much corrupted, we request the reader's attention to what it really was that Christ intended the bishop to be to the Christian Church. It would be a gross injustice to the cause of truth, however, if we were to omit to mention the fact, that Paganism, though magnificent as a state engine, or beautiful as a production of the classical imagination, *had no moral teachers*. Flamen and Archflamen, Naiads, Fawns, Graces, Cupids, and Fates, deities that swam with grace through the flood, or that hurled thunder sublimely upon mortals from the sky, or that drove the chariot of Aurora through a sparkling firmament, or that spanned the earth with a rainbow glittering in golden fire and vermillion waves, or that locked up the winds in a cave, or chained down rebel giants in Tartarus, or that sat in fantastic judgment over mortal deeds;—these and gloomier or more luxuriant fancies Paganism had, according to the clime in which it was nourished. But though from the Ganges to the Tiber, with the single exception of Judæa, idolatry reigned over various races undisturbed for 2,500 years, its temples, whether merely the round and roofless towers of the sun-worship, the colossal edifices in which the Coptic mystics were most pleased to adore, or those immortal specimens of architecture that covered Greece and Italy, and which Themistocles and Alexander, Sappho and Apelles, Demosthenes and Bion, differently desecrated, *a moral teacher as such, those temples never contained*, and

that because morality as a science was not known. Marvellously fine gushes of moral thought would sometimes appear at a banquet or at a lecture on the ecliptic, or an oration over the hero's grave; but in nothing was the imponderable darkness of the old Pagan world more vividly shown, than that there existed in it no moral teachers, no fixed ideas on the responsible portion of human actions, and, consequently, no rule for the formation of a moral public opinion.

Judaism itself appears to singular disadvantage when compared with Christianity in this particular. It had, indeed, its priesthood, and that hereditary, separated alike from the calling of the grazier, the shepherd, the merchant, or the soldier; supported by *a divinely* imposed tithe, and had in no way to depend on popular election. But that priesthood, though 'ordained in things pertaining to God,' does not appear even in the brightest periods of Jewish history to have been distinguished for its service as a moral teacher. It is difficult to believe that the Levitic order and the schools of the prophets did not furnish many powerful expositors of the Mosaic law; yet that law, which besides conserving the nationality of the Hebrew race, and keeping before it the one great idea of a Messiah, by an impressive daily ceremonial, contains little of those great moral verities which constituted the staple of the teaching of our Lord and his apostles.

When, therefore, Paul, whose gloriously capacious and spiritualized intellect seeing his co-apostles rapidly succeed to the crown of martyrdom, became anxious to provide for the permanent wants of the Church after his own decease, he could not have been guided by experience, obtained either from the Jewish Church or the Gentile world, in the foundation of the office of a bishop. He has not informed us where or when he received divine instructions on this important function of the Christian life, but we may be certain that not only he, but the other surviving apostles did receive them. All the offices of civic society are created by it, and grow up gradually into conformity with the ends for which they exist. But the will of the first Christians does not appear to have been consulted on the subject, and as Paul did always consult the wishes of the brethren, where there was no divine ordinals, we may fairly infer that the institution of the office of bishop was therefore of divine origin, and as such we regard it. Nor will we take it for granted that Timothy was the first bishop; for the Christian Church was then in a transition state, and though for a period he was located at Ephesus, as Titus in the cities of Crete, they rather appear to have been organizers of churches, and instructors of their novitiate, than bishops themselves.

In the instructions of Paul to these two spiritual associates, however, there is no hesitancy, or discretionary power given to them to adopt the bishopric to the popular taste, or to vary it with local circumstances. Paul neither asks their counsel, nor pleads his own inexperience, nor apologizes for the novelty of the office, nor meets the obvious objections to which it would be liable. He contents himself with delivering the law, and never doubts for a moment the success of its operation, or the adaptation of the bishopric to the state of all the churches for ever.

The absence of any fear lest he might err on so important an occasion, and the uniform harmony of his instructions on this subject at different times, and to different correspondents, is very striking, and it must be admitted as a strong, though collateral, proof of the inspired origin of the Christian bishopric.

What then *was* this bishop to *do* and to *be?* What are his qualifications, and what his authority, his honours, and his dangers? By nothing does the gospel record vouch its heavenly pages more emphatically than the fact that in two small tractates, scarcely occupying a dozen ordinary pages, the diaconal and ministerial offices are fully explained. If they had been of human origin we should either have had no record at all, or an unsatisfactory one; either because it would have been too meagre or too verbose. If, however, any intelligent and recent convert to Christianity should take the two epistles to Timothy and that to Titus in his hand, as a guide to the true pastorate of the Christian flock, lucid as those documents are, he would be appalled with the results of his investigations. Among the voluntary churches of these islands he would find no acknowledged bishopric at all, and the name bishop rarely or never employed among them to denote *the* Christian teacher. If he turn to the Wesleyan societies he would find a number of teaching itinerants, but no bishop nor pastor. Should he visit a Society of the Friends he would learn that the ministerial office is repudiated, and the only teachers acknowledged are those transient personages who feel a momentary impulse to address the flock. But on a visit to the Episcopal place of worship, he would find a bishopric consist of, perhaps a thousand parishes, and the bishop himself a civil baron, a senator, a courtier, a commandant of his clerical squadron, and the all but absolute master of the clergy and laymen in his diocese, consecrating buildings and plots of ground, helping at a coronation, or blessing the colours of the army, or persecuting a godly preacher who is beloved by his flock, because he will not preach what is contradictory to everything taught in the New Testament. Upon finding out a Papal bishop, our novice beholds a man who has forsworn to be 'the husband of one wife,' who can have no children, but is the lord, and called the 'father' of a clique of wife-hating clergy like himself; shaven in an oriental style, dressed in grotesque habiliments, blazing on high days with jewels and crimson, pretending to change bread into flesh, and to have the power to redeem souls from the realms of sorrow, and, withal, though a resident one thousand miles distant, is bound by solemn oaths to obey the Pope! Whence all this dissonance and departure from the primitive records, and why have the Congregational Churches abjured the *divinely appointed name* for the divinely appointed office of the Christian teacher?

Since, therefore, little that is satisfactory can be gleaned from the actual modern bishopric, let us turn at once to the divine charter, which has all the advantage of being definitive, curt, and lucid, if not systematic. Two chief wants beset all society—instruction and government; and the bishop was founded to meet them both. His principal office is that of a spiritual teacher, but distinguished from all mere

teachers by the divine requirement that he shall not only deliver verbal instructions, but teach the flock by the more vital indoctrination supplied alone in a living example of all Christian excellence. 'An example to the flock' was his first motto. Primitive Christianity had no professional teachers, they were all *con amore;* and it, probably, never entered into the thought of the apostles, that the great spirit of evil in the world would, before the lapse of many ages, neutralize the ministry of the gospel, by seducing men to overlook the first requirement to the office of personal piety of the highest order, and accepting as its substitute a professional rhetoric or a collegiate scholasticism. To this one fact may be traced the greatest proportion of the dire evils that have disgraced the history of evangelism.

The bishop was to be 'the man of God, thoroughly furnished to all good works.' A more comprehensive sphere could not be conceived. The artist, the poet, the merchant, and the senator of the Augustan age, had a very circumscribed orbit; but the bishop of souls was to be ever 'ready for *every* good work' that Christianity specifically designed to accomplish, or with which the gospel could co-operate, though not of its own origination. He was to offer prayer incessantly 'for kings and all in authority,' and for all conditions of men, and to inculcate a spirit of gratitude with that of supplication. He was not to sport his own opinions, but to 'hold the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience;' not to be carried away by the love of the novel and the beautiful, but frequently to recur to fundamental truth, and mature, 'by putting the brethren in remembrance,' the attainments already made, rather than gorge the mind with superfluous additions that would neutralize the whole. The primitive bishop was appointed to preach the word constantly; and that not only in one place, but to 'do the work of an evangelist.' Not, however, was he a mere preacher—he was 'to take care of the church,' and to remember that it was 'the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.' He was to abound in labours, and yet to take care of his health, and, if necessary, 'drink a *little* wine for his stomach's sake.' He was to realize the allegory of the cherubim, 'all eyes within,' and keep a sharp introspection on the temper of his own spirit, the rise of thought and the growth of opinion, because 'the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all;' 'in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.' It was a part of his business to foster habits of biblical study in others, and not to neglect to study himself, but to 'stir up the gift that is in thee,' whether native or extraditional; but his studies were not to be composed of the logomachies of the rhetor, the raving similitudes of the visionary, or the bootless pedantry of the Jewish antiquary. He was to save souls who were hourly thronging the passes between time and eternity, and there was no time to spare. The world had slept out the morning of its existence, and Jehovah had tolerated its somnolence; but now he 'commanded men everywhere to repent;' and the bishop was the herald that carried the flag of truce from heaven through the world, and summoned the heartbroken hordes of hostile races to the fellowship of the gospel. The bishop was re-

minded that he would not live for ever; and it was, therefore, his duty, after having held fast the form of sound words, and nourished the Church, to provide for the perpetuity of the pastorate. 'The same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also;' but, in the same breath, he was forbidden either to employ a novice, or 'to lay hands suddenly' on any.

Such were the labours assigned to the first Christian bishop; and it is easy to discern the purely spiritual range of his functions. No provision is made for his sharing in the feats of a camp, or the intrigues of a court. It never entered the mind of the apostle, that men would arise who would arrogate the sole right of being considered the successors of himself and his colleagues, and that they would not only 'deny the Lord that redeemed them,' but spend their lives in a series of pranks more allied to the snake-charmers of Parthia, or the mumbling haruspices of the Pontine. Of tithes and commendams, *congés d'elire* and enthronizations, church courts and canonical laws, liturgic forms and the rights of presentation, patronage, rubric, ordination, licences, the proctor's power, the surrogate, the dean and chapter, and the synodals, there is not only no mention whatever in the only document that can authorize the existence of a bishop, but no implication, however slight, from which a warrant for such outrageous violations of Christian verity could be concocted.

The qualifications of the bishop are equally remarkable for spiritual simplicity, and are in admirable harmony with his employment. Those qualifications are threefold—civic, mental, and religious. Of the first class of pre-requisites for the episcopal character, Paul enjoined that the bishop should be a *married man*, of courteous manners, of good reputation in his social connexions; and neither a demagogue, a pugilist, nor a gourmand. Very curious discoveries would await him who should inquire why the last three qualities annulled all other pretensions to the dignity of the spiritual office. Of mental qualifications, Paul demanded that the bishops should be apt to teach, patient, possess the power of self-control, be a strenuous student, the master of a model family for its good government, hospitable, and free from the deadliest of the mortal vices—covetousness. The spiritual attributes indispensable to the episcopal office, according to this apostle, were, that its occupant should be faithful to the trust of the gospel, stedfast in doctrine, and a constant preacher; that his piety should be in a state of *manifest* growth, and that he should be a lover of good men. Probably the first reflection that this group of qualifications would suggest to almost any ordinary reader is, its seeming *deficiency*. Under each head the apostle seems to have exacted so few things, that it is difficult to avoid the feeling that he must have forgotten something. Let the reader, however, attempt to point out the imaginary omissions, and he will at once learn that he is dealing with a divine document, which, though apparently simple, has shown its superhuman wisdom by concealing every requisite for the spiritual episcopate in a few vital ideas.

In what proportions the gubernative and the teaching elements at

first mixed in the episcopal office, we are not informed. Something of both is necessary, doubtless, in every bishop, and few would, perhaps, clearly discern their province. Although it must be admitted that the work of 'ruling' and 'governing' is often mentioned in the New Testament as belonging to the bishop, there is no reason to believe that he was, in the primitive ages, in any other sense a ruler than as he was the executive of the authoritative acts of the Church. The ostensible difficulty of this subject is only apparent. The bishop must be either the master of the Church or its servant. If the former, he destroys the rule—'ye are all one in Christ;' if the latter, his carrying out the determinations of the Church, as its executive authority, accounts for his having as much the appearance of a ruler as of a teacher of the faithful.

Clearly as the apostle Paul defines the sphere, the duties, and the qualifications of the Christian bishop, he is not less lucid or emphatic in sketching the scattered shoals and the sunken rocks from which the new-launched vessel of the ministry was in danger. He warns some of the elders and their churches, that the minister was not a popular tribune who could only reach the objects of his vocation through the arts of oratory. In the Grecian cities, where the orators were extemporary kings, and the people the awarders of crowns and applause, the bishop was in danger of forgetting that 'the excellency of the power is of God, and not of man.' The love of originality was in the first ages as seductive as it has often proved since, and hence Timothy was repeatedly warned to 'hold fast the form of sound words,' for Hymenæus and Alexander had been lost upon that quicksand. Not less perilous was the love of power to the Christian bishop, who from being brought by his office into a closer contiguity with conscience than had been possible before, might easily glide from the rank of an adviser into that of an inquisitor, and thus both destroy his flock and himself. No profession can close its doors against the besetting sin of the human race, the love of money, and even the self-denying office of the spiritual elder would furnish too many occasions for this gratification; hence the anathema against the love of money, the root of all evil, and it is placed in the same category with the sins of 'the flesh,' from which the bishop was bade to 'flee.' The abuse of erudition has wrecked many of the teachers of the Church in all ages. It all but destroyed that of Judæa, and Paul was fully sensitive of the snare, and admonished Timothy to shun as mortiferous objects 'foolish and unlearned questions,' and Titus not 'to give heed to Jewish fables and commandments of men.' To some natures, the love of fame is more seductive than all the other perils of life, and Paul warned the bishop neither to be desirous of being the founder of a sect, the author of an opinion, or the idol of a church. Animal pleasures chiefly beset the young, the sedentary, and the luxurious; and it is easy to read in the apostle's frequent excitation to Timothy and Titus, to reading, to energetic action, and to the cultivation of all the purest sentiments of the gospel, an admonition of their animal danger. In the old Gentile world an omnipresent spirit of superstition enslaved society, and as

Christianity was heaven-born freedom, and required for its appreciation a spirit of power and of love, and a sound mind, Paul reminded Timothy that a Christian might be superstitious too, and that he must avoid 'profane and old wives' fables.' In short, the apostle appears to have seen thus early nearly all the evils that have ever destroyed or weakened the bishop, whom he implored to beware of a lack of courage in the days of trial, of a spirit of contentiousness in the rage of heresy, or of spiritual pride, either as accruing from great success, or from conscious power. Thus arose an entirely original office in the world, fraught with more beneficent or dangerous influence to mankind than any other character, political or scholastic, that had ever existed. Here was an order of men, who were the accredited ambassadors of Heaven, sent to subjugate all nations, but armed only with benignant words and personal goodness, and limited to the use of means that were 'lovely and of good report.' An empire to be established that recognised no geographical boundaries, might well alarm the zealots of the petty republic, and even the advocates of the largest kingdoms. To establish a fraternity of all nations appeared stark insanity to those little philosophists, who then, as now, believed in the unamalgamable nature of the different races. To commence a regeneration of mankind without a treasury, or a general organization, seemed in the estimation of the rich so remarkable an absurdity, that they concluded base designs were concealed within this unpretending policy, or the Christian bishops were fools. But it was not only the superficial of the first ages that misread the true purport of the Christian bishopric. The deeper thoughted saw the gravest evils parturient from this new doctrine. If men were to be incorporated into an universal brotherhood to which women, slaves, and every class of the illiterate were equally eligible to membership, a society would in time arise, that would disdain the *imperium in imperio*, and at once override all kingdoms, control all rulers, and abolish all the artificial ranks of life that were uncongenial with its progress. Civic rulers required no great study to see in the Christian bishopric an alarming check to their power. The monarch governed by force and fraud, availed himself of popular prejudices, and appealed chiefly to the cupidity and the passions of men, but was shy of appeals to reason. The bishop addressed himself to mind, appealed to the inward love of freedom, roused the sense of truth, treated all men as capable of judging the highest questions, abjured force, and sought only to rule by conscience and love. Here was a difference, indeed! Political government only allowed the few to speak and hear, but Christianity claimed for all the right of hearing and speaking whatever was true, and of making every man judge of the questions which revelation had opened, and time had explained. Thus the world and the Church came into instant collision. The bishop was authorized to *rule* by Heaven, the monarch by men. The former treated all things in a new light; the latter attempted to darken many of the great questions of truth, and affirmed to have the right to ignore others. The schools of philosophy saw an end to one great section of their verbosities, and that brought about by the most simple

and humiliating verities. The gospel struck all fictitious personages to the dust, and raised a power from the lowly and the simple followers of Jesus that amazed the troubled imagination of men. Here was an army of wisdom covering the world with its hardy and expert planters of thought; establishing in every family the moral tutor; and anointing lips with a heavenly and ever-ready eloquence that had only been familiar with the jargon of superstition, blasphemy, or the obscene. No one can read the Pagan histories of the first Christian age, without seeing that all these views were felt by the world; and that to this class of feelings must be attributed those fearful persecutions that were chiefly designed to suppress the new order of Christian teachers, who were regarded as dangerous rivals of the civic power. When it was, however, found that suppression was impossible, the policy, partly Satanic and partly human, was changed to neutralize the bishop, by clothing him with civic power, with donatives and political honours, and thus the sad story of our repulses begins.

The hostility of the world to the Christian bishopric has never ceased throughout the intermediate ages. To make the preachers of the gospel subservient by different means, has always been one of the standing aims of all governments. A singular history is this alone, and if confined to our own country it would develop more startling facts than political history can reveal. Political rulers begin by despising the bishop, who is then persecuted, and afterwards endowed; and if not endowable, he is to be weakened by divisions, hampered by checks, or bribed by praise. There is no respite from this war for the true bishop of Christ Jesus. Society is always changing its phase of civilization, but its relation to the divine truth and institutions remains the same intensified hostility. It loves to have the pre-eminence in all questions of worship, teaching, and government, and to apply the same rules of policy and art to the Church as it does to the State. But the bishop must 'give place not for an hour,' where the honour of his bishopric is concerned; and as he cannot compromise, there is no alternative but the continuance of the war with the successors of the men who said, 'Did we not strictly charge you that ye should not speak any more in this name?'

Of uninspired descriptions of the Christian bishop there is a great diversity: some beautiful and impassioned effigies Baxter has given us; rude and epigrammatic portraitures are to be found in Joseph Hall and Donne. Quarles, Gurnal, and Watson, the Puritan, have finely hit off parts of the true episcopal character; but a nobler summary of the leading qualifications of the Christian teacher it would be difficult perhaps to name than that of Bishop Ken. But how immeasurably above all, meantime, does Paul rise in his description of the episcopal office, which his writings first mainly founded! He is the man of God: the perfect workman that, though adjudged by more than mortal scrutiny, needeth not to be ashamed. He is an ambassador of God, and an interpleader with men 'in Christ's stead.' He is the wise master-builder, who neither imposes upon an insecure foundation a costly edifice, nor upon a grand base erects a mean super-

structure. He is the captain of a crazy ship in a perilous sea, incumbered with the twofold duty of 'saving himself and them that hear;' or an athlete at the Olympics, and is cautioned to remember, that however sinewy or lithe, he is not crowned except he strive lawfully. Or he is a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and is warned that he is not on light duty, with no enemy to subdue, but has to contend with a fierce world of malignant passions, and subtle hordes of disguised bowmen, and must both watch and endure hardness. The Christian bishop, according to Paul, was the steward of the mysteries of God, and it became him to divide to every one a portion of meat in due season, and withal to win the heart of the refractory by his gentleness, and comfort the sophist by his well-arrayed reason. His conversation was to be in heaven, and yet a keen inspector of the ways and tendencies of men: a herald, to rouse the sleeping sentinels; a watchman, to descry distant dangers, and yet neither to meddle with the affairs of other men, nor neglect his own vineyard. Never since the sun beamed on the human race had a more important office been founded; and never had an intellect grasped with firmer hold, or seen with more penetrative discrimination, all its liabilities, its exigence, its issues, or its perils. The apostle might not have been able to guide a trireme through the Cyclades with Nearchus, or to manœuvre the legions at Actium as well as Augustus, or to lecture as well as Euclid on the planetary times; but in the themes of his calling, and on this of the Christian bishopric in particular, he soared above not only all the men of his own age, but into a higher heaven of purer lustre than mortal has ever done since. Nor was it wonderful. He explains the enigma. We have the mind of Christ, says he, and have delivered to you what we have received from the Lord Jesus. Those great but uninspired Christian men that lived in the following ages, and who were familiar with all that was profound, beautiful, or noble in Roman or Greek pages, felt the matchless superiority of Paul, and might well often utter their fond *utinam* to have seen *Paulum in ore*. Never was a greater miracle of divine grace. Never did human nature glow with such comparative divinity before or since; and no man has ever passed through this world, and stamped upon its intellect and heart so grand and enduring an impress, as this diminutive Cilician Jew. If the Christian bishops had followed Paul as he followed Jesus, instead of taking for their models the mordant Athanasius, the allegorical Origen, the turgid Gregory, the mystic Bernard, the dominant Wesley, the metaphysical Calvin, the imaginative Taylor, or the pugnacious Baxter; an idol would not have now existed; and instead of Christ's Church being ript into shreds of life, that one conclusive argument for the divine origin of the gospel, the hallowed life and the Catholic love of the brethren, would have superseded the necessity for all other literary proof, which is now so stupendous and yet so ineffectual on the masses of unregenerate mankind.

R. S. B

'What would the World say?'

PERHAPS this question has been proposed to you, to enforce some maxim of common-place morality, or to deter you from following Christ. And although you have felt some misgivings, its mysterious vagueness has imposed upon you, and you have adopted the course recommended, for fear of what the world would say. Now, I do not doubt that there are men who have thus been kept from evil actions, and so far I will cheerfully own that the effects of this question have been good. But can it be good to make what the world may say, the test of right and wrong? And is it not made so by those who use no higher appeal? For myself, I ascribe half the wrong-doing amongst men to this source. *This* seems to me the ultimate effect that we can trace of the employment of this inquiry, as the sanction in matters respecting which the conscience, the truth of the gospel, the example of Jesus, ought to decide.

This has followed; and besides, many a noble resolution has been paralyzed, many a generous purpose brought to nought, and many a one prevented from fulfilling the secret desire of his heart to be a disciple of Jesus. 'What *would* the world say?' The soul gets bewildered in the mist of terror those words call up, and it shrinks back from life, from life eternal! Perhaps it has been so with you. But did you never ask *who* were 'the world,' nor what were the *consequences* implied in that question, nor even what the world *does* actually *say?* I do not wonder at the nameless fear which has filled you, when your aspirations have met with this response. Let us ask these questions now, and endeavour to get true answers; and let us see if we cannot penetrate this mystery, and destroy the power of these mischief-working words, for ourselves, at least.

'*What would the world say?*' I will tell you.

'If you do as the world does, and so do not condemn it, nor excite the suspicion that it is in the wrong, it will praise you living, and lament you dead.

'If you are an evil-doer, it will excuse you, and extenuate your conduct, until that course would awaken uncomfortable apprehensions respecting itself; and then it will turn upon you, and condemn you with a bitterness, arising not from its dim and beclouded notions of what is right and good, but from the desperate hope of proving, by that means, that it is altogether different from such as you:—unless your evil-doing should lead to what it calls *prosperity;* and then it will never doubt that you have been slanderously misrepresented by the envious.

'If you *will* follow Christ, it will show you no mercy; and the more silently and earnestly you do so, the more will it feel bound to vindicate itself by condemning you. It will watch for, and hunt after, and magnify, and exult over, every shadow of a failing, though it should

know that you have bewailed it as David wept over his. It will suggest that worse than failings characterise you, and seek to destroy you by innuendoes. If it cannot in these ways assault you, then it will lay at your door every deed of violence and crime which has ever been perpetrated in the name of religion, though it knows that you have openly disowned all this wickedness a hundred times. It will, with affected pity, rejoice if any ill befall you, and either attribute it to your religion, in the hope of winning you back to its own ways, or hold it up to others as a proof of your insincerity. If, however, you are well to do in its affairs, it will not, perhaps, interfere with you so positively; and provided it see only the morality of your life, if you are poor, it may even praise you; for it has doubts respecting the propriety of irreligion in "the lower orders of society," and does, in fact, "attend public worship" chiefly for their benefit. And if, after all that it has said to hinder you, you have not heeded its words, nor turned from your purpose, then, since it has lost the use of those cogent arguments, the prison, the fine, exile, torture, death—by which it once enforced its dictates—then it will prodigiously admire you, and will assert that it did always perceive a vast difference between you and the hypocrites; for so it will promise itself the credit of loving what it sees and hates in you.'

This is what the world *says*. Your own observation of what has passed around you will prove it. It always has built the tombs of the prophets whom its fathers had slain. It chose Barabbas and crucified Jesus, and every day confirms that choice, and crucifies the Son of God afresh; and yet it is scandalized if it is not called 'Christian.' Yes, this is what it says; and now, instead of being filled with alarm when that question is put to us, we can reply, 'We know what the world would say; we have considered it carefully, and estimated its value, and we are not concerned at what it says—we will follow Christ!'

But, perhaps, you have not so fully escaped from the influence that enthralled you. There is something almost illimitable in 'the world;' it *may* have some new word to speak respecting you. That is what it *has said;* is it all it *can* say? We will endeavour to reduce this illimitable 'world' to its true bounds. We will answer him who asks 'What would the world say?' by other questions—'Whom do you mean by *the world?* There are not many who are acquainted with me, and very few who can know my private thoughts and life. And of these, some only will take the trouble to pass judgment upon me; and not all of them will give expression to it; and I shall hear, at most, what two or three think of my proceeding. *They* cannot be "the world" whose verdict I am to wait for, and to receive so submissively.

'Or, do you mean that I should act so that the wisest and best of my associates and friends may approve and love me? This cannot be; for they certainly would commend me for taking Jesus as my Lord and guide, and with a tearful joy invoke upon me Heaven's prospering smile and blessing; and *you* would dissuade me from such a course. I begin to think that it is only a vast air-shadow of *yourself*, which, like the spectre of the Brocken, mimics gigantically all your move-

ments, and now stretches out Titanic arms to repel me from the way of life; and which you would have me see, and tremble at, and call "the world." Is it so?

'Or, can it be that you intend nothing less than "men in general," when you speak of "the world?"—those who make up "civilized society," and form the "common-sense" of the age? You would have me, by such opportunities as are afforded me, discover what is the *conventional* view of earnest concern for the salvation of the soul. Can this be the task you desire me to undertake?'

Thus we might reply; and if any meaning had been associated with the words of the question, and it had not been employed as *irreligious* cant alone, it must be acknowledged that we have expressed it, or suggested it, in our inquiries. And now you may say, 'It is not those two or three who are privileged, as old friends, to tell me, unbidden, what they think of my newly-formed resolution, whose judgment I can fear. Each one of them knows me well enough to understand me if I "forsake all" and follow Christ. Still less can I regard with apprehension what they say, whose opinion of me I have never cared to know. And as for "conventionalism," what is it but the colossal air-shadow of the men of each age, and how should I fear *that?*' And then the conviction comes, with oppressive force, that it is just because 'conventionalism' is so impalpable that it is so operative a presence in every heart in each age; that it is, indeed, the very air which society in each age respires. And that over all—save those who (you well know), even as the 'angels of God,' 'rejoice over one sinner that repenteth'—over all friends and acquaintances, strangers and foes, that colossal shadow broods; all see and fear that shadow of themselves; all ask respecting *their own* doings, 'What would the world say?' and 'the world' will look enmity to you through their eyes, and speak it by their voices, and act it by their hands. Every one will be ready to execute the world's sentence against its recusant.

For beside the terror inspired by the misty vagueness of 'the world,' and what it 'would say,' there is that which arises from the implied *consequences* of its verdict, whatever that may be. And when you have discovered what it actually *says*, you see lurking behind the harshly unjust sentence—behind the false accusation—behind the secret slander—the deadly purpose to inflict substantial harm upon you. When you have discovered what it actually *is*, you perceive that it can put you under the ban of the circle you have been accustomed to move in; that it can prejudice against you those upon whom depends your daily bread; that it can create foes in your own household; and that it will do all this, and more, if you refuse to obey its bidding, and choose 'the better part.' And from this proceeds much of the benumbing influence exerted on the soul by the question, 'What would the world say?'

The world will do this; but what I told you of the admiration it would affect for you, if it found that it could neither cajole nor terrify you from your purpose, is true notwithstanding. And this leads me to the practical issue of what I have said. You would know how to

gain this victory over the world—how to extort from it this confession of defeat. I know of one way by which this may be effected; and you must not be disappointed when I speak of it, nor think it an unreal dream. Have you ever noticed how faintly the most apt and faithful words depict *realities*, for those who have neither witnessed nor experienced them? Make trial of this way, and you shall find (perhaps after conflict the sharpest), the triumph really your own.

But tell me, do you purpose to follow Christ indeed? If you do not, I have no word for you now. You do, however, mean what is signified by *following* HIM. Upon this depends both the conflict and the victory; and this is the path in which they may be found. *As far as you perceive what is implied in that purpose, so far, and fully, dare to do.* Now, it may be, he appears to you as the pardoner of sin,—ah, how welcome! Cling to him. Be sure that he will forgive, even you! And whilst he yet is speaking, 'Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee!' you shall see him, as it were, transfigured before you, and in him you shall behold a means of access to the living streams, which flow from the Eternal Throne. Drink of those streams. They will never dry up. Make them the sources of your heart's dearest life. Saviour and Life—he next may show himself as Law to you. Attempt that lofty walk to which he invites. It is practicable, it is safe, it is the true way, or he would not call you to it. 'Ever in your great Taskmaster's eye;' serving God; seeking his praise only,—such is this mode of life. And at every step, arms invisible, but almighty, will bear you up; and a spirit, meekly courageous, ever to dare and do greater things, will possess you; and you will prove what it is to 'go in the strength of the Lord.' Onwards, and still onwards, pursue the living way;—you will, ere long, find that all things have strangely changed their aspects to you. There is wisdom where you had been told was folly only. It is not so difficult to be *alone* in your thought, in your deed. *He was so.* That great shadow which overawes men's souls;—to you it matters not whether it loom there terrible, or never appear. The *truth* is what you long after in all your speculations, in all your aspirations and love. The *right* is what you would do, in small things and in great. And duty and freedom are one. *He did so.* Higher, and still higher, urge your course. Did not he deny himself, even to the cross, and its shame? You will *take up your cross, and follow him!*

'What would the world say?'—'None of these things move me.' 'Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.' 'It is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment!' 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.' 'Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of him who is good? But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled, but sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear; having a good conscience;

that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evil doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ. For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing. For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.' 'If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him, who after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him.' 'Be of good cheer; *I have overcome the world.*'

Stone Pillar-worship in Ireland in 1851.

[The following curious account, by Sir James Emerson Tennant, of the existence at the present day of a pure pagan idolatry on the west coast of Ireland, will be read with painful interest. It seems almost impossible to realize the fact, that within five hundred miles of the metropolis, and in one of our own islands, there should exist such strange remains of the darkest and most perfect heathenism. One of the most curious circumstances, however, connected with the discovery of this worship, is the fact that until now the existence of the people does not appear to have been known. We have carefully searched the most modern Gazetteers and Cyclopædias, as well as the last Census returns, and find not the slightest reference to them; so that even the tax-gatherer has not found them out. The writer of the article inquires whether it can be ascertained if this is the last remnant of pillar-worship now remaining in Europe? and especially, whether any further trace of it is to be found in any other portion of the British dominions? Perhaps some of our readers may be able to give information on this subject. It is but right to add, that we extract this article from an extremely valuable weekly publication, known, doubtless, to the majority of our subscribers—'Notes and Queries.' —Ed. Christian Spectator.]

In a work recently published by the Earl of Roden, entitled 'Progress of the Reformation in Ireland,' there occurs a curious account of a remnant of this ancient form of fetichism still existing in Inniskea, an island off the coast of Mayo, with about 380 inhabitants; amongst whom, he says,

'*A stone* carefully wrapped up in flannel is brought out at certain periods to be adored; and when a storm arises, this god is supplicated to send a wreck on their coast.'—P. 51.

A correspondent in the same volume writes to Lord Roden that—

'They all speak the Irish language, and among them is a trace of that government by chiefs, which in former times prevailed in Ireland; the present chief or king of Inniskea is an intelligent peasant called Cain, whose authority

is acknowledged, and the settlement of all disputes is referred to his decision. Though nominally Roman Catholics, these islanders have no priest resident among them; they know nothing of the tenets of that church, and their worship consists in occasional meetings at their chief's house, with visits to a holy well called *Derivla*. The absence of religion is supplied by the open practice of pagan idolatry. In the south island a stone idol called in the Irish *Neevoogi*, has been from time immemorial religiously preserved and worshipped. This god resembles in appearance a thick roll of homespun flannel, which arises from the custom of dedicating to it a dress of that material whenever its aid is sought; this is sewed on by an old woman, its priestess. Of the early history of this idol no authentic information can be procured, but its power is believed to be immense; they pray to it in time of sickness, it is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some hapless ship upon their coast, and again it is solicited to calm the waves to admit of the islanders fishing or visiting the main land.' —*Ib.* pp. 53, 54.

This statement, irrespective of graver reflections, is suggestive of a curious inquiry, whether this point of Ireland, on the utmost western verge of Europe, be not the last spot in Christendom in which a trace can now be found of stone-pillar worship?—the most ancient of all forms of idolatry known to the records of the human race; and the most widely extended, since at one time or another it has prevailed in every nation of the old world, from the shores of Lapland to the confines of India; and, I apprehend, vestiges of its former existence are to be traced on the continent of America.

Before men discovered the use of metals, or the method of cutting rocks, they worshipped unhewn stones; and if the authenticity of Sanchoniathon is to be accepted, they consecrated pillars to the *fire* and the *wind* before they had learned to hunt, to fish, or to harden bricks in the sun. (Sanchon. in Cory's 'Ancient Fragments,' pp. 7, 8.) From *Chna*, 'the first Phœnician' as he is called by the same remote authority, the Canaanites acquired the practice of stone-pillar worship, which prevailed amongst them long before:

'Jacob took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it; and called the name of the place Bethel, saying, this stone which I have set up for a pillar shall be *God's house*.'—Gen. xxviii. 18, 22.

The Israelites were repeatedly ordered to destroy these stone idols of the Canaanites, to overthrow their altars, and 'break their pillars' (Deut. vii. 5; xii. 3). And when the Jews themselves, in their aberrations, were tempted to imitate their customs, Moses points a sarcasm at their delusion:—

'Where are their gods, their *rock* in whom they trusted? How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except their *rock* had sold them?'—*Ib.* xxxii. 30, 37.

From Jacob's consecration of his stone pillar, and the name *Bethel* which he conferred upon it (which, in Phœnician, signified *the house of God*), were derived the Bætylia, Βαιτύλια, or Βαιτύλοι, the black stones worshipped in Syria and Asia Minor, in Egypt, and in Greece before the time of Cecrops, under the names of Cybele and of Saturn, who is fabled to have swallowed one of them when he intended to have devoured his son Jupiter. Even in the refined period of Grecian

philosophy, the common people could not divest themselves of the influence of the ancient belief; and Theophrastus gives it as the characteristic of the 'superstitious man,' that he could not resist the impulse to bow to these mysterious stones, which served to mark the confluence of the highways. From Asia Minor pillar-worship was carried to Italy and Gaul, and eventually extended to Germany, where the trunks of trees occasionally became the substitute for stone. From the same original the Arabs borrowed the Kaaba, the black stone, which is still revered at Mecca; and the Brahmans a more repulsive form, under which the worship now exists in Hindostan. Even in early times the reverence of these stones took a variety of forms, as they were applied to mark the burial-place of saints and persons of distinction, to define contested boundaries, and to commemorate great events (*vide* Joshua iv. 5; xxiv. 26); and perhaps many of the stones which have now a traditional, and even historical celebrity in Great Britain, such as the 'Lia Fail' of Tara; the great 'Stone of Scoon,' on which the Scottish kings were crowned; the 'King's Stone' in Surrey, which served a similar office to the Saxons; the 'Charter Stone' of Inverness; the 'Leper's Stone' of Ayr; the 'Blue Stone' of Carrick; the 'Black Stone' of Iona, and others, may have acquired their later respect from their earlier sanctity.

There appear to be few countries in the old world which do not possess some monuments of this most remote idolatry; but there is none in which they would seem to be so abundant as on the western extremity of Europe, in Cornwall, and especially in the islands and promontories from the Land's End to Caithness and the Orkneys. In the latter the worship of stone pillars continued to so recent a period, that one is curious to know when it actually disappeared, and whether there still exist traces of it in any other locality, similar to that pointed out by the Earl of Roden at Inniskea.

My own acquaintance with the subject is very imperfect; but, so far as my recollection serves, the following references may direct attention to interesting quarters.

Scheffer, who published his 'Description of Lapland' in 1673, states that the practice of stone-pillar worship then existed there, and that *Storjunkar*, one of the deities of Scandinavian mythology, was—

'Represented by a stone. Neither do they use any art in polishing it; but take it as they find it upon the banks of lakes and rivers. In this shape they worship it as his image, and call it *Kied kie jubmal*, that is, *the stone god*.'—Scheffer, *Lapponia*. Engl. London, 1751.

He adds that they select the unhewn stone, because it is in the form in which it was shaped by the hand of the Creator himself. The incident suggests a curious coincidence with the expressions of Isaiah (chap. lvii. 6):—

'Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion; they, they are thy lot: even to them hast thou poured a drink-offering; thou hast offered a meat-offering. Should I receive comfort in these?'

Joshua, too, selected the twelve stones with which he commemorated

the passage of the Jordan from the midst of the river, where the priests' feet stood when they bore the ark across.

Martin, in his account of the Western Islands of Scotland in 1703, describes repeatedly the numerous pillar-stones which were then objects of respect in the several localities. And in one instance he states that an image which was held in veneration in one of the islands was *swathed in flannel*,—a practice which would thus seem to have served as a precedent for the priestess of Inniskea, as detailed by Lord Roden. In speaking of the island of Eriska, to the north of Barra, Martin says—

'There is a stone set up, near a mile to the south of St. Columbus's church, about eight foot high and two broad. It is called by the natives the *bowing stone*; for when the inhabitants had the first sight of the church, they set up this stone, and then bowed, and said the Lord's Prayer.'—*A Description of the Western Islands*, p. 88.

But Borlase, who notices this passage in his 'Antiquities of Cornwall,' gives a much more learned derivation of the name. He says :—

'They call them *bowing stones*, as it seems to me, from the reverence shown them; for the *Even Maschith*, which the Jews were forbade to worship (Lev. xxvi. 1. '*neither shall ye set up any image of stone*'), signifies really a *bowing stone*, and was doubtless so called because worshipped by the Canaanites.'—Borlase, *Antiquities of Cornwall*, book iii. c. 2.

I fancy the word which Martin rendered a *bowing stone* is *cromlech*, or *crom liagh*.

As regards the ancient monuments of stone-worship in Cornwall, the most learned and the most ample information is contained in Borlase's 'Antiquities' of that county; but there their worship ceased, though not till several centuries after the introduction of Christianity. Borlase says :—

'After Christianity took place, many continued to worship these stones; coming thither with lighted torches, and praying for safety and success: and this custom we can trace through the fifth and sixth centuries; and even into the seventh, as will appear from the prohibitions of several councils.'—*Ib.* b. iii. c. ii. p. 162.

In all parts of Ireland these stone pillars are to be found in comparative frequency. Accounts of them will be found in 'The Ancient and Present State of the County Down,' 1744; in Wakeman's 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities;' and in various similar authorities. A writer in the 'Archæologia' for 1800 says that many of the stone crosses which form so interesting and beautiful a feature in Irish antiquities were originally pagan pillar-stones, on which the cross was sculptured subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, in order that—

'The common people, who were not easily to be diverted from their superstitious reverence for these stones, might pay a kind of justifiable adoration to them when thus appropriated to the use of Christian memorials by the sign of the cross.'—*Archæologia*, vol. xiii. p. 208.

The tenacity of the Irish people to this ancient superstition is established by the fact of its continuance to the present day in the sequestered island of Inniskea.

On Religion.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PROFESSOR HAGENBACH, OF BASLE.*

RELIGION, when traced to its first principles, does not consist either in knowledge or action, but in a certain state of the feelings, which, after we have attained a clear and rational consciousness of it in consequence of intelligent examination, grows to a settled disposition under the moral direction of the will, and having diffused itself as the true element of life through the whole *inward* man, appears in the *outward* as the noblest blossom put forth by humanity. In treating of this subject, objection has been made by some to the use of the Latin word religion, and piety has been used instead; but the latter expresses only one side (the subjective) of religion; if, that is, we accept the definition of religion given by Hase, that it is 'objectively the relation of man to the eternal, subjectively the influence of this relation upon a man's life.' The same may be said of the terms 'fear of God,' and 'godliness,' that they are only visible results of religion, and not religion itself. Nor has the word *faith* exactly the same meaning; for, as Schultz has observed, 'when we speak of religion we include in it all the relations of man to God collected and united in one; and of this, fear, confidence, love, reverence, piety, hope, are but separate parts, so far as they express some of the different relations existing between a rational creature and the Deity.' Whilst, therefore, the word should not be used in treating of a particular feature of piety (as, for example, where a form of speech peculiar to Christianity is justly expected), yet it is not only convenient, but indispensable, when we wish to confine ourselves to a general view of the subject.

So much for the word. With regard to religion itself, we need not dwell upon the old definition of it, that it is a mode of knowing and worshipping God, but proceed at once to show, in opposition to this idea, that religion is strictly neither knowledge nor action.

I. *Religion is not merely knowledge.* It is true, the derivation of the word, and in some respects both scriptural† and popular expressions, seem to favour this notion of it; the Scriptures speak of the knowledge of the Lord, and religion is commonly spoken of as both taught and learned. But the teaching of religion is always regarded as something very different from that of the other branches of instruction; and we should never say of a scholar he is clever in religion, as we say he is clever as a linguist or mathematician. It is, however, with a very different meaning that religion is sometimes associated with knowledge. The lowest conception of all, though one which greatly prevails, is that which assumes religion to be merely knowledge retained

* Encyklopaedie der Theologischen Wissenschaften, von Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. Leipzig.

† The knowledge of which the Scripture speaks, is a practical knowledge of the heart; and it is worth observing, that to the Hebrew the heart was the seat of perception.

in the memory. Memory, indeed, is not to be excluded; all positive religion rests upon narrative, and we, therefore, very properly commence our religious instruction by teaching the facts of religion, and endeavouring, by means of hymns, sentences, &c., to impress them on the memory of the child. But we regard this only as the pathway to the heart, in which the seed we sow is to spring up, and, having fixed its roots there, produces its fruits in the personal character and life. And when only the memory is cultivated, and men are contented with this kind of religious knowledge, then we see *dead orthodoxy* alone. There is yet another view. According to some, it is not the memory only, but the *understanding* in which religion is retained, and which exercises itself upon it. For understanding some prefer to use the word *reason*, although many when employing this word only mean the understanding,* that is, the faculty of the mind which distinguishes and combines, or that faculty of which the correct discernment of things is the characteristic, however unconsciously it acts. Now no intelligent man will deny that understanding is requisite in everything, even in religion; and the Scriptures fully recognise its worth.† But experience teaches that knowledge, gained by the understanding only, is not religion. With regard to this, the work performed by the understanding is generally only of a negative character; it takes away from the religious conceptions the imagery which veils them, it guards from mistake and obscurity, and, like a fresh breeze, acts as a wholesome check to the warmth of the religious feelings. But it must itself be restrained within its own bounds, and reminded that it will try in vain to span the infinite with its finite grasp. Where the understanding predominates, we have false *rationalism*.

There is yet a third form which this view of knowledge assumes. It is maintained, in distinction both from orthodoxy and rationalism, that religion is the object of a *higher perception*. The term *reason* is claimed as belonging to this exclusively; 'religion,' it is said, 'belongs only to the *mind*, which thinks, which harmonizes all differences, and by which all is pervaded and moved. The element in which religion lives is not the lifeless notion, but the living *idea*. These ideas of the reason are beyond the reach of the short-sighted understanding.' But it may be asked whether this so-called *idea of the reason* has an independent existence in the mind; or is not rather a product of the feelings and understanding—the higher unity of the two? Is the possession of this idea in itself religion and eternal life? is it not a mere phantom of

* The important distinction between the reason and the understanding is fully worked out by Coleridge in his 'Aids to Reflection.' 'Reason is the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves. . . . The judgments of the understanding are binding only in relation to the objects of our senses. It is the faculty judging according to sense. . . . We speak of the human understanding in disjunction from that of beings higher or lower than man. There neither is nor can be but one reason, the light that lighteth every man's individual understanding, and thus makes it reasonable.'—*Aids*, b. i. pp. 168, 169; 6th ed.

† Jesus rejoiced that the young man had answered intelligently; and Paul says, 'Be ye children in malice, but in understanding be men.' (1 Cor. xiv. 20.)

the mind so long as it does not reflect what has been felt and experienced within the breast? As the word *reason* as used by the rationalists is often only the Sunday dress put on by the mere *understanding*, so also the same term means with the *idealists* only a lively imagination. And every one will confess that the *imagination* is not the source of religion, although, in common with all the other powers of the mind, it must have its share in the religious life.

There still remains to be noticed the following general objections to the opinion, that religion comes within the sphere of knowledge:—

1. If religion consisted in knowledge, then knowledge and right-thinking would be the measure of piety. And, accordingly, our age would be more pious than any before it; the philosopher more pious than the people, men more than women, and adults than children. How was it, then, that the gospel reached us, not from the schools of Greece, but from the Jews? Why has God hidden it from the wise of this world, and revealed it unto babes? Why did the restoration of the sciences not complete the Reformation, for which it prepared the way? Why did Luther, whom Erasmus thought obscure, throw him, acute and learned as he was, into the shade?

2. If knowledge defined religion, the *church*, as a society of believers, would be nothing, and ought to resolve itself into a *society of intelligent men* (a school). Different classes (esoteric and exoteric) would soon be formed according to the degrees of proficiency; and the definition of a church would be, 'many heads, many minds,' instead of 'one heart and one soul.' And if even now the former is too often the true definition, it results from the fact that, in the Church, the attention has been directed too exclusively to doctrines, that theology has supplanted religion. Sects and controversies have mostly sprung from attaching undue importance to *knowledge*, and failing to preserve the purity and simplicity of *faith*.

3. If *thinking* and *investigating* were the proper organs of religion, then religious contentment would be the result of thought; and thinking would do most to excite religious emotions. We should then find that as the thinking faculties declined or were checked, as in old age, on the sick bed, or in dying, religion also would decline; whereas it is often here that it appears in its brightest glory. And with regard to devotion, though there is no doubt that they go too far who say that the best prayer is prayer without thought; yet, when fully examined, there is a deeper truth at the root of this apparently unmeaning assertion than can be found in that view of prayer which makes it nothing more than mere reckoning of accounts.

II. *Religion does not consist in action merely.* More might be said in favour of that view of religion which regards it as consisting in action, in a moral determination of the will, than of that which identifies it with knowledge. 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' (John xiii. 17.) And this view is supported by such expressions as 'the way of the Lord,' service, works, fruit, &c. But here again there are several ways in which we find religion and action regarded as the same. The lowest (answering to that which makes of religion a mere affair of the memory) regards piety as nothing but a work to be

performed outwardly (opus operatum); the dead mechanical doctrine of *salvation by works*. This, of course, does not deserve even the name of religion. On the other hand, we find that those who associate religion with the *understanding*, generally identify it with *morality* (rationalist standpoint). There is still a higher view, in which religion appears as an inward act, an act of the spirit within us. If this is anything more than a speculative phrase, concealing moral indifference, and putting genius in the place of ordinary virtue, we may understand it, in the Christian sense, as meaning that religion is an act of the Divine Spirit in us; which is, in reality, regeneration. Piety has regard in the end to the improvement of our character and conduct. In this, rationalism and pietism agree, that with religion there must be something seen; though they differ widely as to that which is to appear, and the means by which it is to be produced. And if it is praiseworthy to strive after right action, and certain that religion will lead to activity, this does not, therefore, prove that religion and action are the same thing.

In support of this we may adduce the following:—

1. Though the connexion is inseparable between perfect religion and perfect morality, so that we can imagine no true religion without morality, and no true morality without religion, yet we find amongst men different stages of development, and a marked diversity both in small and great things, one element appearing often very prominently, while the other has not kept pace with it. We meet with sincere piety, which we cannot with justice set down as a mere profession and hypocrisy, and which, notwithstanding, with regard to morality, leaves too much to be desired; there are careless and ill-behaved children of God, who feel, however, that they are under the guidance of God, and wish to remain so. Think, for example, of David and other Old Testament characters. In fact, it is impossible, without keeping this in view, to understand the Old Testament, and, just as much so, the middle ages, with their deep-seated godliness, and yet their utter want of cultivation. We might also find examples amongst the evangelical men of modern times. On the other hand, there is an honourable morality, which might well put many of the pious to the blush, a morality not confined to mere legality, but consisting in self-respect and self-control, which we cannot but esteem and admire, yet in which the religious element, all reference to God and eternity, is entirely wanting. To this belong both the stoicism of the ancients, and the morality most generally found amongst the cultivated men of our own time. Although, therefore, both (morality and religion) are intimately connected, yet we can separate them in idea, and, *to a certain extent*, they are actually found apart.

2. Morality presupposes a kind of *skill*, which is based on practice, and exercises itself in a series of moral actions, or in self-denial of various kinds. Religion is in its origin *power*, *spiritual life*, which shows itself by working outwards from one point as a centre. Religion bears the same relation to morality as *genius* to *talent*. As there may be men of genius, who are exceedingly awkward in the practice of different arts (for example, in the old German school of painting),

though they evidently possess the truest intuition, whilst others, however perfect their forms, only work out the most commonplace idea (the Dutch painters, for instance); so is it with morality and religion. The true master is he in whom talent is subservient to genius, and pervaded by it.

3. Moral action is conditioned by the *outward relations of life*, and where these no longer exist, the sphere of the former ceases. A man cast upon an island can make no use of his morality, unless his moral self-respect becomes the object of his worship, and thus idolatry takes the place of religious worship. But in quiet seclusion from the world the religious life may break forth in its greatest glory. The hermit's life was an unhealthy appearance, but there lies at the root of it this truth, that the religious man needs an hour in solitude, of which the merely moral man feels no want, and it is only from this religious point of view that we can do justice to such phenomena.

4. The moral life requires no further worship than moral deeds. The religious life also shows itself in actions; 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' But it will break forth besides this in word and symbol; it speaks in prayer, it expresses itself in art, it communicates itself to others, or if these are unwilling, to God himself. The act of Mary Magdalene remained incomprehensible to those who sat at table. 'Why this waste?' says the moralist always, when the religious life acts without regard to utility, 'this money might have been given to the poor.' The idea of the Church is not exhausted by that of a merely moral society (as Kant explained it). Such a society would either have simply a negative tendency (like temperance societies), or an instructive one (schools of morality), or one directed to outward practice (a benevolent institution). The church rests upon a necessity of a totally different kind; and it shows a misconception of religion when the worshipping assembly is regarded as belonging merely to one of these. Are prayer and the sacrament only means of virtue? Or is it only the weak who require them? Religion has always to *receive* from God, as well as *render* to him.

5. Morality is based on freedom, self-direction, religion on dependence, and the direction of another. These by no means exclude each other, though they may be considered apart. That is the most perfect state in which the religion elevates the morality, and the morality protects the religion.

III. Is, then, religion a matter of *feeling*? To this we hear objections on all hands. But these objections have been mostly summed up by Baumgarten Crusius, who says: 'No one can think of making feeling the basis of religion, if he understands himself, and feels the importance of a life free from danger and uncertainty.' We hope to succeed in explaining our notion of religious feeling, and in showing that a life free from danger and uncertainty is by no means inconsistent with our theory of feeling when rightly understood; our task will then be accomplished.

1. An explanation is undoubtedly necessary; for there is much which gives itself out as religious feeling, without any title to the name. We must especially exclude that *feeling*, dependent on *sensation*,

which some distinguish from feeling by the name of impressions. It would certainly be dangerous to say that the softest, most sensitive, and bodily and mentally, most excitable, are therefore the most pious. If this is the only conception we can form of feeling, he is in the right who at the outset rejects a religion of feeling, and takes refuge in action. Attacks upon such heroes of sentimentality and temperament are just, although those who make them have often mistaken the true nature of feeling. When Schleiermacher, however, bases religion upon feeling, only they who wilfully misunderstand can possibly maintain that he means such feeling as this. Nor is it *æsthetic* feeling. There is, no doubt, a certain relation between art and poetry and religion, but we cannot say, that he who has no taste for art, no fancy, is thereby incapacitated for religion; or, *vice versâ*, that the greatest poet or painter is the most pious man. The finest minds, and the priests of the temple of genius, have often resembled parasitic plants, fixing themselves on the sacred bloom of religion, and extracting its sap; whilst, on the other hand, the utter want of everything artistic, is often unnoticed where the fulness of religious life is evidently in operation. How else could we be attracted by a badly executed picture of a saint, or edified by the distracting singing of a village congregation? We are no defenders of that want of taste which, from religious zeal, has denounced whatever is beautiful. A religion stripped of everything attractive, such as Puritanism does its best to foster, and that utter want of taste which is often defended as originality, do more to hinder than promote religion. Yet, because one writes, and another preaches without taste, we do not, therefore, charge them with want of religious feeling. With all their religion they have no feeling for the beautifnl; a clear proof that there is a difference between the two.

Are, then, religious and *moral* feeling the same? They certainly approach, touch, and pervade each other. But as religion and morality may be looked at separately, so may the feelings which answer to them. Moral feeling has action for its substratum; its work is to impel or restrain. *Religious feeling* reposes on itself, is satisfied from itself. It is the 'holy ground' within us, the 'holy of holies' in the soul, where all intercourse with earthly things, all contention between desire and aversion, come to an end. No mortal footstep is heard there; we hear but the beating of the clock which indicates eternity, and by the light of an ever-burning lamp, the symbol of the light of eternity, we hail the infant, in whom are slumbering full of promise the germs of a life, in which, eventually, the divine and human will appear most intimately combined. This inner sanctuary, which is only open to him who *enters into himself*, which fills him both with virgin modesty and manly energy, both humbles and exalts him; this heaven within the breast, from which the stars of faith, hope, and love, shine upon us in our midnight darkness; this anchor reaching to the ground by which all must be secured, or they will perish in the rapid and ever-flowing torrent of time—this is *religious feeling*.

We define it more precisely as the *feeling of dependence*—namely, of dependence on God, the Eternal. To this it is objected, 'dogs, too,

have the feeling of dependence;' an objection which can be easily set aside by referring to such passages as Matt. vii. 6, and xv. 21—28, and Isaiah i. 3. Dependence, it is said, suggests always the thought of servility, in forgetfulness of the words of Jansen, 'The service of God is true freedom;' and Christ's own words, 'the truth shall make you free.' There are, indeed, two different effects produced by religious feeling—it casts down, and it raises up. But in their root these two are one. We must first have the feeling of freedom, of communion with God; and when Paul says, 'I can do *all things* through Christ which strengtheneth me,' this proceeds as much from the feeling of dependence, as when Christ says, 'without me ye can do nothing.'

Having thus analyzed the religious feeling, in order to show its nature as clearly as possible, we have only now, by way of synthesis (reconstruction), to show its connexion with all the powers of the soul, in which and by which it makes itself known. This theory of feeling is not only opposed by those who mistake the sense in which we use the word; but by those who draw from it the false conclusion, that if religion is a matter of feeling, it must end in feeling; and that knowledge and action are excluded from the sphere of religion, because they are not the immediate seat and organs of piety. Life, indeed, would not be without danger and uncertainty, if religion were confined to feeling, and could never venture from the sanctuary to the light of knowledge, and the fresh air of active life. But as the impulse to growth already exists in the germ, so there cannot be a healthy religious life without the disposition to seek clearness on the one hand, and stability and firmness on the other. The infant in the manger grows, and becomes the light and salvation of the world. The feeling unites with knowledge, and arrives at clearness; it joins with the power of the will, and thus attains to firmness and stability. The knowledge which has its roots in the religious feeling is faith. The moral power which has its roots in religious feeling, shows itself in the form of *conscience*, shapes itself in growth into a moral *character*, into firm, religious, moral *principles*, and reaches at last that certainty in action, and that perfect moral taste, which is the bloom of perfect freedom.

Religious feeling must be one of consciousness. The religious feeling calls up religious ideas, and these, undoubtedly, the *fancy* helps to clothe in imagery. It is the artist preparing earthly vessels for the heavenly treasure. The understanding has also its part to perform: as the servant of the imagination, it arranges and forms into a system these symbolical representations; these a childlike simplicity has cast into systems of mythology and rude symbolism; and the more the first freshness and vigour die away, and logical deductions gain the upper hand, the less able do these systems become to satisfy the demands of *reason*. And in the service of reason the understanding performs a useful part, serving as a critical test to separate the idea from the symbol. But it is the *reason* alone which sees through the form, and recognises that what has originated in the feeling is not finite, but eternal. And though the reason is not the *source* of religion, it is the pure mirror which reflects that which first announced itself in feeling. It does not *create* the religious life, but tends it, as it ought to tend all the feelings

and impulses of the soul. Thus, though we no more speak of a *religion of reason*, than of a poetry of reason; we require both rational poetry and *rational religion* also. True reason cannot oppose religious feeling; but, on the contrary, it is through the reason that the feeling first attains to perfect consciousness. Religious feeling, then, is the root of religious life. The healthier the root remains, the more verdant will the leaves appear, the more beautifully will the top unfold itself; for as feeling is the beginning and source of all religious life in man, so is it the mark of perfection also.

And the religious feeling must become *firm* and *lasting*. As it assumes the form of clear conviction, it must also assume that of a settled character. The relation of religion to conscience has been already shown. As *faith* results from religious feeling on the side of knowledge, so *conscience* is its practical and moral side. As the religious conceptions are arranged into a system by the understanding, so here moral precepts and warnings spring up, which fix themselves into the form of *law*. But as knowledge may become petrified into a lifeless creed, so may these into lifeless statutes. Here, too, it is only the Spirit that giveth life.

In conclusion, we may truly say, that religion embraces the whole inward man, whilst its centre is the feeling of dependence. 'Religion, when healthy,' says a learned theologian, 'exerts its power over every moment and event of life. It is the heart, the quiet pulse, of the whole existence. There is nothing too insignificant to be consecrated and transformed by it—nothing too ambitious and lofty for it to regulate; the consciousness of God enters, bringing peace and holiness, not only into scenes where the heart is elevated and glad, but also into those of depression and the deepest sorrow.'

Increase of Places of Worship in England and Wales.

In the current number of the 'Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society of London,' there is reprinted a brief but interesting paper read before that society, on the 15th December last, by the Rev. E. Wyatt-Edgell,* a member of the council.

The object of this article (the writer states) is to show, first, the number of churches or chapels belonging to each denomination of Christians in England and Wales at the present time; and, secondly, how, in each denomination, they have increased during the last quarter of a century. And the authorities from which it is compiled are the various Yearbooks, Manuals, Almanacks, and Magazines, of the different denominations of Protestants, the Roman Catholic Directory, and the evidence given by E. Baines, Esq., before the Church-rate Committee of the House of Commons in 1851.

* On the Statistics of Places of Worship in England and Wales, founded on a Table compiled by the Rev. T. Blisse. By Rev. E. Wyatt-Edgell.

It is computed that there are, in England and Wales, 28,290* churches and chapels, distributed amongst the various sects as follows :—

Denominations.	Churches or Chapels.	Per Cent.
1. The Established Church, which has	14,000	49·49
2. The Presbyterians	150	·56
3. The Independents	2,572	9·09
4. The Baptists	1,943	6·87
5. The Wesleyan Connexion	4,450	15·73
6. The Wesleyan New Connexion	281	·99
7. The Primitive Methodists	1,662	5·87
8. The Wesleyan Methodist Association . . .	322	1·10
9. Bible Christians	415	1·47
10. The Calvinistic Methodists	778	2·76
11. Lady Huntingdon's Connexion	30	·11
12. The Unitarians	260	·91
13. The Quakers	330	1·17
14. Various minor Protestant sects	500	1·77
15. Roman Catholics	597	2·11
	28,290	100·00

From the above table, it appears that the places of worship belonging to Protestants are 97·89 per cent., and those belonging to Roman Catholics 2·11 per cent. of the whole number; and that of the former a fraction more than half (viz. 50·55) belong to the Established Church, the rest to Protestant Dissenters.

Mr. Edgell notices it as a gratifying fact, that among Christians of every denomination the number of places of worship has considerably increased during the last quarter of a century. The ratios of their increase will be seen by the following table, in which also it will be noticed with considerable pleasure by our readers that the Dissenting denominations have in chapel-building far outstripped their favoured and powerful rival :—

		Increase per cent.
In 1831, the Established Church had 11,825 churches and chapels; it has now 14,000; showing an increase of	2,175	18·39
In 1831, the Independents had 1,840 chapels; they have now 2,572; showing in increase of	732	39·78
In 1831, the Baptists had 1,201 chapels; they have now 1,943; showing an increase of	742	61·77
In 1831, the various bodies of Methodists had 3,911; they have now 7,908; showing an increase of . .	3,997	102·19
Of the Roman Catholic chapels, the number in 1831 is not exactly known; they were in 1825, 375; they are now 597; showing an increase (in 26 years) of	222	59·20

The conclusive and powerful demonstration which the above statistics

* These are the statistics for 1850, since which the number of places of worship for all denominations has increased, but much in the proportion given in the text.

afford of the practical efficiency of the voluntary principle, should not be passed unnoticed. They prove that during the last twenty years, in proportion to the previous relative strength of the several denominations to the Established Church, the Congregationalists have doubled the efforts of the Establishment, the Baptists and Roman Catholics each more than trebled them, while the Methodist bodies have done nearly five times as much more in providing for the spiritual wants of the kingdom!

The increase of the places of worship amongst the Presbyterians, Unitarians, Quakers, and other minor sects, cannot be given, because the statistics are wanting in most of them previous to 1840. But as they have all much increased since the last-mentioned date, we cannot, says Mr. Edgell, err in assigning to them the same average rate of increase which prevails among other Protestants, which is as follows:—

Increase of Protestant churches and chapels during 20 years, from 1831 to 1851 (exclusive of minor sects)	7,646, or 40·7 per cent.
Increase of Roman Catholic chapels in 26 years, from 1825 to 1851	222, or 59·20 „
Number of Protestant places of worship which have been built since 1831, as compared with the Roman Catholic places of worship which have been built since 1826	34 to 1

This table is calculated further to suppress the unfounded fear that has lately been indulged in, concerning the increase of Romanism in Great Britain. We called attention to this subject in our last number, and are glad to find the opinions we then expressed so remarkably and fully borne out.

Mr. Edgell, however, further remarks, that 'besides the above-mentioned churches and chapels, which, as a matter of course, are exclusively devoted to purposes of Christian worship, it is computed by Mr. Baines that there are 7,474 'stations,' that is to say, schools or hired rooms, in which prayer-meetings are held and the gospel is preached by Evangelical Dissenters. The grounds for this computation, as well as for most of the figures contained in the first of the foregoing tables, may be seen in his evidence before the Church-rate Commission of 1851.

'It must also be mentioned, that, of late years, the practice has become common for clergymen of the Church of England to read and explain the Scriptures, and to join in prayer with their parishioners, on certain evenings of each week, at school-rooms, or, still more frequently, at cottages situated in hamlets remote from the parish church. But no statistics exist on which to ground even a conjecture as to the number of these services.'

Brief Meditations.

OUR WILL AND GOD'S OVERSIGHT.

It is most important that we should know and feel that we are left in much to our own free will, for thereby great light will be thrown on our condition and history. We must not be relieved from every difficulty, nor sheltered from every rough wind of adversity. The heavenly Father will have Christian manliness and courage in his children. He places them, therefore, in the midst of hard, rough work, and makes the labouring exercise of strength, that seems too weak for our occasions, to be for the birth of higher strength that shall serve in coming trials. And himself is ever by, watching even when silent. It cannot be, then, that any rightly intended effort shall prove unavailing for good to him who puts it forth. What we do honestly may be done unwisely, and may fail to accomplish our immediate end, yet it cannot be injurious to us in the issue. Often will the thoughtful man, as he falls into error or brings on himself suffering through his own ignorance, say within him—Why is it thus? Oh, that God would give me more light. Yet God does not neglect him. Neither is his case overlooked nor his cry disregarded. God has intentionally thus left him in part to himself; it is his plan so to do. It is because such is his plan that sometimes our requirements may be unreasonable. God will not keep us from mistakes. He will not speedily free us from our natural defects. He teaches us by our mistakes, and by means of our defects leads us watchfully forward. He will make our mistakes subservient to our progress, and will enable us by persevering effort so to control and regulate our nature that defect shall have its influence limited. God will deal generously with us; he has subjected us to infirmity, and he knoweth our infirmities. He does not expect wisdom from the foolish nor strength from the weak. If we once get into our souls a deep and abiding impression that he has such a continual fatherly regard for us that he ever has our welfare in view, and will make our errors instrumental to our knowledge, our sufferings to our joy and advancement, we shall not repine at being liable to error and exposed to pain. God has put us into this world not only that he may try us, but that we, in a certain true sense, may try him. He has promised final success to the persevering, and if we manfully use the tools and strength he has given, we shall have successes even here that, in the midst of discouragements and failures, will yet sustain our faith in God as one whom we have tried. Two kinds of confidence we need—a right confidence in prayer and a right confidence in self. There should be much specificness in prayer, yet may too large a proportion of our prayer be specific. Our prayer should sustain in us a wide general faith in God's good and wise providence. Praying for a certain thing which we do greatly and rightly desire we may yet fail to obtain. But praying for the blessing of God with calm, steady trust, we shall certainly have it. Our daily work and action, if honest

and conscientious, will prepare us for future circumstances in which God shall peculiarly manifest his fatherly regard for us. We need again a right confidence in self, a confidence in self, that is, because of what God will enable self to do. As a man advances in an honest Christian course, he finds the providential world, if we may so speak, filled with a multitude of hitherto unknown, because unneeded, helps. He thus comes to have a humble self-reliance. The highest examples of self-reliance may be and should be also the highest examples of humility, for in proportion as a good man comes to perceive what he is himself capable of doing, does he come to understand that this his power results from the nature of that God-devised system of things in which he lives, and the adaptation of his nature to that. Thus we do truly work, but it is in God's world and by God's help; he is ever over us, we are his children; then in failure we may be hopeful, in success humble, and at all times trustful.

INFIRMITY.

Sorrow and evil are not always traceable directly to sin, but often spring rather from infirmity. Now the Christian doctrine of redemption meets the strong sense of deficiency and weakness there is in man, as well as his consciousness of actual guilt. Christianity is for man helpless with his noblest aspirations as well as for man with power to do but a depraved and misdirected will. In the Christian, the man whose will is renewed, there is often an intense yearning to be spiritually pure and strong, joined with a consciousness of weakness and defilement, that are the occasion of personal sin, but not, or at least not wholly, its result. Christianity meets this condition of mind, and offers hope and aid to those who, because of their integrity, most painfully feel their weakness. Now, peculiar natural character will give specificness to a man's sins. His infirmities being peculiar, and his sins being closely connected with them, other men will very probably treat him as if he indulged what he is anxiously endeavouring to control, and he is himself in danger of thinking he does all he can to restrain a certain tendency of his nature, when, in fact, he has never yet put forth his highest efforts. No man is free from some sort of natural defect—and a deficiency or excess in an original power of the nature, will make its influence very remarkably felt in circumstances and modes of action of a widely different kind. Now, a Christian will be more sensible than another man how penetrating and comprehensive such an influence is. True, he will be less a slave, but then he will more deeply feel the bitterness of slavery. He will positively get loosened from the larger cords of his bondage, but he will discover that there are innumerable smaller ones which must still embarrass and entangle him. That Christian, who by divine grace has been freed from a slavery, and has conquered sin of any special kind, has acquired a new power of doing good to others, and so a new obligation rests on him. The conflict with evil is very various, the weapons manifold, and the discipline needed for different kinds of warfare peculiar; and so God often compasses a man with infirmity, to prepare him for giving to his brethren a particular kind of

strength. They who have controlled an infirmity, and they who were originally free, they who have conquered a sin, and they who were never under its power, have each their allotted spiritual work. He who possesses by nature a calm and cheerful temper, will sometimes seem to transform all he touches—leaden moroseness and iron harshness will change into golden gaiety and gentleness. He, again, who has conquered an irritable and hasty spirit, possesses an influence whereby he may stimulate and encourage others to acquire the like self-control. Often it is, as if from the man morally healed there went forth a 'virtue' able to cure the disease of which he has been sick; whilst—at least under some circumstances—it seems that those in whom evils are not, and have not been, do more to indirectly prevent the existence and growth of these evils, than to cure them. All Christian men may in their measure be very variously engaged in both these great works—prevention and cure; for as natural defects are various, so are natural excellences, and he who has evil within him to restrain and control, has also good to develop and cultivate. The restraining of the evil will furnish him with difficult exercises, and the strength he so gains will impart power and dignity to the good. If a man's self-discipline be thoroughly Christian, he will be able to aid his brethren by his own experience enabling him to know them better, and teaching him to judge them more kindly. He has struggled, and men have not known the bitterness of the struggle—their silence or wrong judgments, or, perhaps, condemnatory words, have been to him as a cup of gall—but he will give no such cup to another. He will refresh him with a draught from that streaming fountain of Christian hope which has arisen within him—a fountain which has seemed ever to flow in new abundance after he has tasted the cup of gall. When he knows that a brother is 'weak' in anything, as it is significantly said, he will not expect from him in that thing as if he were strong. He will consider a brother in temptation as a feeble man in a great wind, and he will seek to guide him to some Christian enclosure, where he may be sheltered. Every man has a moral history, and will at every stage have around him some who have passed that stage, and others who have not yet arrived thereat. He will still need that to be done for him which he is himself required to do for others. But if others fail him in the candour and assistance he needs; at least, let him do his own part. Let him not forget what he was, and what he needed others to be to him, at bygone stages of his journey. Poor men who become rich sometimes forget the 'heart' of the poor, their sorrows and their struggles—so let it not be with sinful men who become numbered with the excellent of the earth. We may come to wonder at habits in others, which were once our own, and quite as sinful and blemishing in ourselves as in them. But let us make it a rule not only to do as we would be done by, to treat others in their infirmities as we would ourselves be treated in our own, but also to do to others as we would *have been* done by. For this purpose, we must often cast a recollective glance over our history. We may also profitably remember that he who helps another onward, does himself also take a new step in advance. But let us consider our Saviour; he became our brother,

and he was encompassed with infirmity, to prepare him for giving strength to his brethren. He was tried even as we, and he remembers the trial. Out of his temptation no sin grew, yet could he thereby, as a man, learn how infirmity leads us to sin. None of the saved have ever been placed in circumstances presenting such continual and powerful temptations to sin, such perplexed entanglements and accumulated difficulties, as was the Saviour. Who, then, would be without a burden, if He carried one so heavy, and if by bearing one according to ability, we may help and encourage the burdened? He that is acquainted with grief and temptation, may help others to do what is difficult for them, even by showing that what he has done, though possible, was difficult for him. It will assist us much to right thoughts and feelings, if we consider and remember that he who does not know something of the forms and degrees of excellence in other men, will not be humble; he who does not know something of the forms and degrees of defect, will not be thankful; he who does not know how variously defect and excellence are combined, will not be charitable; and he who does not know the strength and encouragement there are for man in Christ Jesus, will not be hopeful.

SICKNESS AND THE SICK.

A man's sickness may be, both to himself and others, as an awakening and a discipline of conscience and of love. His weakness may teach him how entire and yet how safe is his dependence upon others; and it may teach others how keen is grief for neglected duty, and how elastic and disinterested are human affections. Kind, pains-taking regard for the sick is the dictate of natural love, but is a duty also peculiarly Christian. The sick are helpless, and in pain; this is their twofold claim A claim, full of Christian force, for Christianity, like Christ, 'takes our sicknesses and bears our infirmities,' giving help and relief to the feeble and the suffering. But Christian thoughts not only give depth to human love and tenderness, but infuse into them new elements of anxiety and solemnity. We regard the sick with spiritual concern. A time of sickness is, perhaps, however, more likely to prove one of religious revival than of religious conversion. Yet is it in both views most important. We are surrounded with multitudes who may be called infidel believers—men who know the truth yet feel not its power—who acknowledge Christ, but do not follow him. When they are in health, they are as if dead to the truth, or the truth dead to them, for if in them, it is as a hard, unopening seed, which seems not alive though it is so. Sickness, if moderate, allows us to move and soften the ground of character, to implant new seeds of religious knowledge, or to cherish and develop the life of those already there. When a man is sick, if he is not disposed to that which is good, he is at least withdrawn from many evil enticements. The devil may still be 'upon him,' but the flesh and the world are for the time, perhaps, almost powerless. The thorns which choked the word, die down; and now, perhaps, it may arise and flourish, root itself firmly, and expand its growth.

We need, however, great caution in our efforts for the religious

welfare of sick persons, lest we fall ourselves, or cause others to fall, into ruinous mistakes concerning piety. Mere belief is not a magic that can juggle a man into heaven. There may be true repentance even when the twelfth hour is fast closing, and the spirit is about to enter into the 'lonely, solemn darkness.' But the lip-service of the death-bed is of all lip-service the most suspicious and affrighting. With regard to individual men, it is natural and fitting that our religious concern for them when well should be increased when sick. But, with regard to men generally, our business is with the healthy.

It is better to convert a healthy man than a sick one, and certainly a greater triumph for the truth to save one whom the powers of the world fully influence, than one from whom they are withdrawn. Good, indeed, is it to stand by the dying, and commit them (as it were) hopefully into the charge of angels. But far better is it to keep the teacher's spiritual watch by the cradle than the death-bed. If it may be, save man in his cradle, for this life as well as for the life to come. This is our fit and encouraging work, a work most honouring to God, whose glory we must regard; our work is not simply to save souls, but to do this in the way that shall best honour him. If it may be, let piety bud forth in infancy, and bear fruit in life; let sickness and sorrow, as the rains and darkness, minister to its health and perfection; and let death come as the winter-time, finding preparation already made for the growth, large, fresh, and beautiful, of that new life that the spring shall awaken. If the worship of earth went up to heaven, just from sick rooms, beds, and hospitals — shrieks and prayers, groans and praises, sighs and petitions, intermingling—it would be unworthy of acceptance, not as the offering of suffering individuals, for if sincere it must needs be from them acceptable, and peculiarly so, but as an offering from the world. It is giving the blind and lame for sacrifice. Let us ever remember that God's reign is to be re-established on earth—that men are as brands that are on fire now, and that for earth as well as heaven they may be rescued. If we associate religion rather with sickness than with health, and so rather with eternity only, than with time also as truly a part of eternity, we may come to think lightly both of the glory that piety in the present life may bring to God, and of the happiness it may bring to man. To the Christian, a time of sickness may be a time of trial to the soul, sad and dark, full even of spiritual danger, though fitted and designed for spiritual profit. To realize the good that may accrue from sickness, we depend oftentimes much upon our brethren. Happy the Christian who knows how to make his brother's sickness a blessing to him, a means of revival! The man so benefited will be enabled to 'give gifts' in full return for what he has received: his grateful penitence in time of his suffering retirement, his spiritual freshness and zeal in time of his recovery; these, to which we have helped him, will yield us blessings that reward our effort. Health is a good, and sickness a discipline for good; he who has wisely learnt by the discipline, though it still press severely upon him, will delight that others possess a blessing of which he knows but little, and will labour for them, so far as may be, to secure or to restore it. T. T. L.

Reminiscences of a Good Man's Life.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

About two miles from the ancient city of Norwich stands the old family mansion of the Bacon family, which in older times than those of the Bacons is supposed to have been the residence of some noble Saxon earl, whence its name of Earl's Holm, or Earlham.

Earlham is not architecturally beautiful by any means, neither is its situation particularly romantic or interesting. The surrounding country is flat; and although there is a pleasant glittering little stream, scarce a river, that flows through the park, and some fine venerable trees and shady plantations adorn the otherwise tame landscape, one would scarcely fix on Earlham as a *beau ideal* of a family mansion or a gentleman's country seat. Charms it has, however, which are richer far than those of mere local interest or beauty. It has the charms of association with the good and great, whose names will be dear to many an English child even when the Earl's Holm is crumbling with the dust.

Do not mistake me when I use that word *great*. It is a misused and much-abused word. Many a great man has had little of this world's goods, has come neither of noble birth nor aristocratic parentage, has lived and struggled manfully in the battle-field of life, and been laid in the lowly and unmarked grave amongst the rude forefathers of the hamlet, whom the world has never marked, but whose record on high will endure when the marble monument and storied urn shall have mouldered away.

Joseph John Gurney had great influence, great wealth, great talent and acquirements, but not one of these adventitious circumstances, no, nor all combined, would have made him a *great* man in the right sense of the word, but for the devotion of all these his gifts to the cause of religion and philanthropy. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will to man,' was the burden of this Christian's song, as he went on his earthly pilgrimage. I am, perhaps, presuming however that you know more of Joseph John Gurney than is really the case. Let me then provide for that ignorance, and before we visit the old hall, and see the interior of his household, I will tell you, after the true biographer fashion, of the birth and parentage of the subject of these reminiscences.

Joseph John Gurney was the third son of John and Catherine Gurney, the sister of the well-known Priscilla Wakefield, and was born at Earlham Hall, on the 2nd of August, 1788. It is rather a singular fact that a person of the same name, one of his ancestors, and a member of the Society of Friends, appears from a record of the 'Sufferings of the People called Quakers' to have been a prisoner in Norwich gaol in 1683 for refusing to take an oath, and that Waller Bacon of Earlham, who committed him, was at that time a resident in the very hall which

the descendants of the prisoner have since occupied. The father of Joseph John Gurney was at one time an extensive dealer in hand-spun yarn, but subsequently became a partner in the now celebrated banking establishment which bears his name. He was a benevolent, hospitable man, and Earlham was the scene of almost unexampled hospitality. His wife was a woman of superior intellect and cultivation; she was greatly beloved by her children, and her conscientious training of them appears to have been greatly blessed to the elder portions of her large family. In 1792 she died, leaving her son Joseph, whilst yet very young, and ten other children, deprived of that great guide of childhood, a mother's careful eye. The three elder daughters, however, supplied, as far as possible, a mother's place, and there is little doubt that the influence of Joseph John Gurney's third sister, Mrs. Fry, his frequent companion in after life, did much towards inspiring his mind with the principles of active benevolence, which afterwards so remarkably characterised him.

In the early years of the family at Earlham, religion had not obtained a permanent influence over the young hearts of the Gurneys. The world's spirit found its way into that old hall; and how little probability did there seem in the day when Mrs. Fry wore a scarlet riding-habit, or entertained the Duke of Gloucester in their gay drawing-room, that in years to come she and her young brother, Joseph, in the simple garb of the 'Friends,' would go from prison to prison, cheering, comforting, and exhorting, or would stand up to declare in the public assemblies of that society the 'unsearchable riches of Christ.'

About twelve miles from Earlham is a little village called Hingham. Here the education of Joseph John Gurney was carried on under the care of the Rev. J. H. Browne, a clergyman, but was subsequently completed at Oxford, where his tutor, the Rev. John Rogers, appears to have given great attention to his mental cultivation; and without becoming a member of the university, or subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles, he had the privilege of attending the lectures of the professors, and enjoying many other advantages of a college education.

Early in life he became impressed with the importance of religion, and came to a settled preference for the religious principles of the Society of Friends. A portion of his youthful life was spent in efforts to instruct a class of young persons in scriptural religion; and there are some who can recall the instructions of that 'First-day school' with pleasure and gratitude. Education was always a deeply-interesting subject with that good man, and many an educational establishment in his native county, as well as others, can bear witness to his liberality and kindness.

He became a minister in the society in the year 1818, when about thirty years of age, and he often accompanied his sister, Mrs. Fry, on her missions of religion and philanthropy. One of his earliest journeys as a minister was taken to the North of England and Scotland, and was partly devoted to the investigation of the state of prisons in those parts. The results were given to the public in a valuable little volume of facts, accompanied by some wise suggestions for the improvement of prison discipline. In 1827, both Mrs. Fry and her brother visited the prisons

in Ireland, besides many lunatic asylums, infirmaries, and workhouses; and there is little doubt that the sensible and judicious exposure of certain abuses in these institutions had a beneficial effect on the public mind. He was the friend of the slave, the avowed advocate of peace, and the foe of all oppression. Of his public life much might be said; and it is to be hoped that ere long some able hand will undertake to trace its useful and important acts; but for the present, let us turn for a few moments to the life of this Christian, scholar, and gentleman, at home. These will be for the most part the remembrances of a child; but it has often struck me that the observations of children are tolerably correct in matters which involve consistency of conduct. Example is a powerful agent; and as the young are far more impressed with that which they see than with that which they merely hear, so it often happens that the practical lessons of early life have an influence beyond what we can conceive on their unformed minds.

To see a man at home is to see his mind, as it were, reflected in a glass. Not every public man's household will bear the close inspection that the well-ordered family at Earlham bore, in the time of Joseph John Gurney. Alas, how many a private life is a dark and melancholy contrast to a brilliant public career. There is the goodness of the platform, the eloquence and benevolence of the public man—nay, there may be the goodness of the pulpit—without private excellence or worth. Ask not how a man writes or speaks; but see how he *lives*—follow him *home*.

I can scarcely remember the time when I did not know the subject of this little sketch. As soon as I had left the nursery, and had taken my place at the family dining table, I can recall his weekly visit. He would occasionally come into luncheon on other days, but he seldom failed on Saturdays, the busiest day of the country banks, to dine with my father. His own residence being at some distance from his place of business, and his usual dinner hour a later one than ours, this became a constant custom, and we looked for Joseph John Gurney as regularly as for the seventh day of the week. The children were never forgotten by our visitor. There was always some kind word, some loving precept, some short Bible lesson on these occasions. He would ask about our lessons, our employments, and our schools, and on more than one occasion has he lingered to give the little ones some simple lecture, suited to their comprehension, on matters of interest and importance. The wonderful structure of the 'house I live in,' or the use and adaptation of its separate parts, was a favourite topic, all with the same Christian spirit, all with the same heavenward tendency, all with the one view of his life, the glory of God, and the good of others. Now and then we had to recite (as is much the custom in the Society of Friends) a passage of scripture, or a hymn of his own selection.

Rather awful occasions these, and always accompanied with great heart-beatings and trepidation, for our love to Joseph John Gurney was not unmixed with awe. Mild and affable as he was, he was somewhat king-like, and I am not sure that either in childhood or youth any of us felt perfectly at ease in his presence. Perhaps the fault was our own; perhaps the organ of veneration was more cultivated in

families of preceding generations than in the present day; be that as it may, our great love to this good man did not exclude considerable awe.

I will pass over my first visits to Earlham. I have no particular recollection of these, indeed, beyond childish astonishment at the lateness of the dinner-hour, the number of the dishes, &c., with a complete home-sickness long before the wheels were heard on the ground before the hall door, and the stout butler announced the arrival of our carriage.

I must have been nine years old at the time of my first long and memorable visit, when, in the early part of February, owing to the dangerous illness of our father, the four elder children (the noisiest I suppose) were one day removed to the hospitable roof of Earlham.

The snow covered everything, and I remember being particularly impressed with the dreariness of the flat landscape in its winter dress. The white posts of the park gate were tipped with the whiter snow; the large branching trees, with their outstretched arms, were laden; the sloping park, the laurels and the yews were all white too; and there was a stillness in the air which you may frequently have remarked in a snowy season, but which I then associated with the peculiar stillness and solemnity of Earlham, and which, even to this hour, through the shadowy distance of many years, brings back the old hall and my wintry visit there.

It was my first separation from home, and very complete I felt it when my brothers left me to the care of the ladies of the family, and I saw them run across the park in pursuit of their boyish amusements. The rooks looked sadly ominous to me as I was taking off my bonnet in an upper chamber, and their cawing (for they had just begun their arrangements and colloquies previous to building for the spring) was a most melancholy sound. I had never thought it so in my city home—but amongst those tall trees, and in that still, solemn landscape, rooks seemed quite of another family, and their voices did not tend to raise my spirits. The only daughter of the family—a kind-hearted little lady of nearly my own age—was very attentive and considerate, and so indeed was every one; but I was cold and home-sick, and could scarcely keep back my tears. When we went down stairs into the school-room, I was much surprised at the sight of a row of little girls who came twice a-week for instruction in reading, spelling, and other simple matters, from this same little Miss Gurney, whose practice of the schoolmistress-art was quite astonishing to me. It had never entered into my heart or head to *teach*. I thought I had quite enough to do to learn; but this my first lesson at Earlham—and it was not my last—taught me that every one might do something, and that those who had gifts, whether of money or learning, are bound to administer to such as have not. I cannot, at this distance of time, pretend to discover what amount of learning the little villagers really received from their young teacher's instructions, but I am disposed to think that the intimate knowledge she obtained of the circumstances, whether of joy or sorrow, sickness or prosperity, of her children and their families, was an admirable training for more enlarged sympathy with the poor, and blessed both the giver and the receivers. Many a nice print-gown or pinafore, many a strong pair of shoes, and many a little bundle of small clothing for some newly-

arrived brother or sister, was given out of her private purse to these cottage-children; and many a winter's walk has been taken to ascertain the occasional causes of absence, or to minister to the necessities of the sick child or parent.

Activity of benevolence, *practical* kindness, seemed to me to be the ruling spirit of Earlham. I did not *hear* much of great schemes, but I *saw* much of real acts of charity; and these recollections, on that account, are both pleasant and profitable. The whole household seemed imbued with the same happy feeling. As I sat pondering on how very little I had ever done, and making in my inmost heart first excuses, and then resolutions, I caught sight of the figure of some lady's maid or upper servant of the family cheerfully crossing the scarcely-tracked path amidst the drifting snow, on some errand of mercy to a poor neighbour. I have forgotten many and many a sermon and lecture on the duty of benevolence: that one little *act* of self-denial has remained in my memory for a long course of years.

The day passed slowly; it seemed to be so systematically divided, and to have its several occupations for every hour, that I was quite weary, and thought within myself that the time for going home would at this rate be long in coming. The dining-room had a particularly grand and stately appearance to me. It was hung round with long, full-length pictures of the ancestors not of the Gurney family, as I have since those days discovered, but of those very Bacons to whom allusion has been made, and of whom the Gurneys held the property. I set them all down, however, for Gurneys, and began to trace some fanciful likenesses between certain wigged gentlemen and armed knights and Joseph John Gurney, marvelling how he would look in the scarlet robe of one and the mail-coat of another, till I was reminded of my dinner by his well-known voice. All the time of my visit, and in many subsequent ones, the thought of meeting those grim old pictures, to each of which I had attached my own imaginary history, was an indescribable consolation for the length and formality of the formidable dinner.

After dinner came dessert, and more musings on the ancestors, then the run and the play, and the visit to the housekeeper's room till the tea hour. Tea went on more in the home style, and by the time it was ended, I was warmed, and happier than I had been all day. But my happiness fled, at the intimation from the governess that I had better take my work, and having no work to do, I was constrained to hem a poor child's pinafore for one of Miss Gurney's scholars, and to listen to 'Pilgrim's Progress' in good earnest. I had already read the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—there are few children who have not—but I had not suspected that there was a precious kernel contained in the husk on which alone I had been content to feed, and great was my astonishment to hear the exposition of every character, and to see how many portraits of human nature that wonderful artist had drawn. This book lasted us for many evenings. Sometimes Joseph John Gurney himself read, always explaining, as he went along, the obscure parts of the beautiful allegory, and I have not yet forgotten some of the lessons he taught us out of that old book. I fancied he looked at me very particularly when he came to the character of 'Talkative.' You know he knew

me at home, where I was not often so still and orderly as when listening to 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and hemming a poor child's pinafore. He told us the tale of Bunyan himself—how he endured persecution for conscience sake—how in his lonely prison-life he conceived, if he did not write the wonderful allegory which has immortalized his name, and how his word was so entirely to be relied upon, that during the last few years of his imprisonment, he was allowed by his gaoler the liberty of going out weekly to one of the meetings of his sect on no other condition than that of his promise to return at a given hour.

So our time glided on. Occasionally the rooks, or the cold, the industry, a difficult lesson, or a large dinner party, brought back the old chill of awe, and threw me on the resources of the 'Bacon ancestors,' but the weeks passed away happily and smoothly on the whole. The snow melted, crocuses and snowdrops, anemones and violets peeped out, my spirits rose, and I began to show the character of 'Talkative' to perfection.

One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish indignation against him who gave it, but I had not lived long enough in the world to know how much mischief a child's inconsiderate talk may do, and how frequently it happens that great talkers run off the straight line of truth. I was talking very fast about some female relative, who did not stand particularly high in my estimation, and was proceeding to give particulars of her delinquencies, failings in temper, &c., to the amusement, I suppose, of one or two of my hearers, or I should not have been so communicative. In a few moments my eye caught an expression in that of one of my auditors, of such calm and steady disapprobation, that I stopped suddenly short. There was no mistaking the meaning conveyed by that dark, speaking eye; it brought the colour to my very temples, I am sure, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked very gravely,

'Dost thou not know of any *good* thing to tell us of ——?' I did not answer, and the question was more seriously repeated. 'Think. Is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?'

'Oh yes, I know of some good things, certainly, but ——'

'Would it not have been better then to relate those good things than to have told us that which must lower her in our estimation? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the *evil?* "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity" thou knowest.'

After this you may be sure that 'Talkative' hemmed the pinafore very industriously, and laid down her character for the evening.

It was our custom every morning,—that of Miss Gurney and any little visitor she had with her,—to go before breakfast into the room adjoining her father's dressing-room, and recite certain portions of scripture, either of our own choice or his selection. There was a particular appropriateness in the 13th chapter of Corinthians, which I was that morning desired to read, and afterwards to commit to memory. There was no comment made as usual on what I read. That was unnecessary, the reproof was felt even to the shedding of tears; but the kind voice

and silent caress soon spoke love and peace, and I was comforted. 'A word spoken in season, how good is it.'

Little could he have supposed that this gentle rebuke, to a thoughtless child, would be a lesson to be remembered by her, not always with good effect, alas! but still not to be quite lost, and that the 13th chapter of Corinthians would be brought back again and again before her to check that tendency in frail human nature to speak evil one of another.

Children are so observant of inconsistency in those who are over them, that I am quite sure had I ever found my Mentor guilty of the sin of uncharitableness, I should not have failed to put it down in the note-book of my heart; but I can truly say that the force of that beautiful precept was never weakened by a contradictory example. I never heard a censorious word pass those calm lips, nor knew a cloud of unworthy suspicion to darken his bright trusting hope of the best of every one.

In after years I have often been impressed with the superior tone of conversation at Earlham. Scandal and small talk was not the fashion *there*. *Things* and not persons were the topics of discourse. Such was Joseph John Gurney's house as it appeared to a young child. Clouds there were, doubtless; from human frailty and infirmity it were not entirely exempt, but few Christian households displayed a happier scene of concord, consistency, and holiness, than that which we have just visited.

There were seasons of affliction in that old hall. Twice was its master called to give up the beloved partner of his domestic joys and sorrows. Sickness and suffering were not shut out from Earlham, but withal, there was peace—the peace and joy of believing.

There was one anniversary which was kept in this house with scrupulous observance. Once in the year there was a great gathering of the friends of the Bible Society at the time of their public meeting. Time would fail to tell of the good men that have gathered round that hospitable board on such occasions. Chalmers and Richmond; Buxton, Wilberforce, Brandram, with many more now entered into rest, have met there. Of that once numerous company how few remain below; but is it not a happy thought that they have met where their song will ever be the same, and where there are no distractions from the world, and no fear of parting to alloy their unity and peace?

A few years before his death, as though to prepare those who loved him for the yet longer separation, the parting that knows no return, Mr. Gurney went on a religious visit to the American continent. On the Sunday before his departure from Norwich, it was intimated that he desired to meet a few of his friends and fellow-citizens, at the accustomed hour for the evening worship of the 'Friends,' and at their usual place of meeting. Had the largest room in Norwich been engaged for the occasion, it would in all probability have been filled; as it was, hundreds went away disappointed, unable to obtain a last glimpse of his well-known face, or to hear the tones of that peculiarly rich and musical voice—a voice only to be heard to be loved.

It was a mixed assembly. The mode of conducting the worship did

not differ from the established custom of the 'Friends.' Intervals of solemn silence, occasionally broken by exhortation and prayer, were followed by the farewell address of Joseph John Gurney. It was a powerful appeal, and perhaps one of the finest specimens of unstudied heart-eloquence that ever passed the preacher's lips; an appeal on the importance of the great concern of personal and evangelical religion, falling, doubtless, on many ears to which the sound of the gospel was strange.

The welcome home, after four eventful years, was as hearty and joyful as the parting had been sad. Death had as yet spared the fading branches of that cherished family-tree. Elizabeth Fry, his sister and associate in many a work of benevolence, was still alive. Sir Fowel Buxton, the kindred spirit and friend of his youth and manhood, had not yet passed away. He returned in time to follow these beloved ones to their last earthly resting-place. His own expression on the first meeting for worship at which he was present, on his return, was one of humble, and almost heavenly thankfulness. He described his mind when he rose to address his hearers as a 'sky without a cloud;' and truly his countenance bore witness to that cloudless state.

But trials were impending. In 1845, about three years after his return to England, his beloved brother-in-law Buxton died. It was a beautiful close; and as he remarked in a simple sketch of his life, 'It was bright indeed, for the rays of the Sun of Righteousness rested on him!'

The last days of his own life were, perhaps, his most lovely. There was not, in his case, a long and suffering illness to lay him aside from his acts of public usefulness and love. But for a few days was he missed in his accustomed path before the end came. There had evidently been an increase of zeal, a quickened conscientiousness, and a fervour of charity, as he drew nearer home. He seemed oppressed with the greatness of the necessities, both moral and physical, of his fellow-creatures. There was famine and distress around him—Ireland was crying aloud for help; whilst in his native city, the unemployed and starving population were almost perishing for bread. He was not paralyzed, like some, with the tide of poverty, but manfully and earnestly devoted his own energies, and enlisted those of others, to meet and to stem it. More than one flourishing society in Norwich to aid the distressed may look on him as its founder; and oh, what better monument to such a man than monuments of charity and mercy!

His health had not for some years been vigorous; and early in January, 1847, as he was returning home from business on his pony, owing to the slippery state of the streets, it fell with him; and although there were no outward marks of injury, yet from the effects of that fall he never recovered. But a few days passed, and many were scarcely aware of the dangerous condition of the sufferer, when the news spread through the city that he was no more.

A stranger entering Norwich on the following day would have asked what angel of destruction had passed through the gloomy streets. Almost every shop was closed; every ordinary topic of conversation

was laid aside. The mournful news that Joseph John Gurney was dead was caught up by widows and orphans, by poor and by rich. There was scarcely one who did not feel that he had lost a friend.

The funeral day was ushered in by the tolling of the bells of various churches; and at an early hour the shops were closed, to enable all classes to take part in the simple ceremony of a 'friend's' obsequies. Many in carriages and on foot, amongst the latter number being a large proportion of children from the British schools, in which he had taken great interest, went out to meet the hearse. There was nothing in the procession to excite curiosity or to gratify a vulgar taste for a pompous show. The plain, unplumed hearse, the sober carriages, and the absence of all hired sorrow, all vain insignia of grief, showed plainly that love and real sorrow for the departed influenced the multitude. As the procession neared the city, the numbers swelled considerably. Every vacant space was occupied; but there was a solemnity and decorum in the spectators that told of their depth of feeling. One might almost have supposed that the spirit of the departed exercised its wonted influence in stilling, as it had often done before, the tumult and excitement of multitudes, and that he being dead yet spake.

The simplicity of such a funeral formed an appropriate close to this great man's life. When the *cortège* approached the burying-ground, the immense crowd outside were, by special arrangements of the police, prevented from accompanying it further, some thousands of persons being already congregated within. A band of gentlemen, linked arm in arm, stood on each side of the long narrow pathway leading to the tomb, along which the coffin was carried to its last resting-place by six members of the Society. During the whole ceremony, not one of the large multitude moved, and a profound silence was strictly preserved—so fitted for the solemn occasion of the committal of earth to earth and dust to dust. The company of mourners who followed were permitted to gather around the open sepulchre in perfect quiet, within an ample space allotted for their accommodation. A few simple and appropriate remarks were made, the coffin was lowered, and the nearest and dearest connexions with representatives of the whole population of Norwich took their last farewell of Joseph John Gurney. What funeral oration, what flowery panegyric, what storied urn or flattering epitaph could have been a nobler tribute than was the heart-grief of the thousands present at that unostentatious funeral! The tears of mourning multitudes watered his tomb. His memory is to this day embalmed in the affections of his survivors. His spirit has long ago ascended to Him who gave it; but to forget Joseph John Gurney were to forget a father and a friend; and many a child who has never seen his face on earth is yet taught his venerated name at the mother's knee, and its little heart is warmed to follow the path of that just man, which was as the 'shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

H. R. G.

Ruskin on Church Matters.

[About this time last year, there was to be seen among the book advertisements, the announcement of a pamphlet entitled 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds. By John Ruskin, M.A., author of "the Seven Lamps of Architecture."'* For a time we, in our innocence, supposed that the work answered to its title, and that the gifted author of 'The Modern Painters' had stooped from loftier themes to enlighten the agricultural mind, on a very prosaic, however practical, topic. We suspect that, in some circles at least, a similar notion has kept these 'Notes' on the shelves of the publisher, when a less figurative title would have found for them thoughtful and greatly pleased readers. They in fact relate to some of the most important ecclesiastical controversies of the day, and form a not unimportant lay-contribution to our anti-puseyistic literature. Earnest and truthful, as is all that our author has written, these pages are refreshingly pithy, racy, and suggestive; and though the writer, in regard to some great truths, sees men as trees walking, and dogmatizes somewhat crudely on episcopacy and the separation of Church and State, yet his positions are in the main most sound, and such as are far more likely to meet with acceptance among Nonconformists than in his own Church. We cull a few passages, both because we believe they will be new to most of our readers, and that they may put themselves in possession of the whole.]

THE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH.

THERE is, in matters of doctrine, *no such thing* as the authority of the Church. We might as well talk of the authority of a morning cloud. There may be light *in* it, but the light is not of it; and it diminishes the light that it gets, and lets less of it through than it receives, Christ being its sun. Or, we might as well talk of the authority of a flock of sheep—for the Church is a body to be taught and fed, not to teach and feed: and of all sheep that are fed on the earth, Christ's sheep are the most simple (the children of this generation are wiser): always losing themselves; doing little else in this world *but* lose themselves;—never finding themselves; always found by Some One else; getting perpetually into sloughs, and snows, and bramble thickets, like to die there, but for their Shepherd, who is for ever finding them and bearing them back, with torn fleeces and eyes full of fear.

WHO ARE THE CLERGY?

I THINK I can hear certain people answering, That the clergy are folk of three kinds:—Bishops, who overlook the Church; priests, who sacrifice for the Church; deacons, who minister to the Church; thus assuming in their answer, that the Church is to be sacrificed *for*, and that people cannot overlook and minister to her at the same time; which is going much too fast. I think, however, if we define the clergy to be the 'spiritual officers of the Church,'—meaning, by officers, merely people in office,—we shall have a title safe enough and general enough to begin with, and corresponding too, pretty well, with St. Paul's general expression προϊσταμένοι, in Rom. xii. 8, and 1 Thess. v. 13.

WHAT SHOULD BE THE OFFICES AND AUTHORITY OF THE CLERGY?

I HAVE hitherto referred to the Bible for an answer to every question. I do so again; and behold, the Bible gives me no answer. I defy you to answer me from the Bible. You can only guess, and dimly conjecture, what the offices of the clergy *were* in the first century. You cannot show me a single command as to what they shall be. Strange, this; the Bible give no answer to so apparently important a question! God surely would not have left His word without an answer to anything His children ought to ask. Surely it must be a ridiculous question—a question we ought never to have put, or thought of putting. Let us think of it again a little. To be sure, it *is* a ridiculous question, and we should be ashamed of ourselves for having put it. What

* Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

should be the offices of the clergy? That is to say, What are the possible spiritual necessities which at any time may arise in the church, and by what means and men are they to be supplied; evidently an infinite question. Different kinds of necessities must be met by different authorities, constituted as the necessities arise. Robinson Crusoe, in his island, wants no bishop, and makes a thunderstorm do for an evangelist. The University of Oxford would be ill off without its bishop; but wants an evangelist besides; and that forthwith. The authority which the Vaudois shepherds need, is of Barnabas, the Son of Consolation; the authority which the city of London needs is of James, the Son of Thunder. Let us then alter the form of our question, and put it to the Bible thus: What are the necessities most likely to arise in the church; and may they be best met by different men, or in great part by the same men acting in different capacities? and are the names attached to their offices of any consequence. Ah, the Bible answers now, and that loudly. The Church is built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the corner-stone. Well; we cannot have two foundations, so we can have no more apostles nor prophets; then, as for the other needs of the Church in its edifying upon this foundation, there are all manner of things to be done daily;—rebukes to be given; comfort to be brought; scripture to be explained; warning to be enforced; threatenings to be executed; charities to be administered; and the men who do these things are called, and call themselves, with absolute indifference, deacons, bishops, elders, evangelists, according to what they are doing at the time of speaking. St. Paul almost always calls himself a deacon; St. Peter calls himself an elder, 1 Pet. v. 1; and Timothy, generally understood to be addressed as a bishop, is called a deacon in 1 Tim. iv. 6, forbidden to rebuke an elder in v. 1; and exhorted to do the work of an evangelist in 2 Tim. iv. 5. But there is one thing which, as officers, or as separate from the rest of the flock, they *never* call themselves; which it would have been impossible, as so separate, they ever *should* have called themselves; that is—PRIESTS.

THE LAITY.

ALTHOUGH the Protestant laity do not often admit the absolving power of their clergy, they are but too apt to yield, in some sort, to the impression of their greater sanctification; and from this instantly results the unhappy consequence that the sacred character of the layman himself is forgotten, and his own ministerial duty is neglected. Men not in office in the Church suppose themselves, on that ground, in a sort unholy; and that, therefore, they may sin with more excuse, and be idle or impious with less danger, than the clergy; especially they consider themselves relieved from all ministerial function, and as permitted to devote their whole time and energy to the business of this world. No mistake can possibly be greater. Every member of the Church is equally bound to the service of the Head of the Church; and that service is pre-eminently the saving of souls. There is not a moment of a man's active life in which he may not be indirectly preaching; and throughout a great part of his life he ought to be *directly* preaching, and teaching both strangers and friends; his children, his servants, and all who in any way are put under him, being given to him as especial objects of his ministration. So that the only difference between a church officer and a lay member, is either a wider degree of authority given to the former, as apparently a wiser and better man, or a special appointment to some office more easily discharged by one person than by many; as, for instance, the serving of tables by the deacons; the authority or appointment being, in either case, commonly signified by a marked separation from the rest of the church, and the privilege or power of being maintained by the rest of the church, without being forced to labour with his hands or encumber himself with any temporal concerns.

Bible Illustration.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

(Condensed from a Communication to the 'Athenæum,' by Miss Fanny Corbeaux.)

THE METEREOLOGICAL PHENOMENA OF THE EXODUS.

The direction of the wind which parted the Red Sea at the Exodus has always occasioned a difficulty in our comprehension of the account. It is very unnatural—it is, in fact, incomprehensible, only because it seems absurd—that in indicating *the means* which produced the effect, the historian should have assigned *a means* which would *not* have that effect. For, as the general direction of the Arabian Gulf is nearly north by south, it is not by an *east* wind that the average level of the sea, at its northern extremity, could be sufficiently lowered to enable the people to pass across a shallow place usually regarded as impassable on foot, even at low tide. Such a physical phenomenon could be wrought in that locality only by the physical instrumentality of a powerful wind blowing steadily for several hours from a *northern* quarter.

The difficulty may be partially met by the suggestion, that the expression corresponding to the Hebrew רוּחַ קָדִים, *ruah kadim*, is frequently used at the present time in the East to denote a violent, destructive, or parching wind, without any particular regard to the quarter from whence it blows. 'Our guide,' says Dr. E. Robinson, 'as well as our other Arabs, called the wind which we had yesterday, "*Shurkiyeh*," an *east wind*, although it blew from the south.' (Bibl. Res. vol. i. p. 305.) If we could obtain a reasonable amount of evidence that the ancient Hebrew usage of *ruah kadim* admitted of a corresponding idiomatic extension in meaning, the difficulty would be wholly smoothed away as far as regards the Hebrew text of the account of the Exodus.

The various ways in which this expression is found translated as a *parching* wind by the Septuagint, is of the greatest assistance in this examination. There are eight instances of this—viz. Job xxvii. 21; Jer. xviii. 17; Ezek. xvii. 10, xix. 12; Hos. xii. 2, xiii. 15; Jon. iv. 8; and Gen. xli. 6, 23, 27; where 'ears blasted with the *kadim*,' are simply rendered στάχυες ἀνεμόφθοροι—'wind-blasted ears.'

The root originally denotes 'what is in front,' 'before,' and applied to the sea would mean a wind blowing in front of, right against the course of the tidal current. If the Hebrew word is employed figuratively, in a moral sense, this notion is kept in view. Of this there are two instances,—in Job xv. 2, and in Isaiah xxvii. 8. If the Hebrew word is used either literally or figuratively in relation to its effects on vegetation, the same idiomatic usage is kept up; viz., describing it by its *effects* as the *burning-up* or parching wind. Where the Seventy have deliberately cast aside the *local* qualifications of the wind they have invariably adopted as equivalent to the Hebrew *kadim* (front or east) the Greek name of the south wind, νότος. There are five instances of this singular anomaly,—viz. Exodus x. 13, xiv. 21, Job xxxviii. 24, Ezekiel xxvii. 26, and Psalm lxxviii. 26.

Hence we learn that in Palestine the wind called νότος by those who spoke Greek was notorious for producing the same physical effects as those ascribed by the Hebrew writers to their *kadim*. Thus, νότος (south wind) may very naturally have become the Greek equivalent of *kadim* (east or front wind) in the Septuagint.

There is a peculiar confirmation of this in Psalm lxxviii. 26. In this passage, which is a direct allusion to this very phenomenon of the Exodus wind,—the Seventy have not only rendered *kadim* in the first verse of the distich by νότος,

according to their wont, but, what is still more extraordinary, they have actually chosen another word, λιβὰς (moist), to render the Hebrew *teman* (right hand, or south). Thus, by a double series of tokens, it is made manifest that in their peculiar usage of νότος the Seventy cannot ever have intended *a wind blowing from a particular quarter* (the south), *but a wind notorious for particular physical qualities*.

By this examination we are spared from any further misunderstanding of the Hebrew historian's meaning in his reference to the Exodus wind, and of that of the Seventy in their version of it. According to its radical signification, the wind which sent out the waters was *a fronting wind*, blowing against the tidal current, and thus coming from the north;—according to the idiomatic usage of the term it was a *tempestuous* and *parching* or *drying-up* wind, since it produced that effect on that occasion. And if we have not understood them, it is because we hastily judged them by a single passage, instead of deliberately comparing them with themselves.

Notices of Books.

The Half Century: its History, Political and Social. By Washington Wilks. London: Gilpin. Pp. 344.

We know of few works which we could recommend to the earnest study of thoughtful men before a just and able history of the past half century, for if a knowledge of history is indispensable to a proper understanding of the causes and relations of events, a knowledge of modern history is peculiarly so to any understanding of present occurrences. As well might one attempt to interpret the mystery of the Cross without a history of Man, as seek to attain to a perfect knowledge of the men and things surrounding him without the aid of the key furnished by an acquaintance with the events of the past generation.

Mr. Wilks has attempted, in the book which lies before us, to write the 'inner life' of the nation during the last fifty years, to review the circumstances of its social, intellectual, and political progress, and to draw therefrom such lessons as they may well and powerfully teach;—in this, however, forgetting or ignoring Bacon's judgment, that 'it is the true office of history to represent events themselves, together with their counsels, and to leave the observations and conclusions thereupon to the liberty and faculty of every man's judgment.' It must be at once apparent, that for all historical purposes, such a work as this must be written at a great disadvantage in our own day; and if the book before us pretended to discuss and settle disputed questions and events, it would necessarily be a failure. So far as we are able to judge, however, the writer of the 'Half Century' has neither the ambition nor the hope in his present performance to take rank with the greater historical authorities. If he has, he is doomed to inevitable disappointment, for a writer who starts with the avowed intention of constructing a 'theory of national life' from the events of his age cannot expect to be regarded as an unprejudiced authority, in matters either of social or political history.

The author has divided his work into three sections: the first including the period from 1800 to 1815; the second from 1815 to 1830; and the third from 1830 to 1850. What a life has the world passed through in these three

periods! The first, characteristic of all history,—of war and rapine, misery and crime; the second, of great national growth, violent political agitation, and legislative change; the third, of social, political, and commercial progress, and all 'the finer arts of peace.' Passing in review these eventful periods, we see how Europe became subjugated to the despotism of the second Cæsar, and the world for fifteen years stood like an armed man prepared for the battle; we fight over again the wars of the Peninsula and the Indies, revolting as much at our own atrocities here, as at similar but not greater deeds of violence and crime on other and nearer shores. We hear again of the invasion of Egypt, and the passage of the Alps, and read with fresh awakened interest of the trial and defence of the press against Napoleon, in the case of the Frenchman Peltier. Contests at home for Catholic emancipation; for the abolition of commercial restrictions; for criminal-law, the currency and parliamentary reform; for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; for negro emancipation; for the abolition of the corn-laws; remind us that a generation has passed away since many of these events, and that we are living now in the clothes of the dead. And the dead themselves as they shadow past, and each one holds the lesson of his life to view—shall we read the scroll of their names? Tippo Sultan and D'Enghein; Emmett, Russell, and Despard; Flood, Grattan, and Sheridan; Cobbett, Horne Tooke, and Burdett; Pitt, Fox, Burke, Mackintosh, Grenville, Perceval, Castlereagh, Liverpool, Huskisson, Romilly, and Canning; the Queen Caroline, the Princess Charlotte, George III., George IV., and William IV.; Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and Zachary Macaulay; Nelson and Napoleon; Erskine and Eldon; Ricardo and Rafaelle; Hall, Chalmers, Irving, and Arnold; Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, and Southey; last of all, Sir Robert Peel. These are the patriots and poets, mighty men and men of valour, monarchs and statesmen; preachers and philanthropists; who have 'flourished' in, and given character to, the last half century.

In dealing with these events and persons, Mr. Wilks has shown himself to be possessed, if not of that judicious discrimination, careful analysis, and spirit of patient investigation, so necessary to a writer of history, at least of a graphic pen, and of warm and earnest sympathies with religion and humanity, while it is evident that he holds the most advanced principles of the most advanced section of Dissent. His work is written in a bold and picturesque style, and exhibits great power of generalization, with a command of language, and sometimes of poetical diction, that give promise of future renown. As a whole, however, it is very unequally written, and there are about it marks of haste, which, though perhaps unavoidable, are greatly to be regretted. As a history, it is essentially defective in containing scarcely an allusion to the scientific discoveries and inventions that have given perhaps the greatest lustre to the age passed in review; and it might have been made much more complete and useful by the addition of marginal dates, and an alphabetical index of contents. The latter, however, are minor defects, and do not of themselves detract from its value as a truthful, faithful, and powerfully-written sketch of this most eventful period of English history.

Sermons. By Daniel Katterns. London: Snow. 8vo. Pp. 462.

The publication of a volume of miscellaneous sermons is an event now-a-days so rare, as to create an unusual expectation of the powers of the preacher who would thus reproduce and perpetuate his work. It was, therefore, with no slight degree of curiosity that we took up this handsome and portly volume. We have given to it a careful and attentive examination. Perhaps, we may confess to an agreeable surprise, at finding it honourably free from the rhetorical affectations of the modern pulpit—affectations, however, we are glad to say, more fashionable in the ministrations of the 'Clergy,' than in those of Dissenting

pastors. The volume consists of twenty-two discourses, on the ordinary topics of theoretical and practical Christianity. These are treated not profoundly, not 'strikingly,' not even 'eloquently,' but in the calm and earnest spirit of a preacher of living truths to living men. There is no aiming at artificial effect; no confusion of meaning by false attempts at originality; no 'darkening of counsel' by *words* without *knowledge*. The purpose of the preacher is obviously to impress rather than to inform. He would address neither the ear nor the understanding, but strike on the most tender and powerful chords of human feeling. As peculiarly characteristic of this style of preaching, we would mention the sermons on 'Providence,' on 'Temptation,' on 'Secret Prayer,' on 'Contentment,' on 'Meditation,' &c. We rise from the perusal of these, not excited by an assumed and artificial eloquence, but thoughtful and serious, with inward searchings of heart and deep humility.

Mr. Katterns's style is full and flowing. The divisions of his sermons are simple rather than logical, but sometimes much more numerous than occasion required. 'Fifthly' and 'Sixthly' should have been buried with the Commonwealth preachers. We have only to add our regret that the price at which the work is published, will necessarily exclude it from the very large class of readers who cannot afford to pay twelve shillings for a single volume.

Homœopathy and its Principles explained. By John Epps, M.D. London: Sherwood and Co.

The Monthly Journal of Homœopathy and Journal of Health and Disease. London: Sherwood and Piper.

Homœopathic Domestic Physician. By J. H. Pulte, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. Revised, and supplied with Explanatory Notes, by John Epps, M.D. With a Third Part, on the Treatment of Accidents, by George N. Epps, M.R.C.S.E. London: James Epps. Pp. 590.

While we do not feel called upon in the present place to determine or discuss the relative merits of Allopathy and Homœopathy, or to break a lance in favour of either of the two medical parties, we think we are not trespassing on forbidden ground in noticing these publications. The first is an able, clear, and logical exposition and defence of the principles of the Homœopathic science, from the pen of one of the most successful physicians of the new school of medicine. It aims to establish the truth of the Homœopathic principle, first from the acknowledged existence of analogous principles in nature; secondly, from the failures of the old system; and thirdly, from actual and recorded cases of successful treatment. Particular objections to the doctrine and practice of Homœopathy are next discussed, and the work concludes with a summary of the progress of the new science.—The second work is a periodical of some standing and reputation, devoted to the interest and advocacy of the same school. It is, on the whole, cleverly conducted, but in much too rhapsodical a strain to suit our soberer tastes.—The third volume is the production of an American physician. We are aware that an unprofessional, though unbiassed judgment on a work of this character is held to be of comparatively little value, but so far as we are qualified to express an opinion respecting it, we must give it our unhesitating approval. On the part of the author it everywhere exhibits a large and practical acquaintance with pathological and therapeutical science; it is characterised by great simplicity and precision of style; and it is enriched with judicious observations on the preservation of health, which alone would render it an invaluable work for family use. Dr. Epps's notes are in explanation of the text in those instances where the difference in the climate and customs of England and America render necessary a modified course of treatment, or where his experience has enabled him to suggest the use of additional remedies to those prescribed. The third part, by Mr. Geo. N. Epps, entitled, 'What to do in cases of Accidents,' adds all that is necessary to the completion of a work which will be regarded by Homœopathists as of the greatest practical utility that has yet appeared.

Calvin's Commentaries on the Epistle of Paul to the Romans. Translated and Edited by the Rev. John Owen, Vicar of Thrussington, for the Calvin Translation Society, 9, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh.

It would be superfluous at this time to commend to theological students Calvin's Commentary on the Romans. While it has been to a great extent and for general purposes superseded by the more learned works of modern writers, it will ever be valuable as one of the ablest performances of the most distinguished theologian of the Christian Church. From some of its principles we unhesitatingly express our dissent, but it solves with wonderful ease many of the peculiar difficulties of this Epistle, and it is very free from the intolerant spirit characteristic of some of his other writings. Of Calvin, generally, as commentator, Mr. Owen well and justly says, 'As a concise and lucid commentator he certainly excels. He is not so much an expounder of words as of principles. He carries on an unbroken chain of reasoning throughout in a brief and clear manner. Having well considered the main drift of a passage, he sets before us what it contains, by a brief statement or by a clear process of reasoning; and often by a single sentence he throws light over a whole passage; and though his mind possessed more vigour of intellect and sound good sense than what is called imagination, yet there are some fine thoughts occasionally occurring, beautifully expressed, to which that faculty must have given birth. There is also a noble grandeur and dignity in his sentiments rarely to be found in other writers.' The present translation is executed with very high ability, and its value is materially increased by the addition of copious critical annotations by the editor, in which the expositions suggested by posterior critics and commentators are lucidly stated. A very full analytical index is added.

Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. Abridged, Modernized, and Re-edited according to the most recent Biblical Researches. By Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A., of Christ Church. London: G. Routledge and Co. Pp. 712.

In this work Mr. Buckley, whose name is known to the literary world as the editor and translator of most of the works recently published in the valuable 'Classical Library' of Mr. Bohn, has considerably added to his reputation as a judicious and able scholar. The original work of the learned Calmet, on which this is founded, has been long superseded by the elaborate Cyclopædias of Dr. Kitto and others: before the publication of these, however, it had grown rusty with age, and of little use to modern scholars. Mr. Buckley, while greatly curtailing, has thoroughly revised and modernized it—so much so, as to leave very little of Calmet, and nothing, at any rate, that is now obsolete or worn out. With a few exceptions, the most recent writers have evidently been consulted for the information necessary to be embodied in the geographical and archæological articles. One of these exceptions we notice in the article 'Ararat,' where Sir R. K. Porter's description of that mountain and district is quoted, the editor not appearing to be aware that Ararat *has* been ascended since the date of Porter's visit; viz., by the learned geographer, Dr. Parrot, of Russia. The work is adapted to the times by a constant endeavour on the part of the editor to meet the modern Rationalistic objections to the truth and character of the Bible, and further by its publication at a price that outvies any precedent with which we are acquainted.

The Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Adapted for General Use in other Protestant Churches. London: Pickering.

We have very carefully, but not with any great amount of interest, done what the author of this work has requested of its readers—compared it with the 'Book of Common Prayer' now in use in the Established and other Episcopal Churches. We have not now compared *both* with 'the Book of Life,' having done that with one of them many years ago. The editor of this improved book has, it would appear, been waiting some time to see a revised edition issued

under the auspices of the 'dignitaries' of the Church, but has come to the conclusion that there is now no reasonable hope of expecting such a work from such a quarter. He has, therefore, undertaken the task himself, and, in one sense, has certainly not 'laboured in vain.' All the passages, more or less offensive to Evangelical sentiment, he has carefully expunged, in some instances substituting others. If a *Book* of Prayer must be used at all, by our Episcopalian friends, we say, by all means, use this in preference to the other. But does the editor expect that it will ever be adopted by 'the Church?'

Daily Bible Illustrations; being Original Readings for a Year, on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A., Evening Series. Job, and the Poetical Books. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons. Pp. 487.

THIS is the first volume of the 'Evening Series of Daily Bible Illustrations,' and it well sustains the reputation both of the work and its learned author. It commences with a chapter, or rather 'reading' on the Design of the Book of Job, followed by two papers in defence of its historical character, containing a concise and very satisfactory summary of the argument on both sides of this now more than ever vexed question. The remainder of the book, with the exception of readings on Hebrew Poetry and Parallelisms, the several designs and authors of the books of Ecclesiastes, Psalms, and the Song of Solomon, is occupied with 'Illustrations' of the most striking incidents in these books. They are full of information concerning the manners and customs of the ancients, and are very interestingly written. It is a book admirably adapted for family reading, and calculated to be of great service in senior and Bible class instruction.

The Perverter in High Life. London: Partridge and Oakey. Pp. 226.

THIS is a narrative of a case of Jesuitical intrigue, and attempted proselytism. The author vouches for the truth of the tale, the chief characters in the intrigue being 'drawn from life,' and personally known to him. The object of his publishing this 'narrative,' is to expose the character, design, and artifices of the Order of Jesuits. This, to a certain extent, is accomplished; but as a tale, it is vapid and uninteresting. We might add, that in works of this character, it is very desirable that authors should give their names as some guarantee to the public of the truth of what is told.

The Religion of Mankind. Christianity adapted to Man in all the Aspects of his Being. By James Spence, M.A. London: J. Snow. Pp. 271.

MUCH has lately been written on the subject of this work; and much more needs to be written. The present production, however, will hardly add to its attractiveness. Faultless enough in logical arrangement, it could scarcely be more dull and heavy. It is one of the works that Canon Wordsworth would select as a proof of his assertion that 'bald and jejune' is the style of Dissenting writings.

The Infant Class in the Sunday School. An Essay, to which the Committee of the Sunday School Union adjudged the First Prize. By Charles Reed. Sunday School Union. Pp. 136.

WE can say of this, what we are cautious to say of any book, that it is decidedly the best on its subject. Practical, suggestive, and interesting—based not on abstract theory, but on personal observation, it will be a valuable handbook to teachers and superintendents, and should be placed in every Sunday-school library.

The Island World of the Pacific. Being the personal Narrative and Results of Travel through the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. By Rev. Henry T. Cheever. London: W. Collins. Pp. 304.

THIS is partly a book of travel, partly a history, and partly a missionary report; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say it is neither of these, for what it *is* intended to be we defy any one to discover. It contains some very melancholy sketches of Hawaiian society; and, considering that the islands have altogether only 80,000 inhabitants, a prodigious amount of information on their history, manners, and customs. We should think Mr. Cheever has said nearly all that could be said on the subject. The work is interestingly, and, in some respects, cleverly written, but very disjointedly constructed. As is usual with American travellers, the author has profusely besprinkled it with scraps of the poetry of all the lands that have ever given birth to a verse-writer.

Monthly Retrospect.

A MINISTERIAL crisis has become of late the regular sequence to the re-assembling of Parliament. As the March number of the first volume of the 'Christian Spectator' passed from our hands into those of our readers, the reins of office were hanging idly over the State chariot—Lord John Russell had dropped, and Lord Stanley did not care, or dare, to seize them; so after dangling for awhile between the two, the former resumed the place of 'the man wot drives the Sovereign;' as the caricaturists pictured the Duke of Wellington two-and-twenty years ago. Then, as now, a Reform Bill was in suspense, and Lord John Russell was its author. There begins and ends the parallel of the men and the times. The man has outlived his capacity of fitting action—or the times have ceased to demand bold and creative statesmen.—But we must not forget that the order of occurrence is the proper order of narration.

The fifth session of Queen Victoria's third Parliament was opened by her Majesty on the 3rd of February. The Speech from the Throne was remarkable for nothing but the emphatic assurance that England is on 'the *most* friendly terms' with other nations; and an intimation that an increase would be proposed in the military and naval estimates. The Premier's speech in the evening reiterated the assertion, and extended the intimation into the announcement that the re-establishments of the militia, and other measures of national defence, were down in the programme of the session. The eagerly-expected explanations of Lord Palmerston's ejection from the Cabinet were made in the debate on the Address. It came out, that ever since the return of the Whigs to office (in 1846), the Foreign Secretary has embarrassed his colleagues by his propensity to independent activity—that, in 1850, a minute, drawn up by (or for) the Queen, was placed in Lord Palmerston's hands for his restraint—that on the subject of the French *coup d'état* he had expressed to the French ambassador, in conversation, sentiments which, at the bidding of the Cabinet, he had instructed our representative in Paris not to express—that he had treated the Premier's complaints on this matter with 'dis-

dainful silence'—and that, consequently, the Premier, with the approval of the entire Cabinet, resolved to get rid of the troublesome colleague. Lord Palmerston, on his part, succeeded simply in criminating his late fellows on the point which constituted, in the eye of the public, his substantial offence—namely, approval of Louis Napoleon's usurpation. He unblushingly confessed that as either the President or the Assembly must give way, he preferred the former should be victorious. 'And so,' said he, with a triumphant *tu quoque*, 'you, Lord John—and you, Lord Lansdowne—and you, Mr. Labouchere,—all felt and said.' None of the party seemed conscious that such an avowal cast suspicion upon all their life-long zeal for constitutional government, as, at best, irregular and unprincipled sympathy; ready at any moment to give way to supposed political interests. Nor did the Whig leaders content themselves with a silent assent to this soft impeachment. They—Lord John Russell and Earl Grey—emulated the Earl of Derby and the Tory peers in reprobating the tone of the English press towards Louis Napoleon. They did not deny the justice of the almost unanimous verdict of independent journalists upon the Prince-President's acts; but rebuked the writers for intemperate and imprudent language. As if any words could be severer than the simplest descriptives of the events of December!—the violation of oaths—perjury; the slaughter on the Boulevards—butchery; the confiscation of property—robbery; the delation of all eminent men, and suppression of all free printing—cruel, cowardly tyranny. And as to imprudence—oh that English noblemen and statesmen should whisper of imprudent truthfulness!

The Reform Bill made its appearance on the 9th. It was introduced by Lord John Russell in a speech of remarkable tameness, and created no visible sensation as its features were developed. We may describe it in a single sentence. It proposes neither to shorten the duration of parliaments nor to provide for the purity of election by the ballot; creates no new constituencies, nor disfranchises any, but presents a scheme of electoral amalgamation which the more it is examined the more dissatisfaction it creates; enlarges the franchise to an extent incalculable, not from its vastness, but its complexity and indefiniteness; and lastly, contains one of the clauses of the People's Charter—the 'no property qualification' clause—and the Jewish Relief bill of several past sessions. It was received by the public either with indifference or a demand for amendments that would destroy its identity, but was threatened with Protectionist opposition to the second reading.

The Militia bill was produced on the 16th. It provided for a local enrolment of young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, by three yearly instalments, amounting, in all, to 120,000 men. Mr. Cobden and a few other members objected at once to the scheme as unnecessary. Lord Palmerston led a mixed party in desiring a more effective measure. On the 20th, the late Foreign Secretary moved, as an initiatory amendment, to substitute 'general' for 'local' in the title of the bill—which was carried by a majority of eleven (136 to 125). Thereupon, Lord John Russell threw up the bill and his office together. As little material difference could be discerned between the two schemes, Lord John's prompt resignation was taken to be either an expression of affront, or a desire to avoid a more

humiliating defeat—which almost certainly awaited him on a motion of censure on Lord Grey's Cape and Kafir policy. Whatever the motive, the resignation was actually made; and within forty-eight hours from the ministerial defeat, the Earl of Derby had received, and accepted, the Queen's commands to form an administration.—A list of the Protectionist Cabinet is before us; but we forbear to criticise its composition, or conjecture its programme. The new men are fairly entitled to trial. If they abstain from attempting to re-enact a corn-law, and are willing to concede anything of parliamentary reform, they may do at least as well as their incapable and uncaring predecessors. One man, at least, in the new Ministry has fairly won his position by admirable talent and tact; and whoever has sympathy with intellect humbling the pride of hereditary aristocracy, may give it to Benjamin Disraeli.

We have only further to notice in our Parliamentary summary that the House of Commons has given a night to Mr. Sharman Crawford's scheme of Irish tenant-right, and permitted him to introduce a bill for the enforcement throughout that distracted country of a custom which has greatly contributed to the prosperity of Ulster.—Another night has been given to the interests of the industrial classes—Mr. Slaney moving for a committee on the legal obstacles to the safe and profitable investment of savings. Mr. Labouchere promised on the part of the late Government a commission on the subject; and it is much to be hoped that the non-political aspect of the matter will induce the new Administration to fulfil that undertaking.—The annual educational debates have already commenced. The promoters of the Manchester and Salford Local Scheme introduced their bill as a private one, and it nearly slipped unobserved through the stages in which discussion is permissible. A debate was raised, however, by the members for Manchester, on the second reading, and their pleas for delay were acceded to. It is now impossible to say when the motion may be renewed; but it is satisfactory to know that the corporation of Manchester have resolved, by a large majority, to petition against the bill.

Despite the energy and extensive organization of the Protestant Alliance, the religious world is not much agitated by the demand for the disendowment of Maynooth College. Meetings have been held in all our principal towns; and with just so much success as is compatible with the feebleness of compromise and inconsistency. We should judge from the reports we have read that Dissenting ministers must have experienced much discomfort from the speeches to which they have had to listen, without the liberty of putting themselves fairly right. Norwich, we are glad to say, has repeated, on a larger scale, the demonstration made at Derby. At an immense city meeting, an amendment against all religious endowments was carried by an overwhelming majority—although every Dissenting minister supported the simple anti-Maynooth resolution. The British Anti-state-church Association has taken right ground, in a series of timely resolutions; and several imposing meetings have been held by its local committees, while others are in contemplation. We know of nothing better calculated to produce right views and action on this matter than the tract, 'The Maynooth Grant: the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.'—We may mention, in this connexion, that the long-controverted Braintree Church-rate Case has

reached the House of Lords, the final stage of its wearisome progress; and that Mr. Trelawney, chairman of the select committee on church-rates, has published an 'Epitome of the Evidence,' the more useful from the 'Historical Sketch of Church-rates' prefixed.

We deeply regret to see the announcement in a late number of the 'New York Observer,' of the death of one of the most learned and able scholars of the past half-century—Professor Moses Stuart, of Andover, Massachusetts. He died on Sunday, January 4th, in the seventy-first year of his age. As a commentator on several of the New Testament books, Professor Stuart attained many years ago a high reputation both in this country and in Germany, and we believe that some of his works are used as text books in our colleges. 'He was born,' says the writer of a brief but interesting biographical sketch in the above-named journal, 'in Wilton, Connecticut, on the 26th of March, 1780; and after graduating at Yale in 1799, acted as tutor in that institution for two or three years. He was for some time principal of the Academy at Weston, and afterwards pursued the study of Law, which he abandoned for the gospel ministry. He was settled in 1806 as pastor of the Central Congregational Church in New Haven. He was called to the Professorship of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary in 1810, and continued thirty-eight years to discharge his duties in that office. No other teacher in our land ever instructed so many pupils in the department of sacred criticism. His writings are voluminous, and some of them highly celebrated. He possessed great acuteness of mind, and an enthusiasm in the pursuit of truth, that gave a point and pungency to his writings, terrible to his opponents, and not always safe to himself. . . . . Long ago, he was familiarly spoken of at Andover and elsewhere as the Rabbi, a title which he never assented to, but which was significant of the estimation in which his great learning was held by those who knew him best. For many years past he has been in feeble health, and a few weeks ago he had a fall, from the effects of which he had not recovered when attacked by the influenza, that terminated his long, honoured, and useful career.'

Less conspicuous as a writer and scholar, but well known and deeply beloved by many of our readers, was the Rev. Christopher Anderson, of Edinburgh, tidings of whose death in that city, on the 18th ult., have just reached us. Mr. Anderson was principally known to the general public as the author of the 'Annals of the English Bible'—a work exhibiting great research and industry, and now to be found in almost every public library in the kingdom. In his own sphere, as a Christian pastor, he was highly and devotedly esteemed; and his life has been one of active, honourable, and useful service. Now he 'resteth' from his labour, and 'his works do follow him.'

The military despotism of France is becoming what her revolutionary governments have often been accused of being—a disturbance of the public peace. Decrees of domestic tyranny, and threats to neighbouring states, go hand in hand. A law upon the press has been promulgated, which places it absolutely at the mercy of the Government; and Belgium has been terrified into reviving an obsolete statute against her own journalists, as well as suppressing the 'Bulletin Français.' Despite the disclaimers of

the 'Moniteur,' it is seriously believed that the Swiss Confederation has been presented with humiliating requirements in reference to refugees and the press. So marked have become the indications of imperial ambition, that even Russia has remonstrated; and it is stated that a note has been subscribed at London by the representatives of all the European powers, declaring that if Belgian independence be violated, they will defend it by arms—England taking the lead by despatching a force to the Scheldt. From America comes confirmed intelligence of growing ardour for alliance with England in defence of European liberty. The question will become, Who *are* the enemies of European liberty? and on what ground shall England again interfere in continental politics? The apprehension of invasion is changing into perplexity between a sense of international obligations and pacific desires. In the words of a little but useful and powerfully-written book,* we would say: 'Let England be quiet, and compassionate and cherish confidence in France; while the blazing ship of despotism, with its felon steersman, shoots down the gulph.'

Intelligence.

EXPULSION OF BRITISH MISSIONARIES FROM HUNGARY.

THE recent expulsion of several British missionaries from Hungary, by order of the Austrian Government, has led to an interview on that subject between Earl Granville, *last* late Foreign Secretary, and a united deputation from the Protestant Alliance and the Free Church of Scotland. The memorial presented by the deputation contains some interesting details of Protestant missionary operations in Hungary. One of the missions now broken up was established at Pesth by the Church of Scotland in 1841, and conducted by Messrs. Wingate and Smith, who had resided there for ten years past with the full approbation of the Government. Their mission, from the first, having embraced the supply of religious ordinances to the British residents, they have preached regularly every Lord's-day to those residents, numbering at the commencement about 400 souls, though now greatly reduced by causes known to the British Government; but by the recent proceedings of the Austrian Government, this, which was the only divine service in the English language in Hungary, has been suppressed. They have also preached in German to the converts from Judaism, who have, however, formed no new church, but have been received as members of the sanctioned Protestant communities. They have distributed Bibles and other religious books in Hebrew and other languages, but in so doing have adapted their proceedings to all existing laws; and under their care a large school has sprung up, superintended by a Jewish convert, and attended by 350 children, about 300 of whom are Jews, the rest Protestants, and no Roman Catholics. The committee were not so definitely informed of the particulars of the case of the Rev. Mr. Edwards, who, after three years' residence, had been ordered to leave Lemberg, the capital of Gallicia. In reply to the deputation, Earl Granville stated that he had communicated with the British Ambassador at Vienna on the subject, and was waiting for his answer.

THE ANTI-MAYNOOTH AGITATION.

The agitation for the disendowment of Maynooth College continues. Meetings have been held since our last at Exeter, Southampton, Bristol, Leicester, Edinburgh, Perth, Stroud, Birmingham, Norwich, Islington, and other important districts. At the majority of these meetings, the Protestant Alliance had precluded the possibility

---

* 'Louis Napoleon: the Patriot or the Conspirator.' By Truman Slater, Esq. London: Partridge and Oakey.

of any discussion taking place, by issuing notices to the effect, that no amendments would be allowed to be presented. To make up for this restriction, and at the same time to take advantage of the opportunity afforded for an enunciation of the principle that all endowments are equally pernicious, the Islington Committee of the Anti-state-church Association convened a separate meeting, where resolutions condemnatory of Maynooth and all other State grants for religious purposes were adopted. The meetings at Edinburgh and Perth were of the same character. At Norwich, where no restriction of debate was announced, Mr. Tillett and Mr. Bunting severally moved and seconded the following amendment to a resolution condemnatory merely of the Maynooth Grant:—'That the Maynooth Grant and all other religious endowments given by the State should be withdrawn, and every creed left to stand or fall, according as it may be true or false.' This amendment was carried by a large majority of a large and excited meeting, showing what may be done by vigorous and determined effort. Since this meeting the Protestant Alliance has been quieter.

EDUCATION.

An important conference of the friends of Voluntary Education was held at Manchester on the 2nd and 3rd ult., followed by a public meeting in the Free-trade Hall in the evening of the latter day. The attendance was principally from Yorkshire and Lancashire; a deputation from the Congregational Board of Education and the Voluntary School Association being present from London. At the first day's conference, presided over by Mr. Sturge, papers were read by Mr. Richard, on 'The Origin and Principles of the Voluntary School Association;' by Mr. Hinton, on 'The Religious Character of our Public Schools;' and by Mr. Giles, of Sheffield, on 'The Social Scheme of Education.' At the second day's sitting, presided over by Mr. Kelsall, Mr. Hinton read a paper on the Manchester and Local Salford Scheme of Education. At both sittings of the conference, animated discussions took place—Mr. Hadfield, Mr. Baines, Mr. Kelsall, Dr. Halley, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Scales, Dr. Ackworth, and others, taking part. The public meeting, at which 'several thousand persons' were present, was addressed by the Rev. George Smith, Mr. Hinton, Mr. G. W. Alexander, the Rev. B. Parsons, Dr. Ackworth, Dr. Halley, &c. Altogether, this was one of the most successful demonstrations in favour of the Voluntary Principle that has yet taken place.

THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION

has convened meetings, since our last, at Derby, Darwen, Blackburn, Liverpool, Huddersfield, Rochdale, Beverley, and other places. Lectures have also been delivered by Mr. Kingsley, at Dewsbury and Hebden Bridge; Mr. Forster, at Market Harborough; Mr. Burnet, at Kingsland; and the Secretary, Mr. Williams, at Plaistow and Merton. The monthly metropolitan meeting was held on the 19th, at the City of London Institution, and addressed by Mr. Forster, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Miall. These will show that the society is not inactive.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

BRIDPORT (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. K. Stallybrass, late of Dorchester.

BRIGG (Congregational church).—The Rev. R. Miles, late of Abbotsford, Canada East.

CHELTENHAM (Baptist church).—The Rev. J. Smith, late of New Park-street, London, and Shrewsbury.

CIRENCESTER (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. Stratford, late of Chedworth.

COLYTON (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. E. Isaac, late of Wickford.

HALSTEAD, ESSEX (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. Waite, B.A., late of Cheshunt College.

KEYWORTH (Congregational church).—The Rev. T. Gough, late of Barrington.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON (Congregational church). — The Rev. J. Ewing, late of Boston.

SUMMERTON (Congregational church).—Mr. Henry Baker, late of Hackney.

SUNDERLAND (Bethel chapel).—The Rev. E. Bewlay, late of Cirencester.

WARDOUR CHAPEL, SOHO.—The Rev. J. E. Ashby, late of Arundel.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

APRIL, 1852.

Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools.

'If we would but only take care of children, grown people would generally take care of themselves.'—WHATELY.

ALL plans for affecting human beings morally, however carefully constructed and adapted to their purpose at first, after no long time require thorough revision and readjustment. For mind is always travelling onwards towards its high and distant goal, and unless the devices of which we speak advance with equal step, they are soon found pointing to a different object, and securing different results, from those at which they were originally aimed. One of the most forcible illustrations of this necessity may be discovered in those 'Endowed Schools,' which were established about the time of the revival of learning here, the design of which has been rendered completely abortive by the affectation of carrying it out to the very letter.

In the foremost rank of the numerous institutions which now challenge the regard of those who, with no barren desire for the good of their fellows, would work so as to be assured of the widest and most permanent blessings as the reward of their labours, we unhesitatingly place the SUNDAY-SCHOOL. Not only do the consequences which have already followed its operation entitle it to this distinction; it has in it, when it shall have been brought into true harmony with the spirit and the wants of our age, the promise of good, beyond all that other schemes can show. In two respects especially it commends itself to all who share the *practical* temper of the times—it is directed against evil, in its most easily assailable form, as it exists in children; and it requires no other

means than may be found 'wherever two or three,' in earnest concerning the spread of the kingdom of God, 'are gathered together.' At the same time there is no amount of learning or tact, of business habit or mental skill of any kind, which may not advantageously be employed in this field.

It is not needful to repeat the truisms which, year after year, continually, are uttered by the advocates of these institutions. But it becomes us, in offering some suggestions with the hope of aiding in the Sunday-school reform which is now proceeding, to point out a fact which may, perchance, exhibit some of those truisms as *truths*—and as truths of most vital concern for us. All have observed that, at intervals, spontaneous and individual, or, at least, *not* concerted movements, arise amongst men, which are auguries of the ages that are next to come. Viewed in this light, the selection of *education* by every sect of religionists, and every political party, now, as the means of attaining its ends, has no trifling significance. Does it not seem to indicate this—that small hopes of effects from means addressed to *men* are entertained? A generation, it must be remembered, may be educated *down* to any given mark, as well as *up* towards any standard of intellectual and moral nobleness which may be assumed; and we must, with the deepest sadness, acknowledge that it is easier far to lower whole generations than to elevate some chosen classes of but one. The words of Archbishop Whately will convey to us most stirring truth, if thus we think. 'We cannot,' he says, 'too much "take thought for the morrow" in matters relating to "the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" now children are, emphatically, *the morrow of society;* and in all that relates to religious and moral training, they are far the more important part of it; for we know that if we "train up a child in the way that he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it." While, on the other hand, it is too often a vain attempt to remedy, by instruction to adults, the want of this early training. *If we would but only take care of children, grown people would generally take care of themselves!*'

In noting what appear to us to be the prominent faults of the Sunday-school system, as most commonly put into practice, we would not expose ourselves to even the suspicion of captiousness. Solely for the sake of giving a stronger relief to our *Suggestions*, do we refer to things as they are, or have been; and we speak of *facts* alone. It is scarcely necessary, except to avoid the very possibility of misconception, to say that as we do not feel ourselves free to censure schools in which these faults exist, we cannot intend to blame those in which they are not found. It must be observed, then, that when these institutions were first established, the education of the poor was the dream of a few warm-hearted enthusiasts alone; whereas now, it is, to some extent, 'an accomplished fact,' or, at least, it cannot be denied, that there is *not* that all but universal necessity for making it the grand task of the Sunday-school to impart the barest rudiments of knowledge—the art of reading—which there *was* when Robert Raikes first gathered his classes out of the lanes and alleys of Gloucester. The world has

moved onward since that time; but though, the necessity having ceased, teaching to read is not its characteristic work, generally, the *ideal* has not been altered. The *system* is what it was; the *work* done by it is not. And this, we think, is one principal cause of what is so often complained of—the inefficiency of Sunday-schools at the present day.

Another point we would remark upon is, that these schools are, almost in every instance, looked upon as supplementary appendages to particular congregations. As much astonishment would be occasioned by saying of any congregation, it has no Sunday-school, as by saying it has no preaching. We would not, by any means, insist upon their divorcement, nor imply that the connexion is wrong; but we would insist upon the distinctness of the object of the school, and claim for it a position worthy of the greatness of that object. We would assert its right to stand alone, wherever it can; and would not repudiate prelatical episcopacy for the churches of Christ more warmly than we would the episcopacy, whether ministerial or ecclesiastical, which is now regarded, not as the accidental, but as the normal condition of Sunday-schools.

Along with these, we place the compulsory attendance of the children at religious services designed, in every part, for the edification of adults alone, which to children and teachers alike is worse than a weariness; the great proportion of *memoriter* learning insisted upon, and particularly the use of catechisms of doctrines; the entrusting of classes, most frequently of the youngest scholars, to teachers not fitted by age, character, or any qualification, for the sole control of children, especially for such a purpose as that contemplated by these schools; and the filling up of the superintendent's time with work that a clerk could do, so completely, that it is impossible for him, whatever his power may be, to exercise it in securing unity of purpose, and preventing distraction of effort, to the unspeakable detriment of the school. Other defects, or mistakes, as we regard them, might be mentioned; but we forbear, and again beg our readers to observe that not in censoriousness do we indicate these, but only to show that, if not in every case, yet in most cases, there is need of such revision and readjustment to their original object, as we spoke of at the outset of these remarks; that 'original object' being, it must be borne in mind, the instruction of the young, 'as the truth is in Jesus,'* all other teaching only subserving to it.

Our first 'suggestion' relates to the estimation of the Sunday-school as an instrument of 'doing good.' It must not only be admitted, it must be *perceived*, that it has a distinct object, and a field and means peculiar to itself. The establishment and the maintenance of one, should be as serious an undertaking as the ministry of the gospel; that is, it both deserves, and requires the same kind of earnestness of purpose

* We do not forget that there are schools, and very large ones, too, conducted on Sundays, the objects of which differ widely from this. We do not speak of them at all, but of the *real* Sunday-school, of which these are *counterfeits*.

and devotedness of heart. We can always, and we always do, dignify or degrade our work, by the spirit in which we perform it. Judas made apostolic labour itself vile; and as George Herbert truly, though quaintly, says of working with God's glory in view—

'A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.'

It was not merely for the sake of the converts at Rome that Paul magnified his office. And the teacher who should see the real greatness of his task as distinctly as that apostle apprehended the grandeur of his calling, would discharge its duties in a manner, and with results, such as have scarcely yet been imagined. The truth is, that teaching in the Sunday-school *is* a ministry of the gospel; and the 'signs of the times' almost justify the expectation that it will be THE *ministry* in the next generation.

Out of this arises the practical suggestion, that, whenever it is possible, each school should be independent of all congregations. In the majority of instances, at present, this cannot be; and most probably, there will always be some districts so sparsely populated, or in which the people are so poor, that except in connexion with a congregation none could be maintained. It will not be so easy, under these circumstances, to keep alive the apprehension of that distinctness of purpose we have spoken of; but it need not therefore be forgotten, and the more earnestly it is kept before the minds of those engaged, the sooner may the more favourable circumstances be induced. Moreover, in cases where *independency* cannot be maintained by such means as the use of a room, or building, apart from the place of worship, and the adoption of a plan like that we are about to describe, the *best* part, if not the whole, of the good we propose might be secured. Some of the reasons for this suggestion will appear in those which follow. Another is, the opportunity afforded for that species of co-operation which would tend to impart a catholicity of tone, and a breadth of view, to the teaching, and to necessitate a *vital* rather than a dogmatical representation of the gospel; all of which is demanded of the instructors of our days with passionate vehemence, nay, with menace and indignation, and, alas! is rarely bestowed; the very entreaties being scarcely understood. And another, and not one of the least moment, is, that all the arrangements of the school might be made, as foresight or experience should dictate, for the most direct and speedy attainment of its object, without any interfering influences; and this, in the single particular of the *time* that could then be given to it, would be, both to teachers and scholars, an advantage which those only who have long worked under, or watched the present system, could appreciate.

Further,—each school should be under the control and direction of one mind; or if that be not literally practicable (in some cases we can believe it to be even undesirable), a oneness of aim must pervade its entire conduct, and every department. Schools would, as a necessary

consequence, be more numerous, and they would be smaller than they now, in general, are; but they would be *real* schools of Christ. More remote consequences need not be indicated here. But as this is the suggestion which we especially desire to press upon the consideration of the reflecting and the active, from whom the ministry of the Sunday-school would naturally be supplied, we will develop it into some 'rough draft' of a plan.

The essential feature of the system, according to our suggestion, is, that, instead of a superintendent, engaged chiefly in clerical (and what one might almost call police) duty, there would be a teacher (or more than one, so unity of purpose and management were secured), under whose eye, by whose guidance, everything would be done by all the other workers—sub-teachers or assistants (the name being of no moment *now*, though *in practice* it would be of great consequence to have the *right* one)—who would act in subordination to him, and the design which he would keep before them and express by his work; that work being, peculiarly, the instruction of the school, *collectively*, in the gospel. Let us describe such a school in operation for one Sunday.

It is the hour for beginning the work of the morning, and the children are assembling; each one has a place, and takes it; they are arranged in concentric or parallel benches, on a gallery or sloping floor, the youngest nearest the teacher on the lowest tier, the eldest on the highest; the junior, or assistant teachers, being stationed at the ends of the rows of seats. One of the eldest scholars is acting as clerk at a desk, whence all can be seen, and carefully noting the presence of each child; the teacher, apparently, is distributing friendly greetings and inquiries, for the young faces glow with unmistakable pleasure as they look up and reply; and it is the same with the assistants too. This preliminary business is soon accomplished; a short hymn is sung (it is part singing, we notice, with some gratification), and a brief prayer spoken amidst general silence. Each scholar, from the youngest to the eldest, now opens his book; a little one rises, and reads aloud a simple version of a passage in our Saviour's life; a few questions scattered here and there elicit answers which show that the lesson has already been well conned; and reference is made without hesitation to a large map upon the wall. An older scholar next rises and reads; it is the same incident, but the narrative is fuller; other questions accompany it, glancing wider, and more explanatory information is both called forth and imparted; the little ones are not overlooked, a passing word is uttered for their benefit, and to quicken the attentiveness with which they listen to the story as it is told in terms they cannot yet entirely master. A third time, and in yet completer form,* the narrative, which is not a long one, is read, by a yet older child, and wider questions still are asked and answered.

* Some of our readers may not, perhaps, be aware that sets of graduated lessons, from both New Testament and Old, are sold by Varty in the Strand. Although not the best conceivable, they are very well done, and will no doubt provoke some one to try and do better.

The teacher does not call upon one of the eldest scholars this morning; he reads the passage from the New Testament himself; and his occasional comments do not lessen, but for all that hear and try to connect their versions with that he is reading, supply much of the life-likeness which can always be seen by those who study with their hearts that most wondrous history. Once more they sing, and another brief prayer is spoken. The reading books are now opened again, and the teacher begins to speak about the lesson. It is a remarkable address, if address it can be called, for it is interspersed with questions (which are answered, too), and seems now to be descriptive, and now didactic; now hortatory, and now persuasive; information of many kinds is afforded, but not aside from the general line of remark; anecdotes, parables, and such metaphors as *observation* supplies, abound; suggestions are thrown out to the assistant teachers, which some of them hastily record; the eldest scholars, too, at times put down a few memorial words; there are tears and smiles, also, testifying to the earnestness and sympathy of the teacher and the taught; and when the address is ended, you cannot tell whether it has been a long or a short one, nor do the scholars seem more to perceive its length. Another hymn, and then the scholars propose questions to the teacher; in general they are apt, in some cases affectingly so; some he answers directly, the replies to others are promised another time, and some are shown to be beside the mark. Arrangements for the afternoon are made, and a third brief prayer concludes the work. You find that the whole has occupied little more than an hour.

In the afternoon you return: after the opening hymn and prayer, the lesson for the following Sunday morning is studied. The sub-teachers are at work, each surrounded by a section of the scholars. First come the reading and literal understanding of the passage; then the geography, the manners, customs, and all that throws light upon it as far as they know, are communicated; the sections going in turn to those parts of the room where the illustrative maps and diagrams are hung. One hymn is sung in the midst of the work, all the sections pausing. Some hymns are repeated afterwards. In about an hour the younger scholars are dismissed, and the elder remain for further and more varied instruction — the Christian evidences, natural theology, or the Greek Testament. The teacher has unobtrusively directed all the work; some parts of it he has personally conducted; and his presence has been felt by both assistants and learners stimulating and encouraging their diligence. Most of the assistants take part in the after-lessons, as learners. The time taken up in them is not less than half an hour, nor more than an hour; but it is seldom so much as an hour.

We cannot describe all that would give completeness to a system like this; our readers can imagine how a wise teacher would study the various capabilities of his assistants, and adapt their tasks to his estimate of them, appointing to each the work he seemed best able to perform, and affording opportunities of practising the general conduct of a school to those of greatest promise; and, in the same

spirit, would employ, the eldest scholars, some as occasional assistants, others as clerks, &c.; how he would, moreover, judiciously vary and relieve the occupations of the assistants, and of the eldest scholars, by permitting some of them, at times, to attend the ordinary public worship, in the morning, instead of the school; and, generally, not being bound by forms, would endeavour to attain the great end of his 'ministry' by any and every means which *truly* lead to it. Meetings during the week, regularly held, or according to the teacher's convenience, could not be dispensed with; singing would, of course, be taught at such times. And the little ones, we may add, learning to read from large-print tablets, by the 'look-and-say' method—a method for teaching *reading*, infallible, and free from the drudgery of the old-fashioned plan, which was so disheartening to both teachers and learners—'infant classes' would be unnecessary.

That many objections to the plan we have suggested will arise in the minds of those who have not learned to distinguish between the divine *principles* of the gospel, and the *expedients* devised by men for inculcating them, we are quite sure; but we cannot, within the limits necessarily imposed upon us here, notice more than a few which may occur to those who are disposed to regard Sunday-schools in the light in which we have looked at them. Those, more numerous by far, which might be brought against our estimation of them, we must leave unnoticed now. To some it may seem very undesirable to devote so little time to the actual work of the school, particularly as the scholars must needs be left almost entirely to themselves, when not receiving instruction; and to them we reply, that the aim being to do effectually what is undertaken, *vividness* in the communications of the teacher to the learners is to be considered, rather than the length of time occupied by them; and that the self-discipline which being confided in when out of the school necessitates, helps more towards the attainment of the object proposed than the most vigilant watchfulness which could be exercised. The care taken *beforehand* to ensure the vividness we speak of, would be in no small degree the measure of the success to be anticipated.

Others may be struck with the fact, that the attendance of the teachers upon the customary public worship would be greatly abridged, and may entertain some fears in consequence. We can assure them that the work of the teacher, assumed and discharged 'from conscience towards God,' far from being profitless to him that labours, both enlarges and enlightens the mind, and enables it to apprehend more firmly and more practically the truth which the gospel has revealed to man. Besides, there is the *home study* of these things, too much neglected in general, but without which it would be impossible to teach on the system we have sketched; and the evenings of the Sundays being free from the work of the school, would be employed in the cultivation of social religion by public worship. We can also imagine that the disuse of *doctrinal* catechisms, and the *forms* of Evangelical faith usually regarded as most essential, may cause some hesitation with respect to our suggestions; and we would anticipate any positive objections on

this ground by remarking that we have followed the plan of the Scriptures herein; and that it was by 'preaching Christ,' *i. e.*, the personal, vital embodiment of the truth in his life, words, works, and death, that the first, which were also the most pure and brilliant, triumphs of his kingdom were achieved. And we may further say, that memory, intellect, affection, all are exercised by such teaching, and all in truest connexion with, and subservience to, the great aim of the Sunday-school—the leading of the young into the way of eternal life.

And here, for the present, we pause. Should our suggestions receive from any of our readers the notice we think they deserve, we may return to the subject, and endeavour to describe more completely, and to give other reasons for, the system by which, as we believe, the Sunday-school might be made the instrument for imparting unimaginable good to those who, in a few years, will be the class upon the character of which all hopes respecting the future of the world must depend. Nothing would give us greater satisfaction than, assisted by the results of the experience of others, to be able to mature an extensively practicable plan for giving to this institution, in fact, the dignity and worth which, in theory and intention, it possesses; and thereby to show to those who long for an opportunity of serving their generation, that a work, great and rich with glorious promise, lies within their reach if they will but earnestly exert themselves, and with a single mind seek, in what they do, the glory of God.

Biblical compared with other Ancient Histories.

I.—BIBLICAL AND EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

THERE is no primeval religion equal to that of the Bible, and the biblical history excels all others. God, with the Hebrew people, was a reality, a living, ever-present, all-creating, and all-controlling Being, whose will was law, and whose nod was life or death. The acknowledgment of such a Being must have wrought no less beneficially than powerfully on his worshippers; conducing especially to the formation in their minds of a high and prevailing moral sense, which would have a restraining, directing, and refining effect on the whole character. Under this moral guidance, the word would be an image of the thought, and the thought would represent actual realities. But history is only recorded realities. The history, then, of a truly religious people is a true record of events; and as a truly religious people will feel a special interest in religion, and naturally give utterance to their religious emotions, so their history may be expected to wear a religious hue, if not to have a directly religious aim and bearing. Such is the history found in the Bible.

These preliminary remarks are based on the simple recognition of the Bible as containing historical statements and implications. We advisedly omit its claim to its inspiration. Believing that claim to be valid, we here waive it altogether, in order to meet men of the world on their own ground. Voltaire, and other historical sciolists, assailed the Bible as a history; as a history, we undertake its defence. In order to prevail we must not appeal to any kind of evidence which sceptics repudiate. From the high vantage ground of the Christian, we must descend into the arena of secular scholarship. This is what, in this series of papers, we propose to do. The advantage which we thereby lose we consent to forego for the sake of the cause, which to us is very dear—the cause of the Bible. Standing on purely historical grounds, we will prove its credibility; we will show its superiority; we will illustrate the wisdom of divine Providence in bestowing on the world an historical religion—a religion in history, and a history in religion.

Before we commence our remarks, we must guard ourselves against a misconception. The ordinary manner in which the argument before us has been conducted, tends too much to make the Bible appear to receive evidence from profane history. Now that to which testimony is given occupies a rank inferior to the witness whence the testimony is derived. To place the Bible in this lower position, is to inflict on it a serious wrong. Against such a method of procedure we protest. Historically viewed, the Bible is above all other ancient books. Such is our thesis. And this thesis we establish by a comparison of its merits with the merits of other ancient historical documents. Of those documents we do not ask a testimony, and so compel the Bible to submit to a justification. We do not put the Bible in the dock and call witnesses to its character. But consenting for a moment to regard the Bible simply as a history, we collect around it other ancient historical memoranda, and by a fair investigation establish the supremacy of its excellence. With a view to this general result, we shall offer a number of illustrations combining to show that what in the Bible appears as history is history in reality. With Biblical facts we shall deal, proving that those facts *are* facts. Our general position may be thus stated:—The Biblical history is the most ancient history in the world; the Biblical history contains realities; its records are true, are reliable; in very many points are the only true and reliable history we possess; and in all points, are far superior to any other memorial of the periods to which its pages refer.

We will begin our investigations with Egypt. In so doing we give the adversary an advantage, for we meet him on his strongest ground. The ancient Egyptians are a people described by Herodotus (ii. 77), 'the father of profane history,' as of all others the most given to the recording of past events; a nation whose life, and the outlines of whose history, have been preserved even to this hour, in the changeless forms of sculptured granite, and the almost unfading colours of painting and portraiture. We have said that the outlines of their history have been preserved—but how preserved?

Mainly in sculpture and painting. Of written history, native in its growth, there is now, properly speaking, none. Once indeed the Egyptians did possess annals, but they have all but quite perished; and the only historical details that we possess of ancient Egypt we find in the pages of Greek historians, of whom the earliest, namely, Herodotus (450 A.C.), did not begin to write until Jewish history had run its course, and accomplished its task. The exact facts, however, connected with native Egyptian history will be best understood by the statement of a few particulars. The best authorities concur in declaring that in the period of her prosperity, Egypt possessed lists of its monarchs in an unbroken line downward from Menes, the first king, whose date has been fixed at about 3500 A.C. These lists would appear to have been accompanied by an account of the physical powers and disposition, as well as of the exploits, of each sovereign in succession. Whatever particulars may have been connected with the names, they have nearly all perished. The list itself exists in several copies; but these copies are incomplete and defective, nor can their data be easily brought into harmony. Important as these lists are in furnishing grounds for extending the ordinary chronology between the deluge and the advent of Christ by some fifteen hundred years, they are yet connected with imaginary periods and rulers, whose appearance in them creates suspicion. Thus they make some twenty thousand years to have passed under the dominion of gods and heroes prior to the first purely human monarch. Here, beyond a doubt, fiction has been freely at work. Where did fiction stop? If imagination drew on its stores for the formation of a divine chronology, are we sure it had no hand in what professes to relate to human beings? Other sources of historical information were once possessed by the Egyptians. Indeed, theirs was a rich literature, though its actual treasures have been much exaggerated. But where are those treasures now? Even the art of alphabetical writing, of which the Egyptians may have been the inventors, and which they certainly practised long anterior to the days of Moses, owes its preservation not to 'the most learned of mankind,' who filled the valley of the Nile with the wonders of a high civilization long before the call of Abraham, but to the pastoral and agricultural descendants of that patriarch, whom Greeks despised as unlettered, and whom it has been too much the fashion, with a classic pedantry, to treat as mere apprentices in literature.

Of the literature of the despised Hebrews, a large portion is even now in the hands of all civilized nations, and has exerted a most marked and decided influence in the formation of the highest class of character during a period of at least two thousand years. Most of the Egyptian books are lost, and have been lost for about the same length of time. What has caused the preservation of the one, and the loss of the other? If you answer, the intrinsic excellence of the Hebrew books, we agree with you. But then that excellence had a cause. That cause we find in the predominating influence of a pure religion. The books of Egypt perished because containing much that was fabulous and mythological, and therefore taking no firm hold on the mind and affections of the

people, they were not worth being preserved. In other terms, they had but a small portion of the true historical element, and were overloaded with superstitious legends and mythological fancies. In consequence, they acted but slightly on human sympathies; they struck no deep chord in the human soul; they satisfied none of the more pressing wants of man's sinful, yearning nature. They were therefore disregarded, and fell into contempt. The purposes of a priesthood they might serve; but, failing to reach the wants of men, they were allowed to perish. On the contrary, the Hebrew literature was the varied story of a nation's life. In a remote chronology that literature, it is alleged, must yield the palm to Egypt; but wherever humanity is well developed, mere numbers are held of small account; and what are lists of kings —even were what we possess free from discrepancies and uncertainty? what to posterity is a long series of real or imaginary sovereigns?—what but empty names—mere historical shadows? and what especially are such faint and evanescent forms, compared with the substantial realities, the men, women, and children, that ever live and speak in the pages of the Bible, fresh and glowing almost as when they trod the earth, and took a part in its deepest joys and sorrows? And in relation to ourselves, there is no comparison between the remains of Egyptian and the remains of Hebrew culture. We do not deny the massive grandeur of those huge forms, which in size and expression resemble the mountains out of which they were hewn. We feel a vivid interest in all those sepulchral paintings, which, preserved by the dry atmosphere and dry sands of Egypt, and brought to light by modern enterprise and research, lay open before the traveller's eye the multiform operations of the daily life of the ancient inhabitants. But we do say, that in the Bible there is a higher grandeur and a more touching revelation. After all, and to the majority of people, sculptures and pictures are dumb things; while words, as the embodiment and utterances of thoughts and emotions, are 'spirit and life'—spirit and life undying in their essence, and undecaying in their forms. The life of a nation expressed in its literature, is an everlasting monument, not of brick or marble, but of human experiences. It is, moreover, a monument set forth before the eyes of the world at large. The edifices and statuary of the Nile remain for ever confined to the narrow tract where they had their birth, visible to travellers, and now partly intelligible to scholars; but for centuries only partially known, and till the present century, presenting for about a thousand years insoluble enigmas to the profoundest students. The simple narrations, the instructive apologues, the wise proverbs, the sublime poetry, the lofty truths, of the Bible, are the instructors, nay, the educators, of men of all classes and various climes, and have stamped an image of themselves on all literatures since Rome and Athens fell to decay. And deep as is the interest which we feel in the remains of ancient Egyptian art, the interest we know is connected with what there is of the student in us, rather than with the man; and for our own personal culture, and for the furtherance of the chief good of our race, we value the psalms of David, or the history of Ruth, far beyond the combined treasures of Egyptian, or even of Greek sculpture.

Thank God, there is no reason to disparage the one in order to estimate the other at its proper value. Both to us are the gifts of a wise and bountiful Providence, who wishes the cultivation of the taste no less than the cultivation of the heart; but who, nevertheless, bids us value and cherish most highly those bounties which act most benignly on the great moving powers of the soul.

These observations imply that of what is strictly historical, ancient Egypt has not transmitted much to our days. In truth, little of real history had ancient Egypt at any time to transmit. The soil of Egypt was unfavourable to the production and growth of the plant, while the plant found on the bare uplands of Palestine a congenial mould, and grew into a stately tree. The Egyptians, indeed, did possess what in courtesy we may term 'sacred books;' but in regard to history their value would not be found considerable, even had they been preserved. Their worth has been estimated by a modern scholar of the highest qualifications, whose words, as of far more weight than ours, and as containing instruction in regard to the sacred books of other nations, we shall quote at some length :—

'Incomparably more historical than the sacred books of the Hindoos, and far less so than those of the Jews, they (the sacred books of the Egyptians) appear, in this respect, to offer a close parallel to the Zend-books, though not without important points of difference. The sacred books of Iran (Persia, that is, the Zend-books) have evidently the advantage of possessing a broader historical basis of tradition, as compared with those of the narrow valley of the Nile—half oasis, half island—and of the people (the Egyptians), whose connexion with their primitive Asiatic stock was completely severed, and whose minds were wholly absorbed in provincial and conventional forms of thought or life. But the Egyptians, on the other hand, had the advantage of possessing their national history in a much less mutilated form. In their books the Egyptians also stand forth pre-eminently a people of reminiscences and monuments. Their sacred writings evinced considerably more historical cultivation than we can suppose the ancient Persians had, judging at least from what we know of the Zend-books. Had those writings been preserved, we should hardly, indeed, be able to restore the chronology by their means, but they would serve, at least in many ways, to test its value in so far as otherwise brought to light. In this way their actual contents might serve to impart fulness and substance to the dry lists of kings, as well as more accurately to determine and correct the Greek traditions. Here and there the shadow of some great individuality would arise, instead of a mere illustrious name or legend sunk in fiction, and the echo of which was caught up by curious and inquisitive Greeks. That these sacred books, however, did not contain any history of the Egyptian nation, is no less certain than that the Old Testament does contain that of the Jews. The idea of a people did not exist (among the Egyptians)—still less that of the people of God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth. History was born in that night when Moses, with the law of God—moral and spiritual—in his heart, led the people of Israel out of Egypt.

Its vitality declined when, under the judges, the feeling of national unity relapsed into that of Bedouin Arabs and shepherd races. It revived once more with the grand historical figures of Samuel, of David, and of Solomon, founders of the Jewish state. On the extinction of the united kingdom of the twelve tribes, the popular mind became directed more to religious subjects, and thus the true historical style could never attain its complete cultivation among this people. But in the same period the Muse of History found her favourite nation in the Greeks, and raised up in Herodotus the master of research, the originator of the strictly historical connected narrative of the immediate past.'* 'The practical result of our inquiry into the sacred books may be summed up nearly as follows:—The genuine sacred books were totally unlike the lying books of Hermes, invented by Syrians and Egyptians, of the new Platonic school. They contained no history, but much that was historical. They gave no chronology, but constituted its basis and touchstone. If they are ancient, and entered beyond the period of the Hyksos to the empire of Menes, the foundation of Egyptian chronology and history is not entirely lost for the modern investigator.'

Mark these last words—'if' the sacred books of the Egyptians were ancient, the foundation of Egyptian history is not entirely lost. Hence it appears that, for the most part, not only the edifice, but the foundation, is lost; and what remains depends for its value on a contingency—'if they are ancient.' Yet this history, such as it is, is superior to the history of the Persian sacred books, and both are surpassed by the Hebrew history which had its origin in Moses, and found its culminating point in the times of David and Solomon. Nor was it till some five hundred years afterwards, when Hebrew and generally oriental culture had made itself felt in Western lands, that history found a higher representative in Herodotus. Such, in substance, is the view given by Chevalier Bunsen. In that view generally we acquiesce, but we think that it underrates the later periods of Hebrew history, and gives to Herodotus a preference which facts do not warrant; for if the old imputation of credulity on that first of the Greek historians was made in too unqualified a way, it cannot be denied that many of his pages, nor least those that refer to Egyptian and oriential history, are blotted with childish and fabulous tales.

But Egypt may be employed still further to throw light on the Biblical history. Here, again, we shall appeal to the authority of the Egyptologist whose words we have already cited. 'Our inquiry into the chronology of the Nile in its connexion with Egyptian history and tradition finds many and very interesting points of contact, the latest of which is the synchronism of Zedekiah and Jeremiah with Pharaoh Hophra, the fourth king of the twenty-sixth dynasty; and the earliest, that of Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, with the chief of the twenty-second dynasty, Sesonchis (Shishak). We may state that all those Scripture data accord in the most satisfactory manner with the

* Bunsen's Ægypten's Stelle, Cottrell's Translation, pp. 22, 23.

traditions and contemporary monuments of Egypt.' (Bunsen, p. 165.) 'The entry of the children of Israel into Egypt is the first historical point of contact between the two nations.' (Ibid p. 180.) Having admitted 'the personality and power of Joseph' as historical realities, Bunsen adds, 'we may be perfectly convinced of the personality not only of Jacob and Isaac, but also of Abraham,' 'the wanderer from Mesopotamia of Chaldee origin.' (Ibid p. 181.)

Now the call of Abraham is, in the ordinary chronology, placed at about 1900 years before Christ. The Bible then supplies history which runs back 400 years before the days of Moses, and approaches very nearly to the date ordinarily assigned to the flood.

But as Egypt has confirmed the historical claims of the Bible, so may the Bible throw light on the history of Egypt. Among its numerous materials of indirect or deduced history, we may reckon the notices which the Bible gives us of the social condition of Egypt in the patriarchal age. Not very long after his settlement in Palestine, Abraham went down into Egypt. A famine led him thither. In the course of his journey we see a tacit recognition at once of the known barrenness of the soil on the high lands of Canaan and the rich and prolific soil which made Egypt the granary of western Asia. The complexion of the Egyptians we know was darker than that of the Mesopotamians, to whose race Sarah belonged. Accordingly, Abraham had reason to fear for the safety of Sarah, because in comparison with the Egyptian women she was 'very fair.' Sarah, however, was taken into Pharaoh's harem. What is here implied but facts which we know from other sources of information—namely, that the power of the Egyptian princes was supreme, and their sway despotic, and that, like other oriental monarchs, they gratified their passions at their pleasure? Society also appears in an organized form, with a monarch at its head who has a court filled with high officers of state that are decorated slaves of the sovereign. The country, too, is seen to abound in pastoral wealth, for Pharaoh endeavours to conciliate Abraham with presents of sheep, oxen, and asses. And, as in all the other eastern nations of ancient times, slavery was an established institution, since the king gave to the patriarch male and female slaves to be the keepers of his cattle. The whole account (Gen. xii. 10—20) here implied agrees with what we learn of the condition of Egypt from its ancient monuments which are yet visible. The same remark may be made of the views indirectly given of the state of Egypt in the days of Joseph and in the days of Moses. Now not even so short and simple a narrative as that which describes Abraham's visit to Egypt do we find in the remains of the culture of that country, after all the ingenuity and labour that has been of late bestowed on the task of decyphering the inscriptions on the monuments, and unrolling and restoring the papyri discovered in the tombs. Scanty, we allow, are the historical fragments which the Bible has preserved respecting the primeval ages; but scanty as they are, they are of value in themselves, and incomparably superior to what we have received from the most historical of all the heathen nations of antiquity.

In general history, too, the Bible has great advantages over Egypt as well as the other ancient states. It was once generally thought that the hieroglyphics of Egypt contained under a veil the most ample and varied stores of information. The veil has now been drawn aside, and, like an unrolled mummy, the mysterious words betoken little else than death, funeral ceremonies, and superstitious fancies. Paintings there are, it is true, which show forth wars and conquests in lands more or less distant; and from these paintings many things may be learnt touching ancient customs. But the paintings and sculptures combined present not the faintest trace of general history. The Egyptian mind was shut up in the narrow enclosure of the valley of the Nile. There were born and died all its sympathies. Its nationality had no bond of union with other peoples. Its divinities were gods of Egypt exclusively. Its architecture was the mountain-side, and the reeds of the Nile fashioned into unique massy shapes. Only a very imperfect idea of national unity arose in the diverse and sometimes conflicting states of the country, which in consequence was utterly unable to approach, however distantly, to the conception of one race of men, and one God, the common creator. Divided, as the Egyptians were, into a slave class and a free class, and intersected by castes, creeds, and ceremonies, which were unyielding and unalterable, they were a loose number of individuals or petty states rather than a united nation, and could, in consequence, act on foreign kingdoms only feebly or by occasional efforts. While thus their own internal condition kept them from throwing their energies outwardly, they were, by pride and superstition, kept from admitting among themselves foreign influences. In a word, they closed their doors against their neighbours, and yet were not united among themselves.

On the contrary, from the foundation of their national greatness in the faithful Abraham, the Hebrews were one people, and jealously preserving their unity, they eventually arose into one great nation. Yet was their unity of such a description, that, of necessity, it took note of the other nations which lay around them. For having for the central idea of the national life the recognition of the one Creator and Governor of the world, the Hebrews could not avoid being led to the correspondent idea of one great human family, the members of which, like themselves, springing from the only God, were constantly under his government, and became instruments in his hands for the creation of his good pleasure. Accordingly, the Hebrew history not only begins with the formation of the world and man, but gives the great genealogical tree of the human family, and with greater or less distinctness and fulness traces the several branches in their spreadings from the common trunk. Hence Scripture narrates to us succinctly the originals of human society, the rise of languages, the dispersion of races, and the foundation of the chief oriental monarchies. As, however, its chief aim is to present the kingdom of God in connexion with the people of Israel, so it soon narrows its view to that one line of human beings that proceeded from Abraham. Yet in doing so it never loses from sight Assyria, Persia, and Chaldea, still less the

nations of Egypt, of Edom, and of Arabia, which were on its borders. As the great drama of Hebrew history is unfolded, all, save the remotest nations of the East, appear on the stage each in his own appropriate character, and retire only when his part has been performed, probably to be swept away in punishment for disobedience, probably to reappear when summoned by the divine command. And all the direct and indirect history which in these facts is stated or implied, is found to be in exact agreement with what has been learnt of these nations from other quarters, and that to such an extent, that the more we know independently of the Bible, the greater and the more manifold are our reasons for crediting the Biblical history. That history, it appears then, has a universality which in no way belongs to Egypt. That universality, it is true, is not without exception. India and China scarcely enter within its scope. But, on the other hand, India and China in their annals know nothing of a common human family, and almost as little of the nations of western Asia, still less of the nations of Europe.

Nor is India *wholly* excluded from the biblical view, since, at least in the later Scriptures, India is connected with Europe through the medium of Palestine, by constant and very important commercial relations; neither are we entirely without grounds for the opinion that the Hebrews possessed some connexion with India, if not with China. Certain it is that neither in Egypt, nor in any other ancient nation, can there be found such a document as the genealogical register of nations preserved in the tenth chapter of the book of Genesis. Those few verses show, on the part of the Hebrew writer, an acquaintance with the ancient world, comprising the chief districts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, which was not possessed by even the Greeks till the conquests of Alexander had laid open the world to the inquiries of learned pagans.

We do not, by these remarks, intend to encourage the long-established error that the books of the Old Testament contain a universal history. We merely mean that the history which they do contain, has a certain universality for one of its chief features. This universality is of such a nature as to be in harmony with the great purpose of the Hebrew Scriptures, which is to exhibit God's dealings with man in the particular instance of the people of Israel. Such a universality affords a striking illustration of the superior claims of the Hebrew Scriptures in their historical relations. What other set of sacred books has such an historical basis as the Bible? And when we say that the Biblical religion has an historical basis, what do we affirm but that while it is divine in its source, it is human in its instances and examples? In the Bible the word of God comes to us in the life of man—in that life which it aims to expand, refine, and elevate; it comes to us clad in human sympathies and human charities—in sorrows which we have shared—in joys which have made our own bosoms swell; it comes to us in all the dear relations of domestic life—in all the great interests of national weal and woe—in the burdens of prophets whose presence we need, and are tempted to pray for—

in the divine songs of poets, on the wings of whose words we are still borne upwards to God in praise and prayer—and specially in the sublime life of the one great personage, to whom all the Biblical characters bend the knee of their willing homage, and who is still found to have 'a name above every name,' whether in ancient or modern times.

Dissent in Scotland.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THE public mind was recently startled by the announcement of a publication professing to show that, in ancient times, 'a great exodus of Buddhists took place from India by Affghanistan, when the Brahminical sect overcame the Buddhistical, and the expelled sect colonized Greece, Italy, Egypt, &c., by Buddhist propaganda, who spoke of the empire whence they came as a celestial one, and of their god Llama as its supreme god—Zeus, or Jupiter.' The author of this proposition maintains that these tribes overspread Northern Europe, and that traces of them are to be found even in South Britain at the present day. Curiously enough, this idea has not only received countenance, but support, by the discovery of a number of sculptured stones in the north of Scotland, of great antiquity, the inscriptions on which, as read by Mr. Norris, one of the secretaries of the Royal Asiatic Society, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, are absolutely identical with those of the ancient Zat alphabet of the Buddhists, one of the oldest Brahminical alphabets in India. These stones have been found in various parts of Aberdeenshire; and the secretary to the *Spalding Club* —an antiquarian association in Aberdeen—is now engaged in getting *fac-similes* of the inscriptions, with a view that their true characters in every instance may be traced.

Whatever may come out of this new idea, it is clearly enough shown by Tacitus, and other historians, that when the Romans invaded North Britain, towards the close of the first century, the native population bore no traces of Asiatic origin, but were wild and untutored savages, except in so far as they may be said to have been civilized by the Druidical priesthood, who appear to have established themselves in Caledonia at a very early period.

It has been contended that Christianity was first introduced to Scotland by private soldiers from Rome, who secretly held the doctrines of the Christian religion; but this is doubtful. And it has been argued, that about the end of the third century, many Christians, in flying from the persecutions of Diocleslan, the Roman emperor, found refuge in Scotland, where they preached the gospel to the Scots and the Picts,

which has more appearance of truth. The Scots are said to have been immigrants from Belgic Gaul; the Picts are thought to be of Gothic origin; and these mingling with the aboriginal Caledonians, a sort of medley of race very soon became characteristic of Scotland.

Early in the fifth century, a religious controversy appears to have broken out in North Britain, when Pelagius, a learned ecclesiastic, who had been educated at Alexandria for the Church of Rome, took exception to her leading doctrines, and, to avoid her persecuting edicts, fled to the wilds of Caledonia, where he preached free-will dogmas with such effect that both the Eastern and Western Churches felt called on to oppose them. They sent missionaries to confront the 'heretic,' as he was called, in the North; and, if we may believe the annals of Rome, they were successful in this effort.

Scarcely had Pelagianism been subjugated in the north of Scotland, when Columba, an Irish monk, landed on the west coast among the Picts, with twelve missionaries, to preach and teach Christianity; but, finding the various Celtic and other tribes in a state of revolt, he betook himself to the lonely island of Iona, a grant of which he obtained from his relative, king Conal, that he might establish in security his new religious order. Columba was not subject to the Pope, and being joined by a number of persecuted Christians, who were known as *Cuil-Deos*, or *Cel-Des*, *i.e.* 'worshippers of God,' the sect became known as the *Culdees;* and for many years the institute of Iona was a seat of learning and piety, from which missionaries and teachers were sent to France, Italy, Spain, and England—Charlemagne getting some of his first professors to the university of Paris from this lonely isle. In every part of Scotland the Culdees were now planted, and monastic establishments were built at all the principal centres of population in the kingdom.

But the Church of Rome at length succeeded in undermining this institution, and David I. of Scotland, who was quaintly called by James I. 'a sair saint for the crown,' having been subsidized by the Pope, confiscated most of the monasteries, and for a time Rome had Scotland under her feet.

During the eleventh century, the Scottish clergy felt the yoke of Rome to be so galling, that they threw it off and proclaimed themselves independent. It suited the policy of the civil power of England to support them in this move, and afterwards, the Scottish Church became part and parcel of the State. Even in the days of Scotland's civil liberty, she was ecclesiastically in bondage to Rome, and for centuries the Scottish Church was tossed about from one set of civil rulers to another, each set using her priesthood and her people as best suited its purposes for the time.

Among those who were the first to protest against the bondage of a compulsory system of religion in Scotland were a people called the 'Lollards of Kyle.' Calderwood, writing of these primitive people, says they were called Lollards after Reynold Lollard, a professor, 'who taught in England and gave truth unto many.' They were disciples of Wickliffe, and among the first martyrs for the truth in

Scotland. James II. felt disposed to conciliate these Christians, now called 'the Reformers,' but he feared to give offence to the Pope, and sat in state at Glasgow with the archbishop of that see, condemning to death about thirty Lollards, because they maintained that 'Jesus Christ only is the head of the Church,' and that 'the Pope is Antichrist.' This doctrine of the Headship, which afterwards became more commonly known as that of 'spiritual independence,' was the grand Christian ethic for which the martyrs shed their blood, and became so prominent in the religious history of the nation, that the common people, who were ill-informed on almost every other subject, had it ingrained into their very nature, and lodged in the innermost core of their heart. It became a tradition in the family; and although Rome for many years was in the seat of power, it was handed down from generation to generation until the days of Knox, when the stern Reformer laid hold of it as the great lever of his strength, and, by his tremendous energy and indomitable perseverance, at length overthrew the strongholds of Popery, and proclaimed on Protestant grounds the independence of the Scottish Kirk.

But John Knox had yet to learn that Christ's kingdom is 'not of this world.' He had been too long in Geneva to entertain enlightened views of religious freedom, and like his preceptor Calvin, held that the State might burn Servetus anywhere with impunity, if he did not teach the orthodox truth. The great Reformer was the means of obtaining Scotland's emancipation from the Papacy of Rome, but he laid the foundation of a system by which the Popery of Protestantism was introduced in its stead. His first act on the repression of Popery was to appeal to the civil power, petitioning—1. That the anti-scriptural doctrines of the Church of Rome should be proscribed. 2. That means should be used to restore the purity of primitive discipline; and, 3. That the ecclesiastical revenues of the corrupt Church should be applied to the support of a useful and godly ministry, to the promotion of learning and the relief of the poor. A code of spiritual doctrines was also drawn up, and the Scottish Estates, or Parliament, were urgently entreated to ratify and approve the whole. Thus was the civil magistrate called on to legislate within the sacred precincts of the Christian Church; and thus did the Scottish Reformer, in steering clear of Scylla, run into Charybdis, and make shipwreck of the great principles of religious freedom, which the people, who were animated by their love of *spiritual independence*, had fondly imagined they were now about to realize.

And Knox himself was sadly disappointed in his expectations from this change. Although he had preached at the opening of the first Protestant Parliament, exhorting its members to 'begin with the affairs of religion, if they wished to prosper in other business;' and was instrumental in getting an act passed, 'appointing that all kings and magistrates should, at the time of their entering on their offices, swear to maintain the true religion as now received;' he had the mortification to find that the State would only give up two-thirds of the confiscated revenues of the Roman Catholic Church, reserving the other two-thirds

as 'necessary to the service of the nation.' Parliament also renewed the law of patronage of benefices, and referred the first book of discipline to a committee of delegates.

Torn by factions, Scotland at this period was ill at ease in her new religion. The court and the aristocracy were too voluptuous for the comparative democracy of a Presbyterian Church. They durst not return to the pomp and license of sacerdotal Rome, but they longed to establish the latitudinarianism of the Church of England. And this idea was in some measure realized. At a convention of ministers and statesmen, held at Leith, it was agreed that the title and office of archbishop, in addition to those of bishop, doctor, and deacon, should be restored and continued during the minority of James I., now under regency; that those dignities should be conferred on the most distinguished of the Protestant reformers; but that all those orders should be subject to the authority of the General Assembly. That body approved of this law; Knox himself urging it as a legal acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Church, and on the ground that the Church would thereby be the better enabled to insist on her claims to a larger share of the Popish revenues than had been allowed to her.

This was a new wedge, by which the Reformed Church of Scotland was again almost shivered to pieces. John Knox was the first to see the fatal error that had been committed. He was residing at St. Andrew's, when the Earl of Morton obtained a gift of the revenues of the archbishopric of that diocese, and presented Mr. Dunbar, of the university, to the titular charge. Knox was indignant at this presentation; he refused to preside at Dunbar's inauguration, and pronounced an anathema against both the archbishop and the noble earl.

But while this controversy grew warm on both sides, and the old man had once more buckled on his armour for the conflict, exhausted nature gave way. A contemporary, who was present when he preached his last sermon in St. Andrew's, says:—'When he entered the pulpit, he was very weak. I saw him go slowly and warily, with a large fur round his neck, and a staff in one of his hands; and godlie Richard Bullenden, his servant, holding up the other armpit from the abbey to the parish kirk; and by the said Richard and another servant lifted up into the pulpit, where he was obliged to lean at his first entrie; but before he had done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was like to beat the pulpit to pieces.' By a remarkable concurrence of circumstances, Knox was restored to his church in Edinburgh, where he officiated for a short time, and died in peace in December, 1572, in the sixty-seventh year of his age; one of his last prayers being—'Give peace, O God! to this afflicted commonwealth. Raise up faithful pastors, who will take charge of thy Church. Grant us, Lord, the perfect hatred of sin, *both by the evidences of thy wrath and mercy.*'

The death of Knox was a triumph to the High-Church party in the State, and *patronage* became henceforth the great bone of contention between the people and the Government. Prelacy at length gained the ascendency on both sides of the Tweed; and the annals of Scotland's resistance to the long-continued and insane attempts of the English

Crown and the English Church to establish uniformity are written in blood. Sanguinary and brutal as were the persecutions of the Church of Rome, Scotland suffered far more from the persecutions of the Protestant Establishment of England—no fewer than eighteen thousand of her truest and best-hearted people being killed in battles, tortured to death, starved, or banished, in this civil (or rather ecclesiastical) war, before the advent of Oliver Cromwell. And yet this was but the natural fruit of their own acts: they had sown the wind, they now reaped the whirlwind. In the days of their power, *they enforced the covenant without mercy*, and oftentimes at the point of the bayonet. In the days of their weakness, they had to read their sin in their punishment, while the world was taught the 'great fact,' that wherever the Church and the State go hand in hand together—be the party in power Protestant or Catholic—it will seek to enforce religion by pains and penalties, which can never reach the heart.

The First Epistle of John:

ITS ORIGINAL DESIGN, AND PECULIAR ADAPTATION TO OUR OWN TIMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. AUG. NEANDER.*

THIS epistle cannot be thoroughly understood, unless we first obtain a correct idea of the scenes and objects of the apostle's labours, and the peculiar circumstances of the churches he addresses. And we shall the more readily perceive its adaptation to all other times, and especially our own, when we have investigated the historical circumstances attendant upon its origin. We say especially to our own times, because this age bears a great resemblance to that of John, as one which, amidst dissolution and destruction, is preparing a new epoch in the development of the kingdom of God; and we shall discover that the obstacles with which John had to encounter prefigured those which still resist the progress of evangelical truth.

After the martyrdom of Paul, the obstacles against which the Christian life had from the first to contend, in the churches of Asia Minor, but which his great personal influence had held in restraint, broke out with increased power. John was invited to supply the place of the great apostle, and superintend the churches; and, after labouring there for some time, issued this pastoral address with especial reference to the many disturbances which so greatly endangered Christianity. These troubles assumed partly a theoretical, partly a practical character; consisting, on the one hand, of errors which

* Der erste Brief Johannis. Praktisch erläutert, durch Dr. Aug. Neander. Berlin. 1851.

sprang from a partial, one-sided view of Christian truth, and, on the other, of practical errors, traceable to no such cause. But the errors which the apostle John opposed did not consist merely of doctrinal differences, to which in these days far more importance is attached than they deserve, as we shall find if we test them by their bearing upon Christian consciousness and Christian life; but they all bore reference to that which is the foundation-stone of Christianity itself. And we may learn, therefore, from the apostle's mode of controversy, the importance of keeping in view the often forgotten distinction between doctrinal differences which lead to differences in practice, and those which have no such result.

In the age of Paul, the main point of controversy was the relation between the law and the gospel—the question whether faith in Jesus as the Saviour was alone sufficient to secure for man righteousness and holiness, or whether it was also necessary to keep the law of Moses; but in the time of John, every controversy concerned the *person of Christ;* and the progress of this controversy made it more and more evident that the full apprehension of Christianity in faith and life depends upon the full apprehension of the person of Christ himself. As early as the first imprisonment of Paul in Rome, the controversy took this direction, as we may learn from the attack made by the apostle upon the false teaching in Colosse. The great point in dispute there was evidently the relation of the person of Christ to God, the universe, and man; and in this we may perceive a second stage in the progress of the great struggle between real Christianity and that which only put on the show, by which Christianity in its true essence would be made manifest. And in our own times, this is the form which the controversy is more and more assuming, as all the life-questions of religious belief are resolving themselves into the one question—'What are we to believe about the person of Christ?'

That the Word, which was in the beginning with God and was God, and through which all things were created, became flesh, constitutes, as John says, the peculiar nature of the person of Christ. The one thing which distinguishes him from all that has ever appeared in the history of man is this, the union of the divine essence with all that human nature embraces—the humanizing of the divine essence in order that human nature might be fitted to reveal the life of God. And as the very essence of the person of Christ is founded on this, so also is that of Christianity, the express design of which is to raise to a divine life; in fact, to deify all that is human, according to the original destiny of man to be the image of God. A right view of Christ as the Word become flesh, is also essential to a correct apprehension of the entirely new character which Christianity gives to life, that is, of the peculiar nature of Christian ethics. As, then, it was impossible to understand what Christ was without recognising this union of the divine and human in his person, two errors arose amongst those who failed to hold fast the completeness of this union, and gave undue prominence to the one side or the other. But errors so thoroughly opposed to each other as those which on the one hand saw only deity, and on the other only

humanity, in Christ, are powerful witnesses to the central truth in which they originated; for the appearance of Christ could only have produced on observant minds such different impressions in consequence of its being unparalleled in the history of man. There were some who, whilst they acknowledged that he was a man endowed to an extraordinary degree with divine gifts, could recognise in him nothing higher than humanity. Others, in opposing this view, fell into the opposite extreme. To them the divine glory shone so brilliantly in Christ, that everything human vanished before it, or seemed to them an apparition, a mere form assumed, in order that the divine nature might show itself to man. Nor were these the only errors which John had to refute; between them there arose another, apparently reconciling them, but only apparently; for, whilst it embraced the errors of both, it did not fully recognise either the humanity or divinity in the person of Christ. This was the view of Cerinthus. He taught that Jesus was a man in no respect different from others, but that when he was set apart to his Messianic office by his baptism, the heavenly redeeming Spirit, which was something entirely distinct from himself, descended upon him, and became united with him; in this way he neither left out the divine nor the human, but he failed to grasp their unity, regarding them as entirely distinct from each other, and only connected in a casual and external manner. Such a theory neither recognised the divine as becoming human, nor the human as glorified by the divine; and, therefore, no less than the others, obscured the true meaning of the person of Christ and of the new creation, which he the God-man, the redeemer of humanity, came to accomplish. In opposition to all such mutilating of the person and work of Christ, the apostle John felt himself called upon to bear witness, from what he had seen and felt, to the life of Christ as one in which the glory of the only-begotten of the Father had been revealed to him, as it shone forth in his whole earthly career.

It will be easily seen that these same opposing doctrines are renewed in other forms in the present day; and, therefore, that this epistle of John is not less fitted for our time than for his own. There are some who perceive in Christ only an enlightened man, who was the most perfect teacher of religious truth that ever appeared in the world, and who has given us the best pattern of human life. To such men Christianity consists of instruction, moral legislation, and moral example; they deny that there was anything supernatural and divine in the life of Christ, and regard him as only different in degree from the noblest of the race; they trifle with the evangelical history, and explain it away till they have brought everything within the circle of ordinary experience, and therefore neither understand nor acknowledge the great moral changes, which Christ has produced in the world to a degree impossible to any but to him, and which distinguish Christianity from all other spiritual powers that have ever operated amongst men. The glory of a divine life, transforming everything in man, is hidden from them; and Christianity, in its peculiar essence, remains an undiscovered secret.

There are, on the other hand, those who see at once that such an interpretation does violence to the narrative of the life of Christ which the gospel contains, and higher ideas shine before them in the history of that life. But these are veiled in ethereal drapery, and come into no intimate connexion with the present visible world; the historical appearance of Christ is treated as wanting reality, as though it were only a passing tale, invented to reveal that which is divine. The Christ of history becomes to them little more that an apparition, as he was believed to be by the Docetæ of old. Thus some want an ideal Christ, others an every-day Christ to suit their low material views; some desire only the spirit, others only the letter, and thus both are lost, for only when united can either be truly preserved.

This epistle is also directed against practical errors, which we must distinguish from those of a theoretical nature, such as we have noticed. There were some who, in their consciousness of redemption received, forgot that believers must always feel the want of continual redemption, and seem to have lost sight of the fact that sin was still clinging to them, and that they could only be freed from it by constant self-consecration to the Redeemer. Others hoped for forgiveness without throwing off their sins, and thought it possible to be pardoned without obtaining complete sanctification in communion with Christ. Forgiveness of sins, like belief itself, was to them only something outward, and lost its true inward living importance; and there grew up in consequence a mechanical world-Christianity, always an easy affair, which made Christianity a matter of custom, just as in the churches established by Paul it became simply hereditary, handed down from generation to generation. Both these errors John found it necessary to oppose by upholding Christ as the 'Holy One,' who came as a redeemer to found in men a kingdom of holiness, who is always working in men, redeeming and sanctifying, so that as they never cease to want a redeemer, they are continually purified and sanctified by him. The recurrence of these practical errors in our day must be too evident to all to require notice in detail. Nor will it be difficult to see how well this epistle, written to counteract the errors of John's own age, is adapted to meet the spreading errors of our own.

Supplementary Chapter on the Indians of British Guiana.

During a residence of a few years in the country of the red man, we became deeply interested in the attempt to ascertain what efforts had been made for his Christian instruction. Circumstances occurred that occasioned a voyage up the Essequibo, where we made the acquaintance of Mr. Bernau, who, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, has long laboured amongst these wandering tribes. From

him, and subsequently through his published narrative, we gathered the principal facts narrated in this paper. Little is known in what is paradoxically called the Christian *world* of the labours of its most devoted servants; and a glance at our periodical missionary literature will convince any one that the men who are really doing the great work seldom appear in print narrating small marvels. We know several hard-working men who are never seen in print, and we have heard from their lips the reason assigned, that when they write they wish good and bad to stand out in such truthful relief that it may be read where it was written, a test all published letters cannot stand. True heroes are very quiet men. They believe; and therefore they do not make haste. But as Milton finely says, there is to be a resurrection of names as well as of bodies, and thus society, though it pay slow, will be sure to pay real, homage to its true benefactors.

How little fuss have the Moravians made, and yet their work has been nobler, and will be more durable, than the mighty toil of those who raised the Pyramids. Ascertained a tribe more wretched than another, a country more inhospitable than another, or a people more hopeless than another, there to a certainty, in advance of philosopher or merchant, was found the Moravian missionary. Long before Exeter Hall stimulants were administered, or the dubious applause of excited crowds received, the unostentatious Moravian was quietly at work in the deadly swamps of British Guiana, among the apparently irreclaimable Indians. As early as 1738 four or five Moravians were living among these Indians; not *settled*, but like our Moffat in the earlier part of his labours, following them from place to place, carrying their cassada bread for life's support, their hammock on their backs, sleeping at night as the Indians slept, in the woods; learning their language, and, until then, talking by signs and by love into the heart of the savage. 'No wilderness,' says one, 'appeared too frightful, no road too dreary, no Indian hut too remote, if there they might but hope to find a soul ready to receive the gospel.' After thirty years' almost ineffectual labour, insurrection broke out among the slaves; the rising Moravian settlement at 'Pilgerhut' was destroyed; two of the missionaries fled to Europe; two remained, and died of fever, brought on by harass and fatigue.

Later still, on the banks of the Corantyne, the river that divides British Guiana from Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, two other leaders of this forlorn hope, Odenwald and Daehne, commenced their labours among the Carrabees and Arrawaks. Very little success attended their exertions: the Indians conspired to destroy the new settlement called 'Sharon;' they could not comprehend the mystery of the white man's quiet residence and imperturbable labours. Doubtless they meant to reduce them to slavery as they had the blacks; and so they resolved to burn the settlement and kill the missionaries. Odenwald was fired at and seriously wounded while preaching, but recovered, and returned home, leaving the solitary but large-hearted Daehne to pursue his work of faith and labour of love alone. Nothing could daunt this brave man—nothing provoke him into an expression of bitter-

ness. Often wanting the necessaries of life, every day in peril from wild beasts, his solitary hut and its lone dweller actually watched on one occasion for many successive days and nights by a tiger; disliked by the Indians, and abandoned by the white men, he says, 'Our Saviour was always with me, and I spent my time in happiness and peace.' One incident is too illustrative of great principles to be omitted. Lying in his hammock in a paroxysm of fever, a boa-constrictor slowly glided from the roof, and coiled its huge body round the missionary; and now entwined round the limbs and neck of Daehne, a horrible Laocoon-like death seemed inevitable. Even then the great ambition of his heart was his ruling passion. He knew that if found dead in his hut the Indians would be suspected, and that the government (who had allotted him the land) would punish some on suspicion; and knowing how this would alienate the Indians' minds from his successors, while struggling with the snake, with his left hand, with apostolic calmness, he wrote on the table with a piece of chalk, '*A serpent has killed me.*' Some promises of Scripture darted into his mind; a supernatural energy seemed given; it was another minute's life-struggle, but in it he was victorious, and after having been bitten severely, he succeeded in tearing loose the constrictor from his body. The mission was at length abandoned, and Daehne, old and worn, returned to die peacefully in his bed, in his own 'dear Holland.'

Nothing more appears to have been done for the Indians of British Guiana until 1826, when the Church Missionary Society sent a pious catechist among them. Sir Benjamin D'Urban made a grant of land for mission purposes to this society at a place called Bartica, a tongue of land situated at the confluence of the Mazaroony and Essequibo rivers. Here in 1846 we saw a church; a good school-room, well attended by Indian boys and girls; a substantial dwelling for the missionary; and a goodly number of the aborigines, who, having found out that the missionary is '*not a Christian like other white men*,' have been wholly or in part reclaimed from a wandering life, and were then turning their attention to the cultivation of the soil, or the severer toil of wood-cutting. The joy of seeing these unmistakeable evidences of real success standing out from the dense forest that everywhere surrounded the mission premises was extreme; and in the hope that this chapter on Indian missions will interest our young readers, we shall briefly detail the labours of the interval noted above. The catechist alluded to was soon joined by Mr. Youd and his wife. The conversational language of the Carrabees was easily acquired, and the devoted missionary held many a long discourse with the Indians of 'Tamuasy' (God) and his great salvation. Considerable success attended his labours at Bartica, and, thus encouraged, he penetrated five weeks distance into the interior, among the Macusie tribes, occupying the then unknown regions of British Guiana, leaving the Bartica settlement under the care of his assistant catechist. Everywhere the Indians received Mr. Youd with readiness, listened to his teachings, and hailed him as their friend. Besides Sir Robert Schomburgh in the pursuit of discovery, and the missionary, no European had ever

penetrated so far into the interior; and even here the missionary was the pioneer of the traveller. In Sir Robert's finely illustrated work, he thus describes this mission settlement at Pirara:*—'I again approached Pirara, and remarked with surprise and pleasure the appearance and number of dwellings which composed the village. I counted upwards of thirty huts, the highest place being occupied by a building somewhat European in construction, the walls of which, plastered by the red ochreous clay of the savannahs, and the roof with gable ends neatly thatched with palm leaves, formed a strong contrast to the surrounding dome-shaped huts of the Indians. Another building, a little to the east of the former, and of large dimensions, but of similar construction, was in the course of erection; and men, women, and children appeared equally eager to lend an assisting hand for its completion. This house was intended to be dedicated to the service of the only true God; the former for the dwelling of the missionary, to whose arrival and residence among them they were looking forward with great delight. In anticipation that their request for a missionary to come and settle among them would be granted, they had begun to erect these houses according to their idea of the mode of building among the white people, and twenty-nine men of their tribe had been selected to assist in conveying the missionary to his station.' Mark the sequel:—'On my return from an exploring expedition to Pirara in May, 1839, we found it occupied by a detachment of Brazilian National Guards, under Senhor Pedro Ayres. The church in which formerly hymns to the praise of our Lord had been sung, and where the first seeds of Christianity were sown amongst the benighted Indians, was now converted into barracks, and was the theatre of obscene language and nightly revels. An official despatch was delivered to the missionary, from the Commander of the Upper and Lower Amazon, desiring him to withdraw and disperse the mission. The Brazilian† detachment had orders to enforce obedience to this mandate. Too many desolated places besides Pirara are now to be seen in the savannahs, which were once the site of villages, and which have met a similar fate. When will the hour come when peace and happiness shall be insured to the poor remnants of those who once roved in full supremacy over the soil which Europeans and their descendants have usurped!'

The troubles of the faithful missionary were not yet ended; the worst was yet to come; in the hope of continuing his work he removed to the Urwa rapids, and there commenced another settlement. No sooner was the forest cleared and the progress cheering, than a second Brazilian detachment broke up the station, and dispersed the mission. Broken-hearted, Mrs. Youd sunk under their accumulated trials and fatigues, and by the banks of the Urwa river, in ground consecrated by a husband's bitter tears, unknown and uncared for, reposes the heroic

* On the boundary line between Brazil and our own colony.

† The boundary line between the Brazils and British Guiana has never been definitely fixed, and has led to innumerable evils.

wife of an heroic man until the final waking of the just. Nor was this all: Mr. Y. had offended one of the Indians, and his death was resolved on. A poisoned leg of deer was sent him as a present; he fell asleep immediately after his meal, awoke in a few hours to find his body racked with acute pain, and in the course of a few days died. Wourali had done its work. The Indian chief, who saw his heart's desire in the death of Youd, met with a wretched fate. Loading his gun to the muzzle, he fired it, exclaiming, 'Now all is well;' the gun burst, and he was a corpse!

And yet his successor, Mr. Bernau, at Bartica Point, who also knows the meaning of peril and sorrow, calmly adds, in the spirit of his Master, 'I cannot but think that the privations of a missionary's life have been greatly magnified, and I venture to say that many a young soldier has shrunk back from enlisting himself among the small bands of missionaries on that account. I do not despair of the Indian, because I believe in the transforming influence of the glorious gospel. Christianize them first, and civilization is sure to follow.' Such is the faith of a lone dweller in the wilderness! In thus rescuing from oblivion the unknown labours of good men of another communion, we wish them God speed in the name of Jesus Christ.

Words for the Wise.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'—SOLOMON.

'Ego autem neminem nomino; quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui ante de se voluerit confiteri.'—CICERO.

VIII. LOUD APPLAUSE.

IT was too true. Pitman himself might have furnished the report. The brief narrative had brought tears into my own eyes; but the melting mood had been abruptly terminated by the assembly clapping and cheering vociferously.

There were the words in print, 'And so he died [*loud applause*].' I sat with my eyes fastened on them, until the entire scene returned to me from the world of shadows. First the rubicund face of the chairman; no shadow he, however, but a well-known civic dignitary, digesting (one could see) his dinner in state, and wiping, ever and anon, the perspiration from his ample forehead and ampler chin; then followed that large-hearted person, the vicar of *All* Saints; flanked by his less fortunate neighbour, the perpetual curate of —— let no man ask me *what* saint; next appeared Tritissimus, evidently in the act of incubation; and gradually the whole platform emerged from the darkness, groaning under the weight of orthodoxy, and, as the bills had announced, 'a *very* influential deputation.' Mr. M. was speaking;

and in a few more seconds I saw only him. He went on in a simple, natural manner, kindling with his theme, till at last the scene shifted a second time to the death-bed of the venerable Bede, which, I am not ashamed to own, I was looking at through my tears, when a tumult of vulgar applause dissolved the spell.

I have felt the cold iron of the dentist touch the naked nerve of a tooth; I have read at intervals the religious newspapers; I have heard the exclamation which the Drachenfels drew from a native of Cockaigne; I have seen the 'Windbag' lying at Agatha's elbow; I have understood that King Hudson was once the guest, for several days in succession, of the late Sir Robert Peel; and I see by the newspapers that the hero of Boulogne is at present Dictator of France: but of all the unexpected associations ever thrown in my teeth by this singular world, that '*loud applause*' was, I sometimes think, the most revolting. What reader is not acquainted with the history? Bede was translating the Gospel of John into the Saxon tongue when his mortal sickness came on. 'There remains now only one chapter,' said his amanuensis, 'but it seems difficult for you to speak.' 'It is easy,' was the old man's answer; 'take your pen, dip it in the ink, and write as fast as you can.' Soon after the young man said, 'Master, there is now but one sentence wanting;' upon which he bade him write faster. In a few minutes the scribe said, 'Now it is finished;' to which he replied, 'Thou hast said the truth; *consummatum est*. Take up my head, &c.; and so he died' [*loud applause*].

Why, one might as well applaud in the death-chamber itself! Addison, we are told, sent for his step-son, the young Earl of Warwick, that he might show him how a Christian could die; but we do not hear that even the young *roué* applauded on the occasion. 'Nay,' cries Veridicus, 'Drury-lane itself is more decorous; for when, in my youthful days, I went once to see Kean in Othello, even the galleries heard in silence the exclamation of the broken-hearted Moor, "Put out the light, and then—put out the light." Surely the critics who bawled applause in the ears of the young orator, might have found some more seemly way of rewarding him for his speech, and have let the good old Anglo-Saxon die in peace. Better have called forth their favourite actor at the close of the performance,' adds my shrewd friend, 'and given him three times three, than to have profaned the chamber of death with these noisy acclamations.' And Discipulus, who never even breathed the tainted atmosphere of theatres, but who knows his Bible well, remarks that he has often heard read those great words of Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I am now ready to be offered; but that he never yet heard them followed by a round of applause. One knows not, however, what one may live to see. Possibly, as he conjectures, the discovery of some MS. which Wetstein, Bengel, Mill, Griesbach, Scholz, and Tischendorf, had all missed, with a new reading in it of a certain passage in the Acts, totally subversive of the accredited history, and making it plain that the Ephesian elders received Paul's 'admirable speech' with loud applause, rather than with tears—?—

No doubt this of Mr. M.'s was an extreme case. Our goodnatured critics are not always so clumsy. But upon how many other occasions must their vehement outcry needs prove infinitely offensive to a sober mind. These 'tremendous cheers' are well enough in their place. When Mulcock is elected vestry-clerk, after a severe struggle; when liberty triumphs in the person of the noble lord, the member for Shoestring; and, above all, when the Rev. Melchizedek McOrange, giving bull for bull, dares to 'beard the Scarlet Lady' in the Rotunda; we expect to hear shouting from innumerable throats. It is natural enough that exuberant electricity of that sort should be disposed of in that way; but that the Christian religion should have taken this shouting turn, must, one thinks, in the ears of the angels, have been an entirely novel and unexpected thing; and that in the present time it should be so noisy must seem astounding indeed. Who could see Exeter Hall in one of these paroxysms, and not find a heart of wisdom in that simple Grecian, who complained that his cockles *would* sing, although their houses were burning?

From shell-fish to the ocean is not far; and from old Neptune to the sailors who plow his back is but a step. Those who will take it with me may read words, apparently, in no trifling strain, from the pen of Discipulus:—

'Thou poor shipwrecked mariner, barely escaped with life, wilt thou, thyself but newly snatched from the unimaginable depths, take to premature shouting? Standing upon thy *rock*, which the waves wash, but cannot shake, thou hast cause for joy: but, blinded often by the salt spray, looking down now upon the receding waves, only to tremble anon, as they come back to break at thy feet again, in hoarse murmurs and angry surf, uncertain even as yet whether the highest tide and the wildest tempest be not still to come, thy joy, I think, for the present, will be mostly of the silent kind.' And again: 'Wilt thou float thy poor raft for the rescue of thy mates, with loud jubilant uproar from thine own throat? Not if thou art wise. For who knows whether thou shalt chance on even one spent swimmer of them all, in time to save him? And alas! how many *must* have gone down already beneath the wild, weltering waters, there to sleep until the sea shall give up its dead.' From which extracts it may safely be inferred, that the prize-speech-making and rapturous applause of the day do not find much favour with our friend. Indeed, I have heard him hint a slander, which I scarcely dare to repeat, namely, that Pliable's choicest peroration produces little more effect, now-a-days, than the blaze of light, which with a fiz-z-z, bang-bang, shr-r-r-r-r-r, makes an end of the performance at the Surrey Gardens; and that both are clapped in the same spirit. Without adopting this last opinion, one may venture a wish, that the rattling and clapping, at some of our religious meetings, did not invest it with a show of reason.

'Oh, this vinegar-cruet!' exclaims Sugar-candy, abruptly; 'who will find a stopper for it? May not pleasure be fitly expressed at such times by a little clapping and cheering?' Sugar-candy, my friend, I do not take this interruption at all kindly; but we will not quarrel; I am

glad to see you, and you have spoken wiser than you are 'ware. Vinegar, say you? Suppose we construe a line of Juvenal together. Here it is, in the tenth Satire, over which you used to bite your nails at ——. The poet is speaking of Carthaginian Hannibal, and of the means he used, cunning fellow, to soften the obstinate Alps. Let us first read the line: *Diducit scopulos, et montem rumpit aceto.* Good; now for the construing (Sugar-candy begins to construe); '*Diducit*, he deduced'—(Sugar-candy turns pale, he becomes red; he looks incontinently at the ceiling; finally, he rushes out of the room; in search, probably, of his Latin dictionary).

For the benefit, meanwhile, of my English readers, I will venture to ask a few plain questions. What acid condiments do they use to invigorate the digestive apparatus, and to increase its vital action? What is that which they employ to give flavour to the salad, and without which the crude vegetables could scarcely be eaten? How would they combat what the physicians call 'the secondary symptoms' of narcotic poisons? And what is it, finally, which serves the poor man as a refrigerant, and even (when properly diluted) as a grateful drink, in certain cases of fever? Vinegar, my friends, has its uses in this world, as well as sugar-candy; though I doubt if *I* have enough of it to bring intoxicated editors to their senses, or even to hush the feverish applause of a religious meeting. For, incredulous as you look, I am no vinegar merchant, but a poor Christian, with some of the milk of human kindness left in him still. But some extensive dealer in the sour beverage may yet arise, who shall both cheapen it and remember to mix with it, in the proportion which the law allows, sulphuric acid. Have a care, my friends; *sulphuric acid*, recollect! one part of it to every thousand, *freely allowed by law!*

* * * * *

I resume my pen to copy the following paragraph, purporting to be an extract from a speech lately delivered; but I will not vouch for its authenticity:—'He had been asked to translate a heathen poet, but his preferences lay with the prophets and apostles [*cheers*]. This was an age of progress. The penny postage, the electric telegraph, the Crystal Palace, the rapid locomotive, had left Juvenal far behind; and he wondered the booksellers continued to print him [*cheers*]; we were living in the nineteenth century [*great cheering*], in the very heart of it [*increased cheering*]; dukes and cabinet ministers took the chair at our public anniversaries; and "I esteem myself happy, Sir," continued the speaker, turning gracefully to the chair, "to see you in the place of honour to-day." The chairman [an old friend—Mr. Jones Smith—it appears] acknowledged the compliment with a bow. The speaker resumed: It might be known to that meeting, that an obscure scribbler had dared to arraign at his paltry bar the collective wisdom of the age. Was this to be endured? Was it to be endured, that the innocent and inspiriting customs of such an assembly as that, an assembly so enlightened, so influential, so——The remainder of the sentence (says the report) was drowned in VEHEMENT APPLAUSE.'

X. Y. Z.

Antichrist and the Last Time.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. AUG. NEANDER.*

'It is the last time, and as ye have heard that Antichrist cometh, so now there are many Antichrists; by this we know that it is the last time.' 1 John ii. 18.

THE observant Christian in every age may learn from the apostle not to interpret particular events as though they were detached, but as parts of one great whole; to ask what place the present has in relation to the whole history of the kingdom of God, and then to form his conclusions as to each separate part. We should never pass by any appearances lightly or without attention, but try to mark the finger of God—the leadings of divine wisdom—in all, and thus direct our own course of life, and regulate our influence upon our age. In every sign of the times we should hear the voice of God, whether it call to repentance, exhort to prudence and watchfulness, or encourage to confidence; and the word of God will never fail to supply us with directions by which to interpret them.

The apostle calls the age in which his epistle was written the last time, meaning by it the Christian era. It is possible that he gives it this designation because it forms the terminating point, the completion of all the earlier revelations of God; all of which were in their nature temporary, leading to that one event which was the centre and corner-stone of the kingdom of God—the coming of Jesus as the Redeemer of man. From that time everything bears some relation to the progress of that new element, which entered through Christ into the history of man, and is to leaven the whole, until its design is accomplished. All the rest of human history, though a section, is in itself a connected whole, extending from that event to the final consummation—the last sifting and perfecting of the kingdom of God on earth—which will be brought about by the personal return of Christ. In this respect, therefore, without regard to its length, it may be called 'the last time' in the history of the development of the kingdom of God.

It is certain, however, that when the apostles called their age the last time, they used this term with a more limited meaning, thinking that the signs indicated the coming of the last time of all, the dissolution of all earthly things, and the return of the Lord. They could neither calculate nor foresee the length of time which would elapse before that event; and if in this respect their expectation was at fault, there is in that nothing startling or at all at variance with the promise, that the Holy Ghost should lead them into all the truth which Christ had taught, and enable them to understand it. Although

* Der erste Brief Johannis. Praktisch erläutert, durch Dr. Aug. Neander. Berlin, 1851.

Christ had promised them that this Spirit should also 'show them things to come,' this is certainly not to be understood without restriction, but only so far as was requisite, that they might enter fully into the meaning of the truth which Christ had taught them in reference to the kingdom of God. Prophetical certainty with regard to the whole future course of that kingdom is certainly not intended. And, therefore, if they imagined that 'the last time,' which, in its fullest extent, embraces all time subsequent to the coming of Christ, was of shorter duration, and that the period of final consummation was close at hand, an error in the calculation of time is perfectly consistent with this measure of illumination by the Holy Spirit. It was not needful for the exercise of their divine vocation of teaching that they should be able to calculate time in this way with accuracy and certainty; indeed, Christ has said that it is hidden from the angels, and the Son of Man himself, when the last period will arrive; the heavenly Father has reserved it for his own decree. And we may easily see that it could not be otherwise. The coming of that period is prepared by the whole course of history, in connexion with the linking together of all free volitions, and on this it depends. Ability, therefore, to fix this period supposes a foresight of all the divine regulations in the history of the world to that time; regulations which consist in the guidance of free beings without restricting the freedom of their will. And this only such a foreknowledge as springs from divine Omniscience can possibly perceive. This accords, too, with the answer given by Christ to his disciples, when they asked him, before his ascension, when his kingdom would fully appear in this world?—'It is not for you to know the time or the hour, which the Father has reserved in his own power.' (Acts i. 7.) Here Christ himself gives them to understand that it did not belong to the vocation of his disciples to be able, in this way, to calculate times; and thus the boundary line between the divine and the human in their consciousness, was marked by him, showing what they were to see by the light of the Holy Spirit, and to what extent they would be left to themselves.

Their longing anticipated the reappearing of their Lord, the coming of his kingdom in glory, and they felt as the traveller who, on his return, sees his home in the distance; the eye takes in at a glance the objects from which he is separated, but cannot trace the windings of the road; and as, with eager eye, he looks across the space which lies between, the distant object seems close at hand, and only after hastening towards it, does he discover how great a space divides him from his longed-for home. It was with such feelings as these that the prophets looked forward to the coming of the Messiah; and with the same, the apostles expected the return of their Lord. The traveller in time, equally with the traveller in space, overlooks what intervenes, and fancies that he sees at hand the objects of his expectation and desire. As Christianity, therefore, was made known as the way from the earthly to the heavenly, it naturally happened that when the look was directed only to the heavenly, the earthly appeared as something fading,

and that which formed but the point of transition was regarded as quickly to pass away. Christ did indeed, in his parables relating to the kingdom of God—as, for example, when comparing it with leaven—indicate a slow, gradual development from within; but the meaning of these words, as of much which Christ said, could only be understood in its full extent after the course of history had furnished the interpretation. Not till then could it be seen that, what to the first Christians seemed only capable of accomplishment by another personal intervention of Christ himself, was to be brought about by the gradual diffusion of Christianity as the leaven of all the races of men, with whose wide extension no man could possibly be acquainted then.

Christ, in his last discourses, mentioned several signs which were to precede and announce his reappearing. But these signs were not sufficient alone to determine accurately that epoch; for as the same law pervades the whole progress of the kingdom of God on earth, so the grand periods in that progress resemble each other—the same law being there repeated each time in a higher degree. Later periods are not only prepared, but prefigured by those which go before them. And thus the last personal coming of Christ to establish his kingdom is preceded by many great epochs in the progress of that kingdom, each manifesting his coming in spirit, if not in person; indicating a new great spiritual appearance of Christ in the life of men—a new coming of the kingdom of God with power—and these epochs constitute great divisions in the history of the Church. Now the signs which are to announce the last personal coming of Christ are also prefigured by those which announce and prepare each of these spiritual advents in history; as all the great epochs consequent upon a new coming of Christ point to that last personal coming; serve, that is, both to prefigure and prepare that last decisive epoch. And thus the same law is constantly repeating itself, each time with greater power and completeness, before it is fulfilled for the last time. From this we may understand the way in which Christ himself, in his last discourses, so mixed together the signs of his first mighty spiritual coming in the judgments of the corrupt theocracy (the destruction of Jerusalem), and in the breaking forth of his kingdom from the limits and privacy in which it had worked till then, and the signs of his last coming to judgment and for the consummation of the kingdom of God, that it is at times difficult to tell to which the different signs are to be referred. And we can, therefore, easily imagine, that at each of these great epochs, and especially in the apostolic age, signs, which were to be often repeated, were generally thought to announce that epoch which in the strictest sense is called 'the last time.'

There is one law in the progress of the kingdom of God, which we find alluded to in the last discourses of Christ; and to this John refers in the words quoted above, and Paul in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians (ii. 4); namely, that the kingdom of Christ is developed by an increasingly severe contest with the kingdom of evil, and that new manifestations of the latter always precede new and more glorious manifestations of the former, the mode of the one being determined by

that of the other. The evil, by a gradual growth, arrives at its height, and then the kingdom of Christ appears in conflict with it; and by a new, powerful coming of Christ, the kingdom of evil is at last vanquished again. And in all these great decisive epochs, which result from such a conflict, we find prefigured that greatest struggle of all, which is to precede the last coming of Christ. This gives us an encouraging prospect, whilst it urges to watchfulness whenever we see evil increasing. This law, which we draw from the word of God, teaches us what we have to expect in the future, and how in the present we may see the preparation of all that is to come. And seeing, as he did, the occurrence of these events in the contests which took place at the end of the apostolic era, and which paved the way for the subsequent progress of the gospel, the apostle might easily think that he recognised in them the signs of the last time. He justly applied the law which Christ himself had shown him in reference to the contest between the two kingdoms; though, for the reasons assigned, he might not know that those signs would be frequently repeated before they announced the last epoch of all.

John takes it for granted, that those whom he addresses had already heard that in the last time there would arise one whom he calls the Antichrist. He might assume this as known, partly from the instruction given by himself to the Churches, and partly from that which they had received from the apostle Paul. The Churches had, no doubt, frequently been told of the dangers of the last time and its important signs, in order that they might await with all watchfulness the conflicts which were before them. But the apostle speaks of many Antichrists; and the question arises, Does he intend by that to convey the idea that Antichrist is not a single person, but a company manifesting opposition to Christ, so that under the name of Antichrist there is simply something personified and treated as one which is in reality distributed amongst several individuals? This were by no means a correct inference; but the many individuals whom he sees manifesting, in their opposition to Christ, the Antichristian principle, appear to him as messengers—forerunners of the One in whom that principle will reach its highest point, and who will therefore appear as its express representative, the incarnate Antichristian principle. In this respect, also, we find the same law constant, that in evil as well as good there are individuals who form the centre and appear as the express representatives of contending principles, and in whom that which is distributed amongst many others is gathered up in its completeness and grandeur. Isolated operations of good and evil serve, on the one hand, to prepare that which afterwards reaches its height in one individual, whilst, on the other, such individuals disseminate the principles which they represent. And in this way John, when he saw several individuals arise as instruments of Antichristianity, saw in them a sign that the appearance of that great personality, in whom the Antichristian principle would reach its height, was near at hand.

We have only now to inquire what we are to understand by Antichristianity and Antichrist. Are we to include all opponents of

Christianity, of faith in Jesus as the Messiah? If so, we might find such opponents amongst the Jews and Heathen. But, in this case, John could not have spoken of it as something new; it would be but another name for the world, which opposes and strives against Christianity, and Christians would therefore always have lived in the midst of Antichrists. And such warning is unnecessary for Christians; all that John says, for the purpose of guarding them against their influence, would be superfluous, for as surely as they believed in Jesus as the Messiah, they would be opposed by men who refused to acknowledge him. Nor would an open rejection of Jesus have in it anything of a seductive or dangerous character. We must therefore conclude that these Antichrists concealed themselves in some manner, came with false pretensions, and thus procured an entrance and gained an influence amongst the Christians, before these were firmly established in the faith and clear in their views. And as we see in these rather secret than open opponents to Christianity, so also in Antichrist himself we must imagine an opponent different from all the earlier enemies of Christ, one who possesses extraordinary power of deception, by which he seduces Christians to their ruin; one who by blinding, deceptive arts, obtains dominion over souls, fixes upon the religious necessities of men for the purpose of deceiving and oppressing, and thus is able unobserved to place himself in that relation to their spirits in which they should only stand to Christ and God. To this power of successful lying Christ refers in his last discourses as one characteristic of those who called themselves prophets and Christs; and Paul alludes to the same as possessed by the adversary who, with self-deification, will take possession of the temple of God.

The different signs, however, which the Scriptures mention, would naturally receive different interpretations according to the various forms which the Antichristian principle assumed at the several epochs in which the conflict between the kingdom of evil and that of Christ was about to usher in a new coming of Christ in the Spirit; and when, therefore, men thought they saw round about them the signs of 'the last time.' And in a certain sense they were right, seeing that the Antichristian principle manifests itself in these different forms before it appears in its highest development in the individual who is its express representative. Thus, for example, before the Reformation, when a temporal Church under a temporal Papacy assumed the name of Christian, but obscured and opposed Christianity itself, this was naturally thought to be Antichrist made manifest; and the Bohemian reformer, Matthias von Janow, who lived before Huss, believed that the cunning of Satan was most evidently shown in the fact, that men could not see the Antichrist in the present, but still referred him to some future age; whilst in his opinion he appeared then in the power of the secular Church, and of a superstition which had already reached the height of deifying man. In our age Antichrist may be seen in other forms. Some may discover him in the self-deification of natural reason, which, after it has grown under the shelter of Christianity, is now rising in proud self-consciousness against that Christianity without

which it would never have reached maturity at all. Others look for him more on the side of superstition—others of infidelity, according to the form which it happens to assume at the time. Each of these opinions possesses a certain amount of the general truth, which the word of God teaches in its description of these signs.

Correspondence.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Christian Spectator.

DEAR SIR,—I have taken your periodical from its commencement, and have read its successive numbers with growing interest and satisfaction. But will you allow me, with great deference, to suggest for your consideration, and that of your contributors, a class of subjects which you have not yet introduced, but which, in my humble opinion, ought to find a prominent place in the pages of the 'Christian Spectator?' I mean those practical questions which relate to the government and discipline of Dissenting churches.

I believe that most, if not all, of our denominational periodicals connected with the Independent and Baptist bodies, systematically shun the discussion of those points concerning which there is any difference of opinion among their respective constituents. I say nothing of the wisdom or of the folly of such a course, but simply state a well-known fact.

Now looking at the neutral position occupied by the 'Christian Spectator,' and judging from the open, candid, and independent spirit, which it has hitherto evinced, it does appear to me exceedingly desirable that its pages should be open to the thorough and calm discussion of those practical questions, which so frequently perplex us in our ordinary operations. But in order to indicate what I mean, permit me just to name a few out of a great number of questions, which often occasion more or less perplexity and contention in our churches.—What is the most suitable mode of receiving candidates for church fellowship; that is, the most appropriate means of ascertaining their fitness for the communion?—What kind of mutual sympathy and relationship should be recognised between separate churches situated in the same locality?—Under what circumstances, and by what kind of procedure, should members be dismissed from the fellowship of one church to that of another?

These points will, perhaps, sufficiently indicate what I mean; and I may be allowed to add, that most persons with whom I have conversed, in reference to the claims of the 'Christian Spectator,' entertain views similar to those which I have taken the liberty of expressing; and seem to think, that if a small space were appropriated in its successive numbers for the friendly discussion of such practical matters, its usefulness might be still greatly increased.

In the hope, therefore, that these suggestions may, at least in some measure, meet your approval, I take leave farther to submit to your attention, and that of your correspondents, a practical question or two, with special reference to the mutual relation of separate, but neighbouring churches. 1st, *What is the* BEST *and* SAFEST mode of dismissing members from one Dissenting church to another? *The best*, that is, the mode that is most likely to promote mutual confidence and kindly feelings between the churches themselves; *the safest*, that is, the mode that will most effectually guard against abuse and imposition, by the parties who seek to remove their membership. I happen to know some churches which have a law to the effect, that all persons belonging to other communions, who seek admission to their fellowship, shall obtain their own dismission; while others apply for the dismission of such applicants, by means of a formal and fraternal letter addressed from the one church to the other. 2nd. What are the principal circumstances which would justify us in entertaining an application for fellowship from persons who stand connected with neighbouring churches? 3rd. Is it consistent with a proper regard for order, to admit persons into fellowship who are known to have forsaken other communions, without any form of dismission or inquiry?

I state the result of personal and careful observation for a period of more than twenty years, when I express my deep conviction, that the strange diversity of opinion and practice which obtains in Dissenting churches, in reference to such questions and procedures, and the extraordinary facility with which disaffected and contentious parties can effect the transfer of their membership from one church to another, exerts a most pernicious and debasing influence upon the individuals themselves, and presents one of the most vexatious impediments to the exercise of mutual confidence and harmonious activity among neighbouring churches.

Trusting that these lines may be deemed suitable for a place in your next number, and that the inquiries I have proposed may attract the attention, and elicit the opinions, of some of your excellent contributors,

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

A LOVER OF ORDER.

[Without attaching much importance to some of the questions brought under the notice of our readers by our esteemed correspondent, we are, nevertheless, quite willing to open our pages to a courteous discussion of matters generally connected with church discipline and government. It is a subject, however, in which we should hardly feel called upon ourselves to interfere, but a friendly counsel can do no harm, and may be productive of beneficial results. In throwing open our pages, however, to this discussion, we of course do not guarantee the insertion of every letter that may be sent to us. In selecting from the correspondence that may follow, we shall be guided, principally, by considerations of space and practical utility. Every letter should be brief, logical, and to the point. Our correspondent has submitted three questions for consideration. If we may express an opinion on the matter, we think these had better be discussed before any others are brought forward, and perhaps 'A Lover of Order' will give our readers the benefit of his experience first.—ED. CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.]

Poetry.

THE 'NEW EARTH,' AND 'NEW SONG,' OF THE REDEEMED.

Thee, Prince of Life, we praise, Jehovah Jesus!
Of Thee, and to Thee, sing, Immanuel!
Of all that makes us blest this most doth please us,
In voices sweet Thy sweeter grace to tell.

Thou hast redeem'd us out of every nation,
From every kindred, people, tribe and tongue;
Slain wast Thou for our sins; for our salvation
Accursed on the tree Immanuel hung.

Down from Thy throne, a servant's form assuming,
To earth Thou camest, and in our stead didst die;
Within the grave, and from its brief entombing,
Slept, rose, and captive ledd'st captivity.

Our foes before Thy face and ours didst scatter,
The law's hand-writing, and the powers of hell;
Nail'd to Thy cross the former, spoil'd the latter,
And with them both Thy victor train didst swell.

With shout and song of angel hosts attended,
Back from a world saved by His mighty love,
He who for us came down, for us ascended
All principality and power above.

Above the sun's high path, or planets' twinkling,
Or star-dust luminous beyond them strown,
Enter'd our Great High Priest the holiest, sprinkling
With His peace-making blood the Godhead's throne.

Gifts from a pitying, but offended Father,
For us rebellious Thou receivedst then;
The spirit sent His banish'd ones to gather,
And bring them to their Father's house again.

Thus didst Thou open for us, guilty mortals,
A way restoring to our Maker's seat,
Unbarr'd for us the everlasting portals,
And for a blissful entering made us meet.

And now, at last, the times of restitution
Of all things, as forespoken long, have come;
To endless life, or dreadest retribution,
Sinner and saint have risen from the tomb.

Thee have we seen upon Thy white throne seated,
The trump have heard that woke the slumbering dead,
A flaming world before Thy face retreated,
The heaven and earth, that were, before Thee fled.

Thee have we seen upon Thy white throne seated,
And all the dead two mighty gatherings make;
To these Thy hand the crown that fades not meeted,
To those the vengeance of the burning lake.

Thee have we seen, for this our habitation,
New heavens and earth commanding, as at first,
Seen from the ashes of the old creation,
This fabric of divinest beauty burst.

All things we loved before, in forms still fairer,
By Thy large bounty we again possess,
Valley, and wood, and hill, in ether rarer,
Shaped to the utmost thought of loveliness.

Nor flowers of Time, nor could its fruits resemble
The charm of such as glad our senses now,
Which evermore to joy-born motions tremble,
And evermore we pluck from bending bough.

The primal pair once blest in Eden dwelling,
Ere moved by guilt their Maker's face to shun,
Here taste delights their first great joys excelling,
Here see the wealth of Paradise outdone.

More, now, as favour'd guests, than condescending,
The angels come and join our happy lays,
Something to their high bliss it adds, thus blending
With ours their voices in Immanuel's praise.

Here Thou art with us, God in our own nature,
Divine yet human, human yet divine,
And as we gaze on Thee, our every feature
Takes more and more the perfectness of Thine.

Now is our joy complete, Thy face beholding,
With Thee, and like Thee, not a want remains,
Fled are the troubled years of Time's unfolding,
And heaven is ours, with all its endless gains.

The heavy task for Time's short day assign'd us
We've ended; from our labours now we rest;
The good before, the evil left behind us,
More than our thoughts can measure make us blest.

In Thee, with Godhead we are link'd for ever,
In Thee, for us, the Godhead's fulness dwells,
Fresh from Thy throne, for us life's crystal river,
Unfailing as its fount, for ever wells.

Wisdom and riches, power and might and blessing,
Be to the Lamb who did for sinner's die!
We, by Thy merit saved, Thy love possessing,
And sharers of Thy throne, for ever cry.

SHREWSBURY,
Jan. 15, 1852.

W. THORP.

For the Young.

A TALE OF SLAVERY.

From 'Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly.'

BY MRS. HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE.

A SLAVE warehouse! Perhaps some of my readers conjure up horrible visions of such a place. They fancy some foul, obscure den—some horrible *Tartarus 'informis, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.'* But no, innocent friend; in these days, men have learned the art of sinning expertly and genteelly, so as not to shock the eyes and senses of respectable society. Human property is high in the market, and is therefore well-fed, well-cleaned, tended, and looked after, that it may come to sale sleek, and strong, and shining. A slave warehouse in New Orleans is a house externally not much unlike many others, kept with neatness; and where every day you may see arranged, under a sort of shed along the outside, rows of men and women, who stand there as a sign of the property sold within.

Then you shall be courteously entreated to call and examine, and shall find an abundance of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and young children, to be 'sold separately, or in lots to suit the convenience of the purchaser;' and that soul immortal, once bought with blood and anguish by the Son of God, when the earth shook, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, can be sold, leased, mortgaged, exchanged for groceries or dry goods, to suit the phases of trade or the fancy of the purchaser.

It was at this auction, Tom, Adolph, and about half-a-dozen others of the St. Clare estate, were turned over to the loving-kindness of Mr. Skeggs, the keeper of a depôt on —— street, to await the sale next day.

Tom had with him a trunk full of clothing, as had most of the others. They were ushered for the night into a long room, where many other men, of all ages, sizes, and shades of complexion, were assembled, and from which roars of laughter and unthinking merriment were proceeding.

'Ah, ha! that's right. Go it, boys—go it!' said Mr. Skeggs, the keeper. 'My people are always so merry. Sambo, I see!' he said, speaking approvingly to a burly negro who was performing tricks of low buffoonery which occasioned the shouts which Tom had heard.

Tom, however, was in no humour to join these proceedings; and, therefore, setting his trunk as far as possible from the noisy group, he sat down on it and leaned his face against the wall.

The dealers in the human article make scrupulous and systematic efforts to promote noisy mirth among their 'chattels,' as a means of

drowning reflection and rendering them insensible to their condition. The whole object of the training to which the negro is put, from the time he is sold in the northern market till he arrives south, is systematically directed towards making him callous, unthinking, and brutal. The slave-dealer collects his gang in Virginia or Kentucky, and drives it to some convenient, healthy spot—often a watering-place—to be fattened. Here they are fed full; and because some incline to pine, a fiddle is kept commonly going among them, and they are made to dance daily; and he who refuses to be merry—in whose soul thoughts of wife or child or home are too strong for him to be gay—is marked as sullen and dangerous, and subjected to all the evils which the ill-will of an utterly irresponsible and hardened man can inflict upon him. Briskness, alertness, and cheerfulness of appearance, especially before observers, are constantly enforced upon them, both by the hope of thereby getting a good master, and the fear of all that the driver may bring upon them if they prove unsaleable.

'What dat ar nigger doin here?' said Sambo, coming up to Tom, after Mr. Skeggs had left the room. Sambo was a full black, of great size, very lively, voluble, and full of trick and grimace.

'What you doin here?' said Sambo, coming up to Tom, and poking him facetiously in the side. 'Meditatin, eh?'

'I am to be sold at the auction to-morrow,' said Tom, quietly.

'Sold at auction—haw! haw! boys, aint this yer fuss? I wish't I was gwine that ar way—tell ye, wouldn't I make em laugh? But how is it—dis yer whole lot gwine to-morrow?' said Sambo, laying his hand freely on Adolph's shoulder.

'Please to let me alone,' said Adolph, fiercely, straightening himself with extreme disgust.

'Law, now, boys, dis yer's one o' yer white niggers—kind o' cream colour, ye know, scented!' said he, coming up to Adolph, and snuffing. 'He'd do for a tobaccer shop; they could keep him to scent snuff! He'd keep a whole shop agwine—he would!'

'I say, keep off, can't you?' said Adolph, enraged.

'Lor, now, how touchy we is—we white niggers! Look at us, now!' and Sambo gave a ludicrous imitation of Adolph's manner; 'here's de airs and graces. We's been in a good family, I specs.'

'Yes,' said Adolph, 'I had a master that could have bought you all for old truck!'

'Laws, now, only think,' said Sambo, 'the gentlemens that we is!'

'I belonged to the St. Clare family,' said Adolph, proudly.

'Lor, you did. Be hanged if they ar'nt lucky to get quit of ye. 'Spects they's gwine to trade ye off with a lot o' cracked teapots and sich like!' said Sambo, with a provoking grin.

Adolph, enraged at this taunt, flew furiously at his adversary, swearing and striking on every side of him. The rest laughed and shouted, and the uproar brought the keeper to the door.

'What now, boys? Order—order!' he said, coming in and flourishing a large whip.

All fled in different directions, except Sambo, who, presuming on the favour which the keeper had to him as a licensed wag, stood his ground, ducking his head with a facetious grin whenever the master made a dive at him.

'Mass'r taint us—we's reglar stiddy—it's these yer new hands; they's real aggravatin—kinder pickin at us all time.'

The keeper at this turned upon Tom and Adolph, and distributing a few kicks and cuffs without much inquiry, and leaving general orders for all to be good boys and go to sleep, left the apartment.

While this scene was going on in the men's sleeping-room, the reader may be curious to take a peep at the corresponding apartment allotted to the women. Stretched out in various attitudes over the floor, he may see numberless sleeping forms of every shade of complexion, from the purest ebony to white, and of all years, from childhood to old age, lying now asleep. Here is a fine bright girl of ten years, whose mother was sold out yesterday, and who to-night cried herself to sleep when nobody was looking at her. Here a worn old negress, whose thin arms and callous fingers tell of hard toil, waiting to be sold to-morrow, as a cast-off article, for what can be got for her; and some forty or fifty others, with heads variously enveloped in blankets or articles of clothing, lie stretched around them. But in a corner, sitting apart from the rest, are two females of a more interesting appearance than common. One of these is a respectably-dressed mulatto woman, between forty and fifty, with soft eyes and a gentle and pleasing physiognomy. She has on her head a high-raised turban, made of a gay red Madras handkerchief of the first quality, and her dress is neatly fitted, and of good material, showing that she has been provided for with a careful hand. By her side, and nestling closely to her, is a young girl of fifteen—her daughter. She is of a fairer complexion, and her kindness to her mother is very discernible. She has the same soft, dark eye, with longer lashes, and her curling hair is of a luxuriant brown. She also is dressed with great neatness, and her white delicate hands betray very little acquaintance with servile toil. These two are to be sold to-morrow in the same lot with the St. Clare servants; and the gentleman to whom they belong, and to whom the money for their sale is to be transmitted, is a member of a Christian church in New York, who will receive the money, and go thereafter to the sacrament of his Lord and theirs, and think no more of it.

These two, whom we shall call Susan and Emmeline, had been the personal attendants of an amiable and pious lady of New Orleans, by whom they had been carefully and piously instructed and trained. They had been taught to read and write, diligently instructed in the truths of religion, and their lot had been as happy an one as it was possible to be. But the only son of their protectress had the management of her property, and by carelessness and extravagance involved it to a large amount, and at last failed. One of the largest creditors was the respectable firm of B. and Co., in New York. B. and Co.

wrote to their lawyer in New Orleans, who attached the real estate (these two articles and a lot of plantation hands formed the most valuable part of it), and wrote word to that effect to New York. Brother B. being, as we have said, a member of a Christian church, and a resident in a free state, felt some uneasiness on the subject. He didn't like trading in slaves and souls of men—of course he didn't; but then there were thirty thousand dollars in the case, and that was rather too much money to be lost for a principle; and so, after much considering and asking advice from those that he knew would advise to suit him, Brother B. wrote to his lawyer to dispose of the business in the way that seemed to him the most suitable, and remit the proceeds.

The day after the letter arrived in New Orleans, Susan and Emmeline were attached, and sent to the depôt to await a general auction on the following morning; and as they glimmer faintly upon us in the moonlight which steals through the grated window, we may listen to their conversation. Both are weeping, but each quietly, that the other may not hear.

'Mother, just lay your head on my lap, and see if you can't sleep a little,' says the girl, trying to appear calm.

'I haven't any heart to sleep, Em; I can't; it's the last night we may be together.'

'Oh, mother, don't say so; perhaps we shall get sold together—who knows?'

'If 'twas anybody's else case, I should say so, too, Em,' said the woman; 'but I'm so feard of losing you that I don't see anything but the danger.'

'Why, mother, the man said we were both likely, and would sell well.'

Susan remembered the man's looks and words. With a deadly sickness at her heart, she remembered how he had looked at Emmeline's hands, and lifted up her curly hair, and pronounced her 'a first-rate article.' Susan had been trained as a Christian, brought up in the daily reading of the Bible, and had the same horror of her child's being sold to a life of shame that any other Christian mother might have; but she had no hope—no protection.

'Mother, I think we might do first rate, if you could get a place as cook, and I as chamber-maid or seamstress, in some family. I dare say we shall. Let's both look as bright and lively as we can, and tell all we can do, and perhaps we shall,' said Emmeline.

'I want you to brush your hair all back straight, to-morrow,' said Susan.

'What for, mother? I don't look near so well that way.'

'Yes, but you'll sell better so.'

'I don't see why,' said the child.

'Respectable families would be more apt to buy you, if they saw you looked plain and decent, as if you wasn't trying to look handsome. I know their ways better'n you do,' said Susan.

'Well, mother, then I will.'

'And, Emmeline, if we shouldn't ever see each other again after to-morrow—if I'm sold way up on a plantation somewhere, and you somewhere else—always remember how you've been brought up, and all missis has told you; take your Bible with you, and your hymn-book; and if you're faithful to the Lord, he'll be faithful to you.'

So speaks the poor soul, in sore discouragement; for she knows that to-morrow any man, however vile and brutal, however godless and merciless, if he only has money to pay for her, may become owner of her daughter, body and soul; and then, how is the child to be faithful? She thinks of all this, as she holds her daughter in her arms, and wishes that she were not handsome and attractive. It seems almost an aggravation to her to remember how purely and piously—how much above the ordinary lot—she has been brought up. But she has no resort but to *pray;* and many such prayers to God have gone up from those same trim, neatly-arranged respectable slave prisons—prayers which God has not forgotten, as a coming day shall show; for it is written, 'Who causeth one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.'

The soft, earnest, quiet moonbeam looks in fixedly, marking the bars of the grated windows on the prostrate, sleeping forms. The mother and daughter are singing together a wild and melancholy dirge, common as a funeral hymn among the slaves:—

'Oh, where is weeping Mary?
Oh, where is weeping Mary?
'Rived in the goodly land.
She is dead and gone to heaven;
She is dead and gone to heaven;
'Rived in the goodly land.'

These words, sung by voices of a peculiar and melancholy sweetness, in an air which seemed like the sighing of earthly despair, floated through the dark prison rooms with a pathetic cadence, as verse after verse was breathed out:—

'Oh, where are Paul and Silas?
Oh, where are Paul and Silas?
Gone to the goodly land.
They are dead and gone to heaven;
They are dead and gone to heaven;
'Rived in the goodly land.'

Sing on, poor souls; the night is short, and the morning will part you for ever!

But now it is morning, and everybody is astir, and the worthy Mr. Skeggs is busy and bright, for a lot of goods is to be fitted out for auction. There is a bright look-out on the toilet; injunctions passed around to every one to put on their best face and 'be spry;' and now all are arranged in a circle for a last review, before they are marched to the Bourse.

Mr. Skeggs, with his palmetto on and his cigar in his mouth, walks around to put farewell touches on his 'wares.'

'How's this?' he said, stepping in front of Susan and Emmeline; 'where's your curls, gal?'

The girl looked timidly at her mother, who, with the smooth adroitness common among her class, answers:

'I was telling her last night to put up her hair smooth and neat, and not havin it flying about in curls; looks more respectable so.'

'Bother!' said the man, peremptorily, turning to the girl, 'you go right along, and curl your reef! real smart!' He added, giving a crack to a rattan he held in his hand, 'And be back in quick time, too!'

'You go and help her,' he added, to the mother. 'Them curls may make a hundred dollars difference in the sale of her.'

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro over the marble pave. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group, waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognise the St. Clare servants—Tom, Adolph, and others; and there, too, Susan and Emmeline—awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces. Various spectators, intending to purchase, or not intending, as the case might be, gathered around the group, handling, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces with the same freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits of a horse.

'Hulloa, Alf! what brings you here?' said a young exquisite, slapping the shoulder of a sprucely-dressed young man, who was examining Adolph through an eye-glass.

'Well, I was wanting a valet, and I heard that St. Clare's lot was going. I thought I'd just look at his'——

'Catch me ever buying any of St. Clare's people. Spoilt niggers, every one.'

'Impudent as the devil,' said the other.

'Never fear that!' said the first. 'If I get 'em, I'll soon have their airs out of them; they'll soon find that they've another kind of master to deal with than Monsieur St. Clare. 'Pon my word, I'll buy that fellow. I like the shape of him.'

'You'll find it'll take all you've got to keep him. He's decidedly extravagant.'

'Yes, but my lord will find that he *can't* be extravagant with *me*. Just let him be sent to the calaboose a few times, and thoroughly dressed down. I'll tell you if it don't bring him to a sense of his ways! Oh, I'll reform him, up hill and down—you'll see.'

Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him, for one whom he would wish to call master.

And if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting, out of two hundred men, one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would perhaps realize, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men: great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favoured, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, common-place men, who pick up other men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience: but he saw no St. Clare. A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt, considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbows his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business, and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head; large, light-grey eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows, and stiff, wiry, sunburned hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth, was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve to show his muscle; turned him round; made him jump and spring, to show his paces.

'Where was you raised?' he added, briefly, to these investigations.

'In Kintuck, mass'r,' said Tom, looking about, as if for deliverance.

'What have you done?'

'Had care of mass'r's farm,' said Tom.

'Likely story,' said the other, shortly, as he passed on. He paused for a moment before Adolph, then spitting a discharge of tobacco-juice on his well-blacked boots, and giving a contemptuous 'umph,' walked on. Again he stopped before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him, passed it over her neck and bust, felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the suffering she had been enduring at every motion of the hideous stranger.

The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

'Stop that, you minx!' said the salesman, 'no whimpering here—the sale going to begin.' And accordingly the sale began.

Adolph was knocked off at a good sum to the young gentleman who had previously stated his intention of buying him; and the other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

'Now, up with you, boy! d'ye hear?' said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all

seem mingled in a common indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids—and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word '*dollars*,' as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over—he had a master.

He was pushed from the block—the short, bullet-headed man seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice, 'Stand there, *you!*'

Tom hardly realized anything; but still the bidding went on—rattling, clattering, now French, now English—down goes the hammer again—Susan is sold. She goes down from the block, stops, looks wistfully back—her daughter stretches her hands towards her. She looks with agony in the face of the man who has bought her—a respectable middle-aged man of benevolent countenance.

'Oh, mass'r, please do buy my daughter!'

'I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't afford it,' said the gentleman, looking with painful interest as the young girl mounted the block, and looked around her with a frightened and timid glance.

The blood flushes painfully in her otherwise colourless cheek—her eye has a feverish fire—and her mother groans to see that she looks more beautiful than she has ever seen her before. The auctioneer sees his advantage, and expatiates volubly in mingled French and English, and bids rise in rapid succession.

'I'll do anything in reason,' said the benevolent-looking gentleman, pressing in and joining with the bids. In a few minutes they have run beyond his purse. He is silent; the auctioneer grows warmer, but bids gradually drop off. It lies now between an aristocratic old citizen and our bullet-headed acquaintance. The citizen bids for a few turns, contemptuously measuring his opponent; but the bullet-head has the advantage over him, both in obstinacy and concealed length of purse, and the controversy lasts but a moment; the hammer falls—he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God help her!

Her master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red river; she is pushed along into the same lot with Tom and two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes.

The benevolent gentleman is sorry, but then the thing happens every day! One sees girls and mothers crying at these sales, *always!* it can't be helped, &c., and he walks off with his acquisition in another direction.

Two days after, the lawyer of the Christian firm of B. & Co., New York, sent on their money to them. On the reverse of that draft, so obtained, let them write these words of the great Paymaster, to whom they shall make up their account in a future day—'*When he maketh inquisition for blood, he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.*'

Opinions of Churchmen on the Union of Church and State.

From a page of Note-paper, published by the Anti-state-church Association.

No civil power or legislation can be admitted into Christ's Church, without making it a worldly kingdom.—*Bishop Warburton.*

The moment any religion becomes National or Established, its purety must certainly be lost; because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; and if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them. Whenever temporal advantages are annexed to any religious profession, they will be sure to call in those who have no religion at all. Knaves will embrace it for the sake of interest; fools will follow them for the sake of fashion; and whenever it is in such hands, Omnipotence itself cannot preserve its purety.—*Soame Jenyns*

Nothing can be more clear or certain, than, that as religion has God only for its author, so it is properly his care and concern only. The laws of religion are the laws of God only; and he himself has appointed rewards and punishments for the observers and transgressors of them. He has taken this whole matter upon himself, and reserved it to himself, and has nowhere authorized any man, or any number of men, upon earth, to be his deputies or vicegerents in this behalf; so that it is highly wicked and unjust in any man to usurp any authority over others in cases of a religious nature, in matters of faith and conscience.—*Rev. Dr. Ibbott, Chaplain to George I.*

The Dissenting clergy, I am told, declaim against all human authority in matters of religion. They hold that no church has a right to impose an article of faith on any other Christian community. *I believe from my heart they are right;* at least, if they be not, he that can refute them is a much abler man than myself.—*Bishop Shipley's Speech in the House of Lords.*

Parliament should have none other than civil functions. The Church of Christ should be legislated for by none but its own members.—*Archbishop Whately.*

If we observe many persons, we shall find some so highly devoted to this or that particular form of government, as if all the weight of the Christian religion hung upon it. If they see a man, otherwise of orthodox principles, of a pious and religious life, yet, if scrupling some points of ecclesiastical government, though peaceable, they will esteem him little better than a heathen, a schismatic, a heretic, or what not. As if the essence and life of Christian religion lay in the bare asserting of the best form of ecclesiastical government.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

I have said the Christian religion has made its conquests, not by any exclusions, not by forcible means, not by acts of Parliament, but by the conviction that it was Divine, by the exhibition of its virtues, by the lessons it taught to mankind, and by the gentle and insinuating influence it exercised on all who came within its reach. I beg of you to look back at the true character of that religion which you profess. I beg of you to recollect that that religion was humble and lowly in its origin and birth; that its Divine Founder, in most emphatic and solemn words, says, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and that by favour of Divine Providence, our religion, not by *force* or *violence*, but by gentleness, benignity, and persuasion, has extended its empire, and brought the nations of the earth under the shadow of its authority. And I ask, if that be the principle which presided over the birth of that religion, and hallowed its progress, can we now, in the maturity of its strength and power, refuse to trust it to its own inherent energy and beauty?—*Marquis of Lansdowne on the exclusion of Jews from Parliament, May*, 1848.

On Union among Protestants.

['What is it that prevents union among Protestants?' is a question that has often been asked during the last six or seven years. A hundred and seventy years ago it engaged the attention of Dr. John Owen, who, in 1680, published a tract on the subject, entitled, 'Some Considerations about Union among Protestants, and the Preservation of the Interests of the Protestant Religion in this Nation.' We have selected from this tract the following passages, and, perhaps, they may attract the greater attention when it is stated that Owen did not object, on principle, to a State-support of religion.]

THE STATE-CHURCH CHARACTERISED.

An authoritative national church, *consisting solely in the power and interest of the clergy*, wherein the people, either as Christians, Protestants, or subjects of the kingdom, are not concerned.

At the Reformation, this Church-state was accommodated (as was supposed) unto the interest of the nation, to obviate the evils suffered from it under the other form, and render it of use unto the religion established. Yet experience manifests that, partly from its constitution, partly from the inclinations of him by whom it is managed, other evils have accompanied and followed it; which, until they are removed, the weakness of the Protestant interest, through mutual divisions, will remain among us.

It is an encroachment on the civil rights and government of the nation, in the courts and jurisdictions pretended to belong, or to be annexed unto, this Church-state.

It is accompanied with the persecution and troubling of peaceable subjects in their liberties and estates, not for any error in the Christian faith, not for any declension from the Protestant religion, or compliance with Popery, not for any immorality, but merely and solely for their non-compliance with, and submission unto, those things which are supposed necessary for the preservation of their Church-state, which is, of itself, altogether unnecessary.

A STATE CHURCH THE GREAT BARRIER TO CHRISTIAN UNION.

It is evident that, whilst the evils enumerated are not separated from the present authoritative church constitution, but the powers of it are put in execution, and the ends of it pursued, it is altogether vain to expect great union among Protestants. It neither hath been so, nor ever will be so; fire and fagot will not be able to effect it.

To suppose that a few men, having obtained honours, dignities, and revenues unto themselves, exercising power and authority unto their own advantage, oppressive unto the people, and by all means perpetuating differences among Protestants, are the Church of England, is a high and palpable mistake. The Church of England, as unto its national interest and preservation of the Protestant religion, is not only separable from it, but weakened by it.

Nor is it morally possible that ever Popery should return into this or any other nation, but under the conduct of such a church constitution. Without this it hath no prevalent interest, but mere force and oppression.*

If there were no such Church-state as, being in the management of a few, is seducible, and not difficult to be possessed by the interest of Popery, whereby the whole nation would be at once betrayed, the Protestant religion is now so firmly seated in the minds of the people, so esteemed by all to be the principal interest of the nation, that the wit of all the Jesuits of the world knows not how to attack it, much less endanger it.

Let the Church be protected in the exercise of its spiritual power by spiritual

* Looked at in the light of modern Tractarianism, this reads almost like a prophecy.

means only, as preaching of the word, administration of the sacraments, and the like. Whatever is farther pretended as necessary unto any of the ends of true religion, or its preservation in the nation, is but a cover for the negligence, idleness, and insufficiency of some of the clergy, who would have an outward appearance of effecting that by external force, which themselves, by diligent prayers, sedulous preaching of the word, and an exemplary conversation, ought to labour for in the hearts of men.

Things Old and New.

PRACTICAL MATERIALISM.

THERE is a theoretic materialism amongst us. There are men and books who deny the spirit, and regard all life as mere organized matter. You are perhaps afraid of that; you argue furiously against it, and brand its advocates with infamous stigmas. I share your repugnance to it; but I participate not in your fears. An unsound theory can be shivered by argument; and a theory which clashes with the instinctive beliefs of humanity is too impotent to awaken rational alarm. But the *materialism* before which I confess my spirit cowers is that of professing Christians—the materialism that holds spirit in its creed—that prays for spirit in its prayers—that appropriates to itself the devoutest language of the spiritual book; but which gives to matter its chief sympathy, thought, labour, and time. It is that which holds in theory that the sources of true greatness and happiness are within the soul itself; but whose practical aim is to extract both from matter. It is that which with solemn face will say that 'one soul is of more value than the whole world,' and will grudge one day in any attempt to rescue a lost one; but readily devotes long years, and will compass sea and land in order to get gain. This is the huge sin not merely of our country, but of our churches. It is swallowing up all that is spiritual in human thought and feeling—it is veiling the great eternity from men.—*D. Thomas.*

TRUTH BEFORE PEACE.

As all vices use to clothe themselves with the habits of virtues, that, under those liveries, they may get countenance and find the more free passage in the world,—so, especially in the Church, all tyranny and confusion do present themselves under this colour, taking up the politic pretence of peace, as a weapon of more advantage wherewith the stronger and greater party useth to beat the weaker. The Papists press the Protestants with the peace of the Church, and for the rent which they (?) have made in it, condemn them beyond the heathenish soldiers, which forbore to divide Christ's garment. But the godly-wise must not be affrighted either from seeking or embracing the truth, with such bugbears as these are, but seeing the 'wisdom which is from above' is first pure, and then peaceable, he must make it a part of his Christian wisdom to discern betwixt godly and gracious peace, and that which is pretended for advantage, or mistaken by error, and so labour to hold peace in purity.—*John Robinson.*

THE 'RELIGIOUS WORLD.'

A RELIGIOUS world is a society by itself, witnessing for itself, for its own privileges, for its difference from the rest of mankind. It acknowledges no vocation from God; it has no living connexion with the past; it is subject to all the accidents and mutations of public opinion. Yet it has no hold upon human life in any of its forms. It treats politics, science, literature, as secular; but it dabbles with them—pretends to reform them by mixing a few cant phrases with them—is really affected by all the worst habits which the most

vulgar and frivolous pursuit of them engenders. It trembles at every movement, at every thought which is awakened in human hearts, at every discovery which is made in the world without. But it does not tremble at its own corruptions. It can see its members indifferent to all the precepts of the Bible in their daily occupations as shopkeepers, employers, citizens; yet if they put the Bible on their banners, and shout about the authority of the inspired book at public meetings, it asks no more; it boasts that we are 'sound at heart;' it congratulates itself that spirituality is diffusing itself throughout the land. Meantime, each of its sections has its own Bible. The newspaper or magazine which keeps that section in conceit with itself, and in hatred of others, is to all intents and purposes its divine oracle, the rule of its faith, the guide of its conduct. For this religious world is an aggregate of sections, a collection of opinions about God and about man; no witness that there is a living God, or that He cares for men. Its faith is essentially exclusive, and so is its charity; for though it devises a multitude of contrivances for relieving the wants of human beings, nearly all of these seem to proceed upon the principle that they are creatures of another race, on behalf of whom we are to exercise our graces; not creatures who have that nature which Christ took, as much sharers in all the benefits of His incarnation and sacrifice as all their benefactors are."—*Maurice.*

PROXY CHRISTIANITY.

Not one of the least remarkable features of the present age is, the system of doing those things by deputy which our forefathers did for themselves. Provided a man has plenty of ready money, he may recline on the sofa, or loll in the easy chair, the greater part of the day, and still be a most 'active Christian' by deputy.

Influence of Artificial Excitement.—Whenever any excitements of any kind are regarded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasures, then, instead of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dispelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding the softness and warmth of generous love through the moral system, they become a freezing centre of solitary and unsocial indulgence; and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be called virtuous. No cloak of selfishness is, in fact, more impenetrable than that which usually envelopes a pampered imagination. The reality of woe is the very circumstance that paralyzes sympathy; and the eye that can pour forth its flood of commiseration for the sorrows of the romance and the drama, grudges a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy.—*Isaac Taylor.*

Man.—Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him: a breath of air, a drop of water, will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him; because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it has over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in our capabilities for thought and affection. From thence we must derive our elevation—not from space or duration. Let us endeavour to think well; this is the principle of morals.—*Pascal.*

Our Debt to Society.—It is a part of every man's duty to give the weight of his influence to the correction of every evil which infests society. This, too, we owe to society, for the protection which it gives us. It is a debt. Not to pay it is dishonesty.—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

Resistance to Ridicule.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence; but *seriously* and *grandly*,—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Sydney Smith.*

Bible Illustration.

PILATE WASHING HIS HANDS.

From a Paper by Mr. J. Balfour, read before the Royal Society of Literature.

It has been supposed that Pilate observed this ceremony with reference to the commandment (Deut. xxi.), that if a murder were committed, and the perpetrators could not be discovered, the ancients of the city where the body was found should declare their innocence of the crime by washing of hands and other ceremonies. That the Roman procurator, however, intended any such deference to a custom of the Jews, is extremely improbable in itself; and that improbability the writer confirmed by adducing the evidence of various ancient authors that the same custom was common among Pagan nations, and in particular among Pilate's countrymen—the Romans. The performance of religious rites, or any act whatever of peculiar solemnity, was in ancient times preceded by ablution of the hands, and sometimes of the feet, and even of the whole body. The Persians observed this ceremony before entering their temples; the Greeks believed that they thereby cleansed the conscience from impurity. The Romans applied it more generally; they not only before passing sentence of death protested that in so doing they were guiltless, and signified their innocence by washing their hands,—but we find in Virgil and other writers frequent allusions to the fact that before sacrificing or offering any other solemn service to the gods, the officiating persons, and even their attendants, were purified by ablution—generally in running water—'*flumine vivo*'—'*fluviali lymphâ*,'—the waters of fountains or streams being the purest, and hence considered sacred. In the same manner, they solemnly protested their innocence of fraud, or any other stain of moral turpitude; and the primitive Christians, in adopting this significant ceremony, carried it to the length of not touching any sacred thing—the books of Scripture, for example—until they had first washed their hands.

Notices of Books.

Biblical Antiquities; with some collateral Subjects, illustrating the Language, Geography, and Early History of Palestine. By F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co.

As many of our readers will be aware, this is one of the volumes of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana'—a work of which it is impossible to speak too highly, and, in our judgment, the most valuable, both as regards plan and execution, of the three great Encyclopædias. In this work the whole subject of sacred history and biography, and biblical antiquities, was confided to Dr. Cox; the first two branches of biblical learning being treated in volume eight of the series, and the third in the present. The antiquities of the Jews have recently received a large share of attention from biblical scholars; Jahn and Hartwell Horne especially having rendered valuable service on many difficult branches of this study. The present work can hardly be regarded as throwing much new or additional light on the subjects discussed. The aim of the author has apparently been to furnish a concise and comprehensive summary of all the necessary information found scattered in various directions. Original dissertation is seldom or ever attempted, the plan and compass of the work

apparently not allowing of the space necessary for such kind of labour. As a manual of the whole subject and its correllatives, however, or as a general introduction to a thorough study of biblical antiquities, we can heartily recommend it. It displays throughout an extensive acquaintance with the works of English and foreign writers; it is written in a clear and compact style; and great care has evidently been taken to omit nothing that could throw an important light on any branch of the study. In the present edition, several articles on collateral questions are introduced, which are not generally found in books of this description. Among these are the Hebrew Language, the Sabbath, the Jewish Sects, and Modern Judaism; but the latter is clearly out of place, and, if inserted at all, should have been placed in an appendix. One other fault we have to find, and that is, that the references or the foot-notes to the works of other authors are not more copious and distinct. This omission on the part of the writer amounts, at the most, to carelessness, and perhaps he did not deem them to be necessary; but to students they are invaluable, and their omission in any work of this character we cannot but regard as a grave defect. We should not omit to state, the volume is copiously illustrated, and accompanied with maps of Jerusalem and Palestine.

Life of Constantine the Great. By Joseph Fletcher. London: A. Cockshaw. Pp. 124.

We believe that this is the first life of Constantine the Great that has been published in this country. Its perusal will, we are sure, give rise to a general feeling of regret, that with materials so copious, and connected with a subject so interesting, not only to the Christian student, but to the general reader of history, the space at the author's disposal allowed of his doing little more than presenting an outline of the life of this remarkable man. In this outline, however, Mr. Fletcher has given sufficient to indicate what we take to be the main purpose of this biography—the character and results of the ecclesiastical policy of that prince. The first six chapters, or about a half of the work, are occupied with a sketch of the life of Constantine previous to the conquest of Maxentius, when he became master of the whole of the Western empire. The remaining seventy pages were obviously insufficient to trace with the requisite minuteness the progress of the Christian faith, and the gradual submission of the Catholic Church to the dictates and plans of the emperor. Mr. Fletcher has, therefore, confined himself almost exclusively to those acts of Constantine which bore more or less directly on the interests of the Church. In this, we think, he has hardly done justice to the character of Constantine as a civil legislator, many of whose laws stand pre-eminent for their wisdom, and were far in advance of the opinions of his age. The literary merits of this 'Life,' however, considering it as an historical biography, are very great. It exhibits in every page marks of the most painstaking study and research; its rich materials are collected from every available quarter; and no labour has evidently been spared to make it thoroughly accurate and authentic in all its details. Where authorities have contradicted each other, the writer has carefully collated their testimonies, exhibiting the result of his inquiries—sometimes by no means unimportant—in foot-notes. The authorities are also cited for every important event, so that the reader, if he should require fuller information, can refer in a moment to the original source for it. We are glad to judge from this, as well as from the author's previous work on Independency in England, that Mr. Fletcher has too high an appreciation of the value of history to follow the slovenly example of some other compilers of 'Lives' for popular perusal.

The Tried Christian: A Book of Consolation for the Afflicted. By Rev. W. Leask. London: Snow. Pp. 158.

This book belongs to the literature of Christian consolation—a class of works which, though small in comparison with many others, comprehends some of the choicest of religious writings. Though every heart hath its own sorrow, and

alone knoweth the bitterness of that sorrow, there is much in this manual that will bring consolation to every wounded spirit. It is written in a subdued tone, and pervaded by a spirit of warm and tender sympathy with the suffering. We could have wished, however, that the author had discriminated between apparent strictly providential afflictions and self-wrought chastisements. We want a *doctrine* of affliction as well as a one-sided application of certain texts of Scripture which go to make up that doctrine. From much that we have seen in connexion with untoward events that have been called dispensations of Providence we fear that many calmly sit down and misappropriate to their use the balm of consolation, whose more proper duty would be immediate correction of mistaken or culpable conduct. But Mr. Leask does not pretend to exhaust the subject, and so far as he has written has written well.

The New Testament Expounded and Illustrated according to the usual Marginal References in the very Words of Holy Scripture. Together with Notes and Translations, and a complete Marginal Harmony of the Gospels. By Clement Moody, M.A. 2 vols. 4to. Pp. 689. London: Longmans.

THE first part of this work was published, we believe, nearly two years ago. We are glad that the reception it then met has induced the editor to complete it, for every one whose practice it is habitually to *study* the Scriptures must have experienced the want which these volumes to a great extent supply. The design of the author has been to furnish a complete and accurate parallelism to the New Testament. With this view, every passage in which reference is made to, or which can be explained or illustrated by, any other passage in the Bible, is here quoted at length; and to the Gospels Mr. Gresswell's harmony is given. It is obvious that such a work as this may be made extensively useful. Marginal Reference Bibles, though of incalculable service to those who will take the trouble to make the references indicated, are very frequently of little more practical use than Bibles without any references at all. The author anticipates the very natural objection to his work, that he is doing for others what they are bound to do for themselves, by urging that general readers have not the time to turn to many different parts of the Bible. We fear the real answer to the objection lies in the fact, that the generality of nominal Christians spend no more time than they can decently help in the study of the Scriptures. It was a rule of one whose biography we lately met with, to devote as much time to this reading as to that of all other works. If others did the same, there would be little occasion for such a book as the present; while they do not, we think it is not encouraging laziness, but rendering a service in showing how much they have lost by not making the Scriptures the subject of more constant and systematic perusal.

Eastern Manners, Illustrative of New Testament History. By the Rev. Robert Jamieson, D.D., Glasgow. Third Edition. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Pp. 525.

THIS volume is intended to meet a very necessary want on the part of all biblical students. Without professing to embrace the whole field of Oriental customs, or, indeed, every allusion to Eastern manners in the New Testament, the author has noticed nearly all that is calculated to be of essential service to the scripture reader. His plan has been, if we may judge from the very full examination we have given to the work, to let nothing pass which could receive elucidation from this branch of biblical study. Everyone knows what depth of meaning sometimes lies under the figurative allusions of the sacred penmen to the habits of ancient Oriental society, and what a 'flood of light' is thrown over their writings by an examination even of the modern manners of eastern countries, which are found to remain unchanged from the time of the apostles. It is a light, says Dr. Jamieson, 'which we shall look in vain for from any other source.' Dr. Jamieson has evidently taken great pains to make

this work a worthy addition to the class to which it belongs. And such it is, equally valuable for its learning, and interesting in its treatment. It is written professedly for the young, and it will be found especially useful to Bible-class and Sabbath-school teachers. We may add, that it is very fully embellished with pictorial illustrations, and we believe its price to be moderate.

The Progress of Religious Sentiment, &c. By Joseph Adshead, Manchester. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Pp. 311.

This is a denominational work, but one that will be somewhat interesting to most of our readers. Its principal object is to trace the 'Progress of Religious Sentiment' among the Baptists, from the 'earliest times to the present day,' taking as a text the Confession of Faith of 1689,—a document, by the bye, of which, whatever may be its great historical value, the reader gets more than tired before he is half through the volume. As a popular historical sketch, this part of the work has a value; but it is slovenlily written, and disgracefully printed. The other contents of the volume are multifarious enough, comprising, according to the title-page, 'The Advancement of the Principles of Civil and Religious Freedom; the Affinity of Romanism, Tractarianism, and Baptismal Regeneration; also, Diversities of Creeds, Modes of Christian Communion, and Evangelical Statistics. Thirty-two Articles of Christian Faith and Practice, Baptist Catechism, &c.'

PAMPHLETS.

Secular Free Schools a Nation's Policy. By Edward Swaine. London: Jackson and Walford. This is a reprint of a lecture delivered at Crosby Hall, in reply to an article in the 'Electic Review.' Differing, as we do, from the writer on first principles, we cannot be expected to give it a very hearty commendation; but we can say of it, that it argues the question at issue fairly and candidly;—we may add, in a much more candid spirit than is commonly evinced by the advocates of the National School Association. Those who wish a clear and able statement of the grounds taken by that Association, with a general summary of the arguments that can be brought in their support by a 'religious voluntary,' could hardly get a better than that furnished in the present publication.

State Education; what is its Principle? By D. M. Evans. Manchester: A. Ireland and Co. This also is a reprint of a lecture; Mr. Evans's object being to prove that it is *not* right for Government to educate the people. This position is defended in course of a strictly philosophical argument, in which the abstract question at issue is very ably reasoned; but, as a whole, the pamphlet is too 'heavy' for the warfare.

A Letter to Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., on the Impolicy and Tyranny of any System of State Education. By Benj. Parsons, of Ebley. London: J. Snow. Mr. Parsons's efforts on behalf of education are well enough known not to need the very minute recapitulation of them given by himself in pages 2, 3, of this pamphlet. In the subsequent pages he discusses the impolicy and tyranny involved in State education. The work is characterised by great vigour of thought and style, and is full of pointed and racy illustration; but has an unhappy vein of coarse flippancy, *not* either witty or effective.

Ancient Puritanism and Modern Politics. By Jas. Matheson, B.A. London: W. Kent and Co. The occasion of this sermon, we are told, was the refusal by the present mayor of Oswestry to fall in with the time-dishonoured custom of attending the 'parish church.' Mr. Matheson takes advantage of the occurrence to draw attention principally to 'some of the grounds and fulfilments of public duties generally, and to one or two false and half-true impressions with regard to political and social subjects.' The discourse is eminently earnest, thoughtful, and suggestive. If its style were occasionally less vague and generalizing, we should like it all the better.

Things for all Lands and all Times. By the Rev. David Thomas (Ward and Co.), is a New Year's address on rectitude and salvation, as the things for man in all lands and all ages. It is somewhat rhetorical, but abounds in thoughts of living truth and beauty.

Romish Miracles. By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. (A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.), is a searching analysis and withering exposure of the 'pretended miracles of the Roman Catholic Church.' The lecture (which is a reply to Dr. Newman's) certainly evinces 'long and laborious research,' and pretty well exhausts the subject.

The Bible: Our Stumbling-block and our Strength: A Tract for the Times (J. Chapman), is an attempt to prove the mythic character of the Bible—rather not to prove it, but take it for granted, and then abuse the book. It contains nothing that has not already been said by Strauss and others, and a hundred times refuted.

Absolution and the Lord Bishop of Exeter, by Laicus (J. Chapman), is an attempt to prove the identity of absolution in the Roman and Anglican Churches; its 'presumption, impiety, and hypocrisy.' So far we believe the argument successful, while the writer's powerful denunciations of sacerdotalism meet, from us, with a hearty response.

Is Salvation by Water Baptism the Doctrine of the Church of England? by Biblicus (J. F. Shaw), is a misnomer to a pamphlet, written to prove that such is the doctrine taught in the Prayer-book of that Church:—what is the doctrine of the 'Church of England' on the subject, it would be difficult to say. This ground has been frequently gone over, and the present writer adds nothing to what has already been advanced, except in pointing out the particular inconsistencies of the Rev. Dr. M'Neile.

Man's Purposes crossed by God's Providences. By the Rev. J. W. Wyld. Southampton: Forbes and Marshall. This sermon is intended as an 'improvement' of the loss of the *Amazon*. So far as it is calculated, as it appears to be, to support the doctrine that such calamities are brought about in the Providence of God, for the very and sole purpose of teaching mankind a lesson on the uncertainty of human affairs, we must protest against it as a doctrine, as inhuman as it is irreligious, and a slander on the character and purposes of God. Apart from this, the discourse is unexceptionable.

The Influence of Christianity on the Condition of Woman (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), is the first of a series of sermons to young women, by the Rev. J. Angell James, which we very heartily recommend to our readers.

Lessons for Truth-lovers—103, 107—are theological tracts on the doctrine of a future life, and a resurrection. They are intended to prove that the soul and the body equally die at death, and that both are re-created at the resurrection. We cannot give our assent to this proposition; Scripture and Philosophy, at least to our mind, both disproving it.

Tracts of the Weekly Tract Society (195—210), are both too heavy and didactic for general circulation. 'Tracts' should *not* be sermons.

PERIODICALS.

The Leisure Hour. Nos. 1—10 (Religious Tract Society). We have as little desire to see the religious periodical literature of this country, as we have to see its population or manufactures, in a state of stagnation. A political economist would rightly infer, from the one case, that there must be something radically wrong in the condition of that country of which such evils could be predicated, and we think there would be something as essentially defective in the state of the Church if its literature did not increase in at least an equal ratio to the increase of intelligence and population. We were glad, therefore, to see the announcement of the 'Leisure Hour.' That there is room for such a periodical we have not the least doubt, any more than we have of its entire success if it

should be properly conducted. It is intended chiefly to circulate amongst the working classes; the object of its publication being to supply them with a cheap and attractive literature, pervaded generally by a spirit of sound morality and evangelical religion. As far as we can judge from the numbers before us, this has been accomplished. Its publication by the Religious Tract Society will necessarily preclude it from discussing a number of questions of deep interest to the working classes; but this, to a certain extent, is atoned for by the insertion of attractive tales and plenty of illustrations; the latter, however, not being always of the highest order of merit. On reading the first numbers of the work, it struck us that it was deficient in *life*; but there is considerable improvement in this respect in the second part.

The Homilist (Ward and Co.), also a new periodical, is started as an 'organ of spoken thought on Biblical subjects—the voice of the pulpit in the open field of the literary world.' In other words, its contents are to be *sermons* on the wants, necessities, duties, and relationships of the Church. The first number indicates undoubted talent; but we question whether, as a separate publication, the work has much chance of success in this age of 'cheapness and variety.'

The British Controvertialist (Houlston and Co.) is a publication conducted apparently by young men, and having for its object the discussion, in a controversial form, of the leading questions of the age. The design is a novel one; and it is well and judiciously carried out.

The Messenger of Mercy (Aylott and Jones) is addressed exclusively to the unconverted.

The Dictionary of Domestic Medicine, by Spencer Thomson, M.D. (Groombridge and Sons), is well and cheaply got up, written in a clear and intelligible style, and altogether devoid of the technicalities of science. It is calculated to be extremely useful as a book of reference, and family manual of health, disease, and sanatory reform.

Monthly Retrospect.

'I WOULD rather see a French army in London than six weeks of a Protectionist Government,' said Colonel Thompson, some time last session, with his usual quaintness and hyperbole. The heads of the Protectionist party have been nearly that time in office, but nothing analogous to a state of siege or sack has evolved. All the ingredients of a political tempest are in juxta-position, but the moment of exploding collision has not come. Ministers declare that their opinion of free-trade, as unjust and disastrous, is unaltered, and that they will, if permitted, carry out that opinion—the Anti-corn-law League starts instantaneously into formidable re-organization—a powerful combination of parliamentary parties is formed, for the defence of free-trade—a general election is known to be impending—yet the equanimity of the country is little disturbed. The political classes are active enough, but the vast, inert public maintains that stolid indifference from which it is only awakened into panic, or by the rarer impulse of a generous emotion. Not that the public is ignorant that its present prosperity is attributable to Sir Robert Peel's legislation, or careless of its maintenance—nearly every commercial and every intelligent

labouring man shudders at the mention of its violation. The fact is—and it is a melancholy one—that the political history of the last twenty years has inspired a contemptuous distrust of the professions of public men; and no one believes that the men who have been elevated to power by a Protectionist Opposition, do not desire above all things to forget the means of their elevation.

The first fact of the past month—first in order, probably in importance—is the reconstitution of the Anti-corn-law League. So soon as the acceptance of office by Lord Derby was announced, a committee was appointed in Manchester to consider the propriety of that step. On Tuesday, the 2nd, a meeting convened by that committee was held in Newall's Buildings, Manchester; presided over by the old League chairman, Mr. George Wilson; addressed by Messrs. Cobden and Bright; resolved upon reviving the League, and memorializing the Queen for an early dissolution; and subscribed 27,000*l.* as a provisional agitation fund. A great meeting in Leeds ratified the act; the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and the leading merchants of Liverpool and Glasgow, have adopted similar resolutions to those of the League; the old local Anti-corn-law Associations are reviving in all parts of the country; and the fund has swelled to between sixty and seventy thousand pounds.

At the first meeting of Parliament after his appointment, the Earl of Derby avowed the sentiments and intentions attributed to him above, on the subject of our commercial policy—declared his desire to preserve peace with the European powers by a conciliatory demeanour, while upholding the right of peaceful exiles to the enjoyment of English hospitality—pronounced against an extension of the suffrage—and besides expressing, in stock phraseology, a determination to 'uphold our Protestant institutions in all their integrity,' intimated that he attached no value to education that was not religious; and implied that that species of education could be entrusted to the parochial clergy alone. Parliament then adjourned to the 12th. Twenty Ministers and officials, being members of the Commons, had to be re-elected. Their written and spoken addresses were for the most part modelled with scrupulous care upon that of the Premier; and, with one exception (Lord Naas, who was thrown out of Kildare, but returned for Coleraine), were all re-elected.—On Thursday, the 10th, Lord John Russell met, at his house in Chesham-place, 168 members of the Opposition, to deliberate on the course to be pursued. In conformity with the previously obtained opinion of Sir James Graham and Mr. Cobden, his lordship recommended that all questions should be made subservient to that of free-trade, and that an immediate dissolution should be forced. The meeting concurred, after an expression, by Mr. Hume and Mr. T. Duncombe, of dissatisfaction with the composition of the late Ministry, and the abandonment of reform—which was appeased by an indistinct promise by Lord John that his next cabinet should be on a broader basis, and his third Reform Bill contain an amended schedule.—Monday, the 15th, was a day to be remembered in the history of debates. Lord Beaumont in the one house, and Mr. Villiers in the other, drew out the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Derby's speech was an enlargement of that which we have already sketched

—a splendid specimen of his declamatory powers; reminding one of Macaulay's remark,* that with Mr. Stanley alone, of all modern orators, the debating power seems an instinct rather than an acquirement. The peroration of this speech, unlike perorations in general, was the most significant as well as effective parts of the oration. Rightly enough, his lordship declared he would not go to the country on the question of a fixed duty alone—he would extend his appeal to the general character of the two Governments; and among the characteristics of his Administration, he enunciated resistance to the 'encroaching current of democratic influence.' In the Commons, Mr. Disraeli adapted himself, with considerable success, to his new and very different position, as leader, not of a large and elated Opposition, but of a Ministerial minority. Limiting himself to the declaration, that he would not attempt to disturb the existing fiscal system until a general election had pronounced upon the question, he remarked with great severity upon the factious conduct of Lord John Russell in recommending to the Queen Earl Derby as his successor, and forthwith caballing against him; declining the responsibility of a dissolution under the existing circumstances of the country, and yet attempting to force that measure upon the new Ministry. Lord John Russell replied in that high spirited tone which he can very effectively assume on emergencies. But *the* speech of the evening was that of Sir James Graham, who reminded the House that he had foreseen and predicted, last session, the policy of the Protectionists—'first, to change the administration; next, to dissolve Parliament; then to impose duties on corn and other imports.' He accumulated facts and citations in proof that they were bound, as men of honour, to complete their programme; showed, by irrefragable evidence that free-trade had worked well even for the landowners; and declared, in impressive terms, his resolution to stand by those principles which Sir Robert Peel had established, and which that great statesman had assured him, in their last conversation, he would spare no effort to maintain, as indispensable to the peace and happiness of this country. On the following Friday, on going into committee of supply, the debate was resumed; but the Opposition declined to refuse the estimates presented—and Lord Derby having given an assurance that he would dissolve in time for the assembling of a new Parliament in the autumn, Lord John Russell formally undertook to expedite instead of obstructing the despatch of public business. The voting of supplies was therefore proceeded with, an increase of 80,000*l.* on the army charges, and a naval reserve of 5,000 men, passing without objection; a Militia Bill is before the House while we write; the bills for the disfranchisement of St. Albans, and the prevention of bribery, have been made Government measures; Lord St. Leonards (Sir E. Sugden) has made a good beginning with legal reform by introducing a bill for amending the law of wills; and Lord Brougham undertakes, with the consent of the Government, to abridge the time necessary to elapse between the dissolution of one and the assembling of another Parliament from fifty to thirty-five days.

* 'Edinburgh Review,' article on Thackeray's Chatham.

The educational policy of the new Administration was a subject of some anxiety. From the remarks of Mr. Napier, the Irish Attorney-General, on his re-election for Dublin University, and the promise of a select committee on the National School system of Ireland, it was apprehended that the Government contemplated concessions to the Protestant-ascendency party. Distinct assurances, however, have been given, that the proposed committee shall deal only with the objectionable details, and not at all with the essential principles, of that system. It will be found difficult, perhaps, to observe that distinction; and we may therefore anticipate an edifying inquiry into the operation of the mixed school system.—The Manchester and Salford Education Bill has not benefited by the attempt to carry it as an item of private business. An adjourned discussion on the second reading—a discussion in which nearly every speaker expressed an opinion somewhat different from every other speaker; the whole presenting a mass of hopelessly irreconcileable objections—terminated in the appointment of a select committee to investigate the alleged necessity for that, or any similar local measure; an inquiry from which the Voluntaries must take care that their evidence is neither excluded nor underrated—an inquiry that may prove the turning-point of public opinion upon the whole question.

Out of doors, four distinct ripples of opinion may be observed. The Parliamentary Reformers held a conference and public meeting, on the 2nd and 3rd inst., in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre: their deliberations were interrupted by a knot of that school of Chartists which we had hoped was extinct—the impracticable, rude, and inflammatory; and both conference and public meeting revealed the presence of the strongly democratic element, consenting to forego manhood for household suffrage, but rather consenting to than cordially concurring in the wisdom of the compromise; all that is earnest in the movement aiming beyond it. The capital and labour question is thrust into prominence, and kept painfully conspicuous, by the strike in the iron trades: the most remarkable feature of which is a novel one—long-suffering, patient, self-respectful resolve on the part of the operatives, and the active sympathy of some in the wealthy and professional classes. The Anti-Maynooth movement continues to run in a double stream—the one simply Protestant, the other Anti-state-church; and the former not infrequently, as at Southampton and Glasgow, swallowed up by the latter. Lastly, the belligerent and pacific spirits make parallel furrows on the public mind: patriotic gentlemen, both of town and country, band themselves into rifle regiments, and will not believe that their courage is vain-glorious; while London, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, and even Birmingham, protest, at the instance of the Peace Congress committee, that the young men of this generation shall not be the victims of a conscription.

All these diverse currents will presently disappear in the whirlpool of a general election. The 'note of preparation' is sounding in nearly every constituency of the empire. Half-hearted Liberals are beseeching electors not to insist upon pledges for the ballot while the bread-basket is in danger of reconquest by the tax-eater. Radical candidates are plied by men in fustian jackets with novel and perplexing questions about the relation of the employer and employed. Conservative Free-traders are threatened at

Liverpool and elsewhere with the loss of Protestant votes because they cannot pronounce the No-Maynooth Shibboleth, and with the vengeance of Roman Catholic electors for supporting the Aggression Bill. Truly, 'mischief is afoot.' Now do shuffling expediency and timid servility reap their due reward, in the contempt of honest men of every colour! Now do the upright and faithful receive the earnest support or respectful opposition of wise and good citizens! And now should all who have definite principles of civil or religious polity, prepare to serve and advance them, as their judgment may dictate best. Nonconformists are traditionally of this character. Their ecclesiastical professions indicate their political sympathies, and should direct them to concerted political action. In every general election since the time of Daniel Defoe, it has been an item in the stateman's calculations, How will the Dissenters go? Nevertheless, until 1847, they never went alone—never acted with the individuality, concert, and boldness that alone can elevate a class into a party, and make a party a power in the state. *Will they not repeat the experiment this year?* The position of free-trade—the comparative retirement of ecclesiastical questions—is no reason for answering in the negative. A Nonconformist electoral organization would assure the Free-traders of the amount of support Dissent will give them, and thus be a positive addition to their strength; to the Parliamentary Reformers it might render the same service; and for the non-endowment principle, the primary object of the organization, it would be entitled to demand consideration in return. Forty members were pledged to that principle at the last general election. We have no reason to suppose that the number will be increased on this occasion, unless some special concerted effort is made. Of the Nonconformist candidates in the field, several will only replace men of similar views—as Mr. Edward Miall at Rochdale, Sir James Anderson at the Stirling Burghs, and Mr. J. B. Smith at Stockport. In every case, candidates should be called upon to promise their vote for the abolition of church-rates, and against further grants to religious bodies. Speaking generally, a candidate not up to this mark should be refused Dissenting support; and the liberal electors should be required to consult the convictions of their Nonconformist fellow-citizens to this extent. The Irish Priesthood Endowment scheme seems to have been abandoned by English statesmen of all parties; but as the Irish brigade will certainly hold the balance of parties in the next parliament, and can hardly be expected to be scrupulous in the use of that power, there is no security that such a measure would not be carried as the price of their support in the face of opposition as decided as that to the act of 1845. Were the Nonconformists of Great Britain in their proper attitude, there would be no need to ply them with considerations of possible contingencies. Fidelity to principle, like love of country, does not wait for overt aggression.

The Empire has not been proclaimed in France, nor the independence of Belgium or Switzerland violated. The return of Cavaignac and Carnot to the *Corps Législatif*, gives proof that the Republic is not forgotten, and that universal suffrage is never utterly unfaithful to its functions. Switzerland probably owes her safety to the largeness of her concessions and the power

of her protectors. A Belgic jury have refused to sanction the suppression of the 'Bulletin Français.' A dearth of cereal food causes severe distress in central Europe, and is as the warning voice of Providence to the men who deem his bounty to need restrictions. The war in Kafirland seems drawing to a close, the barbarians succumbing to a mode of warfare that has seldom failed in the history of campaigns—and another war with Burmah is fairly commenced, which our Indian rulers may briefly terminate by the tactics they have just adopted with the Kafirs. Strange, that while some evils have been utterly exterminated, and some lower forms of life superseded by higher, the desolating art of war, the natural offspring of barbarism, should continue in vogue from age to age, and the disputes of civilized peoples be settled like those of savages, by brute force, only intensified in destructiveness and directed by intellect!

Intelligence.

THE 'WORKING MEN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION.'

UNDER this title has been established, during the last month, a society composed of members of various denominations, the object of which is to aid the efforts that are now being put forth for the elevation of the working classes, 'as it regards their physical, intellectual, moral, and religious condition.' From a prospectus now lying before us, in which the special purposes and plans of the 'Union' are detailed, we gather that the society is instituted, not with the view of interfering with, or superseding the efforts of, the various educational boards now in existence, but with the purpose of aiding and encouraging all these societies, as well as all local committees who may be in need of assistance, and, as far as possible, assisting generally in every effort for the education of the poor. The 'Union' proposes to accomplish these objects by the institution of popular lectures, libraries, mutual instruction classes, &c., and in aiding and encouraging their formation. The society is to be thoroughly unsectarian, the committee consisting of an 'equal number of conforming and nonconforming members.' It appears to be prosecuting its purposes with considerable energy; and already we observe upwards of 500*l.* have been subscribed towards it. For ourselves, we heartily rejoice in its establishment. It has adopted the only right course of action for any benevolent institution, that of 'helping those who help themselves.' It will, therefore, directly encourage voluntary effort. We shall be glad to hear that it meets with such a degree of support as will enable it soon to commence practical operations. If its influence be judiciously exerted it will be a valuable auxiliary in the cause of national education.

THE CLUB FOR NONCONFORMISTS,

which we noticed some time since, is now fairly established—on paper. At an influential meeting of gentlemen connected with the Dissenting body, held at Radley's Hotel, on the 17th ult., it was resolved at once to constitute it. The trustees and committee of management were therefore elected, and the committee empowered to make immediate arrangements for carrying on the business of the club in temporary premises, until a proper building should be erected. The provisional committee, however, judiciously recommended that no proceedings should be taken until 1,000 members were obtained. As far as we can gather from the report of the proceedings, no allusion was made to the degree of *practical* support likely to be secured, or whether there was yet any reasonable probability—anything more than a hope—of the thousand members being obtained. We shall be glad to hear that there is, but have very little expectation of it. We observe that the club has received the title of the 'Milton' Club—a very happy selection of a name.

SECESSIONS FROM THE CHURCH OF ROME.

On Sunday evening, the 14th ult., the Rev. George Evison publicly renounced, in the church of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, the doctrines and communion of the Roman Catholic Church. It is also stated that Lord Beaumont, and his sister, the Hon. Miss Stapleton, have seceded from the Romish Church. All the parties in question have become members of the Established Church.

SECESSION FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT.

The 'Morning Advertiser' announces the secession from the Establishment of the Rev. William Bathurst, late rector of Berwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, whose 'living' was valued at 1,022*l.* per annum. His resignation has been accepted by the Archbishop, and it is stated to be his intention to join a Congregational church. As in the case of another eminent Churchman, the Church of England doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is stated to be the cause of his secession.

MEETINGS OF THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION

have been held during the past month at Huddersfield, Rochdale, Colne, Stainland, Carlisle, Kendal, Cockermouth, Boston, Northampton, Nottingham, Preston, Whitechapel, Walworth, &c. The third metropolitan meeting, held on the 18th ult., was extremely well attended.

THE SCOTTISH ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION

have also had a meeting in Glasgow, which is represented to have been one of the largest ever held in that city. The Provost presided, and Dr. Wardlaw and others addressed the audience.

THE ANTI-MAYNOOTH AGITATION,

notwithstanding the appeal of the Protestant Alliance, has almost subsided. The only important meeting held since our last has been at Southampton, where an amendment, deprecating all interference by secular governments in matters of religion, was almost unanimously adopted, amidst 'loud and long-continued cheering.'

EXPULSION OF STUDENTS FROM NEW COLLEGE.

We are sorry to see it stated that three students of New College have been expelled, or 'induced to retire,' from this institution, on account of holding opinions on the subject of inspiration different from those of the President and Council. The President (Dr. Harris), it is added, having earnestly endeavoured to reconcile their views with his own, 'felt compelled to enforce this step.' As no authentic account of the proceedings connected with the expulsion has been published, we forbear, for the present, any further mention of it. We have been given to understand that the names of the students are Mr. White of Bedford, Mr. White of Gosport, and Mr. Theobald of London.

NEW CHURCHES, ETC.

BRENTFORD (Congregational church).—Albany chapel, in this town, which has been closed for some time past, was re-opened on the 5th ult. The Rev. J. C. Cane, late of Bognor, has become minister of the congregation.

PETERBOROUGH.—A new and handsome Baptist chapel was opened for public worship in this city on the 4th ult.

ROCHDALE.—The Public Hall in Rochdale has been opened for divine worship in connexion with the Congregational body. The Rev. R. Fletcher, late of Manchester, is preaching to the congregation.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

ALRESFORD (Congregational church).—The Rev. — Kiddle, late of Pontypool.

FALMOUTH (Baptist church).—Mr. Samuel H. Booth, late of Birkenhead.

RYDE (Baptist church).—The Rev. David R. Watson, of Edinburgh.

TOOTING (Congregational church).—The Rev. F. F. Thomas, late of Whitchurch.

RESIGNATION.

GLOUCESTER (Baptist church).—The Rev. G. Woodrow has resigned the pastorate of this church in consequence of severe illness.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

MAY, 1852.

Principles applicable to the Improvement of the Masses.

THERE is an analogy between the labours of philanthropy and agriculture; and, it may be added, in their results. To render the earth subservient to the highest purposes of usefulness, it must be cultivated: the axe must fell the forest, the ploughshare turn up the soil, and the seed be sown to supersede, by a better vegetation, the wild luxuriance of nature. The moral state of man demands a similar process; for the mind exhibits the signs of sterility and desolation, and the heart teems with a pernicious growth. The work of clearing, implanting, and renewing is required. There must be training, instruction, the correction of evils, and the formation of right views, principles, and feelings, in order to the production of those 'fruits of righteousness which are to the praise and glory of God.'

As there are different kinds of soil on the general surface, requiring, on the part of the agriculturist, a corresponding diversity of treatment, so there are various classes in society, to meet whose necessities, and promote whose improvement, different methods must be adopted; and the wisdom of the cultivator will consist in the nice adaptation of his means. Vast masses of human nature lie around us, and it must be remembered that we have not to deal with inert matter, but with intellect, reason, and moral power. The means of promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people, therefore, must respect their mental functions, habits, conscience, and capabilities. The following principles are to be regarded:—

I. *Every man is capable of self-improvement.* One great object of benevolence should be to convince the people of this, and to inspire the

wish for it. It is essential to the advancement of society that every man should endeavour to form a proper estimate of his own faculties, and not suffer the thought of moral degradation, however justly and deeply felt, to weaken the sense of personal responsibility, or obliterate the consciousness of man's exalted nature. Every one has a soul—that is, an inward intelligent being—of various faculties, although it is perverted and polluted. This imparts to him inherent dignity, as well as power; and among his first duties is that of cherishing the highest sentiment of a pure self-love.

Let not this statement be misunderstood. Solomon observes, 'He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul;' but it is necessary to distinguish between selfishness and self-love. The former is the disease of human nature; at once prevalent and fatal. Not only is it not identical with self-love, but it is directly opposed to it; for it cannot be said that any man loves himself who destroys himself, whether suddenly or slowly, by the physical or moral means of self-ruin. This is the antagonistic principle to our very instincts and primary sensibilities. But the suicide destroys himself, and so does the devotee of wickedness; the man of selfish ends, of low ambition, and worldliness. It may be alleged that this is not the direct aim. Be it so; but that does not alter the character of the actions in question. The intention of the first transgressor was not self-ruin, but self-gratification, the very opposite to that principle which we are endeavouring to inculcate.

The soul of man is properly himself; for it is that which distinguishes him from the mere sentient beings around him. The body is but the appendage—the vehicle or transmitting medium of the impressions and operations of the inner life. If, therefore, a man does not love his own soul, in the sense of Solomon, he does not realize its true character, or seek its real interest and improvement—he does not love himself. The love of life, in the lowest sense, is an instinctive feeling. The animal loves life according to its nature; but if we do not love life according to our nature, we debase ourselves below the brute. To seek the preservation and welfare of life all allow to be a primary and universal law; and yet, with marvellous inconsistency, multitudes do not admit that the cultivation of life, in its truest and noblest sense, is either a duty or a blessedness; but, disregarding both their rational and moral faculties, emphatically 'lose their own souls.'

As the desire of self-improvement, therefore, is an essential element of that improvement, one of the first efforts of the Christian philanthropist should be to inspire this sentiment—to rouse into action the inward consciousness of a capability of moral progress—to inspire a lively sense of the value of our being, and of the dependence of its welfare upon the bringing out the capacities of that being for its own advancement. And this consideration will apply both to temporal pursuits and spiritual attainments.

Self-love in the way of self-improvement is not only a concomitant of excellence, but a great obligation. Like every power of body or mind it involves a duty, for it is implanted in us for use. It has its

appropriate objects and aims, which are to be pursued in obedience to the Creator's will—a will written as a primary law by the very bestowment of the faculty or power. He who lies down in inactivity instead of employing his bodily strength, will not only suffer the consequences in an enfeebled frame, but be guilty of a crime; and who can question that, whoever acts in a similar manner with regard to his mind, is violating a sacred law inscribed by his Maker upon his inner being?

II. *The temporal interests of man are subordinate to the spiritual; but the spiritual element of a renewed character is capable of producing temporal improvement.* Christianity loses sight of neither; and in the personal labours of its Divine Author both the one and the other were clearly comprehended. He who taught the truth to the multitudes on the mountain-side, multiplied the fishes and the bread to provide for their bodily wants. He who poured salvation into the soul by his doctrine and spirit, cured the diseased frame, restored the crippled limb, and opened the blind eye. The compassion he manifested ever ran in two parallel streams of mercy to the soul and to the body, showing that a heaven-born philanthropy regards man in all his relations to time and eternity.

In estimating the two kinds of human necessity, however, the temporal occupies the lowest place, especially on this ground—that while the temporal, if supremely pursued, and exclusively for its own sake, is detrimental to the spiritual; the spiritual, that is, the right principle of truth and religion, has a direct tendency to advance the temporal interest of its possessor. Every man is not only the better for his religion considered in his relation to the future, but in his connexion with the present; for Christianity in the heart is the source of all real virtue and happiness in the life. It is favourable to health; and by establishing character, secures influence and success. He who is guided by it, whether in a high or low situation, will obtain advantages not otherwise accessible. He will understand his duties better, and enjoy his mercies more. He will avoid many afflictions, and know how to encounter all. And with respect to the different conditions of life, he will be the better master and the better servant—the better parent and the better child—the better magistrate and the better subject. It is here the springs of action are purified, the passions find their correction, and all the interests of man their advancement.

III. *Notwithstanding the artificial distinctions of life, there is a moral equality among all the classes.* The abuse of this sentiment does not impugn the principle. The highest of all authorities affirms, that God 'hath made of one blood all nations of men.' The distinctions which obtain among mankind are not primary, but accidental; not internal, but external. There is often in humble life a real pre-eminence of character, though divested of the blaze and brilliancy of rank; and, on the other hand, an intellectual and moral inferiority while wealth and station are possessed. Owing to a want of discrimination between the real and the unreal—the substance and the shadows of existence—unhappy prejudices prevail among the classes, generating indifference or superciliousness in the one, and discontent and dislike in the other.

If it be not actually supposed by the more opulent that they are exempt from the vices of the poor, or that vice in them is not the same thing with vice in their inferior neighbours; yet being, as it is termed, educated, they are not the persons, as they too frequently imagine, to need the guidance which is suited to the working classes. But it is not education, in the restricted sense in which that word is commonly employed, that elevates, but *instruction;* that is, it is not dexterity of intellect, or the mere accumulation of general knowledge, but the *training of the mind and heart*, that forms the man.

It is necessary, therefore, to view the individuals composing society in their natural state of moral equality. In order to devise the best means of doing them good, we must look at the universal depravity of the world. The whole is corrupt before God; and he who seeks to deal aright with any portion of fallen humanity, must remember that he is himself fallen. This will tend to correct pride, to purify and invigorate the sympathies, and to give effect to benevolent ministrations. And especially will these results be the more probable, when not only the moral equality of mankind is considered, but in connexion with it their general destiny. All have sinned, and all must die. Artificial distinctions are but the embellishments of a mortal life, resembling only the sparkles that play upon the surface of a rapid stream, which vanish at every instant. There is, then, little for one man, or one class of men, to boast over another; while a sense of the universal relation of a moral equality should produce as universal a humility and good will.

IV. *Example possesses a power indefinitely great and important.* The philosopher who, to settle a dispute between him and another on the question of motion, rose up and walked, furnished a demonstration without words of the most convincing kind. And if there be hesitation respecting the abstract principles of virtue and religion, as to their practical power; or if, as in every unrenewed heart there will be, reluctance to admit the claims of the gospel; the most efficient of all arguments will be, an exemplification in daily intercourse of its tendency to elevate the character and render life happy. Man has been described as an imitative being; and though goodness is the last thing he is prone to imitate, yet there is a certain charm in virtuous and consistent conduct, that influences by imperceptible degrees, and will sometimes conciliate the most determined hostility. Truth is, undoubtedly, the same in itself, by whomsoever and in whatever manner administered; but it has been committed not to angels, but to men, to teach their fellow-men, in order that its practical energy might be manifested in the most obvious and immediate manner.

It is, indeed, a trite remark, that example is better than precept; still it requires to be more constantly recognised, that mere precept, unaccompanied by practical conformity, much more when there is a direct contrariety of action, will, in general, have a repulsive character. The retort of the heart will ever be in the proverb, 'Physician, heal thyself.' Moral and religious persuasions carry with them, in such instances, the air of hypocrisy. The first element of persuasiveness is self-conviction. He who would make others feel, must himself feel; he who would

guide others, must take the lead, and not resemble the way-post that only points out the path. This is a point of true Christian philosophy.

The pharisaical religion became contemptible in consequence of what is stated by Christ. The Pharisees 'said, and did not;' they laid heavy burdens on others, and grievous to be borne, but they themselves would not touch them with one of their fingers. Apart from the essential inefficacy of the philosophic systems of antiquity, the glaring contrast between the precepts and practice of their distinguished advocates tended to nullify their moral influence. Their rules were strict, but their lives were loose and unrestrained. No one discoursed better on magnanimity of mind and true greatness, amidst dangers and distresses, than Cicero; and yet no one, in actual circumstances of calamity, evinced more dejection and pusillanimity of mind. Seneca writes with great force of expression and argument on contempt of riches and worldly things; but was himself an ambitious and covetous man, accumulating extraordinary wealth. On the contrary, Cæsar was powerful in command; but exercised a more absolute sway over his soldiers by his example. All these instances bear strikingly upon instructions of a moral and religious character, and show how important to usefulness it is that a man's conduct should reflect his principles.

V. *Efforts to promote the spiritual interests of mankind must be entirely moral.* Hence the expulsion of wrong principles can only be secured by the implantation of right ones. Persecution in religion is founded upon the opposite sentiment. It is presumed that coercion will command a real obedience or a moral conviction. It has certainly made hypocrites and martyrs, but transformation of character can be accomplished in no other way than through the medium of truth, evidence, and sound argument. Vice, indeed, may be checked by other means, but cannot be exterminated. The axe must be laid at the root of the tree. The true philanthropist, then, may see at what he is to aim, and how he is to ply the ploughshare of moral improvement. He must penetrate the surface: he must go into the recesses of a man's own mind; and there, in the centre of his thoughts and passions, work out as from beneath the superficial as well as inward change. There the spiritual agriculture must begin, and there corruption must be subdued.

And what is applicable to an individual or to a class, belongs to a nation. It has, therefore, been justly remarked, that the desolating torrent of corruption will never be effectually combated by any expedient separate from the growth and the transmission of personal Christianity throughout the land. If no addition be made to the stock of religious principle in a country, then the profligacy of a country will make its obstinate stand against all the mechanism of the most skilful, and plausible, and well-looking contrivances. It must not be disguised that it does not lie within the compass either of prisons or penitentiaries to work any sensible abatement on the wickedness of our existing generation. The operations must be of a preventive, rather than of a corrective tendency. It must be brought to bear upon boyhood; and be kept up through the whole period of

random exposures through which it has to run on its way to an established condition in society; and a high tone of moral purity must be infused into the bosom of many individuals; and their agency will effect, through the channels of family and social connexion, what never can be effected through any framework of artificial regulations, so long as the spirit and character of society remain what they are. In other words, the progress of reformation will never be sensibly carried forward beyond the progress of personal Christianity in the world.

VI. *Every one is responsible for the exercise of his individual capacities for usefulness.* The duty he owes to God becomes twofold in respect to man: first, with regard to self-discipline; and secondly, with regard to the necessities of others, and his opportunities of promoting their welfare. The capacity to do good involves the obligation. No man liveth or can live to himself. By the very law of his existence, as an intelligent being placed in a social condition, he must be influential upon others for good or for evil, and he may be so extensively. Every one both receives from, and communicates to, all creatures and all things around him. He cannot walk untouched among the crowd, or prevent the transmission of a thousand influences from himself as a moral centre to others near him, to many even without his immediate circle, and it may be to a distant posterity. Every man has something to do, much indeed that is incumbent on him to do. He should search out what it is, by inquiring what powers, resources, and opportunities he possesses; and then do it, to use a scriptural phrase, 'with all his might.' The home adage, 'Let every one mend one,' is of incalculable practical value, and is as truly wise as it is universally applicable. It was the announcement of a comprehensive principle, as well as a genuine burst of patriotism, when Nelson gave the signal, 'England expects every man to do his duty.' But a greater than Nelson is here; and laying hold of the very selfishness of our nature to elevate it by permanent, intelligible, and ennobling law, he enjoins 'all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

VII. *The self-elevation of the wealthier part of the community has an essential bearing upon the exaltation of the poorer and working-classes.* It is not meant by this statement that the wealthier must seek to become more wealthy to promote their temporal welfare, or the religious more lavish in their expenditure to advance, by gifts or accommodating edifices, their spiritual progress; but rather that they should discipline their own minds, and aspire after the higher attainments of virtue and religion in themselves, as the means of raising the character of those below them. Let those who are above others in station possess a character that shall be commensurate with their rank, and the moral power of it will soon be apparent. All society will, sooner or later, rise or sink together. If the lower classes are kept low by the folly, oppressions, and crimes of the higher, the higher will keep themselves low by these means, or rather prepare for their own descent, as well as preclude, to a great extent, the elevation

of others. If the upper bear downward, instead of going upward in moral excellence, the whole fabric of the social system must take a similar direction; for though the elasticity and power of some minds may protrude above the general level, the mass will remain the same. The problem being then to promote by the best means the temporal and spiritual welfare of the manufacturing and other working classes, one important item in the solution will be found in the practical operation of this sentiment as an axiom, that the greater the moral elevation of the higher orders, the more exalted in happiness and usefulness will be the body of the working classes.

Onesimus, the Fugitive Slave.

THE posthumous importance that attaches frequently to the words and actions of men that in their lifetime were persecuted and poor, is a fine illustration of the greatness of human nature. After his conversion to Christianity, there was scarcely an act or a recorded sentiment of Paul that has not become important to posterity; a precious light on the perilous paths of faith, or a clear voice from heaven thus speaks to us from those sombre regions of antiquity which are, and ever must remain, so full of interest to the Christian historian. Little did Paul imagine how extensively he was acting for the future, as he passed through the various duties and judgments of his evangelic life, anticipating questions that would not arise for centuries, and pronouncing a true verdict on difficult points of spiritual right which would be mooted nearly two thousand years after his death. Among many other instances, the conduct of Paul to Philemon and Onesimus, the former the slave-master, the latter the fugitive bondman of Colosse, will furnish us with a clue to the question so much agitated at present in the transatlantic Republic, respecting the Fugitive Slave Law.

Before our readers can fairly adjudge the difficulties of Philemon, the conduct of the apostle, or the assumed guilt of Onesimus, it will be necessary to glance at the state of slavery as it existed when Christianity commenced its progress. None of the political institutions, the systems of philosophy, or the forms of Pagan religion, were hostile to slavery, but recognised its legal existence, and seem to have considered it necessary to the throne, the school, and the temple. This fact alone determines the shallow policy that then prevailed alike in monarchic and republican governments, and the radically false views on which the brilliant writers of antiquity based their theories of human society. Not only were they 'without God in their theology,' but of man, the greatest writers were equally ignorant—for they had never supposed that all men were indissolubly the close kindred of one great ancestor, and still less that one simple moral law, as proclaimed by Jesus, would

unite all races into fraternity, govern them without the aid of a visible magistracy, and bring the human intellect of the whole race into a state of blissfulness of which the Elysium fields were but a rude and traditionary prefiguration.

Let us then visit the slave-market of Rome in the year A.D. 61, when Paul was a prisoner in that city. Why are those crowds of many-hued captives almost naked, but well washed, lubricated, and each bearing a written description of his qualities, thus exposed for sale? What is their crime? Chains on human limbs intuitively excite the inquiry, What evil have they done? The questioner could only learn that this crowd of 463 slaves were not chargeable with any crimes; but some of them had become captives by the kidnapper, others were the victims of war that had fallen to the share of a soldier; some had been purchased in Pompeii, and others were born in slavery; while a few had been sold into bondage for their debts, and a still smaller portion were desperate gamblers, who, having lost all, at last staked themselves on the dice and became slaves. Such are mainly still the causes of slavery in the west and the eastern parts of the earth, but from this foul evil, thanks to the indirect influence of Christian truth, middle Europe is now formally free.

In the time of Cicero, whose splendid perorations to liberty would sadly mislead the reader, the city of Rome, and, indeed, all the cities of antiquity, were gorged with slaves. It is to be regretted that we have few statistics of the period, and those are neither to be relied upon, nor are they concentrated in any particular author; but it is our opinion that more than one-third of the subjects of Augustus were really slaves. The usual division of the servile population appears to have been into *glebæ adscripti*, or the field-slaves; the *servi domus*, or such as were employed about the dwelling of their owner; and the *servi negociatores*, or the bond-tradesmen. The extent of slavery in the city is incidentally shadowed out by the slave names that are found in various Roman authors. Of the first class we find mention of the

Servi Venatores, *i.e.*, hunters.
„ *Saltuarii*—the woodmen.
„ *Molitores*—corn-grinders.
Servi Pastores—shepherds.
„ *Aquarii*—watermen.
„ *Piscatores*—fishermen.

These were called *glebæ adscripti*, because they were attached to the estate, and could not be sold by their owners without parting with the land. Of the second class of slaves, and which seems to have formed the staple of household servants, the subdivision of employments is singularly illustrative of Roman life. We meet with the

Servi Librarii, *i.e.*, the transcribers.
„ *Salutigeri*—such as carried their owners' compliments.
„ *Vocatores*—who summoned the household to meals.
„ *ab Ephemeride*—told their masters the events, times, and nature of the day.
„ *Janitores*—the porters.
„ *Cellarii*—the wine-stewards.
Servi Balneatores—the servants of the bath.
„ *Cubicularii*—the bed-makers.
„ *ante Ambulones*—such as walked before their masters to name the persons met.
„ *Nutritii*—the nurses.
„ *ad Manum*—servants of all work.
„ *Unctores*—those who anointed the bodies of their owners.

Of the third class of Roman slaves we have

Servi Medici, i.e., the medical men.
„ *Obsonatores*—the buyers of provision.
„ *Lecticarii*—the litter-carriers.
„ *ab Epistolis*—the amanuenses.
Servi Arcarii—who guarded the places of treasure.
„ *Calculatores*—the counters.
„ *Cursores*—the newsmen.

The latter class of slaves seems to have been hired out by their owners, on similar terms to what once obtained among our artisan slaves in the West Indies; but all the classes of bondmen, in the eye of the Roman law, were estimated, '*pro nullis, pro mortuis, pro quadrupedibus;*' while the odious adage of the patrician jurisconsults, '*partus sequitur ventrem,*' perpetuated the yoke of all that were slave-born.

Over all his slaves the Roman or Greek master had, till after the time of Christ, absolute control. He could brand, mutilate, imprison, flog, starve, or even kill them, without incurring any penalty, till the time of Hadrian, who made it illegal to kill without reason, and compelled a master to sell the slave whom he was proved to have maltreated. Such a law, however, was little more than a name; for while the slave's evidence was legally inadmissible, all his property belonged to his owner, who claimed whatever was bequeathed to a slave, and could forbid his marriage or annul it; while the slave was unable to accuse his oppressor, and was, after being ignored by the law through life, abandoned in old age or sickness to want, how could the laws of the conscript fathers protect? It is true that humanity might occasionally alleviate the rigour of this condition, and grant the *manumissio per vindictum*, or give freedom to a favourite slave *inter amicos* when the heart was elated with noble sentiments, or bestow on a faithful and long-tried bondman *manumissio per testamentum*. But these were rare cases in the history of the evil, similar to the exceptions in the mental character of the slaves, Æsop, Epictetus, and Phædrus, and only serve to foil the stern law itself more distinctly.

We are nowhere informed whether Onesimus had been a domestic, a trading, or a prædial slave to Philemon; nor on what terms he had become Philemon's vassal, or even how long he had been so. He *was* his slave—was no doubt subject to the ordinary and ignominious usages of these unhappy creatures—and he absconded. By thus absconding, was Onesimus justified on the principles of Christianity? Are we to understand that Paul condemned his escape *per se?* or that the apostle remitted the fugitive to Philemon with the view of restoring the offender to captivity? These, in consequence of some of our modern controversies, are important queries, and involve deeply the judgment of Paul, if not the genius of primitive Christianity; for if it could be shown that Onesimus had, according to Christianity, no right to quit a master who had no right to own him, the inference would be inevitable, that the principles of Christ paid more respect to conventional property than to eternal justice! Or if it could be demonstrated, that Paul's censure of Onesimus simply referred to his escape, and that it was the apostle's design to return the captive to his chains, either the great teacher of the Gentiles must have dishonoured the system of Jesus; or if he fairly

expounded it, that system cannot be considered thoroughly in harmony with human rights.

This twofold problem presented to us in the life of Onesimus is not as simple as it may at first appear; for we shall find the question compounded with other matters, the due consideration of which, we think, will free Paul and Christianity from the imputation of conniving at slavery, and involve Onesimus in the blame to which he was fairly obnoxious. Two important circumstances are preserved among the early traditions of Christian writers on this subject: the one that Onesimus robbed his master when he absconded; and the other, that he had, prior to his escape, made a profession of being a disciple of Christ, but had disgraced himself by unworthy practices. It is true that we have no adequate proof of either, though Chrysostom, in his Prologue, affirms the former, and other writers as confidently the latter; and as it was their interest as Christians to resist such charges if they had been false, it is highly presumptive that in one or both these matters, perhaps also in others, Onesimus was culpable. The admission of either, the reader perceives, changes the ground of the fugitive's conduct from that of merely absconding to a question of immorality, against which the Christian law was explicit. It is, indeed, thought by some that Onesimus was not a slave at all, but a hired servant guilty of a breach of contract; this, if it could be proved, would of course at once exculpate Paul, Philemon, and Christianity, and cast all the blame on Onesimus. But this cannot be proved; for though the δουλος *may* mean a hired servant, all the circumstances of this case seem to antagonize this hypothesis.

Granting that Onesimus was the slave of Philemon, and that he had defrauded him before he fled from his service, the master had a clear right to restitution; Paul was justified in enjoining the new convert to revisit his master, either to make him recompense, or to implore his forgiveness; and it was due to the Christian character of Onesimus himself that he should remove every reproach from his name. It was of the utmost consequence that the Christian Church should *not* be regarded as the harbour for runaway slaves. Such a notion would have swelled its apparent disciples, but it would have ruined the divine cause, and have made it at once obnoxious to the civil tribunals. A slave, in our judgment, is justified in absconding from his master; but he may nullify the virtue of the act by performing it unworthily; and this, as we take it, was the sin of Onesimus. Good actions may be performed from unworthy motives; and when that is the case, in the judgment of Christian law, the actions themselves become evil, for it was one of the cardinal rules of the gospel, 'not to do evil that good may come.'

Waiving for the present any additional guilt of Onesimus, the case of this fugitive slave may be adjudged in three different modes; viz., by the rule of individual conscience, on the grounds of natural justice, and in the court of Christianity. Let us suppose, then, that Onesimus did *not* rob his owner, nor commit any other culpable offence, when he absconded; but that he took his stand—

1. On the great doctrine of nature, that all men have an equal right to the liberty of their person.

2. On the established facts of Christianity, that Jesus came to abolish all evil, and therefore to destroy slavery; and

3. That Onesimus believed himself incapable of being a Christian, in the full sense of that term, while he was a slave.

Was he, on the supposition that he took these grounds for absconding from the service of Philemon, justifiable as a fugitive slave? We reply, that, in our judgment, he was, and for the following reasons. If Onesimus rested his plea on the doctrine that all men, by birthright, have a just claim to personal liberty, he only took the same ground on which all freemen stand. All governments that profess to establish freedom, take the ground of universal birthright. Such was the basis of Roman law, of the Greek republic, of our own constitution, and such was the bower-anchor doctrine in the celebrated American document, called 'The Declaration of Independence.' This doctrine has never been denied, except by slave-dealers, and needs no proof. It reduces the question to an atom. If one man derives the right of personal liberty from his birth, all do. If all do not, the claim of any is spurious and adventitous, and liberty becomes a chance, or a mere question of bodily strength or superior cunning. It cannot be pleaded that this was an unknown doctrine in Paul's time by any that are conversant with so common writers as Plutarch, Plato, and Cicero; for this sentiment was as common at Athens and Rome as it is in London or New York. Slaves in general may not have been competent to handle this weapon against their oppressors; but some were, and Onesimus might have been one of that number. It is not necessary to our argument that he really was; all we contend for is, that *if* he rested his claim to freedom on the rights of nature, and quitted a master who only possessed him by force, Onesimus, for the simple act of flight, was, apart from Christianity, justified for his flight on the indefeasible rights of birth, that must remain throughout the history of the species the true foundation of liberty. But, even here, some will contend, the case of Onesimus does not rest. They admit the rights of nature, but advance the overruling rights of civil law: they plead the sanctions of society and of time, the force of manners and the sentiment of the public, as counter-warrants for the existence of slavery and the waiving of the rights of birth. The slave replies, that society has no authority to establish laws in violation of the rights of nature; and he is right. Suppose a state should pass a law that a certain portion of its subjects should not speak during certain hours; that they should only eat or dress in given modes; that they should not marry, or shed tears at the death of their kindred; that they should go to sleep at ten, or rise at six o'clock. Would not every man who should rebel at once against such insane statutes be hailed as a noble freeman, however ancient, wealthy, or powerful, the government that might thus legislate? On what ground would he rebel, and be applauded for his resistance, but on that of the birthright of every man to be free in these actions. But a state that legalizes slavery commits a far more

flagitious invasion of the laws of nature when it deprives any portion of its subjects of personal freedom; and such persons would be fully justified on the ground of civil justice in resisting or evading such a law. In no court of political equity can a thief plead for stolen property, and in our own, as well as in those of the United States, the receiver is always regarded *criminis particeps*.

Further still, a fugitive slave might urge his claims to freedom on the grounds of civil society itself. Every such society has just claims on its citizens, to a certain extent. We need neither study Vatel nor Blackstone to know what those claims are, for they are among the self-evident truths which require little or no aid from ratiocination. Every political society has a right to claim that the citizen shall render spontaneous and uniform obedience to just laws; that he cultivate his talents for the public good; that he take care of his own health, and pursue no objects detrimental to his neighbour or the commonwealth; that he should be ever ready to defend the liberties and rights of the state; that he should contribute a fair proportion to the expenditure of the society; and that the citizen ought to provide against himself or his family becoming a burden to the community. Men of all theories admit these claims of society upon its members; but how is a slave, who neither possesses the control of his person or time, who can have no property nor adequate respect for the estate or the rights of others, whose children are not under the command of their parents, and who has no other power of locomotion than his master chooses to concede, to perform all these duties to society? He is a cypher in the eye of the law; has nothing, and can never be anything more than a brute while he is a slave; and as his condition compels him to neglect his parental or marital duties, so it prevents him from meeting the just demands of civil society. Surely, there never was a more conclusive proof of the depravation of human reason, than the fact, that multitudes of nominal and educated Christians argue, without a blush, that a fugitive slave violates the laws of society and religion by escaping from a master who has no just right to his services, and never can acquire one.

If Onesimus should have further pleaded his right to freedom on the great facts of Christianity, we believe his flight cannot be equitably condemned. The Scripture requires the disciples of Christ to study his doctrine, precept, and examples, to 'search the Scriptures,' and 'to give attendance to reading.' One of the slave laws of North Carolina decrees 'death for the third offence of teaching a slave to read.' Here, then, is the law of slavery making impossible obedience to the laws of God. The genius of slavery is always the same, and no men better know than slave-dealers that knowledge is power, and that ignorance is weakness, by the continuance of which alone can the vassal population be subjugated. Slavery never was, and never can be, co-existent with mental cultivation. Christianity, on the other hand, enjoins it, raises a thirst for knowledge, fosters the spirit of inquiry, and makes incumbent on its disciples to 'judge ye what I say,' to 'prove all things,' and to 'compare spiritual things with spiritual,' that '*ye may be wise.*' The gospel of Christ clears the intellectual atmo-

sphere, expands the range of thought, kindles imagination, creates a world of new sentiments and divine emotions in the hearts of its followers, and ever urges them to 'follow on that they may know the Lord.' The two systems, therefore, are antagonistic. Either slavery must prevail, and establish by force and terror its reign of ignorance necessary to its pepetuation, or Christianity, with its light and absolute theory of justice, must predominate and destroy bondage. The two elements have a different origin and ultimatum; the one being divine love, attended with truth and justice; the other selfishness, having in its train the gangs of Mammon, and the hideous forms of every vice. If slavery could be made a permanent constituent of nations, their speedy decline would be an absolute certainty: if Christianity triumph, it will only be when 'knowledge shall cover the earth, as waters do the deep.' Let us suppose Onesimus took such a view of slavery as this, who would forbid his flight from the state that abhors truth to that which welcomes and cherishes it?

The Christian records require the disciples of Jesus to perform various duties which the fugitive slave might very justly object slavery makes impossible. The laws of Christ enjoin frequent attendance in the Christian assembly; visitation of the sick, the poor, the prisoner, and the friendless; 'going about to do good;' to lay up every week a portion of our earnings for Christian uses; frequent retirement for thought, prayer, and communion with God; evangelistic labours; reconciliation of disputes; visiting offenders, and reclaiming the backslider, and so forth. These duties imply spontaneity, and control of a portion of one's time, neither of which does a state of slavery tolerate. How can a slave, who has nothing, give, or be expected to feel becoming sympathies with others who are enjoying all the advantages of freedom, while he is himself a serf, who may not even claim the property in his own fingers, or the free use of his eyes, his ears, or his feet? To talk of the possibility of being a Christian and a slave, and to hawk about extraordinary incidents of slave-Christianity, is mockery, and only akin to that hideous political economy that contemplates without indignation human beings feeding on carrion, and huddling in putrid dens, strangers alike to water, light, and air. It is not a question how far Christianity, by its miraculous forces, can triumph over civil or physical obstacles; but whether any man has a right to place his brother or sister in such circumstances, as will determine the lowest possible quality of his religion, if it do not prevent it altogether; and whether a slave so situated may not boldly take his stand on the great charter of Christ, and abscond from the tyranny of a servitude that is condemned alike by natural reason, the laws of civil life, and the express authority of the Christian covenant.

If nature, society, and the Divine Being, thus require from man services which slavery makes it impossible to render, we infer that the slave who takes his ground on the three-fold rights thus secured to him is justified in obtaining his liberty by flight. The man who steals his brother is a robber of the deepest criminality; and his accomplices

are those who protect his fraud, justify his violence, or share his spoil; and we refuse to reason with him who parades a putrid honour of not escaping from the robber's gang. We hold the laws of society sacred, except they be clearly subversive of those of nature and of Heaven. Such cases are very rare indeed; but slavery is one of them; and if the slave chooses to submit or wait for the progressive influence of time to work his liberation, we admire his patience more than his logic; but, in the meantime, we cannot be brought to condemn the more resolute and intelligent vassal who is determined to wrest by flight from his master that liberty which society may have connived at, but could never give the right of, invading. It is clearly a perversion of reason to claim the sanction of social laws for ill-gotten property, and to repudiate it when it applies to eternal rights anterior to all society. We are free to confess that we should not advise slaves to fly from their masters generally, but would rather help them to demand an honourable emancipation by a change of the law. But who, with a pretence to any decent conceptions of justice, or that carries a heart of generous fraternities with the human race in his bosom, would arrest the young slave fugitive from her paramour owner; or the intense mother in search of her long-lost child; or the husband in pursuit of his wife; or the Christian seeking the freedom of worship; or the thinking slave who burns with a passion for liberty; or the poor lacerated victim who flies from his tormentor; or the sable sister yearning to see her brother; or the inexperienced, but ill-used youth on a journey of exploration to discover his father, who was sold from his side years before? In the name of Heaven, let them go,—they should have our hearty 'speed,' as they fled to the mountains.

The slave and his friends are frequently told that the Bible is not the antagonist of slavery, for the Jews are said to have observed the institution of slavery, and Christianity does not condemn it. As it has been often disingenuously brought against the Mosaic institute that it encouraged slavery, the reader will pardon us for drawing his attention to the two extracts of the Divine Law on the subject of slave-dealing, which are to be found in Exod. xxi. 16 and Deut. xxiv. 7, where we find: 'He that *stealeth* a man and *selleth* him, or *if he be found in his hands*, he shall surely be put to death.' For other robbery Jehovah decreed various compensatory penalties, but for any of the three degrees of the sin—*procuring*, *traffic*, or POSSESSION of slaves—the law was *death*. It is altogether impertinent to plead the subsequent practice of the Jews, for whom this law was issued. But even if this practice were granted, it must be remembered that Jewish servitude only continued six years, and not that when the Jubilee occurred in any of the sexennial periods. And there is no proof that the Israelites ever trafficked in slavery as such, or that Judea, in the time of Christ, contained any other slaves than had been introduced by its Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman conquerors. We think it unnecessary to repel the other accusation; for if Christianity have spoken little on the subject, that little is clearly to denunciate the slave-master, and even to countenance the fugitive slave in its '*If thou mayest be free, use it rather.*'

We have hitherto supposed our slavery is no greater an evil than it was among the Grecian isles, or in the imperial cities of Rome, or the provinces. To be just, however, we must remember, that in three important particulars, modern slavery is an oppression of far greater magnitude and crime than any form of obligatory servitude that ever existed. Harsh as the pagan slavery appeared, and really was, emancipation was more easily attainable, both legally and by custom, than it is with us; *no man became a slave on account of the colour of his skin*; and the nations that practised slavery had no such a knowledge of revelation as to enable them to form sound theories of the rights of mankind. And we might mention as a fourth apologetic for ancient slavery, the circumstance, that notions of liberty were, even among the greatest thinkers, very indistinct; while history had presented to the mind of Rome few or none of those various experiments of the universal tendency of slavery with which modern history teems. If slavery could ever be exculpated, it would be only when found in alliance with paganism with a period of non-education, and semi-barbarism with absolute despotisms, and an age singularly deficient in the science of nature and political economy; and such was the condition of its existence on the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, or the Tiber. But the nation that most obnoxiously retains slavery, in modern times, is a Christian republic, whose citizens are foremost in the study of every useful art, of profound and elegant scholarship, and of philosophical science, and which yet has outraged all the severe decrees of the ruthless monsters of antiquity, by publishing its most inhuman and impolitic Fugitive Slave Law, the ultimate effect of which will be to break slavery's bow.

The philosophy of duties is a very difficult science; but, through the goodness and wisdom of God, all the ordinary duties and rights of men are clearly discernible. This is as it should be: for even if every hundredth man could reason, the masses would be lost if duties were not written in large. And who can deny—even if he do not believe that Christianity has spoken on the subject of the fugitive slave—that it has met his case in its memorable and all-comprehensive, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them, *for this is the law* and the prophets?' For what vehement abettor of slavery, if reduced to a bondman, and in the act of escaping from a master, who had no moral right to his services, towards liberty, which the Act of Independence declares to be the birthright of all, would be able to feel that his captor was doing only right? Try the fugitive slave by reason, natural law, the civil compact, political economy, Christianity, or even the ordinary selfishness implied in the above precept, and he must be acquitted. Onesimus was a fugitive slave, but he had complicated his case by other misdemeanours; but complicated as it is, the apostle procured his enlargement, without appealing to the rights of nature or the policy of states, on the ground of his being a Christian brother alone.

Some of the *Christian writers in behalf of slavery* have alleged, that even if the Scriptures did not otherwise countenance slavery, they forbid

the escape of the slave by their principles of non-resistance to evil! This is searching for a precedent with a vengeance; and akin to the notion of one of our preachers, that 'Satan is the most diligent student of the Book of Revelation.' We believe in the unsearchable wisdom of the non-resistance doctrine of Christ; but it is only incumbent on his disciples, and applicable to the cases, or the class of cases, to which the Divine Teacher referred. Can the advocate of slavery prove that the fugitive slave is one of those cases? Will he affirm that five per cent. of the slave population is Christian? and even were it all so, is he prepared to enforce by law the non-resistance doctrine on men, all whose rights have been annihilated by their captivity? Yes, the spirit that advertises for a fugitive, *dead or alive*, is prepared to set fire to the world, to leap from Niagara, or to fall like Phaeton, in the cause of Mammon; and so it will fall.

R. S. B.

Biblical compared with other Ancient Histories.

II.—CHRONOLOGY SPECIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

In critical judgments, as in physics, action and reaction induce one another, and, viewed in long bearings of mutual influence, are found at last pretty nearly equal. For a considerable period the current of literary fashion ran strong against the credibility of the biblical history. Its more ancient portions were accounted little else than a tissue of fable and fabulous history. Imitating the superficial scepticism of the French philosophism, ponderous Germans, literary 'sons of Anak,' applied a certain sledge-hammer power to dash in pieces the stout edifice of biblical history, which had survived many an assault, and seemed destined for an earthly deathlessness. The noise and the confusion consequent on those blows resounded over Europe, and made men believe that verily the old house had fallen. When the delusion began to prevail, it was unexpectedly augmented and impelled by the enthusiasm called forth by the decyphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Certain results, too, of that unveiling, seemed at first to swell the adverse tide. In chronology, at any rate, the Bible was wrong, grossly wrong, and its history was far inferior to the trustworthy disclosures of the valley of the Nile. Nay, had the Bible anything which deserved the name of history? What in courtesy or in ignorance had been called history, was little else than sacerdotal figments begotten on credulity by the love of power. Bold statements of this nature commanded silence when they did not conciliate belief. By the force of repetition, assailants of the biblical history created a popular sentiment in their favour. Soon the din

which they made drowned the weakening voices of its now timorous friends. And presently they had it all their own way. Now and then, indeed, a voice was raised in behalf of the old book; but its accents were feeble, and its tone apologetic. The Titans had stormed the citadel, and its defenders were in confusion, if not in flight.

But truth has an inherent vitality. Trodden down like grass in the meadow, like the same grass it rises again with increased strength. After the first gusts of the passion against the Bible had spent themselves in boastful talk, calm investigation resumed her seat; the whole subject was studied afresh; general scholars spoke as Bunsen is reported in our former chapter to have spoken; biblical scholars came again forward, with augmented evidence and well-grounded confidence, if with moderated claims. The result is, that the biblical history is found to be possessed of attributes which are high as well as peculiar. One declaration of the new voice we will give. It is that of Ewald, the first Hebrew scholar in the world, whose rank as an historian will in this country, as already it is in Germany, be accounted very high, as soon as that great and very valuable work, namely, his 'Geschichte Volkes Israel,'* shall have appeared in a suitable English dress. As, however, we write for persons to whom Ewald's name is probably unknown, we will first give Bunsen's estimate of his merits, the rather as we wish our readers to have before them satisfactory vouchers of our main statements. 'It is,' says that accurate and profound scholar, 'a work which we regard as the commencement of a truly historical, systematic analysis of this ever-memorable portion of human history and its sources; and which therefore claims our warmest gratitude as a noble monument of German scholarship and historic science.' (*Egypt's Place*, p. 183.) Now after a thorough survey of the whole biblical history in its sources and contents, as compared with other ancient sources of historical information, Ewald in conclusion makes these statements:—'All possible species of historical writing, with the sole exception of that which is based on philosophical investigation, we see here presented; that of youth, trying what it can effect; that of manhood, well developed and beautiful; that of art in several minor sorts; historical annals with their hard conciseness; the history which overflows with charming pictures; sacerdotal history, legal history, popular history; the history whose essence is simple narrative; the history which is full of prophetic thoughts in their poetic elevation, and that which consists in separate speeches uttered in the freest accents; the history which scarcely has an object, and that which ministers to definite purposes; heavenly history; and, finally, history which is of the earth earthy. And while already this varied history of the Hebrews had reached its bloom in the early days of the

* 'History of the People of Israel down to the Time of Christ, by Henry Ewald.' The work is not yet completed, but the first volume, forming an introduction to the whole, was recently (1851) published in a second edition. It is no credit to this country that this learned and trustworthy work yet lacks a translator. One translator is, we know, at work; but will a publisher be found?

monarchy, and for some centuries retained that bloom unfaded, its commencements go back to the primæval periods of Moses' life, and contain extraneous fragments of a yet older date.' (Vol. i. 2nd ed. p. 266.)

Statements such as these can be made of the history of no other ancient people. No history is so old as the biblical history, none so varied in its kinds, none so rich in its contents, none so wide in its compass, none possesses so many attributes of truth and guarantees of credibility. This is a fact which at the present moment no competent judge will call in question. It is a fact of which the friends of the Bible may well be proud. It is a fact, for the ascertainment of which we are indebted to that freedom of inquiry and freedom of speech which at one time the timid feared and the daring abused, but in the full employment and wise use of which genuine scholars, whether biblical or not, while simply seeking to learn the truth, have been led by a higher hand to render most valuable and lasting services to the cause of biblical history and divine revelation. Among the writers whose publications are combining to bring about a juster view of the real claims of the Bible in respect to history, Ewald may be taken as an authority by us the rather because, in addition to his vast and minute scholarship, he stands aloof from theological extremes, and is very little open to the imputation of party feeling. He even seems to love isolation, and standing alone in his own individuality, relies exclusively on the solidity of his positions for their acceptance with the world.

It has already been intimated that foes or lukewarm friends of the Bible have admitted the inferiority of its chronological position in comparison with the chronology of Egypt. The admission is no less hasty than vague. A scientific chronology, or a chronological system, is wanting in the Bible. Not less is it wanting in the Egyptian annals. The Bible is a popular, not a scientific book. It makes no pretensions to scientific precision, but simply reports current views and opinions on all points of general knowledge. Only in religion does it present truth in an absolute, and therefore indestructible, form. The study of its great men was to learn, and learning to proclaim and do the will of God. In promulgating divine knowledge, they of necessity employed the language of their day, and so indirectly, and by implication, communicated information of an historical kind. Yet is their undesigned instruction often more reliable than the expressly prepared and laboured communications of professional historians.

In chronology, neither the Hebrews nor the Egyptians offer systematic information, for they were both without an era, a fixed point that is, from which to reckon backwards and forwards in the lapse of time. Yet even here the Bible has an advantage over Egypt; for while the Bible makes no claim to an era, in the strict and scientific sense of the term, Egypt puts forth pretensions of the kind which she is now found unable to make good. We allude to what is called the Sothian Cycle, or astronomical period of 1,461 years; so called by the Egyptians because its commencement was assumed to be when Sirius,

or the Dog-star (in Egyptian, Sothis), rose heliacally on the first day of Thoth (July 20). That the period was a real period, and that one of its courses expired in A.D. 138-9, may not be questioned. But of its antiquity we possess no satisfactory evidence. Its commencement may be the result of mere astronomical calculation, as unquestionably was the great year of 36,525 years, which was formed out of it by multiplying 1461 by 25.

It is better, we submit, to be without science, than to put forth scientific pretensions which will not endure the test of investigation. The remark has more than one exemplification in Egyptian learning. In astronomy the Egyptians were supposed to have made singular progress. It is now known that the Babylonians were their masters as well as superiors; and while the Egyptians, on this point, scarcely surpassed the Hebrews, they fell far behind them in the superstitious abuses of their astronomical knowledge into which they fell. With the Egyptians, astronomy was astrological. 'We have examples of astronomical monuments in the sepulchral chambers of Sethos and the Rameses at Thebes, placed there, as the later Zodiacs of Denderah and Esneh, for astrological rather than astronomical purposes. On the circle of Osymandyas, every day was marked by the planets and stars that rose and set upon it, and the prognostics which these afforded, according to Egyptian astrology. They had an astrological system, attributed to two names of uncertain age, Petosiris and Necepsos, according to which they could assign the influence which the day of an individual's birth would have upon his character, fortunes, and length of life, and the effects, beneficial or injurious, of the movements and revolutions of the planets. By their science the Egyptian astrologers could foretel years of scarcity and plenty, pestilences, earthquakes, inundations, and the appearance of comets, and do many other things surpassing the sagacity of the vulgar.' *

Being in early ages without a unit for reckoning time, the Egyptians could not devise, and therefore could not bestow on the world, a trustworthy chronological system; obviously, they were exposed to the grossest errors in regard to primæval periods. Hence arose the fictions or the fancies which placed in Egypt the reign of three divine dynasties —gods, manes, and heroes—before the reign of the first human monarch, Menes. Completely free from so pure a figment is the biblical history. But *menes* is only another form of the word *man*, and consequently indicates, not an individual, but a dynasty. Menes began the human rule in opposition to the rule of the gods and the demigods. And in this same word menes, or man, appears the presumptuous claim made by the Egyptians to the effect that not only were they autochthones (original natives of the soil), whereas they were immigrants, but also that their civilization ran back to the earliest days of man's dominion on the earth. Such an intense and absurd ambition of ancestral glory may well have vitiated the Egyptian annals. After all

* Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs. By John Kenrick, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1850. Vol. i. p. 340.

the noise that has been made about the remote periods to which Egyptian chronology goes back, the reader will be surprised to find how little its earlier periods deserve reliance. When Menes (if such a person there ever was) reigned is scarcely more, after all, than a matter of conjecture. If we are disposed to allow that the remotest point of the chronological line should be lengthened out some thousand years or so, the very vagueness of the terms we are forced to employ shows how indefinite and uncertain are the data; and the data on which chiefly we make the admission, are found not so much in the chronology as in the general culture of the Egyptians. Of the early history of Egypt, after all, very little is known. Manetho, our sole Egyptian author, did not flourish until the third century before Christ Of his history of Egypt, all is lost except his dynasties, or lists of kings, which are preserved tolerably entire in extracts found in other writers. But these remains are attended by almost all possible difficulties. We are not certain that we possess them in their original form. Through three hands have the lists passed in coming to us. The different copies of the lists vary one from the other. When compared with lists of kings found on the monuments, they are but partially brought into agreement with them by the utmost amount of learned ingenuity. After all, we have no guarantee that the lists, or some of them, were not formed, or filled, or coloured, by national vanity. And if they were actually reliable in all respects, they may report dynasties ruling, not successively, but at the same time in different parts of the country; and, any way, give us neither a chronological series nor an historical narrative, but almost exclusively a dry and all but useless succession of names. Then if we sum up the dynasties, we obtain now 300 kings, now 350, and now 500; and the number of the years of their reigns varies from 3,555 to 4,685 and 5,049. Besides, the monumental tablets, which appear to give a certain number of kings in the order of their succession, have been much overrated. The Tablet of Abydos has not been proved to exhibit a *regnal* succession of fifty-two monarchs; nor has the anticipated correspondence been established between the tablet and the lists of Manetho, except for a few reigns in the latter part. The Tablet of Karnak does not, as was expected, prove to be a regnal series of sixty-one kings, nor can it be brought into agreement with Manetho. Equally unsatisfactory is the history in its contents as in its successions. Egyptian history has of late been divided into three great periods—the old monarchy, the middle monarchy, the new monarchy. The first extends from the foundation of the kingdom of Menes to the invasion of the Hyksos or Shepherds; the second, from the conquest of Lower Egypt (the Delta) by the Hyksos to the expulsion of the Hyksos; the third, from the re-establishment of the monarchy by Amosis to the final conquest by Persia. But of the former very little is known, and even the latter is known only after its commencement. Monuments there are that run back into the mists of an antiquity more remote than history speaks of or chronology calculates; but the monuments are dumb, and all but uninstructive—hard, dry, and useless, like the rock whence they were hewn, and the sands that rise around their base. Look at

Manetho's account of the old monarchy. Having enumerated the gods of Egypt, beginning with Vulcan and ending with Horus, he says :—'These first exercised power among the Egyptians.

	Years.
Next the royal authority devolved, by continued succession, to Bytis in the space of	13,900
After the gods, heroes reigned	1,255
Then other kings	1,817
Then thirty other kings of Memphis	1,790
Then ten other kings of This	350
Then followed a dominion of Manes and heroes	5,813'

Take also a specimen in what Manetho records of his first dynasty :—'After the Manes and demigods, the first kingdom is reckoned to have consisted of eight kings, of whom—

	Years.
1. Menes, the Thinite, reigned	62
(He died torn to pieces by a hippopotamus.)	
2. Athothis, his son, reigned	57
(He built the palace at Memphis. He was a physician; and anatomical books of his are in circulation.)	
3. Kenkenes, his son, reigned	31
4. Onenephes, his son, reigned	23
(Under him a great famine prevailed in Egypt. He erected the Pyramids near Cochome.)	
5. Usaphaidos, his son	20
6. Niebidos, his son	26
7. Semempses, his son	18
(Under him a great pestilence prevailed in Egypt.)	
8. Bienneches, his son	26
In all	263'

In the total 263 we have an instance of the variation of the copies. In one, as here, it is 263; in another, 253; and in another, 252. Independently of these discrepancies, can this be called history or chronology? The story of nearly three centuries in the empty outlines just given! How easy to invent the whole! Had there been contemporaneous or reliable records, they would have contained much more. History comes into existence because it has a tale to tell, and having a tale to tell, it performs its function, and transmits to posterity narratives, connected series of facts. This it does, or it does nothing. In other words, if history has not a certain fulness, it does not exist. A certain fulness is the very condition of its existence. A history without facts is as inconceivable as water without fluidity.

Of the middle monarchy, Mr. Kenrick, in concluding his strictures, makes the following remarks :—'The confusion and destruction which attended the conquest of the Hyksos, have rendered the chronology of this period of Egyptian history quite uncertain beyond the reigns of the six kings of the fifteenth dynasty. We can place no reliance on the assigned length of periods which furnish us with neither names, nor facts, nor monuments, because we have no control over the fictions or the errors of historians. Until this deficiency is supplied, it must remain a fruitless attempt to carry up a connected chain of authentic

chronology, through the middle monarchy to the termination, and thence to the commencement of the old, even if the chronology of the latter were better ascertained than it is.' (*Egypt*, ii. 196, 7.)

We thus come to the new monarchy, and again find discrepancy and uncertainty. According to the copy of Manetho preserved by Africanus, it began with 'sixteen Diospolite kings, of whom the first was Amos, under whom Moses went out of Egypt, *as we shall show;* Amos reigned thirteen years.' According to that found in Eusebus, it began with 'fourteen Diospolite kings, of whom the first, Amosis, reigned twenty-five years.' While Africanus places the Exodus under Amos, the first king, Eusebius places it under Achencherses, the ninth king. Very great diversities, too, prevail in regard to the length of the reigns. Thus, Africanus makes Ramesses reign one year, Eusebius makes Ramesses reign sixty-eight years; Africanus assigns to the last monarch in his list of sixteen, namely, Amenophrath, nineteen years, Eusebius assigns to the last monarch in his list of fourteen, namely, Amenophis, forty years. If we compare these lists with the Tablet of Abydos, we have further discrepancies. Chebros of the lists appears neither on the tablet nor elsewhere. Amenoph, the third in the lists, is the second on the tablet. Miphres and Misphragmuthosis of the lists are, again, not found on the tablet. Touthmosis of the lists answers to Thothmes of the tablet, but whereas the tablet gives three in succession of this name, the lists present only one. Amenophis II. is found in both, followed, however, on the tablet, by a fourth Thothmes and a third Amenoph. In Horus they again agree; but his successor on the tablet is Ramses, in the lists, Acherres. Yet these sovereigns, whatever their names, whatever their number, whatever the order of their succession, form the celebrated eighteenth dynasty, under which were erected the great monuments of Egypt, which are the wonder and admiration of the world. If, of their most distinguished monarchs the Egyptians recorded so little, or if of those same monarchs so little information has reached us, what reason is there for placing reliance on varying lists and varying dates relating to anterior periods? But, at the beginning of this eighteenth dynasty, we find history in a distinct and full form in the Bible. Up to and beyond the same point can, as we shall presently show, the biblical chronology be clearly and satisfactorily traced. Indeed, as will hereafter appear, it is to the biblical history that historians owe those well-ascertained and fixed points which enable them to give to Egyptian and other ancient history order and consistency. The way, however, in which these lists have been tampered with may be illustrated in the remark appended to that of Amenophis, the eighth monarch according to Africanus, and the seventh according to Eusebius. The remark in the former stands thus: 'This is he who is thought to be the Memnon and the speaking statue;' the remark in the latter stands thus: 'He is thought to be Memnon and the speaking statue.' Both authorities agree in identifying the statue of Amenophis with the statue bearing the designation of the Vocal Memnon. Now let us hear what that excellent and learned critic, Mr. Kenrick, says, respecting the Vocal Memnon. 'The

fiction of a musical sound issuing from the statue of Memnon at Thebes at sunrise, appears to be entirely Greek. To the Egyptians it was never anything more than the statue of their king Amenophis; all the inscriptions which record that the sound had been heard are of the Roman times; the name, Memnonium, was given to the quarter in which it stood, under the Ptolemies, but no monument, nor any passage in any author of that age, alludes to a vocal Memnon. Cambyses did not need the pretext of its magic music to induce him to mutilate a statue reverenced by the Thebans. As the statue has been silent for centuries, we have no means of ascertaining how the belief in its musical qualities arose; it probably originated in the poetical imagination of the Greeks, favoured by some slight or accidental cause, and the eastward position of the face of the statue, and was humoured by the art of the Egyptian priests.' (*Egypt*, ii. 244.) If the remark appended to this name is of Greek origin, equally of Greek origin, at any rate not less late, may be the other curt remarks found in the lists.

Not even in the next dynasty are we on firm historical ground. 'When critically examined, the whole nineteenth dynasty appears to collapse, and resolve itself into a repetition of the eighteenth, with the exceptions of Sethos the first, and Thuoris the last, name.' (*Kenrick*, ii. 301.)

It is not until we come down to Sesonchis, the first monarch of the twenty-second dynasty, that we obtain a certain chronological date. About the year 980 A.C. Egyptian chronology becomes certain; and then the certainty is owing not to Egypt, but to Palestine. In the latter years of the reign of Solomon, Jeroboam escaped from that monarch into Egypt, and found refuge under Sesonchis, or Shishak. Thenceforward, with the aid of Hebrew and Greek chronology, that of Egypt assumes definite dates and corresponding certainty. With some little probability, Egyptian chronology may, from the same synchronism, be carried backward, and be made to rest on a few defined points, but only with some little probability. Beyond this no definite merit can be claimed on its behalf, except that it appears to run back to very remote ages. Thus far, then, we are led to see and declare that Egyptian chronology possesses no clear, definite, and decided advantage over the biblical; but, on the contrary, it owes to the biblical chronology the settlement of its own dates. The superiority of the biblical chronology will appear yet more clearly and fully, if now we turn to the consideration of its own specific qualities and merits.

On the part of the Hebrews there is one general advantage which, as it pervades and modifies the whole subject, must be mentioned at the commencement. It is, that here we have to do with books, and not, as in Egypt, with monuments; with books which both mark and describe the several periods of Hebrew history; with an indigenous and living literature, preserved, to a great extent, in its original integrity, and therefore offering sources of information far superior to the few scattered fragments of Egyptian history, or the varying and not seldom conflicting narratives of imperfectly-informed foreigners, such as Herodotus and Diodorus. To such an extent does this advantage proceed,

as to almost justify the averment, that while in Palestine we have a rich and varied history, with, of course, a chronology included, in Egypt we have no history at all—nothing, we mean, deserving of the name—in regard to its earlier periods. This fact comes out in full relief from works which, like that of Kenrick's 'Egypt under the Pharaohs,' treat the subject in a spirit of just historical criticism. What is history without individualities? and what individuality appears in the early Egyptian annals? What great character has Egypt, during the old or the middle monarchy, to place side by side with Abraham? In the early period of the new monarchy the half-mythical Sesostris is the sole Egyptian offset to the real and grand historical characters of Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon. If history requires individualities, it also requires sequences. Connected and lengthened narratives are no less necessary than pictures. Such narratives are the very texture of the Biblical history. Where are they to be found in coeval Egyptian history? With all his skill, the accomplished author just spoken of is unable to do more than spin here and there a short thread of consecutive narrative.

We have already stated that the Hebrews, as an unscientific people, possessed no systematic chronology. It would be an error to conclude that they were unaccustomed to reckon from event to event. This they did with considerable exactitude, over long periods and through long intervals.

The simplest method of marking the lapse of time is, to reckon the years by the years of a reign or dominion. Hence, at any rate, under the kings, a chronological series may be looked for in Israel. But judges ruled there before kings, and priests came and went in succession before the judges. Side by side, too, with both judges and kings, was there a succession of priests. Here, then, are data for contemporaneous chronology; and when, in after times, the learned looked back for a certain event in a certain reign, they would be led to seek fixed points, and to compare the succession of priests with the succession of temporal rulers, and so lay the foundation of an accurate and trustworthy, if not, to some extent, a systematic chronology. In this labour they would receive great assistance in any marked national occurrences,—in events which, affecting the whole people, left of themselves a deep impression on the public mind. Such an event is employed by Amos, to fix the time when he saw his vision,—'in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah, and in the days of Jeroboam, the son of Joash, king of Israel, *two years before the earthquake*' (i. 1). A far more striking and generally important, as well as earlier event, was the Exodus, or flight from Egypt, which, as the pivot of the national life, became the great starting-point and goal of the events which hence proceeded.

From very early periods of their history the Hebrews were used to observe great periodical and national festivals. The ascertainment and fixing of these necessitated some approximation to an artistic mode of calculating time; faint vestiges of which may be seen in the twofold commencement of the Hebrew year—the one civil, the other religious.

The determination of Easter, then as now, involved knowledge and skill, and appears to have held no mean rank among the duties of the learned caste, the priests. Besides their annual festivals, the Hebrews had a sabbatical year, and a year of jubilee, in very early days. These recurring periods of seven years, and seven times seven years, formed a species of era, and must have not only promoted chronological calculations, but acted as constant checks and corrections to chronological errors and deviations.

The few words we have just cited from the prophet Amos present another chronological resource. After the revolt of the ten tribes under Jeroboam, two kingdoms were formed on the soil of Palestine, each having its own succession of kings. Divided in feeling and government, these two kingdoms had a common language, a common literature, and properly a common religion. Its great authors, therefore, dated events and their writings by reference to the two regnal successions—the succession of Judah, the succession of Israel. Such a practice is not only a proof of reality, but a means of comparison and rectification; it avouches the certainty, and determines the time, of the recorded events. We do not pretend that this appliance, nor that this in union with the other appliances now explained, produced a chronology which is *now* free from difficulties, and complete in all its parts. It is only a comparative excellence for which we contend. In chronology and in history, we say that Palestine surpasses Egypt; and this position we are able to make good beyond the possibility of confutation.

In fact, we find in the original records of Israel, as set forth in the books of Exodus and Numbers, a regular and established system of dating events from the departure out of Egypt, not merely in general terms, but with the exactness of days, months, and years. Take, for example, Exod. xvi. i., 'The children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt' (compare Num. x. 11; xx. 1; xxxiii. 38; Deut. i. 3). The Exodus thus became to the Hebrews what the first Olympiad was to the Greeks, and the foundation of Rome to the Romans; only that the exact date of the Exodus is more definitely ascertained than the commencement of these Pagan eras. If we refer to 1 Kings vi. 1, we find the interval that elapsed between the commencement of the building of the temple of Solomon and the departure from Egypt to be 480 years. The words are too important to be omitted: 'And it came to pass in the four hundred and eightieth year after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign over Israel, in the month Zif, which is the second month, that he began to build the house of the Lord.' The building of the temple, according to Ewald, began in the year 1022 A.C. To 1022 add 480; the date of the Exodus then is 1502. But in Exod. xii. 40, it is distinctly stated—and in the accuracy of that statement both Ewald and Kenrick concur—that 'the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt was four hundred and thirty years.' This additional date carries us back to 1932 A.C. In that year Jacob went down into Egypt. For two thousand years before Christ,

then, the Hebrew history has distinct and settled chronological data. Some two hundred years more must be added in order to include the life of Abraham, who, as we have seen, is recognised as an historical personage. We thus obtain 2,200 years A.C. as the date for the commencement of the Hebrew history. But a long anterior period is involved and implicated in the fragmentary records supplied in the book of Genesis. Before, however, we make the remarks which will set the fact prominent before the reader's eyes, let him observe that already we are 1,200 years earlier than the first clearly ascertained date in the Egyptian history, namely, the visit of Jeroboam to Shishak. Nor is this long period of 1,200 years historically a vacant period. Regarded as it appears in the biblical annals, it offers to our view the commencement of the Hebrew monarchy; the rule of the judges; the new birth of the Hebrew nation in the wilderness; its exodus from Egypt; with the great historical characters of Solomon, David, Samuel, Eli, Samson, Gideon, Debora and Barak, Jair, Ehud, Othniel, Joshua, Moses, Joseph, Jacob, Isaac, and, finally, Abraham. Each one of these is in the Bible a distinct historical portrait, with all the attributes of a living reality. Not to mention either dubious instances or females, we have here some twenty men of distinction, ranging through a period of 1,200 years, at a time when the Egyptian annals present confused lists of mere names, and other primeval nations lie under thick darkness whence proceeds not one ray of light. Nor is this all. Between Solomon and Moses, the Bible supplies historical notices of neighbouring peoples. In Tyre we find Hiram I. and Hiram II.; among the Canaanites, Sisera and Jabin; in Edom, a succession of kings or dukes, from Hadad in the time of Solomon (1025 A.C.), to Bela in the time of Jair (1345 A.C.). If we turn to Moab, there we find Eglon and Balak, about the time of Ehud and Joshua (1460 A.C.); and if we pass over into Mesopotamia, we meet with Chushan-Rishathaim its king, who invades and subdues the children of Israel about 1420 A.C.

We will now place ourselves at the extreme point on which we have planted a firm foot, namely, the migration of Abraham into Palestine. (2147 A.C.) What is the condition of the earth at this time, in regard to culture, so far as it may be learnt from the Bible—our only source of information? A period long anterior to Abraham's call has passed away, during which lived Terah, Abraham's father, and Nahor, his grandfather, together with Serug, Reu, Peleg, Eber, Salah, and Arphaxad, the son of Shem, born two years after the flood. Here are 425 years more to be added to our highest date, 2147, and so we are carried back to 2572 A.C., as the earliest biblical date after the Flood. In other words, the Bible thus contemplated places 2600 years between the Deluge and the birth of Christ.

Let it be supposed that the figures which give this last period of 400 years from Abraham to Arphaxad have not strictly historical validity. There are in the biblical narrations statements and implications which imply and vindicate a period of at least this duration. Abraham on his visit to Egypt found there an artificial state of society, and a regularly organized monarchy. In Canaan he found various petty

kingdoms, the heads of which could muster troops and maintain war. In Canaan, also, he found a sacerdotal monarch, Melchizedek, who recognised and worshipped the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth,' and who as of right took tithes of such nomad chiefs as Abraham. (Gen. xiv.) When he entered Canaan, Abraham was rich in products of civilization—in cattle, silver, and gold.' (Gen. xiii. 2.) Lot, also, his brother, who went with Abraham, 'had flocks, and herds, and tents.' (Gen. xiii. 5.) Abraham had left behind him in Mesopotamia monarchical governments of considerable power. There, in his native land, were Amraphel, king of Shinar; Arioch, king of Ellasar; Chedorlaomer, king of Elam; and Tidal, king of Nations. So powerful were these monarchs, and so well constituted were their dominions, that not only could they securely leave their thrones and their subjects, but held in subjection the rude and warlike wanderers of the vast desert tracts which lay between the Euphrates and the Jordan, so as to find it easy to fall on the Canaanite kings of the vale of the Salt Sea, and hold them in subjection for a period of twelve years (Gen. xiv. 1, *seq.*); and when, at the end of that time, the latter revolted, were in a condition to renew their incursions, and to subjugate the whole of southern Palestine, and parts of the pininsula of Sinai; nor were they repelled until Abraham, one of their own race, outraged at the captivity of his brother, put himself at the head of his own servants, and, probably, the native population, and pursuing the invaders, routed and spoiled them near Damascus, on their retreat to the highlands of 'the two rivers.' It is, indeed, probable that in these recorded events we have one scene only of a long and severe migratory conflict which went on for generations between the north-east and the south-west, in the countries which lay between the 50° and 30° of east longitude. In that direction proceeded successive waves of the great stream of population which covered those parts of the earth after the Flood. Those waves, at the time when they dimly rise on the surface of history, belong to the active, the superior races, who have gained the dominion of the world in arts and arms. Already had swarms proceeded from either bank of the Tigris, and peopling the valleys as they went, settled in Palestine and in Egypt. New-comers, urged forward by necessity, or drawn on by hope, assailed their brother settlers in the warm vale of the Jordan, and the prolific vale of the Nile. Wherever they went they bore with them, and sowed the seeds of the comparatively high culture which flourished in and around Mesopotamia. And though the growth of those seeds was much impeded by the disturbances of war, offensive and defensive, yet in Palestine and in Egypt did the immigrants successfully obtain for them a warm and genial bed, where they sprang up and produced the earliest known fruits of a more marked and permanent civilization. This movement of the population of the earth in Western Asia and North-eastern Africa, finds a parallel in its cause, its manner, and its results—in the movements, at distant intervals, of the Celtic and Teutonic tribes from Asia into Europe, and similar migrations made from Norway, Sweden, and the Baltic, into England. In all such advances of the tide of population, considerable

lengths of time are consumed, and many generations pass away; for both the causes of the movements, and the movements themselves, are slow of operation; nor is it soon that there ensues a period of social tranquillity such as we find was consequent in Canaan on the defeat of the Aramæan invaders by the powerful sheik, Abraham.

Now, the book which records and implicates this series of events, of course supposes, in its chronology, the time necessary for their accomplishment. Many ages, then, must have passed between the Deluge and the days of Abraham. The inference rests on biblical evidence, and has, in consequence, biblical authority. Consequently the biblical chronology, by clear implication, runs back farther than is commonly believed; nor could we be charged with groundless conjecture if, on the data now set forth, we were to place 3,000 or 3,500 years between the Flood and the birth of Christ, that is, 1,500 or 2,000 years between the Flood and the days of Moses.

Did space permit, it would be easy to add confirmation to this general conclusion by a careful investigation of what the book of Genesis (x.) teaches respecting the origin and growth of those Mesopotamian monarchies to which we have adverted; the empire, for instance, of Nimrod, the beginning of which were those very ancient and powerful centres of primeval culture, 'Babel, and Erech, and Arcad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar,' and that of Asshur with Nineveh and Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen, for the capitals of his dominions. Exactitude of dates and periods in regard to these remote and obscure ages is not to be expected. But we seem justified in declaring, that many centuries must have past from the Deluge before these large and populous cities, and the implied state of society and government, could have come into existence. In reasoning on the new birth of human culture after the Flood, historians have, indeed, allowed too small an influence to the antediluvian civilization. Destructive as that terrible cataclysm was, four chief men, with their dependents, escaped under the shield of Divine Providence. Noah and his family bore with them all the internal, and many of the external results of the antecedent culture, the culture, that is, which was the growth of some two thousand years. They were not barbarians, still less savages. 'Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generation, and Noah walked with God.' (Gen. vi. 9.) At the head of his age in religion, he was, of necessity, at the summit of its general culture. He, in consequence, resembled the colonists sent out by Greece, and the colonists in whom we gave to North America our blood and our civilization. Babel, Nineveh, and Thebes, therefore, were the Boston, the Philadelphia, the Washington, and the New Orleans, of those primeval times. Population and culture would, under such circumstances, make rapid strides, and comparatively soon attain great height. The Bible, then, regarded from this point of view, does not carry us back for the age of the Deluge to some point scarcely visible to the imagination in the thickening mists of remotest ages; while, as previously viewed, it gives clear indications of the lapse of many generations. Thus, on the one side, it corrects the errors of speculatists, who, taking their stand on Egyptian chrono-

logy, throw back the reconstitution of society indefinitely; it, on the other side, requires theological and system-bound verbalists to lengthen out the remoter times of the period between Noah and Christ. On the whole, the disquisition into which we have now entered, brings us to look favourably on a system of chronology which recognises a longer period than that which Archbishop Usher deduced from the Hebrew text of the older Scriptures. A longer period is presented to our acceptance. The common chronology places from the Deluge to the call of Abraham 427 years. But in the Samaritan text 1077 years, and in the Septuagint translation 1207 years, passed away in the interval. The two numbers, 1077 and 1207, are so near each other, that they may be considered the same. Thus we have two witnesses against one for prolonging the period, and the necessary prolongation is no less than seven or eight hundred years. If the objector alleges that it is an arbitrary proceeding on our part to prefer the Samaritan and the Septuagint testimony to the testimony of the Hebrew, we tell him, in reply, that it is the excess of arbitrariness on his part to give to one witness who suits his purpose the preference over two substantially-concurring witnesses who are averse to his hostile designs. However, add to our date for the call of Abraham, namely, 2,200 years, the Septuagint period of 1,207 years between that event and the Deluge, we thus obtain 3,407, or about 3,500 years, as the length of the interval from Noah to Christ.

Enough has been said to show that the biblical chronology, even in length *à parte ante*, has no reason to fear comparison with the Egyptian. Let it be that the final conclusion of our Egyptologists should be in favour of a considerable extension of the ordinary period between the Flood and the Exodus, such an extension is required by the biblical narratives; and the Bible, therefore, instead of deserving the disesteem and scorn of scholars for the shortness of its postdiluvian ages, may serve to add evidence and illustration to the lengthening periods of Egyptian chronology. But unless some extraordinary and not to be expected discovery should clothe with living flesh the dry bones of the lists of Manetho and the Tablet of Abydos, the Bible will retain the very great superiority that must be conceded to it in the precision and personality of those facts and details which involve the chronological prolongation which we here claim. In the biblical narratives and notices of which we have spoken, there is something more than mere names; there is not a mere series of dates, there is a succession of recorded events. In a word, the chronology claimed is in the history narrated. It is through history we must go in order to get to the chronology. Such a chronology has not only vouchers of reality, but attributes of usefulness and features of interest; whereas the decyphered names or titles or epithets of Egyptian Pharaohs are barrenness and confusion, like the sandy deserts where stand the monuments whence they were copied.

Words for the Wise.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'—SOLOMON.

'Ego autem neminem nomino; quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui ante de se voluerit confiteri.'—CICERO.

IX. FREE CONTRIBUTIONS.

SOME of our Religious Societies, like some private gentlemen, are always in difficulties. This, from much reflection on the subject, I now infer to be their normal state; or they may be said to labour under a distemper named atrophy, which cunningly baffles the skill of our wisest physicians, but refuses, nevertheless, to make an end of the patient, choosing rather to become chronic. Or, if you prefer it, they are like the unfortunate stones in the Geysers of Iceland, always 'in hot water,' and always trying to get out. On no other ground, indeed, could we excuse the shifts to which these confederacies are sometimes driven, in order to make up their balance-sheets. But, as one allows some latitude to 'gentlemen in difficulties,' not exacting of these the severe morality which is felt to become your well-fed citizen, so will the judicious reader apprehend me, whilst I proceed to touch, as lightly as possible, on some of those contrivances by means of which our great societies are enabled to swell the sum-totals of their 'Free Contributions.'

Rat, tat! then, at Mrs. Strongman's door, in the good town of Goldborough. 'What is it, Betty?' 'Quite a parcel, ma'am.' 'Good gracious! From "the Town and Country * * * Society!" and six stamps, too! Where are my scissors? No, never mind. Mr. S., will *you* make the tea? Why, this is Dr. Pliable's own writing! "Sentiments in unison with our own,"—to be sure they are; "use your influence," — certainly, — "which is deservedly great," — the dear doctor!—"on behalf of the Society of Town and Country Stars, in its hour of need." Betty, put on your bonnet and run for Miss Flatman *di*-rectly.—No! They shall all come to tea.'

Well, it was soon arranged; and if you had seen Mrs. Strongman's tea-table that night, you would never have forgotten it. How the cap-ribbons were shaken, how the lump sugar disappeared, how the tea-urn had to be replenished, and how good Mr. Strongman, coming home to supper, met Betty with the tea-service on the stairs, I must not stop to narrate; but you will be glad to learn that the strongest possible resolutions were passed, and that Goldborough was to be scowered at once on behalf of the Society of Town and Country Stars, now asking to be extricated from its chronic state of difficulty.

Goldborough slept, at night-fall, the sleep of unsuspecting innocence, little dreaming of the plot which was hatching against her peace; but, before she was well astir next morning, the campaign was opened. Mrs. Nickleby took the Market-place, and Mrs. Gimp the suburbs;

Miss Flatman took the High-street, and Mr. Silliman the Low-street; but Mrs. Strongman, strange to say, took no street at all; she went straight to the cage of her parrot, and — doubted. Not that this good lady was of the Wouter Van Twiller genus; so far from that, her husband, who ought to know, was wont to give her credit for 'uncommon decision of character:' but her mind was labouring with a great thought; and even Cæsar is said to have paused on the brink of the Rubicon. For some five minutes, then, it may be, did this strong-minded woman doubt; but, at the expiration of that period, she betook herself to her work-basket, deliberately affirming that she 'had it.' Not so fast, Mrs. Gimp!—take your time, Mrs. Nickleby!—compose yourself, Dr. Pliable! for Mrs. Strongman *has it*. Already is her brow radiant with the coming triumph; whilst her busy fingers are fashioning an irresistible money-box, which she adjusts, from time to time, to the bars of her parrot's cage. Mrs. Strongman 'has it;' and Poll, apparently, is to have some part in it, too.

Continue the tale for me, Mr. Strongman. Why did the maccaroons rattle in the silver basket when next you entered that room? Why did Poll look at you so significantly, wink her wicked eyes, and exclaim, in her very best manner, 'Please to remember poor Poll?' Why was your stately waistcoat convulsed with laughter, until the tears fairly ran down your cheeks? Why did you drop a sovereign through that blue and yellow chink, and then run to kiss your wife, calling her an incomparable woman, nay, an angel? And why, for the next thirty days, did the gold and silver pour into Poll's coffers, until the bars of the cage began to bend? *You* know. You could tell us likewise, if you would, of the great tea-table audit, held at the end of the month; and how Miss Flatman looked blue, and Mrs. Silliman yellow, when the lady of the house produced her shining heap; whilst Miss Pinchbeck drawled out lugubriously, from the bottom of the table, 'I wish we had *all* parrots' tongues to plead with.' Well, well. *Sic itur ad astra*:—thus is the Society of Town and Country Stars kept going. The directors thanked you all; and I should not wonder if Poll were —invited to take her seat at the Board!

* * * * * * *

With other marvels of a similar kind do these distressed societies astonish all beholders. Sometimes an envelope, ready stamped and addressed, encloses a card slit crossways, in which you are invited to insert a shilling (or a sovereign), and return it; and it would be churlish indeed to refuse. Sometimes a smiling urchin pokes his Christmas card in your face, and you may as well pull out your purse at once, for these children never take any other answer. Or should you attend your wife to Exeter Hall, in the height of the season, you may find that it costs a vast deal more to get away again than the mere cab-hire; for that Secretary, Draw-well, will call on you by name for an I. O. U., and perhaps will mention the sum you ought to give. I am assured, indeed, that at times there is a kind of supererogatory auction carried on in that popular establishment, one gentleman bidding against another for the top of the list, to the infinite

delight of the assembly, who egg them on by their cheering. 'A generous rivalry,' says Dr. Pliable. 'Warm work,' says Mr. Deputy Pomegranate. But *I* say, these are 'free contributions;'—not like 'country cousins,' though, 'more free than welcome.'

Then we have the working meetings—those modern mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, into which no profane Clodius may intrude, but from which proceed, periodically, heavy boxes labelled for favoured localities abroad. What if, in after years, chests have been discovered in English cellars, bearing upon them no marks of travel, but thought, nevertheless, by beholders to resemble in a very wonderful manner certain of the boxes afore-named? Similarity is not identity; and all pamphleteers are wicked men!

At times, moreover, delicate fingers ply the needle in a more private manner; and the upshot is (Oh! that I should have to say it!) bazaars! Come hither, Romeo Jones, and say what a bazaar is; for you ought to know. You were at the last, and will be at the next; nor will you willingly miss one, so long as the fair Juliet Smith shall be found amongst the saleswomen. What sum, may I ask, in good and lawful money, did you give for that watchguard? or for that duck of a purse? or for those sacred slippers? Ah! you shake your head, as well you may. They gave change at the 'Great Exhibition;' but there was none for you at the fair Juliet's stall. There never is at those places. You gave Juliet the gold, and Juliet gave you the slippers, with some certain blissful glances for change: that was all. 'Free contribution' enough on your part! Not bestowed, perhaps, with much inward reference to the wants of 'the Town and Country Stars;' but well adapted to extricate that society from its chronic state of difficulty.

Another *ruse* of Dr. Pliable's is the exhibition of real natives on the platform. This succeeded so well for a time, that, on one occasion, as I have been told, when some hitch had occurred, and the sable convert could not come, a pleasant fellow whispered to a friend, in confidence, that Pliable intended to black his own face for the nonce. Curious to see an advertisement of these exhibitions! Side by side, it may be, with the announcement on the wrapper of the 'Windbag,' that some of the *other* 'real natives' have just come in from Colchester!

Then as 'time,' says Locke, 'is but duration set out by measures,' old Time himself must receive a fillip, in cases of extremity, and even the calendar be laid under contribution to aid the good cause. For as Cicero wrote home from his proconsulate in Cilicia, requesting the *pontifices* to shake their great hour-glass a little, and thereby shorten his year of government, so we find these anniversary services recurring with suspicious haste, and the autumnal equinox in some inexplicable manner slipping back into the spring. At Hodgeton, indeed, the annual sermons on behalf of the society 'poor Poll' represents, are regularly preached *twice* a-year; much as at boarding-school, that rogue Shrimpton always contrived to have two, if not three, birthdays in the course of the year—for the sake of the plum-puddings!

In order to silence all calumny, however, and to establish beyond controversy the fact that these 'contributions' are, as we now name them, 'free,' it is customary, in many places, to make the collection on this wise:—Before Tritissimus has well seated himself, or you have left off clapping him, some smirking highwayman thrusts his money-box into your teeth, with a kind of 'stand-and-deliver' look, that effectually disarms all resistance. It is, your money or your blush—on the spot. Among the good people of one modern sect this may occur when you least expect it; for some of these are said to watch the size of the congregation, and the effect of the sermon, before they announce the collection at all; and with these, therefore, it is indeed 'a word and a blow.' Accordingly, so late as last month, I saw a famous preacher of theirs praised for 'an eloquence which knew how to *surprise* the covetous into benevolence.' [*Sic!*]

But as John Bull has his prejudices, and is wont, honest fellow! to prefer even the tax-gatherer to the highwayman, these societies are not slow to accommodate themselves, in this respect, to his wishes. For if you live in London, and are once down in any of their books for a guinea, in twelve months at longest look for a man at your door, with ink-bottle swinging at his button-hole, and cold determination in his eye, who has *not* come for the sewers'-rate, or the watch-rate, or the water-rate,—but for that new rate, which you had quite forgotten. The per-centage allowed to these collectors I would rather avoid, if possible, as a delicate topic; but the world must not lose an ingenious suggestion emanating from the prolific brain of my friend Smarte. Let me name that, and hurry on. Silas Smarte, then—rather a 'cute Yankee friend of mine—'guesses' that it might do if the cards and books were calculated to bring in so much each, and the collectors allowed a handsome discount for payment at the time of *taking* them, instead of waiting till the money should be actually gathered. He would take a few cards himself on those terms. I dare say he would; and play them well, I have no doubt.

Pour comble de bonheur, however, we must go together to a director's house. The hope of the family, I lament to say, has just been biting his sister's arm; and the treasured sixpence is justly forfeit in consequence. But does Miss B. propose to keep the coin herself? No, indeed; for Dick knows the law in that house, and he sees her drop it through a chink, sacred to the uses of that excellent society which his respected father is said to direct. How these 'deodands' for juvenile delinquencies will show in after times, when seen in the mellow moonlight of memory, likewise remains doubtful. Whether bright or dark—or whether these extremes shall have run together into a kind of dappled-grey—or whether the whole shall be enveloped in a sort of Scotch mist or London fog—one cannot say. But already, methinks, must Dick's moral perceptions be growing confused. Shall he bite his sister's arm again, that he may again have the luxury of giving? Or were it not better to leave off biting, even though the society must suffer for his abstinence? Yet what sort of beneficence can that be which is promoted by biting? Or can biting, in good sooth, *be* so very bad, when

it forwards the designs of benevolence? To be sure, it pains his sister; but then it gives pleasure to the directors; and his father is a director, and, therefore, it pleases his father; though it must be owned that Nancy's wound will pain him. What, is pleasure pain, then? and pain pleasure? No, not exactly: but, any how, evil is as good as good, or nearly as good, or not so very bad; and good is no better than it should be; and—'naught is everything, and everything is naught.' Poor Dick! 'Nay,' says Launce, 'I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so, neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O the dog is me, and I am myself; aye, so, so.'

'Aye, so, so!' And with this gentle *susurrus*, let us drop the veil over much that remains behind. The *res angusta domi*, I repeat, has a great deal to do with the contrivances of these distressed societies; and they should not be too harshly censured. None but your poor gentleman should be set to judge them—for he it is who best knows to what cruel straits an empty exchequer may reduce even the most virtuous of men. And so—drop the veil.

But let us be consistent. Let us not expect any results from our misdirected efforts; or, at all events, let us only look for those results which resemble in kind the efforts we put forth. When Wilberforce sowed Pitt's garden with fragments of an opera-hat, I never heard that anything came of it; and the utmost that could have come would have been a crop of opera-hats. Nature is, in the first instance, exacting, in order that she may afterwards be bountiful. And in a far higher region than hers, I perceive traces of the same law. *There*, also, is a thrift observed, which will not allow of anything being lost; an economy which yields fruit in abundance, 'after his kind,' for the seed you sow. AFTER HIS KIND! The words are worth considering; for, in that region, and in all known regions, *according as you sow, you shall reap*. Not sow guineas, and gain souls—it is not so written; but what those guineas represent, the faith and love of the givers, or the importunity of the beggars, and the disgust of the donors; *that* shall be found exactly represented in the results secured—AS IT IS THIS DAY.

X. Y. Z.

Orthodoxy.

'Man's chief and highest end is to glorify God and fully to enjoy him for ever.'—*Assembly's Larger Catechism.*

'Here is a great deal of "truth" among professors; but very little "mercy!" They are ready to cut the throats of one another. But when we are brought into the right way we shall be *merciful* as well as orthodox.'—*Cromwell.*

WHAT IS ORTHODOXY? We offer answers in two series.

There are, in West Indian forests, huge fallen trees. They were the growth of ages, but He who can 'stain the pride of all glory' has laid them low. Insect races, small and busy as the million moments of which Time consists, have wasted into dust the interior of these mighty masses. Firm they look to the eye, but hear the traveller's warning—'You might as well,' he says, 'set foot upon a cloud as on one of these fallen giants.' Orthodoxy is such a fallen giant: to the eye huge, solid seeming; but will you take your stand on it? As well set foot upon a cloud. Will you build up with it your schemes and institutions? As well take the dim, grey mists of evening, and try to fashion of them a home to shelter you from the frosts of to-night and the heats of to-morrow.

Orthodoxy is a Goliath, bitter and boastful. With arrogant self-esteem and loud prophesyings of its own victory, amidst the plaudits of its company, proud to have a champion with a body and a voice so big, it advances to the battle, and begins each conflict, with a curse. Smitten ever where it is weakest—upon the brow, within which serene, dispassionate Reason should hold her seat—the 'heady, high-minded' champion falls before the stone and the stripling. By the stroke of plainest facts and truths has the zeal of spiritual youth oft humbled this 'great one.'

Orthodoxy is the cast skin of the 'Serpent of Eternity.' With his mighty muscle and voluminous folds, this serpent—the everliving Thought of the World—subtle and sinewy, is as active now as in any foregone age. But there be those who mistake the skin for a serpent, and the serpent for a skin. By the law of his life must he in each age change his vestment. The renewal of his youth is the condition of his everlastingness.

Is not this witness true? The fallen trunk—the champion with big body and cursing mouth—the skin now dead and empty, though once alive, and the product, the protection, and the ornament of life;—is not the orthodoxy that you oft hear of, this and no more? The orthodox seemeth right in his own eyes, but the Lord searcheth his heart. But *audi alteram partem*, reader! Again we ask, What is Orthodoxy?

Did you ever hear one of Beethoven's symphonies? Doubtless God

can so gift the musicians of heaven, that the best strains of earth shall appear faint and dull to theirs. But it seems to us that if the Highest, impersonating himself in creature-form to veil his glory, should with train of angels visit some one of his worlds, such music as this of Beethoven's—music so full, so various, so jubilant—might attend his entering. Yet the 'subjects,' the chief, prominent phrases of melody, in the work, are as simple as the effects are sweet and grand. And they recur and echo endlessly—instrument answers instrument, uttering the same theme with continual change of expression. Orthodoxy is a symphony, sweet and grand, whose subject is, 'Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!'—a symphony of all the souls, of all the saints; who, with most various capabilities of differently expressing the one truth, join with and and answer one another. 'Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!' Still the theme echoes; ever new, yet ever the same. All secondary 'subjects' it so subdues unto itself, rising and reigning, that what if ungoverned would be but wandering discordancy, it makes freely to bring in tributary riches to heighten and perfect the harmony. 'This music,' said one who was listening with us to Beethoven's symphony in C minor, 'seems as if it could not leave off'—like a towering granite mountain that strains itself up, peak after peak, as if to peer into very heaven. And orthodoxy is such a symphony. It redoubles and prolongs its effort to sound forth as nobly and melodiously as man may, the chief truths concerning God, and his Christ, and his Spirit. It 'seems as if it could not leave off.'

Orthodoxy is the full-orbed wisdom of the Church, the orb spotty and shaded, but with plenary light, mild and solemn, shining on the dark world of men. It is the Church sending fully on the world the completed lustre it receives as turned fully to the Saviour. Yet, moonlike, orthodoxy is a 'light that decreaseth in its perfection.' It is not a sun, 'without variableness;' though it 'walketh in brightness,' and in the very shades of its lustre the sorrow and mortality of the earth find comfort and sympathy. And how often, when orthodoxy has waned, and the truth of the Church has been 'hid in a vacant interlunar cave,' is the 'way that they call heresy,' as the new moon, with its sweet promise, sure herald of full moon, perhaps harvest moon, speedily to bless the earth.

Orthodoxy is an old family mansion in an old family garden. Here they dwelt and were recreated who ruled in the land, who served it and blessed it. The capacious home of capacious minds. With wings and additions it stands—the long, slow work of the most various diligence. There is mould on the stones, but they are still strong. There is moss on many a garden path, but it is sacred as trodden by the feet of the elders. Here is the very throne and shrine of the respectability that duration, tranquillity, and amplitude can give. But shall we denounce those who call for repairs, because it were sacrilege to cry, 'Raze it to the foundations?' Because so much that is quaint is good for a memorial, and so much that is old is as serviceable as if new, and is nobler—shall we, therefore, modernize nothing? May we

neither change nor add for beauty, and for convenience? We will rebuke the gaudy fancies of the novice; but we will repair and will add, so as shall be in keeping with the stateliness and the renown of this ancient fabric, and its fitting and fair accessories.

Is not this witness again true? The jubilant harmony of souls agreeing on chief matters of faith—the completest light that the spiritual mind full turned to the truth may reflect on us—the family estate of the Church, which connects it so gratefully with the past, which is riches and honour for the present, and which brings with it responsibility and power for the future. When we speak of Orthodoxy as of what we praise and contend for, do we not mean this?

But we think we hear some reader saying, 'I am a plain man, and I hardly know whether I understand all this about serpents and symphonies, moons and mansions. I seem but little the better for it. Is this writer orthodox, I wonder?'

Now when a person describes himself as a 'plain man,' too often, if he would only tell us the exact truth, he might say, 'I am a dull, rude man, obstinately resolved not even to try and understand anything spoken in a different manner from my own.' But we think we perceive that this reader of ours is a polite man as well as a plain one, so we reply, 'I know not how I may best convince you that I am orthodox, reader, but perhaps you may be the better pleased with me if I tell you that at least I desire to be orthorpax.'

'And what, mystical sir, is it to be orthorpax?' says the reader.

'To be orthorpax, reader, is to do aright according to the "commandment of the everlasting God," as to be orthodox is to think aright according to the truth of the "everlasting gospel;" and I wish there was more orthopraxy in the world.'

'The term is new to me, and I fear it is new-fangled,' says the reader, his politeness scarcely preventing him from adding, 'the coinage of a whimsical brain.'

Perceiving his thought, we answer, 'Call you the term whimsical, if you please, though I do not; but admit at least that he only is the wise man who regards the thing this term expresses. Our Saviour warns us against building houses on the sand; and he does not say that if only the plan of the house be fine enough no matter what it is builded upon. Some men's orthodoxy is a house of a fine plan, but there is no rock under. It will not stand in the storm.'

'But you, too,' says the reader, 'will admit, I am sure, that it is very important to have right opinions, or, using your own language, to "think aright according to the truth of the everlasting gospel."'

'Important, indeed! True Christian doctrine is the light of life; a light very glorious and friendly. He who has it not, either sleeps the heavy sleep of transgression, or, if awake, walks in darkness and has trouble and sorrow. But I dislike much the use of the word "opinions" to express what a man is religiously. "Opinions!" Did you ever ask yourself what were the "opinions" of Abraham, the friend of God—of Lot, who "vexed his righteous soul" because of the wicked—of Moses, who desired to see the glory of God, and

whose request was granted—of Amos, the herdman, who feared God that "made the seven stars and Orion," and so was bold to rebuke the men that sold "the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes? "Opinions!" What were the "opinions" of Christ's mother —of Simeon, to whose spiritual discernment Christ's "baby brow the likeness of a kingly crown had on"—of John, Peter, Paul? Oh, reader! what "opinions" have you when the sun rises, and the stars shine out? Do you not agree with David's "opinion," that the "heavens declare the glory of God?" You call yourself a plain man, can you not, then, with certainty, apprehend the plain teaching of heaven, earth, Bible? "Opinions?" The guesses or sketchy notions, or indifferent assent of a man's soul; at best, the superficial, insubstantial shadow, indicating somewhat of the form and size of realities—but not their substance—not their substance. David's psalm about the glories of the heavens and the law, was more than the utterance of "opinion." Paul *knew* in whom he had believed. They that do the will of God *know* of the doctrine that it is divinely real and grand. They walk in its clear and comfortable shining.'

The reader perceives that we are rather heated, and thinks we are getting angry: we assure him it is not so, and he then takes courage to quote Milton, of whom, though he is a plain man, he has, it appears, read a little. And here we may remark, that many read Milton because he was a Nonconformist who would not read him merely as a great writer and poet. Let such reading be encouraged, for once entered into the 'spacious circuits' of Miltonic discourse, there is hope that the reader may understand, as never before, what splendour, wisdom, and liberty of soul may belong to the men who nonconform to the world, that they may be transformed by the renewing of their minds. The words our friend quotes are these familiar and admirable ones: 'Opinion is truth in the making.' 'Yes,' we say, 'but how many will accept the sincerity of their neighbour as of any worth, when he is only engaged in "making" his truth, and has not yet made it?' And how many of those who speak of their own and other people's 'opinions' in the loose, light way we condemn, have taken any trouble to 'make truth'—that is, to fix and clear conviction? They have gone to their church as to a cheap warehouse, and 'opinions' are the ready-made respectable-looking garments with which they have fitted themselves as well as they might—garments these, too thin for warmth, too flimsy for wear. Would that all 'opinions' were counted dishonour to a man that are not 'truth in the making;' and that all men were protected and encouraged who by 'opinion' are advancing to the 'belief of the truth,' and that in 'the love of it.'

'Among the new things that are continually arising, so many of them to disappoint us and chill the welcome with which we hail them while it is yet fully warm, I wish there might arise a New College for theology that should not disappoint us; one so liberally orthodox—so accomplished in the wisdom of religion, and of so free and gracious a heart—of such plenary knowledge and such pastoral love—so confident in the 'Spirit of truth,' and in itself as ordained of that Spirit to the office of

instructor, that it should dare to write even over its marble entrance-porch, for the encouragement and the warning of its students, 'Opinion is truth in the making.' Welcome, student! if, 'knowing in part,' you ask and will strive for the 'full assurance of the understanding.' But stand off! stand off! you are not yet pure for entrance; if self-willed, idle, insincere, you have not a trueness that seeks and serves the truth, as the lover has an affection that seeks and serves the beloved one.

The reader who had heard with some approval a part of what we have just said, has been for the last minute looking up in our face in a curious, inquiring manner, and now asks, what we 'believe respecting inspiration?' as if something said had suggested to him that this was a subject much mooted recently in colleges and elsewhere. We reply, that we cannot now give him our doctrine fully; but that we 'believe at least as much as the Articles of the Church of England.'

'I do not remember which of the Thirty-nine Articles is on inspiration,' says the reader.

'It would be very strange if you did, for there is no article on inspiration.'

'You amaze me—no article on inspiration!'

'Amazing or not, it is true; the Church of England has in her Articles no rigid doctrine on this subject, to serve as a logical snare to catch the feet of the unsuspecting.—Would that neither she nor we had set any such snares!'

'But is not the inspiration of the Bible a great truth?'

'A great truth, indeed—a truth so great that you will not easily declare it, "plentifully, as it is." And it is a great truth that man has a soul; but describe the process by which God breathed into him a living soul, and define adequately, if you can, the soul that is in him. And suppose I say, that I think of inspiration as the soul of the Bible, and of words as its body—"doth this offend you?" I might, then, say of this soul, I know it is holy and strong, as I know the force and fragrance of the wind that I see not. And of the body—it is One; ruddy and all comely with divine health, and admirable in the harmony of its many members. Count the Scripture rather God's gift than man's work. But believe, too, that He so breathed into (inspired) the men who uttered and who wrote his word, that whatever powers superordinary and supplemental came with the breathing, the freest, holiest, and grandest instrumental use was made of the powers he had already granted to Man and to Saint. You provide for the "reverend estimation" of holy scripture by affirming its sufficiency to "show unto us the way of salvation." This is the course taken in the Articles of the English Episcopal Church. And all Christians, leaving thought of what and how much prophets and apostles had that we have not, and thinking rather of that which granted to them is granted to us also, and so largely by their means, may join in the Communion Collect of the members of that Church, saying, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit; that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Christ our Lord."'

Leaving now in thoughtful, and, we hope, not unfriendly mood the reader with whom we have been conversing—hoping he will favour us

with considering what else we write—let us revert to general remark on our subject, Orthodoxy. If the orthodoxy offered you be mouldered and cloudlike, mere dust and ruins; if it approach you, the supercilious phariseeism of the spiritual intellect, with a frown and a sneer; if you know it at once for a skin shrunk and empty, though when the wind stirs it, people fancy that it is alive; then come away—seek not life and love where are only death and hatred! But study to attain that orthodoxy which joins you in catholic consent with the holiest and the wisest; let your joy in the inquirer's 'feast of new moon' be because of such a deliverance from darkness as predicts full lustre and the rule of the night. And dishonour not your parentage; change not waywardly name and estate; sell not with an Esau's lightness your patrimony of religious doctrine, giving up a doctrine for a novelty as indifferently as a broker sells an old book, stained perhaps with a mother's tears, for a carelessly-tendered shilling.

Now if that Christian Orthodoxy which sounds out in catholic symphony the glory of God,—which shines like the moon at full,—which stands ancient and strong, the mansion of an old and honoured family, be the fulness of right spiritual beliefs concerning the truth of the 'Everlasting Gospel,' and if spiritual truth have to be maintained in a wicked world, light-minded and unfriendly, how can the orthodox be other than jealously watchful against open assault or insidious attack; and must they not needs guard carefully against mixed association and unseemly compromise? Let them so watch,—so guard; but let them remember 'that God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.' If their 'city of truth' must be a 'defenced city,' because of the adversary, it was nevertheless founded to be a city of rest and of refuge, with gates ever open to those who come asking the privilege of citizenship, and willing to assume its obligations.

But, speaking now of orthodoxy as the fulness of right beliefs concerning spiritual truth, and as such of high value, we may ask more particularly what we are to say of those not orthodox, and how shall we treat them? And again, what is there of which our orthodoxy may indeed imply the possession, but which we must at least require and demand of those who declare and who contend for their orthodoxy?

As to those not orthodox, the question rises, is it possible for them as yet to be so; have they had time enough—experience enough? Besides, if orthodoxy mean right thinking, a man may think aright on a few things, while he yet thinks wrong on many; and he may think aright on such things as shall determine him to the improvement and correction of his general thought. He may have, so to speak, orthodox quality, when he has not yet orthodox quantity. His tendency may be towards a scheme of religion, positive and large, when as yet he is ignorant of much, and doubts of more. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy are often related to one another, as age and youth; it may be as age with its maturity to youth with its promise; it may be as age with its stiffness and fear,—the palsies and shadows of mortality upon it,—and youth with its rebel rashness, whose manner is according to the 'way of the world' and the 'will of the flesh.'

Young thought is flower, old thought fruit. Many have eaten of the dried fruits, that never saw the tree in bloom, and cannot recognise the flower. They perceive not that a 'heresy,' as they call it, is the very blossom whence comes a familiar orthodox dogma that they prize. They do well in prizing the fruit, but they do ill in denying the flower. Even the fruit they only know as dried; but one likes both to see the flower and to eat of the *fresh* fruit sometimes. The Church should be able to say to her converts, in the language of Canticles, 'At our gates are all manner of fruits, new and old, which we have laid up for thee, oh beloved.' If we are to have, as Christians, 'all manner of fruits,' we must do much more to protect and encourage the liberty of the individual thinker. We may so chill, with our wintry unkindness, the air in which some inquirer is opening his flower of thought, that there may come to him heresy indeed, the canker of a false, killing thought, which fixes itself in that bright, true thought which was his promise, and should have been our hope and joy. We know there may be much rashness where there is much promise; that there may be moral fault where there is moral worth. Some fine-spirited young men have an impetuous simplicity of character that afflicts us with aguish alternations of fear and hope. The 'throne' of an orthodoxy that is to rule such as these must be 'upholden by mercy.' Even if they 'err exceedingly, and play the fool,' a merciful wisdom may bring them so to confess it, that they 'turn not again to folly.' And yet, on behalf of the honestly heterodox, it is not mere mercy, but equity and discretion, and the liberal hope of those who have trust in the powers of the truth, and a value for the integrity of the heart, that we chiefly ask. If the heterodox fall into conceit and unconscientious cavil, 'after the first and second admonition, reject' him, 'for he that will be ignorant, let him be ignorant:' you do not subvert him; he is subverted of himself. But if you count nothing of the integrity of the heart; if this integrity in him who is forming his private judgment be not more to you than the present correctness of that judgment; if, with foot often slipping, he holds on his way, getting stronger and stronger, fixing his devout gaze on truth, far above the region of opinion, as on his load-star, whose light shines ever, though on him it oft shines tremulously; and yet—notwithstanding all this, you virtually threaten that you will shun and will starve the heretic, and even now you spy at him and slander him; what do you but all you can to 'subvert' him? If he nobly chooses God and bread-and-water, rather than be false for the sake of repute and feathered ease, yet sore blame be upon you for the sore temptation with which you have tried him. You have borrowed a battalion of fears from the prince of darkness, to help you fight, what you call, the battle of orthodoxy, in the name of Him who is the light and the friend of the inquiring,—fighting against the 'seeker' whom he hath blessed.

The acquisition and the expression of our beliefs are, indeed, important matters. Beliefs are the bones of character; and he that hath none, or hath feeble or disjointed ones, is a nothing, or a weakling, or a cripple. And when we speak that which we believe, there is One

that heareth and judgeth; and 'he is above all.' But is there not something that must be conjoined with orthodoxy? Yes; if orthodoxy be the knowledge of the truth, there must be conjoined the love of the truth; the love of God, whose mind the truth is; the love of man, for whom it is revealed; the love of the works for which it calls; the love of the men who are lovingly doing its behests in its light. We cannot have a Christian communion of the mind, if we have not a Christian communion of the heart. And though a deep and healthily-active spiritual life will need, and will bring us on towards, a large theology; yet there may be a union in holy affections and regenerate industry—a mutual faith in great truths above the region of opinion, when there is much diversity in intellectual judgment, and great difference in the power of mental apprehension, consequently, not full communion of the mind, except as to 'minding the things of Christ,' and not 'minding earthly things.' But if there be only an agreement in theological articles of opinion, and no communion of penitent, obedient, and affectionate hearts, there is not even true Christian communion of the mind.

We have spoken more than once of truths above the region of opinion; there are such truths, which yet exercise great influence over that region, and become lords and kings there. For instance, it is not my 'opinion' that God is; I *know* that there is one living and true God. The eloquent day, with its articulate discourse; the dumb night, which 'may not speak what it doth know,' but whose wise and solemn countenance 'showeth knowledge;' these act continually to deepen and glorify my conviction, that God is and reigns for ever, and that he cannot be 'found out unto perfection.' And this truth, the more influential it becomes, the more it rules my opinions concerning the temporal earth and my life upon it. And so, again, I open my Bible, and by fair and patient perusal of the large and clear handwriting of God I find there, I come to *know* that my 'Redeemer liveth;' I am confident that Christ is the 'King of glory.' The more influential these truths become, the more they rule my 'opinions' concerning my duty and my relations; concerning what Christ did and spoke, and what was spoken and done in the name of God before he came. Now, can men agree in calling the Sun of Righteousness gloriously bright, and declaring him the Chief Minister of the Almighty's blessing to us? If so, much is well. Can they say, We acknowledge Christ to be the Divine Saviour; in him we know and love God, and rejoice as ourselves known and loved of God. Then, though as yet they know not, perhaps, how Christ can truly be said to have been 'begotten of the Father before all worlds,' they are 'light in the Lord;' they are of a fervent and a fruitful heart, no longer cold, dark, and barren, And if by study of the Scripture, and by the revealing powerof life's experience,—conscious recipients, in our studies and obedience, of 'spirit and life' from above,—we have so learned Christ; there is then for us mighty truth above the region of opinion, the light and heat of which beam into our hearts. This truth shall be our lord, interpreter, and educator, in that work of formative opinion which God hath made obligatory on us, or for which he hath given us competency. Christian love and holiness imply for

the thoughtful man an approach towards orthodoxy, nearer according to the adequacy of his intellect; and an orthodoxy so arrived at will give signs of the moral qualities and spiritual affections by which it was attained.

The moral zeal and charitable fervour of a man's statement and advocacy of his orthodoxy, may then imply that worth of heart and conscience without which no orthodoxy should satisfy us. Most sufficient, most beautiful proof of charity and holiness may orthodoxy give; but these demand not a quantitative orthodoxy as necessary testimony to themselves. Without love and moral works—works done by loving union with the pure will of God, according to the revealed light of his mind in yourself, and in his Son for you and for the world —your proffered assent to doctrinal schemes—your elaborate recitation of them will not avail. But he who has a deep, manifold life will assuredly seek and find doctrine. Doctrines will grow out of Doctrine, as branches from out a tree. No doctrine stands stark and solitary, as no tree is a mere branchless trunk. What exactitude and nobleness of expression is there in the dogma of those creeds that best express catholic consents of the Christian intellect of large companies of men! What heart, holiness, experience, and thought, may creeds and catechisms evidence. But though Truth may make Consent, and the right private judgment bring on, and verify itself in a catholic unity, Consent cannot make Truth. Consent may be so expressed in creed as to be to me a presumption of truth before I have verified the affirmations. But offer me consent rather as an argument for modesty and examination than as your proof that what you bring me is truth, truth fully, truth only. And if you win me not — if I understand not, or will not agree with that intellective expression of our common faith which you approve, be—I beg it, I claim it of you— reluctant to think that Christ's Spirit has no more power to operate his good work on the heart of one whose thought you call erring and immature, than you have to introduce and settle your doctrinal convictions in his mind.

Here, for a while, we end, having yet much to say, part at least of which we hope to give soon in a companion article.

T. T. L.

New College Students.

We desire to direct the particular attention of our readers to a pamphlet just issued.* Let them peruse it, and judge whether men such as these should have been expelled from our New College. Its

* 'Statement of Facts connected with the Expulsion of Three Students from New College, London. By Robert M. Theobald, One of the Expelled.' London: Robert Theobald, 26, Paternoster-row. [A brief statement of the case, communicated by the three students, will be found under the head of 'Intelligence,' in the present number.]

merits, both moral and intellectual, are high; it is characterised by good humour and good sense; is free from invective and acrimony; and the style has a tone and fulness which indicate health, both of soul and body. We think, too, that the author fully establishes his case, and so we believe will that select public think, whose judgment no Christian college can afford or can wish to disregard. We lament to be at all opposed to the Council of New College; we have had the friendliest wishes for the institution, and entertain much respect for the professors. But to us, impolicy and wrong are most manifest in the treatment of these students. If strength and candour of mind, faith in principal truths, and formative processes of opinion under the influence of such faith; if these be auspicious signs in a young soul, these and the like signs are, we think, in this pamphlet brightly visible. Do young men become students to obtain a sort of kyanized 'form of sound words,' which may be warranted to stand, but equally warranted not to grow? That which cannot ripen, cannot rot. But this is hardly an argument for proving that a kyanized post, which will no more rot than a stone, is better than a sapling, which though it may become a tree bearing fruit, may, alas! also wither and become fit only for the dunghill or the fire. The tree may to-day be weaker than the post, but it will soon become as strong and stronger—and already it has important advantages! A few such expulsions as this would, we are persuaded, fatally blight the prospects of New College. Is it pleaded that our College 'system' necessitates such dealing with young men? Then let that 'system' become regenerate or perish. Such 'system'—if fully operative—could only breed for us men formal, mediocre, palavering—and too likely, hypocritic. We have heard it said that this expulsion will do New College good. Good with whom? With 'absurd and unreasonable' men? No, not even with these; for these will say,—The lepers are cast out, but the leprosy is still in the house; send not thither. Besides, does the College wish the especial good will of such men? We are sure that it does not. And this we believe, that if the class this expulsion is likely to please, could have had their way, there would be professors of New College now without a seat, as well as students now without a standing. What can we call this expulsion but a *coup d'état* of Orthodoxy, for the sake of doctrinal 'order' and 'security?' It is not so that a sound and stable doctrinal state is to be obtained. But do we think the gentlemen of the council have acted without conscience in this matter? We think not thus; but we cannot, nevertheless, accept this deed of theirs as a 'perfect work,' evidencing wisdom and conscience fully conjoined, and each healthy. Would that public bodies were not too dignified to repent! They unite for a stroke, and divide the responsibility of inflicting it. The cat of many tails descends upon your back, and each member of 'Corporation' or 'Council' may say—It was not I, one 'tail' only was mine. This pamphlet, and still more this case, deserves a distinct and elaborate article, instead of the few words which are all we can here give. We have in them a text for more than one important discussion. Mr. Theobald speaks for himself; but of his companions in

this 'tribulation,' we know that they too are gifted and worthy. We could quote testimony, and offer it were that required, and this the place. But shall these men, we ask, be cast away from the hope of the ministry? Earnestly we trust it will not be thus. May they be preserved and matured for that good, great work! And may New College be delivered from the sentence of moral and intellectual sterility which, by such an expulsion, it has seemed to pass upon itself. Much as we may respect the 'founders and supporters' of the institution, when we call for inquiry into this case and into their 'system,' we must not be met with the 'previous question' of 'confidence.' Inquiry may be needed for the very sake of confidence. We may have had confidence in the foundations of our house, but perceiving the walls rent and bending, our confidence is shaken, and we institute inquiry. The result is, that we have to go through the inconvenient yet necessary labour of enlarging the foundation; but then our confidence is re-established. Want of confidence led to inquiry; and inquiry leads to the settlement of confidence.

Wittemburg in 1851.

(*From Hinton's Tour in North Holland and Germany.*)

At nine o'clock a respectable matron waited on me at the hotel, and conducted me across the street to the principal door of the Schloss kirche. Here was the commencement of the Reformation, for to this very door Luther affixed the ninety-five theses, or propositions, against the sale of indulgences (then carried on at a great rate by the monk Tetzel), by which he made the first attack on Rome, and kindled the entire controversy which afterwards raged so furiously. An old nail is still in the place, but my guide did not say, I believe, that it was one of those employed by the reformer. She then showed me two plain graves, first that of Luther, and then that of Melancthon; they are in the body of the church, one on either side, and nearly opposite the principal entrance. They are about six inches below the present pavement, and are covered by wooden floor-like lids, kept locked; an arrangement by which the inscriptions are kept in excellent order. The feelings with which I gazed on these narrow dwellings of the illustrious dead cannot be expressed.

The matron next led me to the monumental statues in bronze of Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony, and his brother, Prince John, afterwards Elector, which are placed one on either side of the altar: the former of these monuments is by Peter Wischer, of Nuremberg, and is much and deservedly admired. Taking me round behind the altar, a piece of tasteless finery which deserves no remark, she showed me, fixed in the wall of the church, some remarkable sculptures dating so far back as the year 1300, and a tale was connected therewith, the import of which, beyond the fact of their not having been originally

placed there, I was not able to ascertain. Next to these was an extraordinary piece of sculpture, the date not given, but easily inferible from the subject, representing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, crowning the Virgin Mary, and raising her to the chief throne in heaven. I then examined the font, which is a pretty bronze casting, and certainly large enough for the immersion of babes. In order to convey my idea to my conductress, I used my hands as in the act of immersing a babe, and used the German word 'untertaufen,' which I knew means to dip. She would have it, however, that babes never had been dipped; but how should she know? All German as she was, she evidently read in my countenance that I was of a different opinion, and we laughed somewhat heartily over the matter. Having drawn my attention to portraits of Luther and Melancthon by Lucas Cranach, who, it seems, was Luther's contemporary, and burgomaster of Wittemburg, as well as an eminent artist, she exhibited some prints which she had for sale, and tempted me to purchase no less than three of them, all illustrative of the Lutheran relics.

Here, also, is presented to you for purchase an impression of Luther's signet, or seal, with an explanation given of the device by himself, to his friend, Lazarus Spengler. As given in wax, however, the signet cannot be understood, since several colours enter into the significance of the design. It is as follows: —A black cross is laid on the centre of a heart of its natural colour; this lies on an expanded white rose, and the whole is placed on an azure ground, surrounded by a golden ring. The explanation he gives of this device is pious; and, so far, gratifying; but it is very mystical, the remains, one would think, of some of his monkish fancies.

I was pleased with an incident which occurred while I was in this church. Two men, persons of the middling class, seeing the church-door open, came in, and began looking about them. A short conversation with the matron, in which they used the word 'eisenbahn,' informed me that they were travellers going by the railway, and that they had just a moment to gratify their curiosity. Making a sign for me to wait for her, my conductress, with a quick step, opened the covering of Luther's grave, pointed them to Melancthon's, and led them round by the altar: she then bade them adieu with a smile, refusing to take any fee.

We now quitted the church, and the matron led me down the town, towards the other curiosities which were to be shown me.

Calling at her own house and finding her husband at home, the good woman transferred me to his care, which I found to be rather an advantage, inasmuch as this respectable personage could talk French. As we passed on he directed my attention to a house, still among the handsomest in the place, where Melancthon had lived, and where he had entertained his friend Bugenhagen. We came at length to the Augusteum, or the ancient university (recently incorporated by the King of Prussia with that at Halle) in which Luther was professor of theology, and to the Augustinian monastery, situated in a garden behind it. Here the great reformer lived when he was a monk, and in this little garden he often accomplished his narrow promenade. Here, too, he lived when he had ceased to be a monk, and when the place itself had ceased to be a monastery; for a group of apartments was constituted into a residence for him as a married and a family man. We paused a moment to look at the windows of Luther's house, which open into the garden, and then went up stairs, and entered the only room which is preserved, his parlour, or sitting-room. The interest of this apartment is inexpressible. There is the square oak table, now crumbling to decay, at which Luther wrote; the old-fashioned arm-chair in

which he was accustomed to sit, and in which I also sat for a moment; the chair of his wife, modestly distinguished from her husband's by having no arms; his stove, with numerous scriptural and ecclesiastical subjects in wood, carved at his own desire. Here, also, are portraits of Luther, Melancthon, and other eminent personages, by Cranach, and a cast of Luther himself taken after death. So, at least, it is said, but I find a difficulty in believing this. If it be really so, it is the plumpest and most life-like cast of this description I ever saw. It has had, however, the advantage of being painted. When Peter the Great visited this place, he scrawled his name over one of the doors in chalk—such, perhaps, as he had used when a shipwright in Holland;* and this, his autograph, is now carefully preserved by a glass frame. A still more singular trace of this remarkable man consists in some pieces of broken glass, which are carefully deposited in a kind of bookcase under lock and key, because they once entered into the composition of a drinking cup, which, after quaffing a draught of wine out of it, Peter broke by throwing it on the ground. In the same bookcase is an article which I looked on with much greater interest, a likeness of Luther done in needlework by his wife, and very beautifully done too. The whole apartment must certainly have been handsome; it is handsome still, though in decay, and it is very faithfully represented in the engraving which I have purchased for you. On coming out of it, we saw in the next room some soldiers of the garrison measuring oats from a large heap for their horses.

My guide now led me out of the town by the Elster gate, to see the spot where Luther burnt the Pope's bull of excommunication. That was done, history informs us, under an oak; and an oak stands on the spot now, but not the same oak. Hard fate of war! The French, when they held Wittemburg during the wars of Napoleon, found it necessary to convert the whole of the environs into a glacis, and even this venerable oak was felled, lest it should obstruct a cannon-ball, or shelter an enemy. The Prussians, however, since the addition of this territory to the Prussian dominions, have planted another oak on the same spot, and it certainly thrives well.

My guide having now finished his part of the exhibition, I had to engage the services of another person to show me the Stadt kirche, or Town church. Here is the remarkable and highly-interesting altar-piece, representing the four sacraments, as understood and celebrated by the Reformers themselves. In the picture representing baptism, Melancthon officiates, and is holding in his hands above the font a child, whom he has evidently dipped, as the water dripping from the child's bonnet demonstrates. In the picture representing the administration of the Eucharist, the painter, Cranach, has introduced himself, in the humble character of a servant. The third picture exhibits a congregation to which Luther is preaching, his wife and son being in the foreground; and the fourth represents the sacrament of penance, or confession, administered by Bugenhagen. In front of the altar was a fine bronze font, of ample dimensions for immersion. In this church Luther preached, but not in the pulpit at present there, which is evidently modern: to gratify my curiosity, however, my guide led me to one of the angular staircases of the tower, and opening the door, he showed me a set of wooden steps of very humble pretensions, which was in its time the actual staircase to Luther's pulpit. This church has the pulpit, after the usual fashion, placed against one

* There is a strong resemblance between the signature of Peter the Great in Luther's chamber, and the autograph letter of his which is preserved in the British Museum.

of the pillars near the altar, and not over the altar, as in the Schloss kirche. Although, doubtless, much altered by the Reformation, it has more of the air and style of a Roman Catholic church about it than most which I have seen. It is early, that is, heavy, Gothic. In one of the side-aisles is an interesting picture, representing a visit paid to Luther's grave by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, accompanied by the cruel Duke of Alva, and a cardinal whose name I forget.

I now made my way to the Rath-haus, or Town Hall, in the market-place, at which I was given to understand I should find some one to show me the memorabilia. I had, however, considerable difficulty. There were people enough about, but they were all engaged on magisterial business, and no one seemed capable of understanding that my visit was one of curiosity. I was actually shown, by one of the most civil of attendants, into the room of some functionary, who, seeing I had papers in my hand, held his own out for them, as if supposing them to be legal documents. I just contrived to make him understand that these were simply engravings (I had just purchased them), and that I had no business of the kind he supposed, and I then retired, amidst the inquiring and perplexed looks of all parties. I was now leaving the Rath-haus in despair, when I was eagerly beckoned back, and placed under the care of a gentleman who had arrived in the interval, and who knew very well what I wanted. He showed me at once into a handsome room, which I suppose I may call the council chamber, and which was full of recollections of the one great man. There, in a volume of manuscript letters, was his hand-writing, and likewise Melancthon's. There was the rosary—half-a-dozen black beads loosely strung on a piece of twine—which he carried when a monk, the top of his sacramental cup, and other relics. Fine portraits were here in abundance: Luther and Melancthon, by Cranach, of course; and a curious picture by the same hand, illustrating, in ten compartments, the precepts of the Decalogue. A rainbow stretches across the whole of this picture, to denote, we may suppose, the unity and beauty of moral duty. Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, when he visited Wittemburg to see these curiosities, left his sword as an addition to them, and it is still shown as a memorial of his homage. Here is also Luther's hour-glass, or rather set of hour-glasses; for they are five in number, severally recording by the passage of the sand various portions of time, from a few minutes to some hours.

I have not even now recorded all that I have seen, but I am weary of taxing my memory for the particulars. I return rather to the general impression, which, amidst so many details, becomes more feeble. I felt more intensely when standing on Luther's grave than at any other moment. I thought of that spot as a part of the great spectacle of the resurrection, and of the blended littleness and greatness of constituting a portion of the working system of God's ways. How little has Luther done for Wittemburg! How much for the world, and for mankind! I looked, of course, at his statue, which adorns the market-place, and stands immediately in front of the Rath-haus. Indeed, you see Luther everywhere in form, but nowhere in spirit. Scarcely less than a dozen statues and portraits of him are in this town; as though subsequent generations would compensate themselves for losing the substance by multiplying the shadow.

Correspondence.

ON 'SUGGESTIONS REGARDING SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.'

We have received several letters on the subject of the first article in our last number, entitled 'Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools.' As, however, they are nearly all of the same character—expressive of 'deep gratification' at the subject being discussed in the pages of the Christian Spectator, and of a general approval of the ground taken by the writer of the article, we have judged it best to give insertion to only a small portion of the correspondence. We hope, next month, to resume the topic, and shall then endeavour to enter with greater minuteness into objections that may be urged against certain of the 'Suggestions,' as well as further to develop the plan we have already indicated. In the meantime we shall be glad to receive any hints on the general subject with which our friends, Sunday-school teachers and others, may favour us.

LETTER I.

To the Editor of the Monthly Christian Spectator.

Sir,—As one who has been constantly engaged for the last ten years in the work of Sabbath-school instruction, I hailed with much satisfaction the appearance of an article in the last number of the Monthly Christian Spectator, containing some useful and interesting, if not novel, Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools.

I know not what reception these 'Suggestions' may meet with amongst your readers in general, nor with what prejudices they may possibly come into contact; but whether objected to or not, I am sure all must admire their moderate tone and their earnest and catholic spirit. It seems to me quite time that an agency which may be made so immensely powerful for good, and which the wants of the age demand should be rendered so much more adapted to its purpose than it now is, had secured for itself that serious consideration and candid discussion by the conductors of our religious periodical literature, which it imperatively requires. The good which has already been accomplished by the 'ministry' of the Sunday-school, even in its present sadly imperfect state, ought to be a sufficient incentive to all holy and intelligent men to give this subject their attention. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the particular plan suggested in the article, there can be little, I imagine, as to the important position it assigns to the institution itself. It is not now (as is justly remarked) what it was, when 'the education of the poor was the dream of a few warm-hearted enthusiasts alone'—its grand task is not now to teach the 'art of reading'—that work is now, for the most part, done for it in the day-school or the ragged-school. It has a higher mission—the entire moral and spiritual renovation of the rising generation, by bringing to bear upon their minds the influence of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' *How* best to accomplish that great and glorious object, is a study worthy the attention of the most en-

lightened, if not of the most learned, servants of God. You have done well to give so important a theme a place in your pages, and in taking the liberty briefly to remark upon one point which is strongly urged in the article you have published, I have no intention of indulging in merely impertinent criticism. Every plan would be open more or less to objection, and the scheme set forth in the 'Spectator' is scarcely developed sufficiently to warrant much being said either way on the details. May I express the hope, that in another article we may be made more fully acquainted with the *method and means* for carrying the 'Suggestions' into practice?

I cannot but believe that some such scheme as is proposed, carried out, where practicable, by the *right men*, would be followed by beneficial results. Indeed, it is very much, and almost only, a question of *practicability*; and as I happen to know that in some instances a plan similar to that suggested has been tried with some success, I believe experience would give testimony in its favour. I am disposed to think, however, that the 'Suggestions' go a little too far in proposing to substitute the system therein propounded for the present Sunday-school organization. It is recommended *as a principle*, that, wherever they can, Sunday-schools should 'stand alone,' and be 'independent of all congregations.' In connexion with the present system, there are many and serious evils, and some of them are very forcibly pointed out in the 'Spectator.' One of the greatest is the inferior light in which the Sunday-school is too generally viewed by the members both of churches and congregations—an evil which often produces either stolid indifference or meddling interference. This inferior estimate it is which leaves our schools in their present comparatively inefficient state, and which accounts, in great measure, for 'the entrusting of classes to teachers not fitted by age, character, or any qualification for the sole control of children.' I do not see, however, how this state of things is to be remedied by the entire independence of schools from connexion with particular congregations (and I suppose the word 'congregations' is used in the article interchangeably for 'churches'). It seems to me, on the contrary, that the very object sought by the plan proposed in the 'Suggestions' is only likely to be fully followed out, when the churches, *as such*, awake to its importance and paramount necessity; besides which, I do not understand, neither is it stated in the article, on what principle we can dissociate the agency of Sabbath-schools from the proper and legitimate work of the churches. Of course, I do not lose sight of individual responsibility, and I can understand how, in cases where churches are not careful to 'feed the lambs,' and, in this respect, neglect their duty, devoted individual Christians may, and ought to institute a Sunday-school, either on the plan suggested in the 'Spectator,' or on some other. All such isolated individual efforts must, however, be made under great disadvantages, and will have (as the present system, to a great extent, has) the dead weight of the churches' indifferentism to contend against. The Sunday-school is too much regarded as a thing *grafted on* the Church, instead of being an important agency for the regeneration of the world *instituted* by the Church, and until the Church sees and feels its folly in this matter, the experience, the power, and the influence necessary to carry out the 'Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools' will not be forthcoming. Duty, I think, therefore says to all who entertain a high estimate of what the Sabbath-school institution should be, not to recommend that the schools be rendered independent of the churches, but rather to rouse the churches to a sense of their responsibility in regard to the schools.

I am quite aware that attempts to introduce some of the improvements suggested in the 'Spectator' would meet with much opposition *in consequence of the*

connexion between the schools and the churches; and, in fact, I know that, in many instances where it has been proposed to adopt the arrangement of separate services, the most determined opposition has been manifested in quarters from whence only support should have been received for so very sensible a proposition. But all this arises, in my opinion, from the connexion between the schools and the churches being merely *nominal* and *legislative*, instead of being vital and institutional, and calls for a correction of the evil by other and more natural means than disconnexion. In a particular case, perhaps, where there might appear no other alternative to secure the proper efficiency of a school, and enable it to overcome great obstacles to its success, wisdom might counsel entire independence; nor do I see any reason against the establishment of schools free from connexion with particular churches, in places where churches are not alive to the importance of instituting such an agency, but the very statement of either case appears to me to exhibit only what should be *exceptions* to the rule.

I will not further trespass on your space but by expressing the hope that so important a subject will receive further discussion and elucidation in your pages.

Yours, &c.,

April 16th, 1852. S. S. T.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the Monthly Christian Spectator.

SIR,—As the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, allow me to express my sincere pleasure that you have taken up the cause of Sunday-schools.

Though I cannot at present see the propriety of some of your 'Suggestions,' I do think a calm discussion of the subject will lead to much good. I shall, therefore, be much pleased to receive next month a further statement of your views.

I have felt a deep interest in the 'Spectator' from its commencement, and have introduced it amongst our teachers as far as I can, and shall have still greater pleasure in doing so, if the subject be continued.

I am, yours truly,

Luton, April 12th, 1852. P. WOOTTON.

For the Young.

RESTITUTION.

BENTLEY, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

ONE Saturday evening, towards sunset, many years ago, two men were lazily walking through a lane in the neighbourhood of Burnham, a village in the county of Norfolk. They appeared to have neither object nor business in view; and had you asked them whither they were bending their steps, it is very probable they would have been unable

to reply. Their history was written legibly enough on their reckless countenances; they were idle men, who would work, if work fell in their way, to save themselves from starvation, but who had sunk so low as to have little ambition beyond the enjoyment of a pipe and a tankard at an inn, and who had neither home ties nor home affections. If you had asked them what they were doing, and whence they came; they might have given you the very common reply, that they were out 'on tramp.' To go out on tramp, may mean to go out in search of work; but trampers are not unfrequently idle and indifferent characters, who are incapable of perseverance in any regular employment even if they have it.

They were just now as ready for mischief as for work; and, spying a donkey, the property of a labouring man, grazing by the roadside, the great prompter of evil suggested the theft of the animal as a ready means of filling their empty pockets and providing them with a Sunday frolic on the following day. The suggestion was willingly and without compunction followed; the donkey was stolen; and Bentley and Fraser hastened with their prize to a neighbouring town sufficiently far off to evade detection, and where they knew of a customer who would ask no questions, nor be over-scrupulous as to the means by which they became possessors of the animal. Having arrived, they were so anxious to complete the bargain, that they were forced to content themselves with the terms of the purchaser, who refused to pay them little more than half of the value of the animal. With the sixteen shillings thus obtained they travelled on to a public-house, where they might spend the Sabbath, and hope to elude detection.

The Sunday dawned on the two thieves without awakening them to any sense of their duties and privileges. Sunday had no claim on them, they thought; and they knew no difference between that and any of the other six days of the week, save that it was a leisure day—a day when they might drink, and smoke, and gamble undisturbed; and, so far from keeping it holy, it was perhaps the unholiest of the seven. They went into the inn with eight shillings each; they did not leave it until they had spent every farthing in drink.

Bentley shortly after returned from his tramping journey to his native city of Norwich. Fraser's history must close here. In a few months from that time, he was transported for life for some offence similar to the theft of the donkey; and we have no further trace of him after he left the country.

Bentley was a miserable specimen of a man without either education or morality—a low, sensual, and desperate fellow. His trade was that of a chimney-sweep; and he lived in a neighbourhood where indifference to the claims of the moral law was so common that the poor man's home was, alas! in too many instances, nothing more than a shelter. The joys of conjugal, social, and domestic love were unknown feelings to them. Affections—those tender, gentle, softening, and refining influences which in happier cases come across the weary, darkened soul of man, reviving childish memories and youthful joys, recalling a mother's love and a father's care—affections such as these

were never cultivated, and can we wonder if the child of such a household grows up callous, insensible, and unprincipled? Oh! there is a magic in home influence, whether in the rich man's hall or in the poor man's cottage, which the roughs of after-life will not easily efface.

But Bentley's home had neither attraction nor comfort for him. He lived regardless of the ties of marriage—a reckless, thoughtless, sinful life, and his ruin seemed inevitable.

A plain man knocked at his door one day and asked admittance. His errand rather puzzled Bentley; he did not come with temporal relief in his hand, that was certain; but after listening to his story of poverty—the oft-told tale of a struggle to live—with sympathy and interest, he made it very plain for what purpose he was come.

His mission was evidently a mission to the soul rather than to the body. He found Bentley as ignorant as a man who could not read a word, and who never entered a place of worship, was likely to be. He had no thought nor feeling beyond this world, and, withal, a cold, callous indifference, harder to remove than a more settled opposition. The missionary, for such he was, persevered, however. It was not promised to him that he should reap the harvest without tilling the soil; and well he knew that for this end he must *labour* and persevere. Patient continuance in well-doing must be the motto of all who would benefit their fellow-creatures either temporarily or spiritually.

At length one point was gained—the man felt his *ignorance;* he was even inspired with an ambition to know a little more, and was willing to begin the difficult task of self-cultivation. There must be some courage in the man of forty who will set himself to work in good earnest to learn to read. Bentley did this. An adult class was formed, with an especial view to Bentley's case, by the city missionary, and the progress the pupils made under their kind and patient teacher was very satisfactory. The master and the scholar were by this means thrown into close and intimate communion, and an influence was gained over the *mind* which, in this instance, proved of great importance. He looked up to his teacher, and seeing his superiority in mental acquirement, he began to believe a few of those truths which formerly he had doubted and denied.

The good results of this adult reading-room class will doubtless be seen in another world. From the time of its formation, the missionary could trace his access to Bentley's heart. A little reformation now began; something of order and comfort were evident in Bentley's home. The woman with whom he had long been living became his wife, and in many respects a change took place in the poor chimney-sweep, but it was very gradual. Month after month passed on, and still a great point was unsettled; the missionary felt this, for he did not rest in a moral reformation. It was not for an outward change alone that the poor man's friend laboured, and hoped, and prayed.

Social meetings of those who had shared in the benefits of the mission were not uncommon at Norwich. A few of the residents in the various districts occasionally met together, with the different missionaries and friends of the institution, to enjoy a simple meal, and profitable,

intelligent, and religious intercourse. It was a beautiful and touching sight; the drunkard restored to his family, elevated, refined, chastened, and changed by the power of Christianity; the profligate made chaste; the idle, thoughtless wife and mother raised to the dignity of the gentle and loving matron, living illustrations of that sublime scripture truth, 'Behold, I make all things new.' To such a tea-meeting as this Bentley went, and his heart was deeply affected by the union and sympathy which these poor neighbours, principally of his own class, appeared to enjoy. He felt lonely, however, and was as yet scarcely able to feel or understand their fellowship, for he knew he was not *one* of them.

Often in his lonely hours, or when pursuing his daily avocation, has a cold thrill passed through his soul, as he remembered that hidden sin which seemed as it were to separate him from communion either with God or man. It was twelve years ago, but it was yet fresh in his remembrance, and often, when the voice of his friend has been raised in the cottage sanctuary, to invite all, without exception, to share in the blessings which God freely offers to his creatures, poor Bentley has shrunk and turned away, as though all were invited but himself. He had little sympathy at home; his wife, so far from encouraging and helping him in his new-born desires to amend, was a bitter persecutor, and an avowed enemy to his new ways and notions. Not even to his good friend the missionary had he yet ventured to unburden his heavy heart, and he carried about with him, night and day, the secret and unconfessed sin, a sin which, in an especial manner, separated him from God. How could he go and offer a gift at the altar, remembering his injury to his fellow-creature?

Time wore on. Another meeting of the members of a neighbouring district took place, and a second time poor Bentley took his seat amongst them. 'Why am I not as they are?' thought he, as he saw the cheerful faces, and listened to the free hearty reciprocation of these humble friends. 'My sin, still my sin!' was the reply. After the meeting was over, and he was walking disconsolately homewards, Mr. Friar, the missionary, overtook him, and his kind voice of sympathy so wrought on Bentley's excited feelings, that, with tears in his eyes, he said, if he would appoint a time, he should be very thankful to relieve his heart of a secret which had, ever since his first convictions, been troubling his conscience, and which was now become an almost intolerable burden. The place and the hour were soon fixed, and the next day the theft of the donkey and all its circumstances were disclosed. Then Bentley expressed his belief that it was his duty to find out the man whom he had robbed, and, if possible, restore to him the *full* value of the property. Until he had taken steps to do this, he said, he believed he should never enjoy peace or prosperity. Difficulties of course occurred, and excuses presented themselves; but he was determined neither to be discouraged with the one nor to avail himself of the other.

There was difficulty, because the very name of the man whose donkey he had stolen was unknown to him; there was a ground of excuse in the fact that he had only appropriated *half* the price of it,

and his companion in sin was far beyond the possibility of making reparation for his share of the robbery. Was it required of him, then, to suffer all the penalty? He believed that it was. The case was made known to a gentleman in the City, and by diligent inquiry of a farmer in the vicinity of Burnham, the circumstance was recalled, and the man, formerly a labourer in this farmer's employment, was sought out. And now what was to be the sum? Sixteen shillings was the money actually received by the two men, but with the sincerity and honesty of purpose of a man in earnest, he said that this would not be *just* restitution. The full value of the poor man's donkey must be raised; and that value was thirty shillings. Out of the fruits of his hard-earned labour, therefore, he laid by shilling after shilling, resolving to spend not a farthing more than was absolutely necessary for food and rent.

He received, however, a discouragement and hindrance, almost at the outset of his resolution. His wife one day was found to have decamped with everything in the shape of furniture or property on which she could lay her hands, and Bentley was left in his stripped and dismantled apartment without a bed to lie upon.

Still he did not fail. In commiseration of his destitute state, an offer was made to him by the gentleman before named as a confidant, of a ticket for bedding, with which a society in Norwich provided the poor for the subscription of 3*s*. 6*d*. on their part. 'No,' said he, firmly: 'No, sir; I will not spend a farthing, except for daily bread, until *that* debt is paid. If you will give me a little straw out of your stable, I will thank you, but till my thirty shillings is made up, I will lie on the floor.'

At length the full sum was realized, and light and happy was the poor man's heart as he deposited that last shilling with the friend who had undertaken to refund it. He now went on his way without a cloud, and became a happy, respectable, industrious man, and a stedfast Christian—proving, in his hard-working life, that 'Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come.' He throve in his trade of chimney-sweeping, in time replaced his lost furniture, and, although he never attained to any great accession of worldly wealth, he was, in his simple, happy course, a daily example of the truth of those words, that 'better is a little with righteousness, than great revenue without right.' No man can be happy or prosperous whilst one known duty remains uncompleted. Bentley might have lived and died a poor, sorrowful, disconsolate, and half-hearted Christian, but for the performance of that most important and obvious duty—RESTITUTION.

This narrative is *strictly* true, and the character is one of the fruits of the Norwich City Mission. There has been no deviation from facts, except in the substitution of the name of Bentley for that of the true hero, who still lives, and Friar for that of the city missionary, who yet labours in the same neighbourhood. May the narrative encourage others to tread in his steps, and not to be weary in well doing.

Notices of Books.

The Beauties of the Bible: an Argument for Inspiration. In Ten Lectures. By William Leask. London: Partridge and Oakey.

It is much to be regretted that the literary merits of the Bible have not received that share of attention from Christian scholars and writers which they so eminently demand and deserve. Considering that we have here a vantage ground, from which we cannot possibly be driven—that it presents us with an argument to which the most sceptical mind is open, and one which can never be plied without certain success—we think a very much greater use might be made of it than it has ever yet been put to. Not that we believe in the mere beauties—considered as such—of the Bible 'as an argument for Divine inspiration,' unless we attach to inspiration a much wider meaning than at present we feel disposed to give to it; but as a proof of its infinite superiority to all other books, it may be used with great and certain success in quarters where no other argument would be attended to or received. We consider Mr. Leask's present work, therefore, as peculiarly well-timed, as it is admirably executed. Many of our readers will be aware that the greater part of it was delivered in the form of lectures, of which the original number was eight. Two have been added for publication, and the contents now stand as follows:—I. Structure of the Bible. II. Poetry of the Bible. III. Dreams of the Bible. IV. Biography of the Bible. V. Morality of the Bible. VI. Parables of the Bible. VII. Predictions of the Bible. VIII. Miracles of the Bible. IX. Design of the Bible. X. Destiny of the Bible. Mr. Leask's treatment of these subjects is, on the whole, characterised by good taste, skill, and judgment; and many of his thoughts are clothed in language of remarkable beauty and power. We are constrained to say, however, that not a few exceptions to this remark could be found in passages which forcibly remind us of the grandiloquence sometimes indulged in by Mr. Gilfillan. We must also take exception to the writer's views on the Millennium, as well as to the perverse recognition of Usher's chronology in the first chapter of the work—a chronology which certainly should not come under the head of 'Beauties of the Bible.' Apart from these defects the volume goes to our readers with our hearty commendation.

A Discourse on Church Government. By the most Rev. John Potter, D.D. Eighth Edition, revised and corrected by Rev. John Clarke Crosthwaite, M.A. London: W. Tegg and Co.

Archbishop Potter was the elixir of High Churchism, in days when High Churchism was not so fashionable as it is now. To the party he then represented, he was a tower of strength, and to no work, perhaps, does High Churchism owe so much as to this 'Discourse on Church Government.' Of the ability and learning displayed in this book, there cannot be two opinions, but we regret that we cannot say so much for the honesty or accuracy of its conclusions. The present is a cheap edition, recommended by the addition of notes, in which the principal passages in the Fathers referred to in the text, are transcribed at full length, and a Latin version of the Greek text given.

Love, a Reality, not a Romance. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Another volume by Mrs. Geldart, will be heartily welcomed by our lady readers. The aphoristic title given to the present tale indicates its character so well, as almost to preclude the necessity of a description of its plot and purpose. We feel compelled, however, with the author to state, that it is 'not merely a love story.' It aims to show that marriage has its duties and respon-

sibilities, and that the feeling, which is its 'bond,' is something more than 'a dream of sweet thoughts, sweet words, and sentiments; it is a reality—a reality which demands the serious preparation and thought of early days.' The tale is very skilfully constructed, and happily wrought out. Golden nails of sound and weighty counsel are driven in every page. The characters will long be remembered by the reader for their marked truth and individuality, and the whole impression of the work is healthful and truthful in the highest degree.

Phillip's Commercial and Industrial Atlas of the World. Parts I. and II. London: J. C. Bishop.

These are parts of a work which, if it is continued as it has been begun, will be one of the cheapest and most valuable of its class that has yet been published. The maps are of the size of double folio, very clearly and distinctly drawn, and carefully coloured. The letter-press, by Mr. Rhind, conveys a large amount of general and statistical information, carried down to the latest date. The present parts embrace maps of Australia, Canada, Europe, and Palestine, with descriptive letter-press of England and Wales, Europe, and the British Isles.

What is Death? A Sermon, delivered in Poultry Chapel, London, on the occasion of the recent Death of the Rev. John Philip, D.D. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. London and Edinburgh: A. Fullarton and Co.

While we should have expected from Dr. Wardlaw, on such a subject, a discourse of a more philosophical and speculative character than the present, it must be acknowledged that the form in which he has answered this great question was the more appropriate to the occasion of the sermon. In the address before us, Death is considered exclusively in its moral and religious aspects; as the dissolution of a union—as the execution of a sentence—as an end—as a beginning—and as the seed-time of a future harvest. A brief elaboration of these divisions of the subject, powerfully analytical in treatment and impressive in character, with a sketch of the life and labours of Dr. Philip, are the contents of the pamphlet.

The Chronological New Testament. London: R. B. Blackader.

In this edition of the New Testament, the 'text of the Authorized Version is newly divided into paragraphs and sections, with dates and places of transactions marked, the marginal renderings of the translators given, with many parallel illustrative passages printed at length, brief introductions to each book, and a running analysis of the Epistles.' The object of this combined arrangement is to make our English version more intelligible to 'devout students.' The plan of the work is ingeniously, and, on the whole, successfully carried out, but we are at a loss to know why the book is entitled the *Chronological* New Testament.

Monthly Retrospect.

Easter—the companion of Spring, the herald of bright-eyed May, the first resting-place in Time's journey through the circle of the months—has come and gone since last we addressed our readers. It brought to Parliament the accustomed vacation, without the abridgment that might have been expected in the unsettled state of the political world. It brought to the people—that is, to that large class of them with whom holidays are few

and traditional—the rarity of three consecutive fine days; and we learn from the newspaper reports that all the modern multiplied appliances of pleasure were eagerly employed. In the manufacturing districts, we are told, scenes of sober gaiety presented a pleasing contrast to the penniless leisure or reckless indulgence of the years of dear bread and scanty work. Year by year may the industry of the people be better requited, and their enjoyments elevated and enhanced!

The question on which the realization of that wish seems to depend—the question of the maintenance of Free-trade—remains uppermost in the public mind, and has made no progress towards Parliamentary decision. On Tuesday, March the 30th, the Earl of Derby took occasion to revoke the pledge on which the Opposition had consented to forbear the exercise of its formidable functions. His lordship denied that he had engaged to shorten the present session, take the elections in the summer, and assemble the new Parliament early in the autumn—denied that he had promised more than to dissolve as soon as he thought proper. Lord John Russell could extract from Mr. Disraeli nothing but an amplified repetition of this unsatisfactory assurance; and, therefore, threatened to use the obstructive majority at his command. The threat, however, came to nothing more than the setting up of Mr. Osborne to deliver one of his jocose philippics; to which a contemptuous, defiant speech from Lord John Manners was deemed a sufficient reply. The debate was prolonged over the Parliamentary dinner hour by second-rate men; and the House then proceeded, without having divided, to vote 460,000*l.* on account of the Kafir war. The work of voting supplies is now farther advanced than usual at this period of the session, though the budget is not yet unrolled; and a dissolution may be deferred till after pheasant-shooting—except the members who quake for their seats desert to their constituencies, and the House dissolve by evaporation. Thus far, then, the Chesham-place compact has served—as we foresaw—only to restrain the strength of the original Free-traders; and, designed only to facilitate a Russell restoration, has turned out the means of consolidating the usurping dynasty. Repeatedly has the leader of the Opposition called off his forces when the defeat of the enemy was imminent;—as often has the alternative of believing him incapable or insincere, been presented to the men unfortunately acknowledging his authority. When will earnest politicians, of all parties, have learned, that alliance with hereditary Whigs is contamination and feebleness?

Mr. Hume has once more renewed his motion for Parliamentary Reform. The veteran put on the armour of his youth; and while repeating his moderate demand for an enlargement of the suffrage, only to the extent of rated occupants, urged the constitutional doctrines of Blackstone and C. J. Fox. Sir Joshua Walmsley seconded the motion with such warmth as his frequent intercourse with the unrepresented might well inspire. Sir W. Page Wood, the Solicitor-general of the late Ministry, followed with an able and apparently earnest speech; but declined to vote for the motion, as he had formerly done, because he considered the question to be in the safe keeping of Lord John Russell. Mr. Disraeli replied with an elaborateness and effort never vouchsafed to Radical motions by Liberal ministers: the

statistics by which he endeavoured to show that the landed interest instead of predominating in the representation, has a deficient number of members, could scarcely have imposed upon himself. Lord John Russell took pains to destroy the hope that he was becoming reconciled to the ballot and short Parliaments; and while warning his successors against resistance to reform, displayed equal antipathy with them to 'democratic encroachments.' A notable feature of the debate was, Mr. Walpole's emphatic disclaimer, for himself and his colleagues, of unqualified resistance to the extension of the suffrage. The division list disclosed about the usual (eighty-nine) names, with the important addition of several county members.—A resolution by Mr. Berkeley for the adoption of the ballot elicited a smart debate on the 30th March, and a minority of 144 against 246—the largest minority (absolutely, though not relatively) obtained in this Parliament for secret voting.

An amusing and significant circumstance has occurred in connexion with the Militia Bill, which differs from that of the late Government, chiefly in proposing to raise the 80,000 men required, by bounties of 4*l.* or 5*l.*, instead of by the ballot. One evening, Mr. Walpole startled the House by the announcement that he proposed to confer the county franchise upon every man who should have served two years in the militia. While the world was considering what this extremely democratic proposition could mean, Mr. Walpole withdrew his notice, saying that he had given it upon his own responsibility, and his colleagues did not entirely concur. The record of the joke is richer than any of the many comments upon it we have seen. The country, however, regards the whole scheme as anything but a joke. In each of the Metropolitan districts one or more imposing anti-militia meetings have been held; and throughout the country a formidable agitation is being conducted by Messrs. Richards, Stokes, O'Neill, and other gentlemen connected with the Peace movement. It is remarked that the urban and rural districts are alike decided in opposition to either the bounty or the ballot system. The strength of public sentiment is very discernible in the House of Commons. Several members conspicuous some time since in dissatisfaction with the national defences, are now content to dispense with either increase of the regular army or the levy of a popular force; and Lord John Russell heads his party in retarding the passage of a measure which will doubtless perish with the present expiring Parliament.

Once or twice, at least, in every session, the House resolves itself into Convocation. One of these solemn occasions was Tuesday, the 20th, when Mr. Horsman arraigned the Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Knightsbridge and Frome, as an unfaithful son of the Church, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells for abetting him in his disobedience, contrary to the canons of the Church. To the facts, with which every body is familiar, Mr. Horsman added distinct evidence that Mr. Bennett, when at Kissingen, in the summer of 1851, habitually attended the Roman Catholic chapel, and was taken by the German servants of his hotel for a Capuchin. Mr. Gladstone alone disputed the accuracy of Mr. Horsman's statements. Mr. Disraeli objected to making that House an ecclesiastical tribunal, until the Archbishop of Canterbury—with whom, he supposed, authority rested to redress the grievance complained of—had been appealed to; and moved a nugatory amendment. But Sir J.

Pakington and Mr. Newdegate would not consent to thus getting rid of the question; and Lord John Russell thought that a great grievance had been made out, and inquiry should be instituted into a subject of such 'transcendant importance.' Ultimately, Mr. Disraeli promised a 'friendly investigation' into the circumstances, with which his Protestant supporters were satisfied. Mr. Horsman, however, would not be content with less than a judicial inquiry, and pressed his motion—for an address to the Queen, praying for a royal commission—to a division. He received eighty votes against one hundred. Lord John Russell had once more drawn off the majority. The few Anti-state-churchmen in the House voted with the Church Reformers—on the ground, we suppose, that while the Queen is the legal head of the Church, her authority should be enforced by Parliament for the rectification of ecclesiastical scandals. It is a pity that such votes should ever be unaccompanied with a distinct enunciation of reasons not likely to be conjectured.

The continued Maynooth agitation is fruitful in illustration of the mischief done by apparent coalition on different grounds for the same practical objects. The leaders of the public press seem utterly ignorant that religious endowments are opposed from any other motive than difference of religious sentiment; and we can scarcely regard that ignorance as simulated or inexcusable. Voluntaries have done so little hitherto on behalf of Voluntaryism, that they have no right to be angry at finding all their efforts put down to zeal for Protestantism, and movements consistent with the widest catholicism attributed to the inspiration of bigotry. The Protestant Dissenting Deputies were, the other day, very near committing the body for whom they stand in the eye of politicians to a special anti-Maynooth petition. Hostility to all endowments was, indeed, expressed; but, without assigning any reason for the specialty, the repeal of the Maynooth Act was alone prayed for. Some of the Deputies did not conceal their opinion, that grants to Roman Catholic institutions were especially objectionable to a Protestant people. A vigilant and consistent minority strenuously opposed the petition in this form, and, for the sake of unanimity, it was altered in conformity with their views.—The Edinburgh Voluntaries have likewise put their opposition to Maynooth on a right basis. At a meeting called in consequence of the retirement of Sir W. Gibson Craig, it was resolved, as an instruction to the committee, that the Liberal candidate selected must engage to vote not only for the repeal of the act of 1845, but for the revocation of all State endowments. There is scarcely a constituency in which an anti-Maynooth pledge is exacted from candidates, where this additional requirement might not be enforced, as the price of Dissenting support; and scarcely one large constituency in which the position of Dissenters is not an essential item in the canvass-book.

The Voluntary principle has given a splendid proof of its vitality and power for educational purposes, in the purchase of Homerton College for a training-school, in connexion with the Congregational Board of Education. The institution was inaugurated on Tuesday, the 20th. Dr. Harris delivered, on the occasion, a discourse appropriate in sentiment, powerful in argumentation, and fraught with the beauties that always spring up beneath his pen.

The Chairman of the Board—Mr. S. Morley, to whose exertions and liberality deserved praise was rendered by several speakers—had the gratification of announcing that the institution was entered upon free of debt, the 10,000*l.* received for the purpose having been more than sufficient for the purchase of the premises and the extensive alterations and erections that had taken place. It was impossible not to feel that the hallowed and venerable associations of the spot were in pleasant harmony with the proceedings of the day and the work to be carried on—that the holy and honoured men who had presided in those halls, or issued thence, the guides and champions of Nonconformist Christianity, would rejoice not less in the training of teachers than of preachers; and that the students for the school might catch, and be strengthened by, a higher conception of their destined work from the very scene of their preparatory discipline. For ourselves, while rejoicing at every fresh manifestation of what Voluntaryism can do, we experience renewed regret at the sight of separate efforts, when combined action would at once economize mechanical power and concentrate social influence.

With the 1st of May, we are again surrounded by those beautiful and manifold forms of Christian and philanthropic activity with which the season has become associated as closely as in olden times with the conceits of poetry and indulgence in sylvan sports. The observant eye may detect in the 'May meetings' the marks of overgrowth and decay; but the benevolent heart will welcome their return until the signs of better things—of less spasmodic and stimulated liberality, of more individual judgment and effort—shall appear to claim its sympathies. The multitudinous and excited gatherings—the elaborated harangues and periodical enthusiasm—on behalf of missions and compassionate societies, may be as intolerable to our children for their cumbersomeness and falsity, as to our fathers they were novel and awakening. The forms and habitudes of life change with every generation—be it the care of each to transmit the spirit, unimpaired in purity and vigour!

Intelligence.

EXPULSION OF STUDENTS FROM NEW COLLEGE.

THE following letter from the three expelled students, addressed to the Editor of the 'Nonconformist,' appeared in that paper on the 31st March. We publish it as containing the only authentic statement of the facts of this case, beside the pamphlet referred to in another page, that has yet been given to the public:—

'As many reports have been circulated respecting the occurrences which have issued in our expulsion from New College, and some statements have already appeared in public journals concerning them, we think it right that the real facts of the case should be stated without further delay.

'On Tuesday, 3rd February, the second theological class was examined (pursuant to an announcement by the Principal) in the lecture on Inspiration, published in the volume of "Introductory Lectures" delivered at the opening of the institution. These

examinations are usually so conducted as to ensure the careful study of the subject in hand, and to elicit discussion on such points as may appear to any student to require explanation; subject, of course, to the discretion of the Principal. On the present occasion, many questions were asked by ourselves, and other students, on points which have frequently been raised in reference to this vexed subject. They related chiefly to the propriety of treating the Bible as one book, before examining the critical evidence of the connexion between the several parts, and to the question, Whether the authors were miraculously impelled to write every part of these compositions as we now have them? Another question referred to the formation of the canon, and to the degree in which we are dependent on the compilers for the selection of the writings included therein. The discussion was closed by the Principal in nearly these words:—"I must inform you, that this is not an open question within these walls; there is a certain body of truth, received as orthodoxy by the great majority of Christians, the explanation of which is one thing, but the foundation must not be questioned."

'Without the slightest attempt to learn more particularly the history and present state of our views on the subject, the Principal, having, as we learn, consulted the Senate, proceeded to summon the Council. We were requested to be in waiting, and "exempted" from the theological class during the interim.

'On the meeting of the Council the Principal made a statement, the purport of which, as we were not allowed to be present, we have no means of knowing. After this, we were called in separately, and a number of questions propounded to us, some of which we subjoin, as a specimen of the mode in which the examination was conducted.

'"Will you explain the *mode* in which you conceive the sacred writers to have been influenced?"

'"Do you believe a statement because it is in the Bible, or merely because it is true?"

'"You are aware that there are two great parties in this question, one of which maintains that the inspiration of the Scriptures differs in kind from that of other books; the other, that the difference is only one of degree: to which of these parties do you attach yourself?"'

'"Are you conscious of any divergence from the views expounded by the Principal in his introductory lecture?"

'"Are you conscious of any divergence from the well-defined standard of Christian truth held by the supporters of this institution?"

'The result of this day's deliberations was communicated to us by post as follows:—

(Extract from the Minutes of Council, Feb. 15th, 1852.)

After long and anxious deliberation it was reluctantly resolved,—That, in the judgment of the Council, the opinions which have been expressed to the Principal, and to the Council, by Messrs. Theobald, W. H. White, and F. M. White, are incompatible with the retention by the latter of their position as students for the Christian ministry.

That the Principal be requested to communicate the foregoing resolution to Messrs. Theobald, W. H. White, and F. M. White, together with an intimation, that a special meeting of Council will be held at the College, on Wednesday next, to take such measures as shall be thought advisable in pursuance of the said resolution.

This was accompanied by the following note:—

My dear Sir,—I have to perform the (to me) unwelcome task of sending you the foregoing resolutions.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN HARRIS, Principal.

'At the next meeting of the Council the fathers of the second and third of the undersigned (Mr. White, of Bedford, and Mr. White, of Portsmouth) obtained an interview, remonstrated against the summary and coldly-official character of the proceedings, and preferred three requests:—

'1st. That our moral character should be placed above suspicion.

'2nd. That the opinions for which we are condemned should be explicitly stated.

'3rd. That we should be furnished with a copy of the creed by which we are judged.

'The result of this meeting was not communicated to us.

'At the third meeting (February 23rd), the father of the first of the undersigned (Mr. Theobald) seconded the remonstrances and requests before made. On the day following we received a communication, stating that the Council, "being most anxious to remove even the *possibility* of a misapprehension, on their part, of our views, had appointed a committee to meet us in friendly conference, and to receive any

further statements or explanations which we might think proper to furnish." We waited on this committee, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Burder, Rev. John Stoughton, Mr. Coombs, and the Secretary. The subjects discussed were, in substance, the same as at the first examination. The report of these gentlemen was presented to a fourth meeting of the Council, together with a note from ourselves, soliciting attention to the three requests above-mentioned, and stating, in reference to a suggestion which had been made, that we did not feel it our duty to withdraw voluntarily from the College.

The decision of this meeting of the Council was communicated to us by a committee appointed for the purpose, March 5th :—

NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.
(Extract from the Minutes of Council, March 3rd, 1853.)

The Council having received the report of the Committee appointed to meet Messrs. Theobald, W. H. White, and F. M. White, regret that the judgment already expressed with respect to the opinions of those students is thereby confirmed; but, deeming it desirable that they should have further time for serious and deliberate inquiry, the Council request them to withdraw from the College for a period of three months, that their attention may be given to the reconsideration of these opinions; and the Council earnestly desire that they may be led, by Divine guidance, to such views as would be compatible with the retention of their present position.

To this we replied as follows :—

Gentlemen,—In reply to your resolution of the 3rd instant, requesting us to withdraw from the College for three months, we beg respectfully to inform you that, after mature consideration and consultation with our friends, we have decided that, for many and strong reasons, we ought not to comply with such a request. We beg, also, courteously to remind you, that we are still ignorant of the law which it is alleged we have broken, and to request that you will furnish us with a copy of the same.

We are, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,

F. M. WHITE.
W. H. WHITE.
R. M. THEOBALD.

At a fifth meeting of the Council, March 17th, the following resolution was adopted and read to us :—

Messrs. Theobald, W. H. White, and F. M. White, having expressed opinions respecting the authority of the sacred Scriptures inconsistent with their position as students of New College, and having declined the proposal of the Council to take three months for the reconsideration of their views, the Council has no alternative but to declare its unanimous judgment, that the connexion of these students with New College must cease, either by their own secession, or by the authority of the Council.

We then expressed our wish that our removal from the College should be entirely the act of the Council—repeated the requests previously made for the clearance of our moral character—and, being aware that a creed exists in the deeds of the institution, solicited a copy of this document. The following resolution was afterwards sent to us :—

Resolved,—That the Council having duly weighed the requests presented by Messrs. Theobald, W. H. White, and F. M. White, consider they have *already* sufficiently complied with these requests.

This, however, was not accompanied by the documents we had requested.

We lay these facts before the public without comment.

ROBERT M. THEOBALD,
WILLIAM HALL WHITE.
FREDERIC M. WHITE.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF SCOTLAND.

The anniversary services of the Congregational Union of Scotland were held in Glasgow on the 30th and 31st March, and 1st ult. At the last meeting an abstract of the Report was read, furnishing ample proof as to the success which had, during the past year, attended the operations of the agents of the Union, both in the Lowlands and the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The amount of subscriptions and collections during the year amounted to 2,661*l.*, which had been distributed in assisting weak churches, and supporting an itinerant ministry in the Highlands and Islands. —The financial report of the Theological Academy was equally satisfactory, showing a considerable increase in the funds. The meetings were attended by ministers from all parts of Scotland, Dr. Morison representing the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTIONS ON THE CONTINENT.

We regret to see it stated in the daily papers that the Rev. J. G. Oncken, who has been for eighteen years the agent of the Edinburgh Bible Society at Hamburgh, has

been forcibly expelled from Berlin, while engaged in the lawful and peaceable discharge of his duties. Mr. Roussell, of Paris, has also been obliged to seek safety in flight from the persecuting spirit of the French Government, and its minions the Jesuits.

BAPTIST CHAPELS IN THE METROPOLIS.

We are very glad to see the announcement of the formation of a Baptist Metropolitan Chapel Building Society, 'to promote the erection of commodious chapels in eligible situations in and about London.' The committee have already received contributions and promises amounting to upwards of 1,000*l.* per annum for the next three years. Their appeal, 'earnestly soliciting the prompt and liberal aid of all who are desirous, in this manner, to extend the Redeemer's kingdom,' will, no doubt, be promptly responded to by the members of that denomination, and, we hope, by others also.

MEETINGS OF THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION

have been held, during April, in Braintree, Ipswich, East Grinstead, Worcester, Bristol, Hirwain, Cardiff, Swansea, Llanelly, Haverfordwest, Milford Haven, Carmarthen, Brighton, and Southampton. Mr. Isaac Doxsey has also lectured on behalf of the society at Billericay and Southminster, in Essex. The last of the monthly metropolitan meetings was held on the 15th ult., C. Gilpin, Esq., in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Ashmead, of Great Missenden, Mr. Kingsley, and Dr. Archer. The meetings for this season will close on the 5th of the present month, when the annual meeting of the Association will be held in Finsbury chapel.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

ABERDARE (English Baptist church).—The Rev. J. Cooper, late of Soham.

BACUP (Baptist church).—The Rev. G. Mitchell, of Horseforth, as co-pastor with Mr. Hare.

BOLTON (Mawdsley-street church).—The Rev. Robert Best, of Kirkham.

EDINBURGH (Charlotte-street Baptist church).—Mr. Alfred C. Thomas, of the Baptist College, Bristol.

GLOUCESTER (Countess of Huntingdon's chapel).—The Rev. T. Roberts, of Llanelly.

MORETON-IN-MARSH (Congregational church).—The Rev. Edward Minton, of Cheltenham.

PATRICROFT, LANCASHIRE (Congregational church).—The Rev. George Shaw, late of Rotherham College.

RAMSEY, HUNTS (Baptist church).—The Rev. P. H. Cornford, late of Jamaica.

SABDEN WHALLEY, LANCASHIRE (Baptist church).—The Rev. J. J. Owen, of Derby.

WALTHAMSTOW (Wood-street church).—The Rev. W. H. Hooper.

RESIGNATION.

GODALMING.—Rev. T. W. Hall has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church, in consequence of ill-health.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED.

BREADALBANE.—Baptist church.

BURNLEY.—General Baptist church.

DEVIZES.—Baptist church.

SUNNYSIDE, LANCASHIRE.—Baptist church.

TREFOREST, GLAMORGANSHIRE.—Baptist church.

WESTOW-HILL, NORWOOD.—Baptist church.

THE OPENING OF HOMERTON COLLEGE TRAINING-SCHOOL,

on the 23rd, in connexion with the Congregational Board of Education, is referred to in our 'Monthly Retrospect.'

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JUNE, 1852.

Andrew Fuller.

Great men are those who have in them some grand element. They are, in the truest meaning of the word, heroes—Nature's own nobility. Sparing of her largest endowments, she does not every day produce these magnificent works of hers. Columbus, who travailed in birth for a new world, was especially a growth of Christianity. He was born on a soil and in an atmosphere—according to the intelligence of his day—essentially religious; and yet this plant, if we may so speak, was well nigh fifteen hundred years in growing, in becoming reproductive. A thousand years of English nationality have produced but one Shakspere; and it would seem

> '——— that Nature formed but one such man,
> And broke the die in moulding him.'

Rarely in a people's story shall one read of the birth of a Milton—the man who has bequeathed to posterity a rich 'cathedral music'—'linked sweetness long drawn out.' We find a Newton once only among many ages. Jewels are not picked up on every heath; nor does every wayfarer find gold in the mountains. The choicest things of time come to light only now and then. The good and great throng not all the highways of life. The stars fill not all the sky. Had they been more numerous than they are, we had valued them less. Had not diamonds been rare, they had not been costly. The faculty of discerning spirits is a rich endowment. If to know one's self be the earnest endeavour of them who seek after wisdom, surely he has some claim to that wisdom who knows others also. Not any clown can, at the glance of

the eye, detect a Golconda-stone. A man is not born a lapidary. To an ordinary man an unpolished gem were hardly distinguishable from the pebble on the highway; but he who is skilled to discriminate a jewel is not deceived by the roughness of its exterior. Circumstances shall not bias his judgment. As learners in the school of wisdom, we must strive after that rare attainment — the power of discovering the nature, the inner worth of men—that our estimate of them may be a correct one. So, unbiassed by the non-essentials, the integuments of the man, we shall never mistake the good easy *bourgeoise* for the hero, nor offer our incense at the shrine of mock-divinity. If, to use a modern term, we may 'worship heroes,' we will not bow at the shrine of those who have received their apotheosis as kings and conquerors, as the rich and mighty. We will not select our heroes from the men of earthly mould, however distinguished, but from those of nobler intellect, of high moral sentiment, of active and untiring philanthropy. These shall be the objects of our idolatry, our ideal of humanity, our model-men. These, as poets, philosophers, and preachers, will teach even a 'far posterity.' Their word is indestructible. Being dead, they yet speak.

The excellent divine whose name stands at the head of these paragraphs was one of nature's grand creations. She set not this great gem in the high places of the earth, for, like many illustrious men, Andrew Fuller had his origin in obscurity. He 'had no ancestorial distinction beyond that which is derived from examples of persecuted piety.' Wicken, a small Cambridgeshire village, bears the honour of having been his birth-place. His father, a small farmer, had three sons, all of whom seem to have followed his occupation. Andrew, the youngest of these, was born February 6th, 1752. His subsequent eminence contrasts remarkably with his humble origin. But what richness of hue, what fragrance and loveliness, are hidden in the germ of the unsightly bulb! and we often gather the sweetest rose from the most rugged brier.

He had not in youth what, in the language of our day, are called advantages. The son of poor parents, and destined by them to the pursuit of agriculture, the avenues to knowledge were closed against him. Of books he had but few; and in some of these, perhaps, there was but little philosophy, and less charity. But, after all, a great man is, to a considerable extent, his own educator. Books give him only facts, the painful results of the labours of others; but the wonder-working faculty of thought, the forecast and conceptive power of genius, are not obtainable from books. These are the implements with which genius may construct; but the power of that construction is one of our Creator's choicest gifts to men. A book is the offspring of one man, but the instructor of many. So, Andrew Fuller, if he owed little of his success to his parentage, owed even less to his early training. At the endowed school of Soham he was instructed only in the simplest rudiments of knowledge. No college, no 'school of the prophets,' counted him among its alumni. God gave him great gifts, and to his native talent and laborious industry he

was indebted for his success, both as a minister and as an author. He was strictly a self-taught man;—but are not all the great, for the most part, their own tutors? Who taught prosody to the author of 'Hamlet?' and what Ayrshire dominie trained Robert Burns to warble his 'wood-notes wild?' A poet is not made in the schools; and genius is not begotten every hour. In ignorance, probably, of even the form of a syllogism, Nature created Mr. Fuller a logician; and he wrote and reasoned with a skill which would have done credit even to Abelard. The greater portion of his youth was spent in disobedience to the great spiritual laws which were promulgated to regulate man's conduct in this world. He was a sinner; but in the morning-time of his life there were some gleams of light between the clouds; for, before his youth had merged in manhood, he had felt much concern for his spiritual and everlasting well-being, 'much serious thought about futurity.' His soul was effectually and happily brought into contact with the truth. That potent leaven began to diffuse itself through his nature. He felt and acknowledged the mighty and beautiful work of the Divine Spirit. His rugged heart became humanized and sanctified. The serene light of the gospel dispelled the clouds of his youth. The path of the just, illumined thus, grew brighter every hour, and he came to love the things which he had once hated, and to hate the things which he had once loved. He has left us a touching narrative of his great change, well worthy of perusal.

Mr. Fuller's parents, we presume, were of the denomination of which he afterwards became so bright an ornament, and so able an advocate. He attended, therefore, the religious ministrations in the Baptist chapel at Soham, and eventually became a member and minister of the Baptist church in that town. The religious instructor of that church held sentiments 'tinged with false Calvinism'—had little or nothing to say to the unconverted; more regardful, as it would appear, for the particularism of a narrow creed, than for the Divine command to disseminate the tidings of mercy broadcast over the face of the earth, and to preach the gospel to every creature. The narrative which Mr. Fuller has given of the earlier part of his religious life will serve to account, in some degree, for his deep insight into the mediatorial scheme of mercy to man, and for the theological sentiments he speedily adopted, and which he laboured to propagate throughout his ministerial course. The Baptist minister at Soham, at the time when young Fuller first began seriously to turn his attention to religion, held strongly, it would appear, the supralapsarian sentiments, and could preach only to the elect and to the believing. Just as if a pilot, instead of launching out in his life-boat to save the wrecked mariners buffeting with the billows, should rather give his attention to those who have been already rescued from the deep, and should employ himself in congratulating these on their state of safety, while he, unmoved by their dying cries, beheld the others becoming overwhelmed in the abyss. With these views, at first, Mr. Fuller seems to have sympathized; but he soon rejected them as alike unscriptural and pernicious, and adopted, as more consonant

with revealed truth, and, according to his judgment, as more in harmony with the grand idea of the gospel, those sentiments, which, by way of distinction, are usually denominated moderate Calvinism. No inconsiderable portion of the Baptist community in this country, then as now, sympathized with the theological sentiments of Crisp and Gill—sentiments which carry the exercise of the Divine sovereignty to a fearful extent, virtually make the Father of mercies the author of all sin and misery in his creatures, ignore or destroy the accountableness of man, and, therefore, reduce many parts of the Scriptures to a mockery and a delusion. Fuller's penetrating sagacity speedily discovered that such views render the gospel glad-tidings to a comparatively small portion of mankind, and forbid consistent and honest appeal to ungodly men; that if repentance, faith, and prayer, are not duties, impenitence, unbelief, and undevotion—in short, disobedience—are not sins, and cannot be condemned and punished by the righteous Judge; and that the Scriptures teach, beyond controversy, Divine sovereignty and human freedom, and invariably represent spiritual gifts as human duties, and human duties as spiritual gifts. The shrewdest philosophy has never yet discovered the harmonizing principle between the sovereignty of God and the responsibility of man, or between an everlasting ordaining of human affairs and the freedom of individual action. In the Divine disposal of the things of this world, and in the general administration of his government, there is no doubt always existing a perfect harmony with the liberty of human conduct; but that agreement is as yet undiscovered by us. The Divine decrees—that is, the occult principles of the Divine economy in relation to this world—are too often but as 'nuts which spoil the children's teeth,' as John Bunyan used to express it; but, whatever abstract or dogmatical predications may appear to lie in the sacred word, the certain accountability of man must be maintained at all hazards. In regard to these sentiments, Mr. Fuller's integrity and boldness are noteworthy; what he now believed, he had the honesty to avow, and the courage to teach. This gave great scandal to his flock, and to many ministers and churches of the community in different parts of the country. The *odium theologicum* was kindled. He was charged with heresy, that brand which the bigot always carries in his hand to stamp the cheek of his dissentient brother withal. Even to this day, his sentiments are denounced as 'Fullerism' by some of his own denomination.

To the small church at Soham Mr. Fuller was chosen to minister, when he was only in his twentieth year. In endeavouring to obtain discipline among them, while as yet but a private member, they occasioned him great annoyance and perplexity; and how much he suffered from the same cause, after his acceptance of the pastorate, and previous to the dissolution of his pastoral connexion with them, it may be difficult to affirm. The Baptists are, strictly speaking, Independents in the form of their church-polity. The only material difference between them and the religious body known by that name consists in the difference observed in the baptismal rite. We have always thought it a misfortune that such a difference should have required distinct

communions. What a strong phalanx as a united church, and what a useful union might they form, either to resist prelatical assumption, or to advance those truths which they believe and love in common!

Where the Congregational form of church-polity obtains, the pastor has, or should have, positively little or no power in any question that may arise, but that of counsel, persuasion, and an individual vote. The secular office-bearers in the church possess no greater power. The members of the community are on a parity, and each has nearly an equal power with the minister and deacons. Every such church is, therefore, an ecclesiastical democracy, with a president and an executive, chosen by the people at first, and afterwards — sometimes most painfully and disastrously — controlled by them. This is confessedly the weak part of the scheme. As long as the few and simple canons of the New Testament, for the government of such a body, are strictly observed in the true spirit of the gospel, peace and concord may be expected—for, in all things the Divine laws work peacefully and beautifully. 'Order is heaven's first law,' in things spiritual and material. But, if those canons be departed from, and another spirit become dominant, difference and discord will ensue. Such a constitution of a Christian church is often pronounced too good to be practicable with the present state of human nature: an objection which, in reality, amounts to this, strangely as it may appear—that the great impediment to the success of this polity is its excellence. The present deterioration of our nature, evil passions and party-interests, brought into the working of such a constitution, are often exceedingly detrimental to it; but, then, they are not necessarily, and are always sinfully, introduced. The system ought not to be condemned because of its unpleasant accidents. The essentials of it are superior to the charge of defect; its separable accidents may be occasionally reprehensible.

Mr. Fuller, like many of his worthy brethren, had bitter proofs of the ill working of our Congregational polity when it is administered by evil hands. At length, after many struggles to obtain a competency for himself and his family amongst a society so poor, and after having employed all proper methods to ascertain the will of Providence, he removed, in 1782, to Kettering, in Northamptonshire. There he found sufficient means of subsistence without farm-labour or school-room drudgery. There he had more 'elbow-room,' as he used to say, for his vigorous activities. There he was allocated in the immediate neighbourhood of able and excellent ministerial brethren —spirits kindred to his own; and there he commenced those various and well-sustained labours which distinguished him to the end of his life. In this provincial town was formed, in 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society, which, therefore, claimed in Mr. Fuller a kind of paternity, and the claim was practically acknowledged. Of this society he became the secretary, and in its advocacy he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland; and how long he held the office, and how well he executed the duties of it, in connexion with the constant exercises of his pastorate, and the labours of his numerous writings, are

well known to the public through several accredited media. The seemingly incompatible offices and duties tasked his powers, great as they were, to the utmost. We have no opinion generally of such pluralities. Our experience is adverse to them. Our calm judgment condemns them. No man can serve two masters, even in these matters; and however Mr. Fuller succeeded, it is impossible to believe but that, had he been pastor or secretary only, his success would have been still greater. No man can be more deeply convinced of this than was Mr. Fuller himself. He groaned under the incumbent load of official labours, overtasked his wearied powers, and, probably, at last he fell a victim to his burden. It may not be uninteresting to our readers, perhaps, if we quote—in relation to the first missionary movement by the British churches—from the narrative of Mr. Fuller's life, which has been written by his son:—

'An impression seemed to be gathering strength, that not only was prayer to be offered for the kingdom of Christ, but that corresponding efforts should be employed; but of the character and direction they should assume, no definite conception appeared to be formed. The labours of Schwartz in India, of Eliot and Brainerd in America, of Egede and others in Greenland, had been the objects of their careful study and deep sympathy, and every succeeding meeting of the ministers and churches connected with this association presented occasion for reiterated, yet fraternal attacks on the prejudices of their brethren. Among the most intrepid and persevering, yet modest, of these assailants of things as they were, was William Carey, who had recently become pastor of the Baptist church at Moulton, in Northamptonshire. Under the pressure of poverty and daily labour as a shoemaker, he had acquired a knowledge of several languages, and had already, in the deep purposes of his heart, consecrated this and all else he might acquire, to the advancement of the kingdom of God among his fellowmen. Of this extraordinary man, Mr. Fuller commenced a memoir, under the impression, as he says, "that we who have engaged in the mission, may most of us die before brother Carey. If so, when he dies, there will be no one capable of writing a memoir of him." In this document, of which but a small fragment was ever written, he says, "I remember, on going into the room where he employed himself at his business, I saw hanging up against the wall a very large map, consisting of a number of sheets of paper pasted together by himself, on which he drew with a pen a place for every nation in the known world, and entered into it whatever he met with in reading relative to its population, religions, &c. The substance of this was afterwards published in his 'Inquiry into the obligation of Christians to use means for the conversion of the heathen.'" . . . "At several ministers' meetings," adds Mr. Fuller, "between the years 1787 and 1790, this was the topic of his conversation. Some of our most aged and respectable ministers thought, I believe, at that time, that it was only a wild and impracticable scheme that he had got in his mind, and, therefore, gave him no encouragement; yet he would not give it up, but would converse with us one by one till he had made some impression upon us." . . . On the 2nd of October, 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society was formed. The number of individuals present was thirteen, of whom twelve were ministers; the contributions, varying from two guineas to half a guinea, and amounting in all to 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, were tendered, with such a reference to the relative ability of each contribution, as indicated their regard rather to the principle of self-consecration to God, than to the amount requisite for the commencement of the undertaking.'—*Memoir*, pp. 33–35.

We are convinced that the more the principles of Christianity are diffused, the higher will be the estimate of Carey, Fuller, and those other admirable men, who first in modern times conceived the glorious

scheme of missionary operation. Many years previously, the agents of the Italian Church had gone forth on their perilous work of the purest philanthropy; and it is not a little to the honour of that Church, in spite of her notorious cruelty and rapacity, that her ministers had first broken up the barren ground in the wilderness of heathenism. Her Jesuit teachers had borne the Cross into the most remote and savage regions, the wilds of human life; and not a few of them had won the crown of martyrdom in lands, to which, previously, it is probable, no European had had access, excepting the wandering Jewish merchant, who trafficked in all lands with the hope of gaining from all. A few European ministers had, indeed, gone on their work of mercy to India and to Danish America, and had been not unsuccessful in their high employ. But it fell to the lot of William Carey first to awaken the Christians of Great Britain to the claims of the heathen world; and, hereafter, we cannot doubt, the name of Carey and of others will rank with those of Luther and Melancthon, and with those of the immortal band, the world's pioneers to truth.

It was not our privilege to witness what Mr. Fuller was as a preacher. Even Demosthenes, tradition narrates, was read with indifference by those who had heard him speak; and, to adduce a modern instance, the sermons of the far-famed Robert Hall, which electrified the auditory upon the occasion of their delivery, appear in print with greatly diminished power. Again, in reading the sermons of the late Mr. Toller, we are utterly at a loss to account for the effect which they are said to have produced at the time when they were preached. It is probable, the same thing might, to some extent, be predicated of the discourses of Whitefield. One of Mr. Fuller's biographers has narrated of him, that he was popular, without possessing any of the ordinary means of popularity. He had none of that easy elocution, none of that graceful fluency, which—even in the absence of vigorous or original thought—melts upon the ear, and captivates the attention of the hearer. His enunciation was laborious and slow; his voice strong and heavy, occasionally plaintive, and capable of an agreeable modulation. He aimed, not at that eloquence, meretricious in its style, which consists in a felicitous selection of terms, or in the harmonious construction of periods; but he was rather characterised by boldness in his method of delivery, and great force of expression. His style was not unfrequently deformed by colloquialisms, or provincial phraseologies; but, in the roughest of his compositions, 'the bones of a giant might be seen.' One might, perhaps, infer all these from a glance at his portrait. But, whatever sternness there may have been in his appearance, or uncouthness in his manner of address, his productions evidently were those of a master-mind. If one example may be cited, his sermon on justification by faith far surpasses, in our humble judgment, that celebrated discourse on the same subject by the much-admired Hooker. But it was as a writer of controversial works on theology and religion that Mr. Fuller appeared, and still appears, to greatest advantage. We verily believe he had a polemic nature; so that, whether religious or irreligious, he must have been a principle of antagonism to some other

person or object. Most of his productions are of a polemical character —a fact which attests the character of his genius and the tendency of his mind. Much, indeed—if our estimate of him be a correct one—must he have tasked his passions to preserve himself from the bitterness of theological rancour, from contending for victory rather than for truth. Of the spiritual cast of Mr. Fuller's mind, of the pathos of his religious emotions, it does not become us to speak; but his writings would warrant the inference, that the evidences of divine revelation, the doctrines and duties of the gospel, the intellectual and practical of religion, were the subjects most suited to his talents, and the most congenial to his tastes.

From the portrait of Mr. Fuller prefixed to his works, which we take to be a *vera effigies*, and from a long and familiar acquaintance with his writings, we think we have formed a not incorrect estimate of him. His cast of mind was not unlike his form of body, robust and rough, and his style of writing resembles what was probably his manner of speaking, approximating to bluntness and uncourteousness. Unprepossessing in his personal appearance, of grave presence, and of unpolished address, he was manly and impressive in personal intercourse. No doubt, the inauspicious circumstances of his early life had left their traces upon him. The uprightness of his principles, the honesty of his purpose, the Christian sincerity of his heart, never formed, perhaps, a subject for doubt even with his opponents; but a soft and gentle nature, refined delicacy of sentiment, courtesy and urbanity, did not distinguish him. Of genius, *in the highest sense*, he had little. His prose and poetry—for he occasionally invoked the Muses—discover no marks of such genius. And yet, he was a gem, although unpolished; of rude exterior, but of great intrinsic value. His intellect was, beyond question, large, vigorous, and penetrating, which, with early culture, would have been of higher capability and of richer fruit. In body and mind he was adequate to great and persevering efforts; and was habitually laborious and enduring even to exhaustion. Strong 'common sense' was the *substratum* of his mental constitution, and, therefore, his judgments on most subjects were prompt and exact. He was brave to heroism, but, like most persons who have grown to manhood in uncultivated society and narrow circumstances, he was susceptive of unwarrantable suspicions and of invincible prejudices. His firmness often degenerated into obstinacy, and his positivity into dogmatism. Under circumstances stimulating this tendency, he would have been a martyr, and, perhaps, a tyrant. He would not at all times have proved himself a brother born for adversity, for, occasionally, he was censorious and satirical, severe and harsh. But yet, with his many sterling excellences, and notwithstanding his palpable defects, Mr. Fuller occupied an important post, and performed a noble part in advancing the interests of truth and piety. He glorified God in his body and spirit; honoured the Saviour in whom he confided; defended the gospel, with unwonted ability, from foes without the Church, and from foes within it; served his generation, at home and abroad; and will long live in his writings—a monument more honourable to him,

and more enduring than marble—with fame to himself, and with benefit to posterity.

Mr. Fuller had much converse with mankind, and a large knowledge of human nature. He had studied mankind in man; but, whether it arose from superior knowledge, or from deficient charity, he certainly had but little faith in his fellow-creatures, and not too much in his fellow-Christians. The evil with him, it is said, was more credible than the good, and the false more certain than the true. Doubtless, there is much perversity in our nature. A bland exterior often covers a latent depravity. The most virtuous men have evil tendencies, of which they are powerfully conscious, to be resisted and overcome; still, important differences of character exist among us. Men differ from each other and from themselves, at different periods of their history; and the force of Divine truth makes a greater difference still; so that, there is always good as well as evil in human character; something to admire as well as to condemn, to trust as well as to distrust. It is an unhappy state of mind, to move through society in constant suspicion and doubt of those with whom we must have intercourse, and transact the affairs of life.

Mr. Fuller, we presume, could never have been a very extensive reader. Indeed, for many years of his active life, he could not have commanded time for the studious perusal of many books. The sacred Scriptures were his chief study. To these may have been added the works of some of the Puritan and Nonconformist divines, with such books he may have needed as works of reference. Considering, therefore, the number and importance of his own publications, we may suppose that few men produced so much and so well, with so little indebtedness to the writings of others. He is not an entirely original author; but he thought for himself on the subject of his composures, and he published chiefly his own thoughts.

Mr. Fuller was twice married, and he left several children to mourn his loss, and to imitate the example of his virtues. During his official journeyings, as an advocate of the Baptist Missionary Society, he was brought into frequent contact with the great men of other parties, Wilberforce, Dr. Chalmers, and many more; and we cannot but admire his earnest activity in behalf of that society, 'sitting at his desk twelve hours a day, intent on the mission correspondence,' and giving up both time and talents for the furtherance of the great work of evangelizing the heathen world. In the earlier part of the year 1815, after having long suffered from an induration of the liver, he received conclusive warnings that his 'battle of life' was coming to an end—that his earthly work was done. Whether from the peculiarly distressing nature of his disorder, and the constant depression of the animal spirits which it produced; or whether that in the valley of the shadow of death his lamp of hope burnt dim, his end, although calm, was not without clouds. On the 7th of May, when his congregation were engaged in giving their first-day praise to Him who liveth for ever and ever, the spirit of their pastor entered upon the Sabbath of eternity, realizing, without doubt, the perfect joy of the blessed. His memory

will long be fragrant, not only among his own party, but among all who admire a fearless and logical exposition of the truth.*

We have been very gratified to learn that Mr. Henry G. Bohn, the extensive publisher, has turned his attention to the Nonconformist contributions to scientific and theological literature. In the series of his 'Scientific Library,' he has just published Dr. Pye Smith's admirable work on geology, edited by the Rev. Hamilton Davies, of Sherborne, who has also prefaced the volume with a Memoir of Dr. Smith's literary life. From his 'Standard Library,' which is an excellently selected series of the best works, Mr. Bohn thinks 'it would be invidious altogether to omit the works of those Nonconformist divines which have obtained an established and merited reputation. Among these the writings of the late Rev. Andrew Fuller maintain an acknowledged pre-eminence.' One volume of Mr. Fuller's works was published in the 'Standard Library' for March, and it will be followed by other volumes of a similar school in theology. The English public are under no small obligation to Mr. Bohn for his endeavours to extend the national acquaintance with, and to cheapen, the best modern literature; and we sincerely hope his series issued at a price so moderate, will obtain a very large circulation.

On the Canon of the New Testament.

[FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK *NOT* ON THE CANON.]

We think it right to omit all allusion to a passage in 2 Peter iii. 16, where the writer speaks of the epistles of Paul in a way, as some suppose, which indicates that *all*, or the greater part of them, had been collected together at that time. This passage can be regarded as containing the first certain notice of the existence of a collection of several New Testament writings, *only* by assuming the epistle in question to have been really written by the apostle Peter. There are circumstances, however, connected with the fact indicated in the words, that tend to throw suspicion on the authenticity of the epistle. At all events, we must not assume the apostolic origin of the epistle at *this preliminary stage* of the inquiry, and deduce from it the existence of an early collection in the time of Peter.

Neither can anything be properly inferred from the character of the fourth Gospel as to John having the other Gospels before him. That

* 'The Principal Works and Remains of the Rev. Andrew Fuller; with a new Memoir of his Life. By his Son, the Rev. A. G. Fuller.' Standard Library. London: Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent Garden. 1852.

he had them before him when he wrote it, or that he himself made any collection of the New Testament books, is very improbable.

It is likely that the first attempt at a collection of the sacred writings began with *the epistles*, in the northern parts of Asia Minor. Marcion's list is the first we hear of in history. It is now impossible to tell whether any collection had preceded his time. We learn, however, that *he* had a collection consisting of ten Pauline epistles, called the ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*); to which he added the εὐαγγέλιον (*evangelium*), apparently a mutilated Gospel of Luke. Bertholdt thinks that the former had previously existed in Pontus, and that Marcion merely adopted it, and made it known more extensively, placing his εὐαγγέλιον (*evangelium*) along with it. This was about the middle of the second century. Repairing from Asia Minor to Rome, Marcion spread a knowledge of the collection in Italy. Thus the ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*) was probably made in Asia Minor, being the earliest attempt to bring together a number of the sacred records of Christianity into one volume. We must recollect, however, that the *appellation* was not used so early. The name ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*) was of later origin. It comprehended, as has been stated, ten Pauline epistles; viz., one to the Romans, two to the Corinthians, one to the Galatians, one to the Ephesians, one to the Philippians, one to the Colossians, two to the Thessalonians, and one to Philemon.

From Pontus and Galatia this original collection must have spread into other parts, such as the western districts of Asia Minor. There, as well as elsewhere, it was immediately enlarged with additional books or epistles. About Ephesus and Smyrna, the epistles to Timothy and Titus, John's Gospel and his first epistle, the Acts of the Apostles, with the Gospels of Matthew and Mark which must have circulated in those parts, were probably put into the collection. Hence the εὐαγγέλιον (*evangelium*) received three other Gospels; the ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*), five other epistles or books. In like manner, the first epistle of Peter was attached; since Irenæus had brought to Lyons, from Western Asia, about A.D. 170, the εὐαγγέλιον (*evangelium*) and ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*), the latter of which contained the epistle in question.

In Syria, the collection received two new books; viz., the epistle of James and that to the Hebrews, as is shown by the old Syriac version commonly called *Peshito*.

In Egypt, the ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*) of Clemens Alexandrinus embraced the same books as that of Irenæus; viz., thirteen epistles of Paul, the Acts, the first epistle of John, and the first of Peter.

In northern Africa, the εὐαγγέλιον and ἀπόστολος (*evangelium* and *apostolus*) were of the same extent as in the localities represented by Irænеus and Clement; a fact we learn from Tertullian.

In Rome, the ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*) of Marcion was enlarged, merely with the addition of the epistles to Timothy, Titus, and the Acts of the Apostles. Others *may have been* admitted, for several parts of the catalogue or fragment on the canon published by Muratori are very obscure; and conjectures as to the probable meaning of them have

discovered in such passages the first epistle of Peter and the epistle to the Hebrews. But the case is more than doubtful regarding the epistle to the Hebrews. And though the epistles of John, the epistle of Jude, and the Apocalypse, are *mentioned* in that Roman catalogue, they are placed on a level with certain apocryphal writings, such as the Wisdom of Solomon. Thus though others are spoken of, and though they were even read in public in the churches, they were separated from the regular list, which we know to have been made up of thirteen epistles of Paul with the Acts of the Apostles. The same rank and authority were not assigned to them. Yet soon after the catalogue was made, the first epistles of Peter and John were put into the ἀπόστολος (*apostolus*) in the churches of Italy, since Origen affirms, forty years after, that the whole Catholic Church received the four Gospels, the Acts, thirteen epistles of Paul, with the first epistles of Peter and John. Such was the progress that had been made towards a complete collection of the New Testament books, or, in other words, the formation of the Christian canon, about the middle of the third century, except in the old Syrian church, which had the epistle to the Hebrews, and that of James besides.

Before this time, or about the beginning of the third century, the two collections, viz., εὐαγγέλιον and ἀπόστολος (*evangelium* and *apostolus*), had been put together under one name—ἡ καινὴ διαθήκη (*Novum Testamentum*). Thus Tertullian, in his treatise against Marcion, applies *Novum Testamentum* to the whole collection. Yet both he and Clemens Alexandrinus speak of the two as separate parts of a whole. Even Origen does so at a later period. Towards the middle of the third century, the two appellations disappear from the face of history, giving place to *the one* general title.

As far, then, as the very meagre evidence we possess will enable us to arrive at a conclusion on the subject, all the books of the New Testament we have specified were known, circulated, and highly regarded, in different countries, during the first half of the third century, as one collection, and with a general title. The parts *now* belonging to the New Testament which were not usually included in the collection at that time were, the epistle to the Hebrews, the Apocalypse, the second epistle of Peter, that of Jude, with the second and third epistles of John. These had been known and quoted, probably looked upon as authentic and canonical, by some in all countries where they were circulated; but they had not attained the position of the rest. They were not *commonly* regarded as of like authority.

With the exception of the six writings just mentioned, the remainder were appealed to as *sacred*, *inspired*, as *the rule and standard* of Christian truth. Hence we may say that the canon was *virtually* formed in the early part of the third century. We use the word *virtually*, because at that time it was not *fully* and *finally* settled as to *all* its parts. Hesitation and doubt still existed about some portions now included in the New Testament. Six books or epistles were not established in the public estimation as inspired. The inferior position assigned to them doubtless arose from different causes. It was owing to the

remoteness of readers from the locality where a particular book first appeared—to the nature of the book itself, its character, peculiarities, and scope—to *the subjective views* of leading fathers in determining the claims of a work to be of *divine* origin. There is little doubt that some fathers entertained suspicion of some books which others did not share. Hence the canon was not *closed* at the period we speak of. The great body of it was fixed; but a few epistles had not been permanently attached.

The epistle to the Hebrews and the Apocalypse were *fully* received into the collection very soon after the middle of the third century. This was done, as might be readily supposed, earlier in some places than in others. Indeed, some members of the Greek and Oriental Church had admitted the former as canonical even prior to that time; a treatment of it which speedily became general. The prevailing practice was, to place the epistle to the Hebrews among the Pauline epistles not long after the middle of the third century, throughout the Greek Church. The Apocalypse was not so favourably received in the same quarter; yet it *was* deemed canonical by those who decided on *historical* rather than *doctrinal* grounds. Unfortunately, however, they were the fewer in number.

When Eusebius wrote his Ecclesiastical History, the Apocalypse had not been admitted into the canon by many belonging to the Oriental and Greek Church. But he quietly puts the epistle to the Hebrews among the Pauline; indicating the prevailing sentiments respecting it. Thus, in the first half of the fourth century, the epistle to the Hebrews and the Apocalypse were acknowledged as of equal authority with the other books of the New Testament, by the Christians of the Oriental and Greek Church, although several still rejected the latter.

In the Western and Latin Church, the case stood differently. There the Apocalypse was generally admitted as canonical. This follows from the mode in which Jerome names it. In the beginning of the fourth century, it was received as apostolic in the West. But it was otherwise there with the epistle to the Hebrews, which was not commonly ranked among the canonical books before the time of Jerome.

From these remarks on the reception of the Apocalypse and the epistle to the Hebrews among the early Christians, it appears that the collection already established in the third century had been enlarged by the addition of both in the first half of the fourth century—of the Apocalypse in the West generally, in the Oriental and Greek Church partially—of the epistle to the Hebrews in the Oriental and Greek Church universally, but very sparingly in the Latin Church.

About the middle of the fourth century, the epistles of James, Jude, second of Peter, second and third of John, which Eusebius at the beginning of it placed among the *οὐκ ἐνδιάθηκα* (not included among the canonical), generally appear in the list. They must have obtained a sure place there by the operation of powerful but silently working causes. Slowly was their credit finally established by influences prior to the council of Nice, A.D. 325. All the present books are enume-

rated as canonical in the Acts of the council of Laodicea, about A.D. 360. This was the state of opinion in the Greek Church. In the Latin Church also, all the writings had fixed themselves in the general opinion as canonical during the fourth century, as is shown by the Acts of the council of Hippo, A.D. 393. Hence, about the middle of the fourth century, or soon after, the entire collection was definitely fixed as *the canon*, κανών. The canon was *closed* about that time. It is true that we hear of doubts and suspicions afterwards, in regard to some portions. Parts were still rejected by writers here and there in the Catholic Church. Speculative and critical men gave expression to unfavourable opinions of certain parts of the New Testament in succeeding centuries. But the scepticism of *individuals* does not affect the close of the canon as a *historical* fact.

The preceding observations show that the formation of the New Testament canon was *gradual*. The collection was not made by one man, one council, at one time, or in one place. The adherents of the Christian religion in different lands came to agree in the same conclusion, *progressively*, and by *tacit consent*. They did so *independently* to a great extent, in countries remote from one another. They judged by internal evidence, by tradition, by the fact of the writers being apostles or apostolic men. Some relied on one criterion, some on another; the majority, perhaps, on ecclesiastical tradition, but the most reflecting and critical on internal evidence. Slowly and surely did they arrive at the entire separation of the sacred Scriptures from the spurious imitations which were then current. And in the result of their judgment modern scholars commonly acquiesce.

By way of appendix to this brief statement, we remark—

First, That when the writer of the article '*Canon*,' in Kitto's 'Cyclopædia' quotes the anonymous epistle to Diognetus (where the unknown author speaks of *the law*, the *prophets*, *the gospels*, and *the apostles*), and says that the epistle is one of the earliest of the uninspired Christian writings, he conveys a false impression relative to the very early collecting of the New Testament books. The part of the epistle in which the passage cited occurs, is admitted to be *spurious* by all competent judges. It does not agree well with the former part.

Secondly. The mere fact of an epistle or book having been publicly read in the early churches, does not prove that it was regarded as inspired. We know that the epistle of Clement to the Corinthians was publicly read for edification in several churches, yet it forms no part of the proper canon.

Thirdly. It is possible, perhaps *probable*, that *some* of the original churches may have made a collection for themselves; but it is *wholly improbable* that each of them did so, as the writer on the canon already quoted says. And even if each church *did make* such a collection, it is contrary to many historical facts that every collection was *complete*, as is stated by the same perfunctory writer.

Fourthly. We are not necessarily bound by the decision or judgment of the churches who made collections at first. They may have

been mistaken. Why should we, for example, reject several epistles because they were not received in the early Syrian church, and formed no part of their church-version?

Fifthly. Nothing can be farther from the truth than the statement put forward in a recent book—"There was a clear distinction from the first maintained between the inspired documents which were deemed of authority for the establishment of doctrines, and those apocryphal writings which were used only for edification."* One passage from Origen sufficiently refutes this:—'I suppose that Hermas is the writer of that little work called the "Pastor," which *Scripture* (Scriptura) appears to me very useful, and, as I think, *divinely inspired* (*divinitus inspirata*).' It is well known, also, by those acquainted with the *Stromata* (Miscellanies) of Clement of Alexandria, that in various passages he does *not* definitely distinguish between the New Testament writings and those called *apocryphal.*

Sixthly. The writer on the canon in Kitto states, that Origen *fully admits the canonicity* of the epistles of James, Jude, the second epistle of Peter, the second and third of John, and the Apocalypse. This is wholly incorrect. In various parts of his works he speaks of them more or less doubtfully.

Seventhly. Another author has recently said, 'that the writings of the Apostolic Fathers contain plain and manifest quotations from the New Testament.'† *Very few* such quotations do they contain; or, indeed, *quotations at all.* Their *references* and *allusions* are vague and indistinct, while they also refer to *apocryphal* writings in much the same way as they do to the New Testament Gospels. The strong statement, therefore, which we have cited, does not at all convey a correct impression.

Lastly. It is necessary to define the word *canon* far more clearly than it has been yet explained. What was the idea attached to it by the early fathers? What is the idea attached to it by modern writers? Why are they not identical? But we had almost forgotten that we are not composing a treatise on the canon at present.

An Analysis of Hengstenberg on the Book of Revelation.‡

FROM THE PRINCETON (U.S.) REVIEW, JANUARY, 1852.

A FOREIGN work on the Apocalypse, from almost any pen whatever, would be welcome, just at present, as a grateful relief from the monotonous confusion of vernacular expounders. There are some subjects

* Discourses on Holy Scripture, by J. Kelly, p. 16. † Ibid. p. 18.

‡ The Book of Revelation, expounded for the use of those who search the Scriptures. By E. W. Hengstenberg, D.D., Professor of Theology at Berlin.

which the Germans have worn threadbare, so that we cannot hear them quoted or appealed to without a feeling of impatience, and a wish to hear American or English authorities in preference. But among these subjects we are not disposed to reckon that of prophecy in general, or that of apocalyptic exposition in particular. These have already been so roughly—nay, so violently—handled by interpreters and prophets of our own, with such surprising unanimity of predilection for the theme, and such distressing want of it in the result, that we are ready to give ear to almost any voice, however feeble or anonymous, that speaks upon the subject from a distance and without participation in the previous strife of tongues. To such a voice from Germany our ears may be particularly open, on account of the comparative reserve with which the learned of that country have discussed the subject, and the small extent to which what they have done is known among ourselves.

If these considerations would incline us to regard with some curiosity and interest any German work of recent date upon the subject, how much more must we be anxious to discover the discoveries of such a man as Hengstenberg, the ablest of the German exegetical writers, as well as the best known among ourselves. It is needless to enumerate the circumstances which would naturally tend to excite this expectation. He was once a rationalist, and was brought to a fixed belief in Christianity by the critical study of the Bible itself. There is no man less liable to the reproach of believing as his fathers did, simply because they did believe so. His natural inclination is to extreme independence, and, so far as human authority goes, to self-reliance. He never hesitates to throw aside the most time-honoured opinions, if he finds them to be groundless, with a decision always peremptory, often dogmatical, and sometimes arrogant. This characteristic quality of mind, while it cannot fail, in certain cases, to excite disapprobation, at the same time gives peculiar value to his testimony in behalf of old opinions, as the genuine product of his own investigations, and not a mere concession to authority.

Another striking feature in his writings is, their spirit of devotion, and the proofs which they afford of deep experimental knowledge. The great doctrines of the Trinity, atonement, and justification by faith, are evidently not held as mere speculative truths, but interwoven with his highest hopes and strongest feelings. Whatever may be his precise position with respect to the points of difference between the Lutheran and Calvinistic creeds, there can be no doubt that he holds fast to the doctrines of grace with as much tenacity as either Luther or Calvin; and that, in reverence for Scripture, he is not a whit behind those great Reformers.

But besides the essential qualities of personal piety and general orthodoxy, there is something in the intellectual character of Hengs-

---

Vol. I. (Die Offenbarung des heiligen Johannes für solche die in der Schrift forschen erläutert von E. W. Hengstenberg, Dr. und Professor der Theologie zu Berlin. Erster Band.) Berlin, 1849. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 8vo. Pp. 632. Vol. II., part i., 1850, pp. 405; part. ii., 1851, pp. 230.

tenberg that would naturally lead us to expect much from him upon such a subject. His turn of mind is eminently logical or rational. We know of no expositor in any language who so constantly and clearly states the reasons of his judgments. These, though sometimes erroneous, are always definite; distinctly apprehended by himself and clearly exhibited to others. At the same time, he possesses what is not always found in connexion with this attribute, a remarkable power of generalization. If called upon to characterise his writings by selecting one distinctive feature, the first that would occur to us is the rare combination of minute exactness with entire freedom from all *petitesse*, and a strong taste and capacity for large and comprehensive views of truth. Nor do these views, generally speaking, exhibit anything of that poetical and dreamy vagueness which the Germans will persist in calling philosophical. So far is he from this extreme that he has sometimes been accused of having an English rather than a German mind; and although in the last half of the twenty years which have elapsed since he appeared as an interpreter of Scripture, there are some indications of a wish to wipe off this reproach, the attempt, if actually made, has been but partially successful. The change, so far as any can be traced, is rather in the style than in the mode of thought, and even in the former is confined almost entirely to the terminology. He talks more in his last than in his first publications of the "idea" and of ideality in general; but he has tried in vain, if he has tried at all, to write obscurely, or to get rid of his common sense. The reproach, if such it must be called, of being an English thinker, is one which he will carry to his grave.

'Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret.'

Of Hengstenberg's learning we should not think it necessary here to speak, but for the fact that his standing as a scholar does not seem to be correctly understood by all among ourselves who are familiar with his name and his translated writings. In Germany, his philological talents and acquirements are rated at the highest value, even by some who dissent most widely from his theological opinions. His writings are peculiarly distinguished for the rare lexicographical talent incidentally displayed in his interpretations. Had he chosen to devote himself to this branch of philology, he would probably have taken rank above Gesenius, whom he equals in industry and judgment, and in several other requisites surpasses.

Besides possessing erudition in general and philological learning in particular, he is specially fitted for the task which he has here undertaken by his thorough knowledge of the Old Testament, acquired not merely by solitary study for a score of years, and public labour as a teacher in that department, but by the preparation of the works to which he owes his reputation, the 'Christology,' the 'Genuineness of the Pentateuch,' the book 'On Daniel,' and the 'Exposition of the Psalms,' with his minor but important publications on 'Tyre,' 'Egypt,' and the 'Prophecies of Balaam.' These tasks have forced him, as it were, to master the Old Testament completely, and have brought him

more particularly into contact with the very books and passages on which the exposition of the Apocalypse must rest; whereas some of the most eminent interpreters of that book, even in Germany, though accomplished Grecians and New Testament critics, are without reputation or authority in Hebrew learning. The advantage which this gives him, is not merely in reference to the language and interpretation of the Old Testament, but to the order of investigation. Instead of beginning at the end of the New Testament, divining its import, and transferring the precarious conclusions thus obtained to the Old Testament, he has pursued the natural and rational order, first mastering the Hebrew prophets, and then applying the result of this investigation to a book which, in form and language, might almost be called a cento of Old Testament expressions. And this, too, not by reading up for the occasion, but by the patient, thorough, and successful toil of many years. Every one in the long series of his published works, has made a sensible advance in his preparation for the task which he has now undertaken and accomplished.

To this task he has long been looking forward, as he tells us in his preface, where we also learn that the immediate occasion of its execution was a long illness, by which his public labours were suspended, and during which he made the book of Revelation the constant subject of his thoughts, so that the outlines of his exposition were complete before his restoration, and he had only to fill in the details. A peculiar interest is imparted to this above his other works, by the synchronism of its composition with the late events in Germany, affording to the author's mind abundant confirmation of the truth of the predictions in this book of Scripture, and the correctness of his own mode of explaining them. The same cause has contributed to modify the form of his interpretation, so as to render it accessible to the whole class of educated readers, by transferring what is merely philological and critical from the text to the margin.

A book thus generated, could not fail to be highly interesting and instructive, whatever might be thought of the author's exegetical conclusions. And, accordingly, we find that, apart from the truth or falsehood of the meaning which he puts upon the prophecy, the volume is full of valuable matter. The text of the Apocalypse is adjusted with the utmost care and skill, according to the most approved principles and usages of modern criticism, with constant reference to the latest helps and best authorities. Of the text thus ascertained, we have a new translation, executed in that accurate yet spirited style for which the author is distinguished. We have, also, a translation, and, in many cases, a masterly exposition, of the most important passages, both of the Old and New Testament, cited as proofs or illustrations. This is a characteristic feature of the book, and of the author's habitual unwillingness to take for granted, or at second-hand, anything that requires or admits of direct and fresh investigation. The facility with which even eminent interpreters too frequently rely upon the labours or authority of others, as to these incidental but important matters, and content themselves with laying out their strength upon

the questions more immediately before them, renders more remarkable this incidental part of Hengstenberg's exposition, which, we do not hesitate to say, has added less, though much, to the bulk of the volume, than it has to its permanent and sterling value.

What has just been said applies, not only to the explanation of particular passages or texts, but also to the clear, and, in many cases, new and striking views incidentally presented, as to the scope and character of whole books, and their mutual relations. These are the more entitled to respect as the result of long-continued and profound investigation, not of mere generalities, but of the most minute details. As we have not room to exemplify this general statement by quotation, we must be content to justify it by referring to the various suggestions, scattered through the volume, with respect to the mutual dependence and close concatenation of the latest canonical epistles, which are still too commonly regarded as detached and independent compositions, and the corresponding mutual relations of the latest prophecies. These passages are particularly interesting from the skill with which some of the very repetitions and resemblances, adduced by sceptical critics as proofs of spuriousness and later date, are not only shown to warrant no such inference, but used as illustrations of the organic unity and settled plan which may be traced throughout the Scriptures, and which stamp it as a multiform but undivided whole.

From what has now been said it will be seen that, in our judgment, this would be a valuable addition to exegetical literature, independently of the principles on which the Apocalypse is there expounded, and the results to which the exposition leads, and to which we must now turn the attention of our readers. In so doing, we shall not confound them, or perplex ourselves, by any attempt at a comparison or parallel between the views of Hengstenberg and those of others, but simply state the former, leaving such as feel an interest in the history of the interpretation, to distinguish for themselves, as far as they are able and desirous, between things new and old. We may, however, note the fact in passing, that the writer most frequently cited in this work is Bengel, although there are occasional quotations from Vitringa, Bossuet, and the modern works of Ewald, Lücke, Bleek, and Züllig. Of the vast apocalyptic literature extant in the English language, the only trace we find is a rare quotation from Mede, or reference to him, and a correct, but very general, statement of the English millenarian doctrine as to one important passage. There is nothing more curious, indeed, in the theological literature of modern Germany, than the general silence, if not ignorance, of its learned men, as to the history of opinion in Britain and America, except where some eccentric or anomalous vagary of belief and practice has been accidentally, or otherwise, transplanted to the continent of Europe. It is sometimes as amusing as it is instructive to read thorough, clear, and masterly analyses of such fungus excrescences as Darbyism, Irvingism, Southcotism, &c., even in systematic works which are entirely blank as to the controversies and discussions which have agitated England and America for many generations, with respect to the doctrines of atone-

ment and regeneration. In the present case, however, this blissful ignorance of Anglo-Saxon deeds and doctrines, on the part of one of the most learned Germans of the age, is an advantage, and a strong recommendation of the work, because, as we have said, it records the independent testimony of a great exegetical writer on a favourite subject of our own interpreters, yet without the least direct collision or collusion.

With respect to the author of the book of Revelation, Hengstenberg not only holds decidedly, but proves conclusively, that it was written by the man to whom a uniform tradition has ascribed it—John, the Apostle and Evangelist, the son of Zebedee, and the son of thunder. We mention this, which may to many seem a small thing in itself, or at least a work of supererogation, because a vast amount of misplaced ingenuity and learning has been spent by certain modern German critics in the effort to demonstrate that the book, if not the work of John Mark, which is Hitzig's paradoxical assumption, was composed by another and inferior John, or by some nameless writer of a later date. In this, as in other branches of apologetical theology, new forms of opposition call for new modes of defence, and the German front of infidelity can no more be resisted by the same means that disarmed the French philosophers and English deists, than a modern fortification can be carried by the rams and catapults of ancient warfare. The time was when all this might, however, have been left to be managed by the Germans in their own way, on the principle of letting the dead bury their dead. But now, when cheap translations of such books as those of Strauss are brought into extensive circulation, and made still more dangerous by the general tendency to German laxity of thought and principle with which the public mind is now infected, it would be something worse than folly to ignore the existence of the evil, or to despise the homogeneous remedy which Germany herself affords us, in the writings of her learned and pious men. To these remarks, which have a more important bearing on the general subject than on the particular question which occasioned them, we merely add, in reference to the latter, that while it is satisfactorily disposed of in the introduction, a more detailed discussion of it is contained in the supplementary dissertations which accompany the last volume, and to supply the place of what is usually called an Introduction. This inversion of the customary order was occasioned in the present case, as in that of the work upon the Psalms, by the impatience of the author or the public for the appearance of a part before the whole was finished.

Another controverted point, on which he takes decided ground, and forcibly maintains it, is the period of John's life at which the book was written. This he denies to be the reign of Galba, when Jerusalem was still standing, when the chief persecutions of the Christians were begun and carried on by Jews, and when the errors fostered in the Church were those of Jewish origin and character. In opposition to this chronological hypothesis, he clearly shows that the unanimous testimony of the ancients, properly so called, is, that the Revelation

was imparted during John's exile in the isle of Patmos, near the end of the long reign of Domitian, many years after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the Jews, as a nation and church, had ceased to exist; when their influence on Christianity was no longer felt, at least directly; and when the evils which assailed or threatened it, both of a physical and moral kind, proceeded from Gentile spite and heathenish corruption. The answer given to this question has, of course, a most important bearing on the whole interpretation, and virtually solves many minor exegetical problems.

We need scarcely say that Hengstenberg rejects with scorn the notion that the Book of Revelation is a mere poetical fiction, or an allegorical description either of past events or of the contemporary state of things, and regards it as being, in the highest sense, a prophecy, intended to exhibit, in the most impressive form, the future fortunes of the Church, under precisely the same inspiration which gives authority to the predictions of the Old Testament. As to the form of this great prophecy, he understands it to be borrowed from the Hebrew Scriptures, and especially from two of their most prominent and characteristic features, the ceremonial institutions of the law, and the symbolical imagery of the prophets. So far from understanding these in their original and proper import, as descriptive of a state of things like that which existed under the old economy, he supposes the apocalyptic prophet to have used them for the very reason that the old economy was gone for ever, and that its external forms might therefore be employed, without the danger, or at least without the necessity of misapprehension, to express the realities which they did in fact foreshadow.

From this it follows, as a general principle of Hengstenberg's interpretation, that the names and numbers of this book are all symbolical; that no mere man, with the unavoidable exception of the prophet himself, is expressly mentioned by his proper title; that Antipas, and the Nicolaitans, and Jezebel, &c., are all enigmatical descriptions; and that the usual computations, as to years and centuries of real time, are (with the exception of the millennium) a mere waste of arithmetic. The simple statement of this theory will do doubt quite destroy the interest which may have been previously felt by some in the details of the interpretation. As the office which we have assumed is not that of an advocate or judge, but a reporter, we feel no obligation to defend or to determine the truth of this hypothesis. We only wish that we could spread before our readers, on a smaller scale and in a manageable compass, the remarkable display of biblical learning and analogical reasoning, by which the author himself here maintains it. As it is, however, we can only hint, that by combining the acknowledged cases of symbolical representation which the book contains, with the extraordinary proofs of unity and systematic purpose, which, if not in every instance novel, are at least presented in a new light, and urged with a new power, he succeeds in making out a case which nothing but the blindest prepossession can deny to be plausible, and which nothing but the clearest and the strongest counter evidence can demonstrate to be false.

Another law which governs his interpretation is derived not so much from an induction of particulars in this case, as from the whole course of his previous prophetic investigations. The result of these, as is well known to the readers of his other publications, is, that the Old Testament predictions, as a general thing, are not so much descriptions of particular events, as formulas exhibiting sequences or cycles of events, which may be verified repeatedly, the costume of the spectacle presented to the prophet being borrowed from one or more of the particular fulfilments, which, however, are themselves to be regarded as mere specimens or samples of whole classes, genera or species, comprehending many of the same kind. This principle is here applied to the Apocalypse, which is therefore represented as a panoramic view of the vicissitudes through which the Church was to pass until the end of time, presented not in chronological order, but by genera and species, showing all the *kinds* of change to be expected, rather than the actual experience of single periods.

Closely connected with this view of the *subject* of the book, is that which the author entertains as to its *structure*. The main fact which he assumes, in opposition to most interpreters, is that the Apocalypse is not a continuous prediction relating to successive periods, but a series of parallel predictions, each including the whole history of the Church from the beginning to the end, but differing from each other in the figurative mode of exhibition and in the prominence given to certain objects in the several different parts respectively. This may be reckoned the essential feature of his plan, from which it derives its peculiar character, and is therefore entitled to a more particular description. The principle itself is defended *à priori*, on the ground of prophetical usage or analogy, and *à posteriori* from the consistency and clearness of its exegetical results. The whole book is divided into seven "groups," the theme of all which is substantially the same, to wit, the fortunes of the Church hereafter—*i. e.* from the date of the Apocalypse itself; and each of which affords a view, not of a part, but of the whole. The differences between the groups are like those seen in the same landscape when surveyed from different points of observation, or through different media, or with very different degrees of light, so that what is dimly seen in one case is seen clearly in another; that which in one view occupies the foreground, is transported to the background in the next; the light is thrown on that which was before in shadow, and the mutual relations of the figures are indefinitely varied. Thus the devil is not introduced at all in the earlier scenes, although his agency must be assumed from the beginning.

The first group is that of the Seven Epistles, co-extensive with the first three chapters. The second is that of the Seven Seals, which occupies the next four chapters. Then comes the group of the Seven Trumpets, filling also four chapters. These three groups or series are considered as preparatory to the four which follow. Then the Three Foes of the Kingdom of God occupying three chapters (xii.—xiv.). The fifth group is that of the Seven Vials (ch. xv., xvi.), forming a prelude to the sixth (xvii.—xx.), in which the destruction of the Three Foes is predicted. The whole is wound up by the seventh group

(xxi. 1—xxii. 5), that of the New Jerusalem, and a general conclusion (xxii. 6—21), corresponding to the opening of the book. In order to carry out this distribution, Hengstenberg assumes several episodes or interludes of considerable length, for which he thinks it easy to account on his hypothesis; one, for instance, comprising the entire seventh chapter, and another the tenth, with a part of the eleventh.

These 'groups,' it will be seen, are not like the 'acts' of a dramatic poem, to which others have endeavoured to assimilate the principal divisions of the book. The acts of a drama are, and must be, chronologically successive, each exhibiting a certain subdivision of the whole time of action, and none including the denouement or catastrophe, except the last. But according to Hengstenberg, each group contains a drama in itself, and each winds up with a catastrophe, or rather with the catastrophe common to them all, after which the scene is shifted, not for the purpose of continuing the action, but of recommencing it, and, in one case at least, going back to a point of time still more remote than that at which the series began at first. At the same time, all these parallel predictions, although each is self-contained, are connected with each other as the links of one chain, which would be broken by the loss of either. This may be rendered clearer by a rapid glance at each of the first four groups in order. The general title or inscription is contained in the first three verses, where the book is described as a revelation, made to John by Jesus Christ himself, of things to be soon accomplished, which Hengstenberg understands not merely of the incipient fulfilment, but of the first of those distinct fulfilments, which were to follow one another in a series, or cycle, to the end of time.

The remainder of the first chapter constitutes the special introduction to the first great division of the book, the Epistles to the Seven Churches, namely, those in and over which John's apostolical ministry was immediately exercised for many years, and through which the instruction here afforded, though directly adapted to their actual condition, may be rightfully extended to all times and places, without any gratuitous assumption of a typical or double sense, beyond what is involved in the nature of the case. The description of our Lord, contained in this introductory chapter, is supposed to have an intimate connexion with what follows, the images presented being such as were precisely best adapted both to comfort true believers, and bring sinners to repentance, so that this vivid exhibition of Christ's majesty and justice, is a kind of emblematical summary of what is afterwards expressed in words.

The Angels of the Seven Churches, Hengstenberg denies to be either guardian angels, or mere messengers, or diocesan bishops, or individual pastors, but regards them as ideal representatives of the ministry, eldership, or governing body in the several churches. In this connexion, he briefly but decidedly repudiates the doctrine of Vitringa and his school, that the Christian church was organized on the model of the Jewish synagogue, which, at least in its details, was a human institution of no great antiquity, whereas its real model was

the simple patriarchal eldership, which lay at the foundation of the whole theocratical system, and yet was suited, in itself, to both economies or dispensations.

The Seven Epistles themselves are then explained as introductory to the prophecies which constitute the subject-matter of the book, and as intended to prepare those immediately addressed, not only for the following predictions, but for the events predicted, by exhibiting the spiritual nature of the gospel, and its bearing on the hopes of individuals, as well as of the church at large; of which the readers of the book might easily have lost sight, in the blaze of prophetic imagery, by which so many have in every age been blinded to everything except the mere outside of Christianity. Thus understood, the striking dissimilitude between the Seven Epistles and the rest of the Apocalypse, instead of indicating different writers, or incongrous and wholly independent compositions from the same pen, is really a strong proof of unity of purpose, because it places in the forefront of the prophecy the very corrective which was necessary to preserve it from abuse.

One point, upon which Hengstenberg lays great stress, as a key to the true date, and also to the just interpretation of the book, is the total and obvious unlikeness of the state of things described or presupposed in these epistles, to that which we know to have existed at the time of Paul's labours in the very same region. The points of difference which he specifies are, first, the declension of the churches in proconsular Asia from the warmth of their first love, and that strength of faith, so frequently commended in Paul's epistles; and secondly, the entire disappearance of that Judaic form of Christianity which caused so much perplexity to the preceding generation, until swept away by the destruction of Jerusalem.

The first epistle to the Church at Ephesus describes that Church as zealous for the truth in opposition to heretical errors, but as having lost the first warmth of its spiritual affection, and therefore calls it to repentance. The Nicolaitans here mentioned are identical as Balaamites, or followers of Balaam, by an etymological affinity between the names, as well as by the nature of the heresy itself, as here described.

The Church at Smyrna is addressed in the second epistle, as alike free from great sins and great merits, and the exhortation to repentance is accordingly exchanged for an earnest admonition to be bold and faithful. The comparatively good condition of this church may have been connected with the ministry of Polycarp, which probably began long before the date of the Apocalypse.

The Church at Pergamus appears, in the third epistle, not entirely free from Nicolaitan corruption, yet eminently faithful in the midst of severe trials. The *Antipas* here mentioned is supposed by Hengstenberg to be an enigmatical title, and he seems to concur in the opinion of an old interpreter, that it means *against all*. At the same time, he believes the person designated by it to be Timothy, who suffered martyrdom in Asia about the same time of John's residence in Patmos.

The church at Thyatira, founded perhaps by Lydia, Paul's convert at Philippi (Acts xvi. 14), presents a kind of contrast to the church at Ephesus, which showed a commendable zeal against error, but had left its first love, whereas this was still maintained at Thyatira, but without sufficient firmness in withstanding error. Instead of the common text, *the* (or *that*) *woman*, in chap. ii. 20, Hengstenberg adopts Jachmann's reading, *thy wife*, which he explains to mean the weaker and more deceivable part of the community, by whose means a corruption of the truth had been admitted, here represented as false prophecy, and designated as of heathen origin by the use of the name *Jezebel*, the wife of Ahab, at whose instigation the unlawful worship of Jehovah, under the forbidden form of golden calves, was exchanged for that of Baal; so that Balaam and Jezebel may both be regarded as historical types of the corrupting influence exerted on the Church by heathenism.

In the fifth church, that of Sardis, we have still another phase of spiritual character and state presented, namely, that of a nominal or formal Christianity, without its reality and power, and an appropriate exhortation to the few who still continued undefiled, to strengthen what remained and was ready to perish.

The sixth epistle, to the Church in Philadelphia, contains the only instance, in this group or series, of allusion to the Jews as either persecutors or seducers, and encourages the feeble church to disregard the arrogant malignity of those who falsely claimed to be the Church of God, by virtue of their natural descent, but who were really the 'synagogue of Satan,' a description which must surely be offensive to those Christians of our own day, who are not ashamed to dote upon the Jews as such. In opposition to this error, Hengstenberg understands it to be taught here and elsewhere, that there has never been more than one true Israel or chosen people; that this body, even under the old dispensation, was a mixed one, free access being even then afforded to all heathen proselytes; that this same body was continued afterwards, and is perpetuated now in the Christian Church, not merely as the antitype, but as the actual continuation or successor of the old church, the uncorrupted part of which was the basis, nucleus, or germ of the new organization.

The Church of Laodicea is described in the seventh and last epistle, as lukewarm, *i. e.*, neither heated by divine love, nor aware of its own coldness, but, though really destitute of what was requisite to spiritual life and health, engrossed by the delusion of its own abundance and prosperity, from which it is exhorted to escape by repentance, and to seek supplies in Christ.

These epistles Hengstenberg regards as containing a direct historical description of the spiritual state of the principal churches where John laboured—a state, however, which was not peculiar, or confined to them, but may be renewed in any age or country. Hence, although as really adapted to the wants of those immediately addressed, as Paul's, or any other apostolical epistles, they are, at the same time, indirect predictions of certain spiritual changes and varieties which the

Church may be expected to experience, through all the periods of her earthly progress. It is, therefore, equally gratuitous to argue, that because they relate to local and temporary circumstances, they have only a fortuitous connexion with what follows; or, on the other hand, that because they form a part of this great prophecy, the churches here addressed are not the churches which were really so called, but mere ideas, types, or emblematical descriptions of the Church at large, in its various spiritual states and aspects.

These internal vicissitudes are not those of any particular period or periods in the history of the Church, but may all co-exist in different portions at the same time, as well as follow one another, at successive times, in the same part, or in the Church at large. According to this theory, the seven epistles constitute a substantive prophecy, including the whole field of history, and, when this is concluded, the prophet does not pass to a new period, but begins afresh, in order to exhibit the same thing in a new light, and to make other parts of his great subject prominent. This second group or series is that of the Seven Seals, in which the prophet is caught up into heaven, and there witnesses the convocation of a great assembly, with a view to the protection of the persecuted Church against its mortal enemy, the world. The disclosure of God's purposes is represented by the gradual opening of a book, or roll, with seven seals, the removal of which, one by one, reveals a part of the great mystery. The instrument, or agent, in this revelation is the Son of God, who appears both as the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and as a sacrificial Lamb, not merely ready to be slain, but slain already. As the judgments thus prophetically threatened were to be inflicted in the present life, there was need of some assurance that the saints should not be sharers in them. This assurance is afforded in a form analogous to that of the antecedent threatening, by an episode which occupies the seventh chapter, and in which the Church is first assured of the Divine protection in this world, and then of everlasting glory in the world to come. The final triumph of God's people, and destruction of his foes, is sublimely expressed by a single verse, which, according to the usual division of the text, is the first of the eighth chapter, but which Hengstenberg considers as the close of the second group or series. When the seventh seal was opened, there was silence in heaven, considered as the stage or scene on which this great drama was presented. The half hour does not denote the actual duration, but the time of the scenic exhibition which John witnessed. The silence itself is that of death to the enemy, of late so noisy, and of calm repose to God's afflicted people, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

Having thus brought the prophetic history once more to its conclusion, the inspired seer begins again, and traverses the same field in a third group, or series—that of the Seven Trumpets. It is, of course, impossible, by abstract or quotation, to give any just idea of the learned and ingenious arguments by which our author vindicates this method of dividing and distributing the parts, against that preferred by many

eminent interpreters, who, influenced, perhaps, in some degree, by the accidental or conventional position of the verse at the beginning of the eighth chapter, suppose the seven trumpets, if not the whole remainder of the book, to be included in the seventh seal. The point to which his reasonings all converge, however, is, that the starting-point, the stages, and the goal, may all be distinctly traced and fixed in each of these divisions, which must, therefore, be co-ordinate and parallel, and cannot be related to each other as the whole to a part, or the genus to its species.

This new scene, or rather this new drama, opens with a vision of seven angels, each provided with a trumpet, which are sounded in succession, and at every blast a portion of the future is disclosed, precisely as at the opening of the seven seals. This exact correspondence seems to show, not merely that the seals and trumpets are mere scenic signs of revelation or discovery, but also that the things disclosed are substantially the same in either case. For if they had reference to successive periods, however different the events of those two periods might be, the divine communication of them to the prophet could hardly have been naturally represented by the opening of seals in one case, and by the blowing of trumpets in the other. On the contrary, if merely a new aspect of the same great period was to be presented, it was altogether natural that this varied exhibition of the same thing should be figuratively represented by a different mode of publication; and if the predominant feature in this new view was to be the prevalence of war, it could not have been more appropriately signified than by the blowing of the martial trumpet.

The seven trumpets, and the several disclosures which they represent, are so distinguished and arranged as to form two classes. The first four announce great judgments on four divisions of the world; to wit, the Earth, the Sea, the Rivers, and the Sky. These are followed by the flight of an angel, or, according to the text adopted by the modern critics, an eagle, denouncing three woes on the earth, which are then successively promulged by the blowing of the last three trumpets. There is also a significant distinction with respect to the space allotted to the two bands of trumpets, the second being described with far more fulness and minuteness than the first. The supposition that this difference was meant to represent the last disclosures as more fearful than the first, may, perhaps, be considered as confirmed by the fact that the injuries announced by the first four trumpets are restricted to the third part of the earth, &c., whereas, in the other three, there is no such limitation.

To this group, as well as to the one before it, there is added an interlude, contained in ch. x. 1—xi. 13, and intended to strengthen both the prophet and the Church for the approaching trials. This is interposed between the sixth and seventh trumpets, as the other was between the sixth and seventh seals. At the end of the eleventh chapter, we have reached a point beyond which progress is impossible, the same point, too, with that at the end of the seventh or beginning of the eighth; to wit, the final triumph and unresisted reign of God and Christ.

Here then, according to analogy, the drama recommences, and a new group or series is begun; namely, that of the Three Enemies of God and his People. These are the Dragon, the Sea-Monster, and the Earth-Monster. We have first a vivid scenic exhibition of the enemies themselves. The dragon is the devil, in his belligerent and persecuting character. The two beasts or monsters are his representatives and instruments on earth. The sea-monster is the great opposing worldly power presented, first collectively, or in the aggregate, and then in the successive phases, under which the warfare against God and his people has been manifested. The land-monster represents that earthly, sensual, and devilish wisdom, by which this great opposing power has at all times been seconded and strengthened. The description of these formidable enemies (in ch. xii. xiii.) is followed (in ch. xiv.) by an anticipated view of their destruction and the triumph of God's people, the full disclosure of this glorious issue being reserved for a later group or scene of the grand drama. The fifth group or series is that of the Seven Vials (ch. xv. xvi.), exhibiting the seven plagues by which the beast, the godless worldly power, is accompanied, not at one time merely, but throughout all ages. This forms the prelude to the sixth (ch. xviii.—xx.), in which the destruction of the Three Foes of God and his Kingdom is depicted, beginning with the beast as the instrument, and ending with Satan as the prime agent. The seven heads of the beast denote as many phases of triumphant and God-defying heathenism; five of these, viz. the Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, and Macedonian, had already fallen at the date of the Apocalypse. The Church was then persecuted by the sixth, the Roman empire, the downfal of which is predicted in ch. xvii., and vividly described in ch. xviii. Chapter xix. opens with a triumphal song over this event, followed by another, which anticipates the downfal of all other enemies. The ten horns on the seventh head of the beast are the ten barbarian monarchies which rose out of the ruins of the Roman empire. Having been used as instruments of vengeance, they are now themselves destroyed. This being the last phase of the Heathenish Ascendency, the two beasts themselves experience the same fate with their followers and adherents.

The prime foe, Satan, still survives, and is yet to have a temporary triumph; but before this he is bound and rendered harmless to the Church, now at length in the ascendant, for a thousand years (ch. xx. 1—6). It is rather unfortunate for the effect of Hengstenberg's interpretation, that while he confidently sets down every other number and measure of time in the Apocalypse as merely symbolical, he no less confidently represents the millennium of chapter xx. as a literal period of a thousand years. The grounds on which he vindicates this seeming inconsistency are chiefly these: that this whole group, unlike the rest, is chronological in character; that this number is repeated ten times, showing that it is to be strictly understood; and, finally, that ten and its multiples are sometimes used as round, but never as symbolical numbers in Scripture.

The millennium, according to our author, is the thousand years from

the crowning of Charlemagne to the beginning of the present century. During this period the Church has been paramount throughout the civilized world, to the exclusion of heathenism in all its forms. Satan has not been allowed to tempt the nations back to their former state. But now he is unbound again, and the Church begins to be environed by the most malignant form of gentilism; not that of gross idolatry, but that of a malignant anti-christian infidelity, in its various phases of pantheistical neology, revolutionary democracy, and socialistic anarchy. In this part of the interpretation, it is easy to trace the influence of contemporaneous events in European, and especially in German politics, which have evidently operated on the mind of Hengstenberg precisely as the great events of their times did on Bengel and Vitringa. In either case, the great majority of readers will suspect that the proximity of these events has given them an undue magnitude in the expounder's field of vision.

This view of the millennium is one of the three salient points of Hengstenberg's interpretation. Another, really involved in this, is his indignant and contemptuous rejection of the theory which identifies the beast with Papal Rome, a theory, as he asserts, of modern origin, the product of temporary causes, and utterly untenable on any consistent principles of exposition. The third point is his similar rejection of all previous solutions of the enigmatical number of the beast, which he maintains is explicable only for some scriptural analogy, since all the other symbols, types, and enigmas of the book may be distinctly traced to the Old Testament. The number of a man he explains to mean, not a number denoting a man's name, but an ordinary intelligible number. The number itself he finds in Ezra ii. 13, the only place where it occurs in conjunction with a name, which name he therefore holds to be the one intended, viz. *Adonikam*, 'the Lord arose, or has arisen,' a formula expressing the arrogant and blasphemous pretensions of the beast.

With respect to the closing chapters, we need only add, that they contain the final overthrow of Satan, the judgment of his followers, the renewal of the present frame of nature rendered necessary by the banishment of sin, and the description of the New Jerusalem, or new condition of the Church under this altered state of things, which last is the theme of the seventh and concluding group or series.

The simple statement of our author's exegetical method and conclusions has more than occupied the space allotted to the whole subject, and must therefore be allowed to pass for the present without note or comment, the materials for which, we need not say, are abundantly furnished, even by the meagre outline which we have been tracing, for the information among such of our readers as have not access to the work itself. We state, in conclusion, that, although the book is far more popular in form than any of the author's earlier exegetical productions, a demand seems to exist in Germany for something still more suited to the wants of ordinary readers, and an abridgment by another hand, but no doubt with the author's sanction, is announced, and has, perhaps, appeared already.

Dissent in Scotland: its Rise and Progress.

ARTICLE II.

IN the proposals of the English army laid before Parliament in the month of November, 1647, it was laid down as a fundamental proposition, that '*the ways of God's worship are not at all entrusted to human power.*'* The English Independents, who enunciated this principle, held that, '*if it was wrong to impose Prelacy, it could not be right to impose Presbytery*' on the nation; and thus they were far a-head of the Scotch Presbyterians, the successors of Knox, in their knowledge of Christian ethics; for the Church of Scotland now held that she had reached her 'golden days,' and, armed with the Act of Parliament, Feb. 7, 1649,† ruled the nation with a rod of iron, and yet gloried all the while in her 'spiritual independence.' Referring to this era of the history of the Church of Scotland, Orme, in his 'Life of Owen,' says, 'If true religion consists in the regular meeting of Church courts, and the overwhelming power of ecclesiastical rulers, "the golden age of religion in Scotland," as the period from 1638 to 1649 has been called, would, indeed, be very distinguished; but if much of the form may exist without the power of religion, we shall be cautious how we may judge of it by the proceedings of assemblies.' And Bishop Burnett, in his 'History of his Own Times,' says, 'Their strictness of piety and good life,' that had gained the early leaders of the Covenant 'so much reputation,' 'began to wear off;' and 'instead of that, a fierceness of temper, and a copiousness of many long sermons, and much longer prayers, came to be the distinction of the party—the grace before and after meat sometimes extending in length to a whole hour.'

Christianity was thus more a thing of form than practice—a name to live without the power which enlightens the mind and renews the heart—the natural and necessary consequence of the teachings of a State Church.

But truth cannot always be thus repressed. In the north of Scotland there were a few distinguished Covenanters, whose consciences were ill at ease under this *régime*, and Divine Providence soon brought them to light. One of those Covenanters—Alexander Jaffray, chief magistrate of the city of Aberdeen—having espoused the cause of the Royalists, enrolled himself in the Scottish army of thirty thousand

* Rushworth on Records of the Kirk.

† 'The Estates of Parliament having seriously considered the Catechisms—viz. the Larger and Shorter ones—with the Confession of Faith, with three Acts of Approbation thereof, by the commissioners of the General Assembly, presented to them by the commissioners of the said General Assembly, do ratify and approve the said Catechisms, Confession of Faith, and Acts of Approbation, of the same, produced as it is; and ordains them to be recorded, published, and practised.'—*Vide Scottish Estates Acts*, 1649.

men, raised to fight for 'the king and the Covenant,' and marched on England. Cromwell met this army at Dunbar, with sixteen thousand men, and speedily put them to flight, killing three thousand of the Scots troops, and taking ten thousand prisoners. Jaffray was among the wounded, and having had his wounds dressed by order of the republican general, was carried into the town, where he was used with great kindness and courtesy. Having respect to his high position and character, Jaffray was privileged with the sympathy and personal intercourse of Cromwell, Fleetwood, and Dr. Owen, one of the chaplains of Cromwell's army; and finding that his mind was open to conviction, and that his conscience was not at all comfortable under the bondage of the Covenant, they took occasion to discuss with him the whole subject of civil and religious freedom, and ultimately made out to his satisfaction, 'not only some more clear evidences of the Lord's controversy with the family and person of the king, but more particularly the sinful mistake of the good men of this nation about the knowledge and mind of God as to the exercise of the magistrate's power in matters of religion—what the due bounds and limits of it are.'* One of Cromwell's champions reasoned with Jaffray after this manner:—'Gospel institutions, in the case of heresy and error, seem not to favour any course of violence, I mean of civil penalties. Foretold it is, that heresies must be; but this is for the manifestation of those that are approved, not the destroying of those that are not. Admonitions, and excommunications upon rejection of admonitions, are the highest constitutions against such persons; waiting with all patience on them that oppose themselves, if at any time God will give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth. Imprisonment, banishing, slaying, is scarcely a patient waiting. God doth not so wait on unbelievers.'

There is abundant evidence extant which goes to show that such arguments as these not only served to confirm Jaffray in the doctrines of Nonconformity, but others, also, who were privileged to hear them. And it can also be proved, that during the time Cromwell's soldiers were in Scotland, they did more to promote the cause of religious freedom and personal godliness than the historians of Scotland generally care to allow. 'It is true,' says Orme, 'Cromwell put down the assemblies, and curbed the spirit of interference with politics which then so much prevailed among the ministers. But he interfered with none of the other rights of the Church, and encouraged the profession of the gospel in all its ranks.' 'I remember well,' says Bishop Burnett, 'three regiments coming to Aberdeen; there was an order and discipline, and a face of gravity and piety among them, that amazed all people. Most of them were Independents and Anabaptists; they were all gifted men, and preached as they were moved.' But the strongest testimony to the prosperous condition of religion in Scotland at this period, is from the pen of Mr. James Kirton, afterwards one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who, from his opportunities, was well able to judge, and,

* Jaffray's Diary. By John Barclay.

from his sentiments as a Presbyterian, unlikely to overrate the salutary influence of the measures of the Commonwealth. He says, 'They did indeed proclaim a sort of toleration to Dissenters among Protestants, but permitted the gospel to have its course, and presbyters and synods to continue in the exercise of their powers; and all the time of their government the gospel prospered not a little, *but mightily*.' At the king's restoration he further says, '*Every parish had a minister, every village had a school; every family, almost, had a Bible: yea, in most of the country all the children could read the Scriptures, and were provided with Bibles either by their parents or their ministers*.'*

Thus, then, it appears that 'the golden age of Scotland' was not when the Church was united to the State, but when it was practically free from such connexion; and that instead of the credit being due to John Knox, which has been so long claimed as to have become tacitly admitted, of *giving to every parish in Scotland a Protestant church, and to every church a school*, it is due to Oliver Cromwell for throwing the Church of Scotland *on her own resources*, and hence one of the most powerful and practical arguments that has yet been given to the world of the truth which lies at the foundation of Dissent, and constitutes its real distinguishing character, viz., that Christianity needs no help but from itself.

Jaffray and his few associates, though Independents in principle, did not find it practicable to institute a Christian church of the Congregational order. Appointed by Cromwell to high and responsible offices in the State, Jaffray was but seldom at home; and there does not appear to have been any other master-mind in the North that had practical talent sufficient to form any Nonconformist organization on this ground. But afterwards Jaffray became a convert to the doctrine and discipline of the Society of Friends, and these were the first thorough-going Dissenters of Scotland. Deputations were sent from the Friends in England to the city of Aberdeen; and besides Jaffray, David Barclay, of Ury, the great grandfather of the present sporting gentleman of that name, and other influential parties in Aberdeenshire, became members of their society. This connexion numbered amongst its associates the able and pious author of the 'Apology,' Robert Barclay, and others distinguished for their learning, piety, and devotion.

The restoration of Charles II., which has been partly anticipated by our first article, was the signal for the commencement of the cruelest oppressions of those devoted Nonconformists. First, they were persecuted by the Church of Scotland now again in power, and then by the Episcopal Church, as next established by law in Scotland. The arm of the civil magistrate was invoked, and fell on the Friends with tremendous force. They were tried, imprisoned, tortured; had their meeting-house in the city of Aberdeen pulled down, and the dead bodies of their departed relatives and Christian brethren, that had been interred in their own burial-ground, even torn from their graves! But 'the more these people were persecuted,' says Jaffray, 'the more they

* Kirton's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 54, &c.

multiplied and grew,' until there were communities in various districts in the North, and many witnesses for the truth, manifesting the power of a simple and practical Christianity, and holding up amidst thick moral darkness the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For a good many years these Friends were the life and soul of Nonconformity in Scotland, and the pioneers of that religious freedom which she afterwards legally secured.

The consolidation of the political interests of the two nations diverted attention from religious matters during the last part of the seventeenth century, and a period of religious apathy appears to have superinduced on the previous restless, and oftentimes convulsive, condition of the public mind, and it was not until towards the close of that era that the vital character of Christianity again began to manifest itself, and the antagonism of truth and error appeared in open conflict. Two elements of good and evil mainly contributed to this result—the one, a sermon preached by the Bishop of Bangor from the text, 'My kingdom is not of this world;' and the other, the passing of the Act of 1712, providing that on presentation of a licensed preacher within the bounds of any presbytery in Scotland, 'presbyters were bound and astricted' to take him on trial, and unless error or immorality were openly proved against him, to induct him to the charge.

The Bangorian controversy threw some light on the spiritual character of Christ's kingdom; and Scotland had a fair share of the good which it induced, but it was not until a publication appeared from the pen of Mr. Graham, of Newcastle, showing, with much force and clearness, the absurdity and mischievous tendency of a connexion between Church and State*—that the bondage of the civil connexion was, to any great extent, realized. Many who had quietly separated from the National Church, for various reasons, now openly avowed their convictions, and patronage having been especially felt to be a galling yoke, a few ministers, in connexion with the Church of Scotland, were compelled to leave their livings under solemn protest.

A most interesting and instructive feature in the progress of truth was a discussion which arose in the presbytery of Auchterarder, in Perthshire, on points of doctrine—Pelagianism having found its way into the Church of Scotland, and been openly taught by Professor Simson, who held the divinity chair in the University of Glasgow. The General Assembly, after trial of the case, found it proved that the professor held, 'that heathens have an obscure objective discovery of redemption through Christ—that the light of nature, including tradition, is sufficient to teach man the way of salvation—that the souls of children are as pure and holy as the soul of Adam was in his original condition, being inferior to him only as to those qualifications and habits which he received in a state of maturity—that no proper covenant of works was made with Adam, as the representative of his posterity—that our own happiness ought to be our chief end in the service of God—that there is no immediate prescience of God attending and in-

* Newly-National Churches allied to Despotism.

fluencing the acts of his reasonable creatures—and that there will be no suffering in hell, after the last judgment.'* They refused, however, to inflict any ecclesiastical penalties on the professor; but the presbytery of Auchterarder pronounced it heresy, and inserted in their Minutes their opinion 'that it is not sound and orthodox to teach that we forsake sin in order to our coming to Christ, and instating us in covenant with God.' A young man presented to a charge within the bounds of the presbytery, avowed Pelagian opinions, when Ralph Erskine opposed his settlement, on the ground of this error; but the General Assembly homologated it, and treated the presbytery with indignant severity. Then followed a warm controvesy, and a publication under the title of 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity,' which eventuated in the secession of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, and the establishment of the first Dissenting Presbyterian organization in Scotland.

These Dissenters, however, were right in practice long before they were right in principle; and although their followers afterwards separated again and again into so many different sections, that it would require a volume to give the history of each, it was not until the close of the last century that Dissent, on the broad ground that the civil magistrate has no right or title to legislate within the precincts of the Church, again began to manifest its character, and demand for itself a fair hearing.

The Buried Palaces of Nineveh.

'FAR away—a thousand miles from the highways of modern commerce, and the tracks of ordinary travel—lay a city buried in the sandy earth of a half-desert Turkish province, with no certain trace of its place of sepulchre. Vague tradition said it was hidden somewhere near the river Tigris; but for above two thousand years its known existence in the world was a mere name—a word. That name suggested the idea of an ancient capital of fabulous splendour and magnitude, a congregation of palaces and other dwellings, encompassed by walls and ramparts, vast, but scarcely real.

'More than two thousand years had it thus lain in its unknown grave, when a French *savant* and a wandering English scholar, urged by a noble inspiration, sought the seat of the once powerful empire, and, searching till they found the dead city, threw off its shroud of sand and ruin, and revealed once more, to an astonished and anxious world, the temples, the palaces, and the idols; the representations of war and the triumphs of peaceful art of the ancient Assyrians. The

* Historical Account of the Secession, by Brown Haddington.

Nineveh of Scripture, the Nineveh of the oldest historians; the Nineveh twin sister of Babylon—glorying in a civilization of pomp and power, all traces of which were believed to be gone; the Nineveh in which the captive tribes of Israel had laboured and wept, was, after a sleep of twenty centuries, again brought to light. The proofs of ancient splendour were again beheld by living eyes, and, by the skill of the draughtsman, and the pen of antiquarian travellers, made known to the world.'

Such are the opening passages of a work of singular value and interest,* upon which we propose to draw for the materials of the present paper. Cheap, handsomely got up, most complete and painstaking in its arrangements, and abundantly illustrated with engravings of the objects described, it is one of the best specimens of popular antiquarian literature, which has for some time issued from the press; and one which, while it will be acceptable to intelligent readers generally, will be especially valued by thoughtful students of the sacred writings.

The merit of pioneering the way for the series of discoveries recorded in this volume, belongs to Charles Julius Rich, the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, who carefully surveyed, about the year 1818, the presumed sites of Babylon and Nineveh. The immediate results were but slight, and more than twenty years elapsed ere the investigation was resumed. In 1842, M. Botta was appointed French Consul at Mósul, in the immediate neighbourhood. Having previously resided in the East, and possessing energy of character and a love of scientific pursuits strong enough to carry him through every difficulty, he speedily availed himself of the facilities afforded by his position for attempting to solve the great geographical problem. Selecting the mound of Kouyunjik for his first operations, three months of fruitless labour followed; but in the interim a dyer of Khorsabad, who built his ovens of the bricks on which his village was built, brought to Botta a couple of large bricks bearing inscriptions, and offered to procure as many more as he might desire. Acting on this hint, Botta despatched workmen to the spot; and, in a few days, himself feasted his eyes on the remains of a chamber, the façade of which was covered with bas-reliefs, and had the still higher gratification of finding that he had struck upon the ruins of a very considerable edifice. In May, 1843, full descriptions of all that the excavations had revealed, accompanied by drawings, reached Paris; whereupon 3,000 francs were immediately placed at Botta's disposal by the Minister of the Interior, for the further prosecution of the work.

And now a new class of difficulties had to be encountered. The proverbial insalubrity of Khorsabad seriously affected the workmen, and nearly killed their enterprising chief. Added to this, was the cupidity, superstition, and stolid ignorance of the inhabitants, who could not be induced to believe that such persevering researches were for treasures in marble and stone alone, some conceiving that their

* "Nineveh and its Palaces. The Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ." By Joseph Bonomi, F.R.S.L. Illustrated London Library, 227, Strand.

country formerly belonged to the Europeans, who were now searching for evidence whereon to ground a claim for restitution! Mohamed Pasha, Governor of the Province of Mósul, after subjecting the party to annoyances which would have sickened any one not bent on the achievement of his object, at length prohibited further search, on the Turkish governor-like pretext, that a small house built by Botta was erected as a fortress to command the country! The interference of the French ambassador at Constantinople, and the death of the Pasha, presently removed this formidable obstacle; and in May 1844, having received a fresh grant of money, and been joined by an artist despatched by the French government to take drawings of the sculptures before they had lost their freshness by exposure to the atmosphere, Botta recommenced his labours, having, after some amusing diplomatic manœuvres, succeeded in purchasing the village for the purpose of clearing the houses from the top of the mound. By a fortunate coincidence—fortunate at least for one of the parties—a band of Nestorian Christians were at this time driven by persecution from their mountain homes in Kurdistan to Mósul and the neighbouring villages, and Botta, charged with distributing among them the relief expended by his government, was at once furnished with a supply of robust and willing labourers. Nearly three hundred men were now engaged with all the ardour of Californian diggers, their more scientific director following with delight the movements of the pickaxe, and measuring, and transcribing all that it revealed. M. Flaudin, the artist, returned to Paris at the end of the year, when Botta and his coadjutors received the first reward of their labours in the publication of the result in a series of magnificent folio volumes prepared at the national cost. There now remained the formidable achievement of transporting the sculptures to France, a work in which Botta's patience, energy, and ingenuity, were yet more severely taxed. At length, after the lapse of eight months, and the loss of one life—the only casualty of the kind occurring throughout the excavations—the whole were floated down the Tigris on rafts supported by inflated skins, and at the end of 1846 was landed the first collection of Assyrian antiquities that had ever reached Europe—a collection which now presents one of the greatest of the many attractions of the Louvre.

To the labours of our own countryman, Dr. Layard, as being already widely known, we may refer with greater brevity. He commenced his career of travel in 1839, in the North of Europe, visiting the states of Germany, and acquiring their language; presently making his way to Constantinople, and then, Alexander like, turning to another continent, and betaking himself to the East, where, learning the languages of Turkey and Arabia, he was soon able to adapt himself to the life of an Arab of the Desert. An excursion in the neighbourhood of Nineveh and the Tigris served to whet an appetite for antiquarian research, which no hardship or danger could subdue, and an interview with Botta, then engaged in excavating the mound of Kouyunjik, strengthened his determination to realize his own cherished views. Layard, however, could draw upon no public fund, and but for the generous

munificence of Sir Stratford Canning*—to whom we are also indebted for the marbles from Halicarnassus—the French museum would in all probability have received what has so greatly enriched the sculptural department of our own.

The English, like the French excavator, had to face the most wearying difficulties, not the least of which were occasioned by the rapacity and duplicity of the local authorities, who, just when the first of the long sought-for bas-reliefs was suddenly disclosed, peremptorily stopped the works. Fortunately, a change of Pashas resulted in the removal of the embargo, when, attracted by a ravine occasioned by the winter rains, Layard happily opened a trench in its centre, and in two days was rewarded by 'the discovery of several additional bas-reliefs, and of a gigantic human head, much to the terror of the Arabs, who hurried to communicate the intelligence that Nimroud himself had been found. The excitement produced by this discovery set the whole of Mósul in commotion; and the result was a message from the governor, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed.' Again, however, a timely change of Pashas relieved Layard from his embarrassments, and all official opposition being overcome, new trenches were opened in the great mound of Kouyunjik, and soon 'kings, priests, griffins, eunuchs, and the symbolic tree, were among the figures which excited feelings of amazement in the Arabs, and of rapturous delight in their employer.'

Seasonable, though inadequate, aid was now afforded by a government grant, but no artist having been sent out, as in Botta's case, Layard had 'to superintend the excavations, to draw all the bas-reliefs, to copy, compare, and take casts of the inscriptions, to direct the moving and packing of the sculptures, to be continually present at the works, and frequently to remove the earth with his own hands from the face of the slabs.' The excavations among the ruins at Nimroud now proceeded on a large scale. Chamber after chamber of the palace was explored, and the chiselled records of 'battles, sieges, triumphs, banquetings, and sacrifices, were daily discovered.' As in Botta's case, the removal of gigantic bulls, lions, and other large sculptures, drew largely on Layard's invention and patience; but by the end of June, 1847, the whole had been transferred from their sandy burial-place to the surface of the deep, the working party had been disbanded, and Layard had taken a farewell glance at the scene of his trials and triumphs.

After devoting several chapters to Ninevite history, biblical and classical, and to a topographical description of the entire district, Mr. Bonomi takes the reader from chamber to chamber of the palaces at Khorsabad and Nimroud, and, like a modern cicerone at Holyrood or Hampton Court, but, we need hardly say, with a degree of intelligence greatly surpassing that usually possessed by such functionaries, describes the various scenes pictured in stone upon the walls, vivifying the mute record by his references and deductions, and ingeniously

* Recently elevated to the peerage by the title of Lord Redcliffe.

speculating as to cause and purpose, where either imperfect materials or partial knowledge render it impossible to pronounce a certain judgment. Singularly enough, the task of elucidating the architecture and construction of the Assyrian palaces has been greatly facilitated by the circumstance that many of those portions of the ruins of Khorsabad, such as windows, columns, and grand flights of stairs, which have been destroyed, are preserved in those of Persepolis; while, on the other hand, the sculptured and painted walls and chambers wanting there, are to be found at Khorsabad and other ruins; and thus it has been possible to give an almost complete outline of every part of the structures.

It is needless to insist on the importance of the information, direct and inferential, afforded by these remains. In the walls of these chambers, so long lost not merely to the sight but to the knowledge of mankind, we have a highly illustrated historical volume, in which is minutely and effectively, though often most grotesquely, displayed all the leading pursuits and characteristics of an extinct nation, while the incidental details, no less than the prominent features, strikingly and impressively illustrate Scripture statements. Here are to be seen, as is believed, the 'mighty hunter,' Nimrod himself, strangling a young lion by pressing it against his chest—the 'eunuch in the palace of the king of Babylon'—the 'king's cup-bearer, to whom was appointed a daily provision of the king's meat and of the wine which he drank'—the 'governors, treasurers, and rulers of provinces,' such as surrounded Nebuchadnezzar's image of gold—'the most mighty men' in the army, such as obeyed the behests of the same monarch in casting Shadrach and his heroic companions into 'the burning fiery furnace.' The sumptuous convivialities of the Assyrian court are delineated in 'the banqueting hall,' in which the king was wont to entertain 'the nobles and princes of the provinces,'* in celebration of his conquests, when 'the harp and the viol were in their feasts;' and here, too, is probably the very recess in which stood the wine-vase, of a size to contain 'royal wine in abundance according to the state of the king,' while his guests are in the act of drinking his health, or of pledging each other in uplifted cups.† The culinary department and the stable also find a place in the series, while in a slab representing the return of the king from the chase we have 'a perfect *tableau de genre de haut ton*, resembling in so many points the present customs of the East,' as remarkably to illustrate the tenacity with which Oriental nations cling to the manners and customs of their fathers. As might be expected, in the case of so martial a people, warlike exploits occupy the largest portion of this illustrative gallery. All the incidents of the successful campaign are registered with a circumstantiality indicative of the national vanity. Horsemen 'lifting up both the bright sword and the glittering

* Esther i. 3, 7.

† The seats used are narrow and without backs, indicating that the custom of inclining at meals had not then been introduced. The prophet Eli, it will be recollected, is described as having fallen 'from off the seat backward by the side of the gate,' so that his neck brake and he died.'

spear,' and horses 'swifter than the leopards, and more fierce than the evening wolves'—bowmen, shield-bearers, and slingers, for whom were prepared 'shields, and spears, and helmets, and habergeons, and bows, and slings to cast stones'—chariots and battering rams, the assault, the charge, the retreat and pursuit, the burning fort and the sacked city—bearded warriors 'furiously driving their chariot in pursuit of the remnant of the inhabitants, who are flying over a rocky plain, strewn with headless bodies'—the soldier 'deliberately plunging his sword into the breast of an adversary, whom he has driven down on his knees'—the king stopping his chariot 'to command a register to be made of the number of the heads of the slain piled up in a heap before him,'* and, hovering over dead and dying, 'the ravenous birds of every sort,'†—these horrid accompaniments of a horrid system are described with surprising vigour and effect. Then follow the treaty of peace, the triumphal march, the manacled prisoners supplicating for mercy, 'the captive child and the mother that bare it cast out into another country,'‡ and the train of tribute-bearers enriching the imperial treasury with the spoils of enslaved provinces or conquered kingdoms.

The 'Hall of Judgment' and the 'Chamber of Judgment,' furnish scenes presenting in an equally unfavourable light the character of the people and the age. In the bassi-relievi here are to be seen prisoners, some of them supposed to be Jews, probably Samaritans, having rings in their lips, to which is attached a cord held by the king, embodying literally the metaphor in Isaiah's prophetic message sent in reply to the prayer of Hezekiah—'Because thy rage against me and thy tumult is come up into mine ears, therefore will I put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou comest.'§ One prisoner, in addition to having his hands manacled, has on his ankles strong rings fastened by a heavy bar, the condition in which the Assyrian king took Manasseh to Babylon,‖ and, perhaps, resembling that of Zedekiah when bound, at a later period, with fetters of brass.¶

In another group is a man naked, with limbs outstretched, and wrists and ankles fastened to pegs in the table or floor, while 'the chief of the slayers' is, with a curved knife, 'beginning to remove the skin from the back of the arm of the prisoner, whose head is turned towards the king imploring pardon, the very words of which petition may possibly be contained in the cuneatic inscription above.' In another scene may be recognised the fate of Zedekiah, the king thrusting the point of his spear into the eyes of the supplicating prisoner, while he holds in his left hand a cord attached to rings in the lips of two other captives.

'The *dark* places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' Yes! Nineveh, 'that exceeding great city,' was spiritually dark; the remains of its material magnificence giving proof of the

* 2 Kings x. 8. † Ezek. xxxix. 4. ‡ Jer. xxii. 26.
§ Isaiah xxxvii. 28, 29. ‖ 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11; xxxvi. 6.
¶ 2 Kings. xxv. 7. Jer. xxxix. 7.

superstitions and religious ignorance of its people. The representations of divinities, two-winged and four-winged, symbolic bulls and emblematic figures and inscriptions, occur with frequency in particular portions of these palaces. 'The sacred or royal precincts were trebly guarded by divinities, inscriptions, and hidden gods, from the approach of any subtle spirit, or more palpable enemy, that might have escaped the vigilance of the king's body-guard.' In the floor of the inner court, Botta found secret cavities containing small images of baked clay of horrid hybrid forms; these being, it is suggested, the 'Teraphim,' or images, such as Rachel took from her father and put 'in the camel's furniture, and sat upon them,'* the signification of the original word according with the terrifying aspect of these figures. In 'the divining chamber' were found the figures of two magi, with a gazelle in one hand and the other uplifted in prayer, and it is inferred that in this chamber they were wont to be consulted by the king, the blood of the victims being poured into the cavity in a slab in the floor. These magi, it is inferred from their form and features, are one of the four orders of Chaldeans mentioned by Daniel, to whom the Assyrian kings resorted, on occasions the most trivial or important, for the interpretation of dreams or the solution of political problems. They are distinguished by a peculiar species of dress, and it is noted as a remarkable fact that 'they retain more of the vermillion and of the black pigment in the hair and eyebrows than any other figures on the walls of Khorsabad and Nimroud, a circumstance which, we think, is not to be attributed to chance, for the prophet Ezekiel, in speaking of the figures of men sculptured on the walls of the Assyrian palaces, makes particular mention of the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermillion.'† A still more striking reference is made in another passage, which we quote—"The large group forming the centre of the stone shows us the king, twice repeated, for uniformity's sake, performing some religious rite before the symbolic tree, in the presence of the chief divinity, which we consider to typify Baal. The king holds the sceptre in his left hand, his right being upraised and his forefinger pointed, as in conversation with the winged divinity above. Elijah apostrophizes the priests of Baal ironically; telling them to call louder on the divinity; for, he says, "he is a God, either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked." We may judge now, with these authentic documents of the worshippers of Baal before us, how cuttingly sarcastic was this address of the prophet. Here, he is truly talking; elsewhere, he is pursuing, as we have seen; or on a journey; or, peradventure, sleeping; this is the climax of sarcasm, because sleep, as the priests of Baal well knew, is necessary to the restoration of the faculties of the mortal, and incompatible with divinity. "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."'

The arrogant and boastful character of some of the inscriptions on these palatial walls agree, we are told, in a singular manner, with the gasconading of the messengers sent to Hezekiah, described in 2 Kings

* Gen. xxxi. 19, 30, 34. † Ezek. xxii. 14.

xviii. and xix., "Who are they among all the gods of the countries that have delivered their country out of my hand?" Swift and terrible was the response, for 'it came to pass that night, that the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand, and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses!' And more complete and terrible still was the vengeance stored up against the city of this proud and tyrannizing people, the results exactly verifying the predictions of the prophet, 'With an overruning flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies. The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved. Nineveh is of old like a pool of water.'* The condition of the ruins, says Bonomi 'is highly corroborative of the sudden destruction that came upon Nineveh by fire and sword.' 'Then shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off.' It is evident from the ruins, that both Khorsabad and Nimroud were sacked and then set on fire. 'She is empty, and void, and waste.' Neither Botta nor Layard found any of that store of silver, and gold, and 'pleasant furniture,' which the palaces contained; scarcely anything, even of bronze, escaped the spoiler; but he unconsciously left what is more valuable, for to the falling in of the roofs of the buildings, by his setting fire to the columns and beams that supported them, and his subsequent destruction of the walls, we are indebted for the extraordinary preservation of the sculptures. In them we possess an authentic and contemporary commentation on the prophecies; in them we read, in unmistakable characters, an evidence of that rapacity and cruelty, of which the Assyrian nation is accused. "For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it. Woe to him that buildeth a tower with blood, and stablisheth a city with iniquity."'†

Lord Francis Jeffrey.

In pre-limning the functions of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, prominence was given to the illustration of literary characters and productions—of the Man or the Book of the season. This feature of our design has not been so completely fulfilled as we could wish. The unresting hand of Death, lifting ever and anon some waning human light from the obscure elevation of a cottage window to the world-wide conspicuousness of a star—the vigilant industry of author-craft, exhuming its precious materials from the alluvial past, or from the virgin veins that are to be found even in the best-frequented fields of the present—furnish abundant and interesting themes for the journalist.

* Nahum i. 8; ii. 6, 8. † Hab. ii. 11, 12.

But it is often his sad fate—at least, it is our own—to see such topics pass across the disc of the public mind, and vanish, ere he can overtake them, into the limbo of things 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' We are determined not to be thus eluded for the future; and we seize upon the illustrious name above-written, after most of our weekly and monthly brethren have dismissed it, in the conviction that the Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey* contain more of interest and beauty than a hundred reviews can exhaust.

The outer life of Francis Jeffrey is soon told. He was born on the 23rd of October, 1773. His parents then occupied a flat of No. 7, Charles-street, George-square, Edinburgh. His father was a deputy clerk of the Supreme Court—his mother, a farmer's daughter. Francis was the third of five children. He went first to a school 'in the abyss of Bailie Fyfe's close.' At the age of eight, he was promoted to the famous High School of Edinburgh, where he learned Latin under Mr. Fraser, who, 'from three successive classes, of four years each, had the singular good fortune to turn out Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham.' Dr. Adam 'added some Greek to the Latin,' and, what was far better, delighting 'in the detection and encouragement of every appearance of youthful talent and goodness,' taught Jeffrey, as he had taught Scott, 'the value of the knowledge hitherto considered only as a burdensome task.' In the winter of 1786-7, he was one day 'standing on the High-street, staring at a man whose appearance struck him; a person standing at a shop door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Aye, laddie! ye may well look at that man!—That's Robert Burns!"' It was Jeffrey's first and last look at the poet—an incident worth recording in the barest record of a life. At fourteen years of age, Jeffrey went to Glasgow College, remaining two sessions, and attending only the Greek, Logic, and Moral Philosophy classes. Leaving Glasgow in May, 1789, he remained at home, attending a course of law lectures, till September, 1791, when he went to Oxford, and was entered at Queen's College. He returned to Edinburgh in June, 1792, to definitively prepare for the profession of a Scottish advocate. He married, in November, 1801, a portionless daughter of his second cousin, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Professor of Church History at St. Andrew's. In March of the following year, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the post of 'reporter' to the Court of Sessions. The same summer, he projected, in company with Sydney Smith, Horner, and Brougham, the 'Edinburgh Review,' the first number of which appeared in November, 1802. With the second number he assumed the editorship. In May 1804, he lost one of his two sisters, and in August of the following year, his childless wife. In August, 1806, he made that visit to London of which the miserable recontre with Moore was an episode. In the summer of 1813 he crossed the Atlantic, in order to marry Miss Wilkes, a grand niece of the famous tribune, with whom he had become acquainted while she

* Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. In 2 vols. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1852.

was visiting some friends in Edinburgh. In the autumn of 1815 the restoration of peace gave him an opportunity of gratifying his old desire to visit the continent. In 1820, his literary honours were crowned by his election to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow College. In June, 1829, his professional eminence was recognised in his appointment as Dean of the Faculty of Edinburgh; and he therefore resigned the editorship of the 'Review,' as incompatible with that position. On the long-deferred accession of the Whigs to power, he was made Lord-Advocate, and sat in Parliament successively for the Forfarshire burghs, Malton, and Edinburgh; the first and second, though Malton was a nomination borough, costing 10,000*l.* In 1834, he was raised to the Scottish bench. On the 26th of January, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year, he died.

These few briefly-recorded incidents are the bones of a public and private life intensely interesting. Lord Cockburn has not written as a literary artist; but he has not failed—he could not well fail—to produce the narrative of an animating career and the portraiture of a beautiful character. We trace through his pages the development of the tiny, timid child, trembling at the footstep of the unknown, dreaded master, and weeping at the loss of a first place in his class—the 'little black creature' haranguing his college fellows against the election of Adam Smith to the Lord Rectorship—the home-sick youth, distraught with sorrow at the solitude of Oxford, but panting with the thirst of fame, and despairing of reaching it but by poems so mediocre that his friendly editor suppresses their remains—the briefless advocate, consumed with impatience to earn his bread, projecting books that never saw the light, suing in vain for employment to London editors and bibliopoles, turning his aching eyes to India for means of livelihood, yet venturing to marry on a hundred a year, and exhausting his patrimony in the furniture of a top story—refused an appointment that would have worn out his days in an obscure clerkship, having offended his only patron by political heresy, conspiring with half a dozen aspirants, mostly poor as himself, to start a quarterly magazine—lifted, in a few months, to a dazzling elevation of intellectual renown and to the enjoyment of comparative affluence—abased to the dust, a year or two later, by the blows that shivered his household gods, more cherished than the idols of intellect or ambition—slowly finding consolation in the exercise of mental energies, and the renewal of heart ties—rejoicing in the attainment, successively, of the highest honours of the literary and forensic vocations, the just rewards of political service, and the constant delights of a charming home and godlike friendships—sinking quietly into the vale of years, and dying at an age beyond threescore and ten, in the midst of as much of happiness as earth could afford. It is only on one or two points of this picture that we can dwell.

Of the establishment and early history of the 'Edinburgh Review,' we had hoped to have learned even more than Lord Cockburn tells us, or rather, permits Jeffrey to tell. Sydney Smith's account of the affair is well known. 'One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat, in Buccleuch-place, the elevated residence of the

then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review. This was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the "Edinburgh Review." '* This version, however, is more dramatic than accurate. Smith was confessedly the first to 'propose that we should set up a review;' but the proposition was one to be anxiously debated in a committee of ways and means, rather than to be voted by acclamation. Constable, 'though the most spirited of publishers,' seems to have been reluctant to embark in an enterprise of which he must bear the pecuniary risk. When determined on and announced, the appearance of the first number was delayed three months. The confederates were themselves timid, and the laughing Sydney by far the most so, 'making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back approaches or by different lanes.' Smith was not the formally appointed editor of even the first number. The writers met, 'as many as could be got to attend,' at the printing-office, corrected their proofs, and criticised each other's articles. The extraordinary success of the 'Review' put an end to this unmethodical and profitless management. After the first three numbers, Constable was told, in a letter from Smith, who had gone south, that he should give an editor 50*l.* for each number, and allow the writers ten guineas a sheet. That the bookseller readily agreed, is the best evidence that can be given to this generation of the sensation which these young unknown penmen had effected. Jeffrey was at once appointed editor, at which Horner, then at the Chancery bar, records that he is glad, and that 'few know the genius of that little man.' This same Horner, in common with his fellow-contributors, was already a cause of harass to his old co-mate and chief. For contributions to the third, fourth, and subsequent numbers, we find the anxious editor dunning and entreating him. An article on Malthus, the Chancery barrister had had two years under hand. At length, Jeffrey writes—

'The cry is still for copy. We must publish, it seems, by the 15th of July, to attain the object for which we went back to the 18th; and they wish, if possible, to set the press agoing in the course of ten days from this time. Now, my most trusted and perfidious Horner, I earnestly conjure you to think how necessary it is for you to set instantly about Malthus. Shut yourself up within your double doors; commit the doctor† for one eight days to his destiny; and cease to perplex yourself with "what the Dutch intend, and what the French;" let the blue stockings of Miss —— be gartered by some idler hand; resist, if possible, the seductions of Mrs. Smith, and the tender prattlings of Saba; think only of the task which you have undertaken, and endeavour to work out your liberation in as short a time as possible. I do think it of consequence that we should begin, if possible, with this article, both because it is more important, and more impatiently expected than any other, and because I really do not know of any other that I have a right to demand, or the power of getting ready so soon, &c.'

Such are the toils of literature, such the temptations to idleness, even in that fresh, vigorous season, when labour—*once fairly begun*—is a delight, and the urgings of *res angusta domi* join with the wooings of ambition!

* Preface to Sydney Smith's collected Works. † Addington.

For this onerous labour, what preparation had Jeffrey made? For the effect which his first stroke produced, where was the adequate cause? The reply is a lesson to the idle dreamer, who, infected with the vain conceit of genius, excuses his indolence by the apparently untrained efforts of his fancied exemplars. 'If there be anything valuable in the history of his progress,' says Jeffreys' biographer, 'it seems to me to consist chiefly in the example of meritorious labour, which his case exhibits to young men, even of the highest talent. If he had chosen to be idle, no youth would have had a stronger temptation, or a better excuse for that habit; because his natural vigour made it easy for him to accomplish far more than his prescribed tasks, respectably, without much trouble, and with the additional applause of doing them off-hand. But his early passion for distinction was never separated from the conviction that in order to attain it he must work for it. Accordingly, from his boyhood, he was not only a diligent, but a systematic student.' At Glasgow, he seems to have commenced the habit of not only taking copious notes of every lecture he heard and every book he read, but to have expanded them by the record of his reflections. From that he advanced to translation and theme-writing. The essays that remain and are specified, are on such subjects as still engage the pens and tongues of tyros, but display a very unusual acuteness, fulness of thought, command of language, and continuity of purpose. Some of these productions occupy fifty, seventy, or a hundred folio pages, in a small crabbed handwriting; and the whole would certainly fill many printed volumes. Their most instructive and remarkable characteristic has yet to be mentioned—'Nearly the whole of his prose writings are of a critical character; and this inclination towards analysis and appreciation was so strong, that almost every one of his compositions close with a criticism upon himself.' A letter written at fifteen years of age to Dr. Adam, is marvellous for its display of natural juvenility and advanced self-culture. He apologizes to his old master for his 'uninvited intrusion,' by the information that for some weeks he has been 'impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent;' and that this impulse, he has tracked, after 'a weary way,' to 'some emotion in the powers of the will rather than of the intellect.' The burden of his epistle, and the only apparent object of his writing, is expressed in this Johnsonian sentence:—

> 'When I recollect the mass of instruction I have received from your care—when I consider the excellent principles it was calculated to convey—when I contemplate the perspicuous, attentive, and dispassionate mode of conveyance—and when I experience the advantages and benefits of all these, I cannot refrain the gratification of a finer feeling, in the acknowledgment of my obligations. I am sufficiently sensible that these are hackneyed and cant phrases; but as they express the sentiments of my soul, I think they must be tolerated.'

It is possible, however, to attribute too much to even well-directed industry. No expenditure of lapidary skill can put the deep mirroring lustre of the diamond upon the dull, soulless pebble; nor will the self-consuming ardour of a Pollok kindle within him the genius of a Milton. Jeffrey was naturally endowed with qualities favourable to

the writing faculty. The poetry and polish of his style—to which far more than to their critical acumen his writings owe their popularity—expressed the warmth of his admiration for physical loveliness, and his keen sensibility to the domestic affections. The love of country scenery was in him almost as passionate and tender as in Shelley. The hard-headed lawyer and critic could appropriate, with the omission of a word,* the invocation of 'Alastor'—

'Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!'

His filial love to 'our great mother' grew with the expansion of his intellect, and intensified with his pursuits. His youthful tours afoot through Wales and the Highlands were repeated at every opportunity through life. He would turn with impatience from the drawing-room of London, to pace beneath the oaks of Kensington; and describes, with a gusto that must have solaced Wordsworth, a view of sunrise from Westminster-bridge. But it was rather—according to his own theory of beauty—for its associations, than its sensuous charms, that he loved the picturesque. Among his youthful compositions is one on this subject, and evidently the germ of his celebrated treatise in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' In an imaginary dialogue, he exclaims—

'See that little dim distant light, which shines like a setting star on the horizon; is there anything in the whole circle and series of objects with which

* 'Ocean' is the rejected word. Jeffrey's notion of the sea was a curiously heretical one. The diary of his voyage is a continued railing at the element on which he is embarked, no less for its ugliness than its discomforts. As soon as out of sight of land, he writes:—'It is amazing how narrow and paltry the boundless sea looks when there are no high shores in sight to mark its boundaries! I should think the eye does not reach more than seven miles of the surface at any time. To-day it seems not much larger than a Spanish dollar, and much of that complexion. Not a sail or any vestige of man since the ship-of-war left us.' On the eleventh day, his æsthetic experience is summed up in the declaration:—'There is nothing so ugly or mean as the sea in roughish weather. The circuit very narrow, the elevations paltry, and all the forms ungraceful and ignoble. It looks like a nasty field deformed with heaps of rubbish, half shovelled and half frozen; and then the total want of vegetable odour, or variety, or any local association, make it still more uninteresting. The sunsets are sometimes magnificent, but rather gloomy and terrible; deep recesses of glowing pillars, and awful prison gates of red hot clouds, with sunbeams issuing from their cavities, and spreading an angry and awful light on the waters.' And a summer Sunday at sea is thus contrasted with the same day at his beloved Hatton:—'An enchanting day if we could be on shore; warm, still, and glorious, with bright frothy clouds, and sighing airs; enough to rustle leaves and fan the brows of fatigue; but here only flapping our sails and spreading the nauseous smell of our pork boiling all over the ship. There is nothing so sweet to my imagination as a bright calm Sunday in the early part of autumn: gilding, with its temperate splendour the yellow fields and holy spires, and carrying, on its still and silent air, the soothing sounds that fall and expire in that mild pause of labour; lowing oxen, bleating sheep, and crowing cocks, heard from farm to farm, through the clear air; and even the wood pigeons and roosting crows resounding through far groves; and the distant tinkling of bells, and the slow groups wandering from church, and the aspect of peace and plenty, and reflection, that meets the eye on all sides. At sea, however, there is nothing but a wearisome glare, and a sickening heave of the water, and fretting, and gloom, and impatience.'

we are surrounded on every side that pleases and affects you more than its soft and tranquil light,—than the long line of trembling fire with which it has crossed the lake at the bottom of the cliff under which it burns? And what is it that yields this simple object so high, a power of pleasing, but that secret and mysterious association by which it represents to us the calmness and rustic simplicity of the inhabitants of that cottage; by which we are transported within its walls, and made to see and to observe the whole economy and occupation of the household.'

About the same time, he wrote, in the true spirit of a student of the 'humanities:'—'All that regards man is interesting to me. Everything which explains his character and his contradictions; every investigation that promises to illustrate the phenomena which he unfolds, I pursue and explore with insatiable eagerness and affection.' It was in thus searching into his own heart, that he found the source of mastery over his fellows. He made his pages glow with the warmth of the fire that burnt within his bosom, and men caught the contagion of his earnestness, while they were pleased with the play of his fancy. From this 'dear, retired, adored, little window' of his top flat, he looked upon the chequered surface of society—upon the vanity and oppression that is done under the sun, upon the labour wrought and the rest enjoyed—then turned within, to the woman who had taken him, poor and obscure, for the love and pride he had excited—and wove the whole into the work of the hour, the paper on poetry, history, or politics, that lay before him; for such a soul will utter *itself* on whatever called to speak. No wonder that the new magazine, thus written, electrified the whole reading public of that generation, annihilated the venal or partizan scribblers that lived on the timid disgust of honest men, and constituted a new epoch in the literary history of Britain. We have not at hand the numbers of the 'Review' for 1805-6, but we have not the least doubt that upon its pages is distinctly visible the shadow of that dark, deep cloud which then overspread the house in Buccleuch-place. The man who went 'sobbing along the empty streets' from the deathbed of a sister, angry with the rising sun and singing birds, and more than willing to put off life and follow her who never looked so lovely as now that 'she lay still, still and calm, with her bright eyes half closed, and her red lips half open'—he could not but write then with pathos and the eloquence of grief, though his theme were of the hardest secularity. Still less was it possible he should not challenge the world to put on sackcloth with him, when the hope of fatherhood was suddenly dashed into the deep despair of the widower. The readers of the 'Edinburgh' may have never heard of its editor's bereavement, but they must have been inoculated with the tenderness of the man who wrote thus to his brother:—

'My dear John,—I am at this moment of all men the most miserable and disconsolate. It is just a week to-day since my sweet Kitty died in my arms, and left me without joy, or hope, or comfort, in this world. Her health had been long very delicate, and during this summer rather more disordered than usual; but we fancied she was with child, and rather looked forward to her complete restoration. She was finally seized with the most excruciating headaches, which ended in an effusion of water on the brain, and sunk her into a lamentable stupor, which terminated in death. It is impossible for me to

describe to you the feeling of lonely and hopeless misery with which I have since been oppressed. I doated upon her, I believe, more than man ever did on a woman before; and, after four years of marriage, was more tenderly attached to her than on the day which made her mine. I took no interest in anything which had not some reference to her, and had no enjoyment away from her, except in thinking what I should have to tell or to show her on my return; and I have never returned to her, after half a day's absence, without feeling my heart throb and my eye brighten, with all the ardour and anxiety of a youthful passion. All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely. You know how indolent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune. But it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling, and to invest her with some portion of the distinction she deserved, and to increase the pride and the vanity she felt for her husband, by accumulating these public tests of his merit. She had so lively a relish for life, too, and so unquenchable and unbroken a hope in the midst of protracted illness and languor, that the stroke which cut it off for ever appears equally cruel and unnatural. Though familiar with sickness she seemed to have nothing to do with death. . . . I have the consolation to think that the short time she passed with me was as happy as love and hope could make it. In spite of her precarious health, she has often assured me that she was the happiest of women, and would not change her condition with any human creature. Indeed, we lived in a delightful progress of everything that could contribute to our felicity. Everything was opening and brightening before us. Our circumstances, our society, were rapidly improving, our understandings were expanding, and even our love and confidence in each other increasing from day to day. Now, I have no interest in anything, and no object or motive for being in the world. . . . O, my dear John, my heart is very cold and heavy, and my prospect of life every way gloomy and deplorable. I had long been accustomed to place all my notions of happiness in domestic life; and I had found it there, so pure, perfect, and entire, that I can never look for it anywhere else, or hope for it in any other form. Heaven protect you from the agony it has imposed upon me! Write me soon to say that you are happy, and that you and your Susan will love me. My heart is shut at this time to everything but sorrow, but I think it must soon open to affection.'

We will add, for the sake of the many who may be feeling all this, though they cannot say it, that the shrinking heart did 'open to affection.' The strong man who thus moaned out his agony, found mercy from the Power whose protection he invoked without avail for his brother; called to the same suffering two or three years later. The hand of God raised up the stricken child of earth, led him back to wholesome labour, and rebuilt for the maturity and decline of his days, the tabernacle that was rent from above him in the proud flush of manhood. Jeffrey lived to write this:—

To a Grandchild.

'Craigcrook, 21st June, 1847.

'A high day! and a holiday! the longest and brightest of the year! the very middle day of the summer—and the very day when Maggie first opened her sweet eyes on the light! Bless you ever, my darling, and bonny bairn. You have now blossomed beside us for six pleasant years, and been all that time the light of our eyes, and the love of our hearts,—at first the cause of some tender fears from your weakness and delicacy—then of some little provocation, from your too great love, as we thought, of your own will and amusement—but now only of love and admiration for your gentle obedience to your parents, and your sweet yielding to the wishes of your younger sister and brother. God bless and keep you then for ever, my delightful and ever improving child, and make you, not only gay and happy, as an angel without sin and sorrow, but meek and mild, like that heavenly child, who was once sent down to earth for our example.'

Such, then, was the man Jeffrey—of the critic and the publicist we can but briefly speak. He has himself admirably distinguished between the literary and political vocations, in a letter to Mr. Empson, touching Macaulay's reasons for preferring the former. 'A great poet, or great original writer,' he says, 'is above all other glory. But who would give much for such a glory as Gibbon's? Besides, I believe it is in the inward glow and pride of consciously influencing the great destinies of mankind, much more than in the sense of personal reputation, that the delight of either poet or statesman chiefly consists.' And this double glory he might claim for himself. It is but a limited world that is ruled or affected by his canons of taste—and that world has almost unanimously confirmed his judgments, while it accepts his confessions of severity and petulance. But the great social and political worlds—the immortal interests of freedom, industry, education—extend, as they enlarge their ever-widening circles, the glory of the man who helped to break up the immobility of ages and overcome the resistance of leagued obstructives. Jeffrey was among the chief of those who did this. He stood, at his start in life, so near the foot of the ladder of preferment, that it would have been easy to have risen upon the first round; and then, forgetting all he had seen and felt below, never looked back till he reached the top. Talent was eminently marketable in those days. A sign of adhesion to things as they were, would have secured him sinecures and promotions. He had many temptations to such a course, besides that pricking thorn of necessity that sometimes made him think, 'I could sell myself to the minister or to the devil.' A father's hopes and prejudices were shocked and disappointed at every indication of the son's adhesion to the hated revolutionaries—and only he who has been in such a case knows how strong is that temptation to silence or falsehood. He had seen Moir transported and Harry Erskine degraded for their reforming zeal. He had heard it declared, in so many words, from the bench before which he was training to plead, that the British constitution was a faultless one, and that he who touched it even with the profession of a desire to amend, must expect the penalties of a destroyer. The constitution thus eulogized and defended, consisted, so far as Scotland was concerned, in a constituency of about 2,000, returning forty-five members, absolutely and without exception in the hands of the ministry of the day; permitted Great Britain to be dragged into a war that had doubled the annual taxation within ten years, and was loading posterity with debt; while none could complain without danger of prison and death. Happily, Jeffrey's sense of the absurdity and wickedness of all this was stronger than his filial piety, or his ambition, or his wants. He gave himself to the people's—though not then the popular—cause. Rejecting, erroneously, as we think, the radical reform schemes of that day as unreasonable and extreme, he espoused the principles and policy of the then Whigs with all the wealth of his intellect and the ardour of his soul. His 'Review' was faithful to the original design of a political organ, when abstinence from politics would have con-

tinued to it undisputed literary eminence. Lord Cockburn is right in saying, 'Whoever exults in the dropping away of so many fetters, and in the improvement of so many parts of our economy, and in the general elevation of the public mind, must connect all these with the energy and intelligence of this journal. There is scarcely one abuse that has been overthrown which, supported as every one was, might not have still survived, nor a right principle that has been adopted which might not have been dangerously delayed, had it not been for the well-timed vigour and ability of this "Review."' The originators and controllers of so mighty a power for good, have raised for themselves a monument more imposing and durable than any which admiration for genius and gratitude for public services can prompt or purchase; and on that monument must stand distinctly and permanently graven, the name of Francis Jeffrey.

We think we hear it asked—and the question is but the echo of our own heart—was there no *religious* aspect to the man thus eulogistically pictured? Has the biographer nothing to say of his friend's faith and hope towards the invisible and the eternal? Does the reviewer forget how this mighty 'power for good' railed at missions and other forms of Christian earnestness? Ah, no! the biographer is silent, or nearly so, on these great matters; and the reviewer does not forget. We must confess there is nothing in these volumes to indicate that Jeffrey was a religious man, in the higher acceptation of that term, or that he had what is called an Evangelical creed. But we have learned that a man can cast out devils only in the power of Christ, though he use not that adjuration; and that nothing is more unchristian than to refuse the Christian name to those who would wear it. In the old man of Craigcrook, we think we see some traces of likeness to that 'heavenly child' whom he commends as an example to his little Maggie; and when he breathes the prayer that he may yet know Arnold, whom he never saw in the flesh, we can but answer to the pious wish, 'Amen!'

For the Young.

'WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF ME?'

'Now, Louisa dear, do decide; it will be much better to send an answer to Mrs. Hargrave at once, and to return those tickets, because they may be useful to some one else. Do sit down, now; you know it is not as if you had any doubt in your own mind about the matter.'

'But what shall I say, Mary? Oh dear! I wish we had but the shadow of an engagement for Friday week.'

'I am very glad we have not. We are only slightly acquainted with the Hargraves, and I think it so much better to let them know at once that these amusements are contrary to our principles.'

'But how they will laugh at us! And that is not the worst, they will think it such a want of taste not to go and hear the finest singers in the kingdom, professing, as we do, to like music.'

'Well, but Loui, that is nothing to do with the right and the wrong of the matter. We shall very often run into evil, if we are frightened at the first smile of derision we meet with in the right path.'

'I confess I am not so philosophical.'

'Or so consistent,' said the mother, for the first time lifting up her eyes from her book.

'Oh, mamma! will you not help us? will you not write the note for us, and say that you do not approve of our going to an oratorio?'

'I do not think, Louisa, that this would be right. I am not the keeper of your conscience; and if, now that you are of an age to discriminate between right and wrong, you trust to *my* decision on every occasion, how will you ever walk safely alone? I may advise; but you are no longer a child, and you must decide.'

'Mary, then you write.' And Mary, after a few minutes' consideration, did write a very polite, grateful, but sincere letter, simply declining the offer of the oratorio-tickets, on the true ground of an objection to such performances. And having despatched this business, Mary seemed quite happy. Not so Louisa, who was restless and ill at ease for the remainder of the day.

'I must,' said she, ingenuously, to her mother, as they were walking in the garden in the pleasant summer-evening light, 'I must have that which phrenologists call "love of approbation" rather fully developed, mother, for it does so distress me to be thought badly of.'

'And yet,' said Mary, 'this love of approbation, or whatever it is, seems to me an amiable quality. You really do wish to please your friends, Louisa dear.'

'We won't stay to analyze this organ, Mary; we are none of us phrenologists sufficiently profound for that, I fancy, but we are each of us capable of self-examination. Now tell me, Loui, if I may be admitted to your conference with self to-night, is it a simple desire to please your friends that makes you so miserable about this refusal to join the party to York?'

Louisa blushed, hesitated, and faintly answered 'No.'

'Louisa, I know more about that feeling of yours than you may think, dear girl; and I speak from experience, for I was at one time a greater slave to the fear of man (that is the name for your complaint) than I believe is the case with you. I do not often talk of my own history or experience, for it is dangerous ground; but at forty, one may talk of oneself at seventeen almost as of another person. Shall I give you a page of my life at that age?'

'Yes, oh yes;' and they pressed their mother's arm with eagerness.

'When I was about seventeen, then, my father being anxious to give me the advantages of seeing a little of the world, was extremely careful to select for me such chaperones as he thought would advance me, intellectually and morally, but, alas! not religiously. Religion was scarcely as fashionable in those days as at present, and it required even more moral courage than you may suppose to dare to be singular.

'My mother was a truly pious woman, and I was early led, by the blessing of her example and influence, to consider the subject so near her heart. For a long time, however, the old motto might have been applicable to me, "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." The loss of that dear mother, when I was sixteen, made a very solemn impression on my mind. It was not alone her dying words, but the recollection of her living example, now for ever taken from my eyes, that convinced me of the value and truth of a religion which could teach her so to live and so to die.

'Perhaps I trusted too much to the lesson that her removal taught, and felt too sure that the world and its allurements would henceforward never more have an influence on my heart, nor tempt me to forsake the strait and narrow way. I was very like you, Louisa, in many respects. I sometimes fancy I discern in your conduct the same old motives which, in my earlier days, so continually actuated me. I mean the desire of human approval, or, in other words, the "fear of man." I was like you, buoyant and lively, and it was, therefore, a matter of great surprise and uneasiness to my father, that, after my mother's death, I shunned society, for which I had hitherto had a taste, gave up dancing and other amusements which, in my mother's life-time, I had been, contrary to her advice, so anxious to pursue, and altogether was so changed that my father seriously consulted with some of his friends as to the propriety of suffering me to continue the "ascetic life"—such was his expression—that I had commenced.

'One family in our native town, whose acquaintance my father had sedulously cultivated for our sakes, took an especial and friendly interest in me at this time. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett were highly intellectual and refined persons, and I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the direction that Mrs. Barrett especially gave to the minds both of myself and a younger sister, in inspiring us with literary taste, and leading us from that which was merely frivolous and ornamental to the pursuit of solid and valuable knowledge. The mistake I made was not in the cultivation of their friendship, and in availing ourselves, as far as possible, of their superior and gifted conversation, but in following them blindly as infallible guides against better principle and judgment, simply from the dread of being thought singular.

The summer after my mother's death, our dear father, with his usual generous consideration for others, became anxious that our accustomed tour should not be given up; and after revolving in his mind many

plans for our enjoyment, he asked Mr. and Mrs. Barrett to take charge of us in a trip to the west of England and Wales.

My only sister and eldest brother, both younger than myself, were to accompany us; and you may suppose that at seventeen I was little loth to accede to such a plan, and began the preparations for our journey with the utmost zeal.

I remember a good old man who had taken a deep interest in me from childhood, and who, knowing the world and my worldly companions, ah, and my heart too, better than I knew it myself, spoke seriously to me just before my departure, on the possibility of my being placed in circumstances of temptation hitherto quite novel to me. My mother having carefully guarded us from the many snares laid for youth, "I felt quite sure," I said, "that I should never be tempted to go any where, or to enter into anything of which *she* would have disapproved;" and my proud heart was almost angry at the parting whisper, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

'It was a memorable journey. We set out in an open carriage (there were few railways in those days) from our house in one of the north Midland counties, on a bright sunshiny morning in July, without a fear and with scarce a regret, except now and then that caused by the remembrance of her who was wont to take us yearly on these our little pleasure tours. But we were young, full of hope, health and joy, and the exhilaration of travelling and change soon chased away all that was sad in recollection.

'We arrived in London late on the first evening of our journey. It was agreed that one week was to be spent in town before going further south; and for the first few days we were so occupied with visits to friends, picture galleries, dioramas, museums, and all the lions of the day, that I had little time to consider how far my friend's warning might be needful.

'Four days of the week had expired, and all had gone on harmoniously, when, on the morning of the fifth, Mr. Barrett, whose business it was at breakfast time, to lay before us the programme of the day's pleasure, looked rather comically at me as he said:—"Miss West, there is a little diversion in store for you to night, which I have not mentioned before, fearing you might start an objection or two, in spite of the great desire which I know you will have to enter into the scheme."

'I looked inquiringly, but my heart beat fast, for I feared, as it really was, nothing less than a proposal to visit the theatre.

'"The play was unexceptionable," so said the master of the ceremonies; "the house the most respectable; the manager the most moral, gentlemanly, refined man in London, in short;" but, as I do not want to enlist your opinion in favour of the stage, I will not repeat all he said. I did not at once and courageously express my decided objection to theatricals.

'If I had done so, it is very likely that, as well-bred, kind-hearted, and sensible persons, they would not have persisted in leading us there; but I professed my perfect indifference to such things; the little

pleasure it would be; my desire to go and see an old school-fellow living at Kensington; and, indeed, every excuse that I could muster I did, but all to no effect. Seeing me irresolute, they at once armed themselves to overcome me. What, indeed, could they have thought of the worth of my principles when they saw that I had not confidence enough in them myself to bring them to the light? More of our conversation I will not recall—they conquered, and with a heavy heart I was prepared in the evening to dress for the theatre, when it struck me that Mary, my quiet and gentle sister, had expressed no opinion on the subject. We had had so little time together during the day, which, as usual, was consumed in lionizing, that I had hitherto had no opportunity of consulting her about it, and did not doubt that she would accompany us. I was greatly surprised, therefore, on entering our apartment, to see Mary quietly writing, and manifesting no excitement or preparation whatever.

'"Mary," said I, "are you not going to get ready?"

'"I am not going out, dear."

'"Not going!"

'"No, I could not. I do not think such things right, and I told Mrs. Barrett so, alone."

'How I blushed; how my heart condemned me! Here was my sister, who had never made any profession of religion—my timid, retiring sister—surpassing me in an act of simple moral courage.

'"But, Mary, was not Mrs. Barrett very angry?" I asked.

'"At first they both seemed vexed, but after a few remarks, not very hard to bear, Mrs. Barrett said that if I thought it wrong to go, I was quite right to stop away. She thought my ideas very mistaken, and very preposterous in a young person, but that, if I had laid down a rule of conduct which I believed correct, I was only consistent to adhere to it."

'It was too late, I thought, for me to retract, and feeling as if my mother's eye were sadly resting on me, and knowing that the eye of Him who is in every place followed me, I went to the brilliantly-lighted theatre with a burdened conscience and a mortified spirit.

'New, Louisa, bear this in mind. There is nothing so contemptible in the eyes of the worldly as the inconsistencies and half-heartedness of professing Christians. Believe me, they can appreciate a steady adherence to principles in the truth and soundness of which they may not believe. But little could the Barretts respect motives such as mine! I have one more sad reflection to make on that visit to the theatre. My young brother, who, alas! went far astray in the paths of pleasure, often said, in after life, that he dated his taste for theatrical amusements from that memorable night; when, in all probability, had his elder sister acted with firmness and decision, he would have followed her example, and have been prevented, thus early in youth, from forming the habit which grew upon him with increasing strength, and led to much and lasting evil. Remember, too, that no one can live to himself. Our conduct and example may affect another

when we little expect it. Our own sin may involve the misery, if not ruin, of more souls than one.

'I felt relieved and joyful when, early in the following week, we left London and its pleasures far behind us. Now, at least, thought I, we shall not be likely to clash in sentiment. We may all enjoy the beauties of nature without fear of disagreement.

'If he that trusteth his own heart be a fool, so is he who trusts to change of circumstances for safety. There is neither strength nor safety for man but in dependence on God.

'One Saturday evening, we were overtaken by a violent storm of rain and wind, accompanied by thunder; and as our carriage was not capable of protecting us all from the wet, we resolved to remain at a little roadside inn, about ten miles from the beautiful neighbourhood of Linton, instead of proceeding the same night, and passing the Sunday at that place, according to our original plan. Certainly, the accommodations at the inn were not first-rate—our beds were hard, our provisions coarse—but I was much concerned to hear Mr. Barrett, at breakfast, on the Sunday morning, declare his intention of pushing on as fast as possible, and leaving this stupid place as soon as ever horses could be procured. Now I made a very plausible excuse to myself in answer to the appeals of my conscience on this matter. "I have nothing to do with the management of the journey. The sin, as it seemed to me, of ordering horses and breaking the rest of the Sabbath, will not be on my head, but on those who plan it. If they go, I cannot be left behind." Indeed, so much had my anxiety for the approval of the Barretts grown on me during our intercourse, that I was less and less inclined to controvert their opinion; more often than ever asking that dangerous question, "What will they think of me?"

'Horses were ordered, and we set out. A young and, to my mind, a very fascinating youth, about my own age, who lived at Birmingham as well as ourselves, and who was a friend of the Barretts, had joined our party at Exeter, and anxiety to be thought well of and admired by him, added in some degree, I think, to my natural want of decision of character."

'Oh! that miserable day! Every stroke of the village bells fell on my heart and my conscience—every neatly-dressed peasant, leading happy troops of children to the house of God, seemed to look reproachfully on me; and as we passed away from the dwellings of man, there seemed a voice in the Sabbath stillness of the air, which said, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

'Arrived at Linton, a party was immediately formed to go to the rocks. Mary declined, and said that it was her intention to go to church in the afternoon. They overruled this objection, however, by informing her there was no service. Still, but for me, I have no doubt she would have remained firm. I believe I should not, in this instance, have yielded, but for the presence of the afore-mentioned youth. I had, indeed, declared that I never did go excursions of pleasure on Sunday;

that I thought it wrong; and so forth; when the youth, with an eloquence and zeal worthy a better cause, expressed his astonishment that one so clever, so gifted, and so enthusiastic an admirer of the works of God should suppose there was any sin in viewing them, as they might do this day, in the greatest perfection and beauty. I wavered, consented, and, finally, drew my sister with me. We set out, a gay party outwardly, but with more than one heavy upbraiding heart, to the far-famed "Valley of Rocks." I scarcely know how to tell you the sequel. We were soon gaily conversing, and, with the usual levity of youth, had forgotten all the past unpleasantness in present enjoyment, when our merriment received a check we had little expected.

'I can now see that fine, healthy youth, as he looked on the morning of that memorable Sabbath-day. I can recall him as he stood on an eminence, waving his hat to us, for he had run a little in advance to see, as he said, whether a path, which looked unusually tempting, were at all practicable for ladies. His image is far more engraven on my mind than that of the romantic scenery with which we were surrounded: his merry voice, as it called us gaily to follow him, still sounds in my ears, yet not so clearly as the accents which, a moment after, woke up the slumbering echoes of the majestic rocks, and rang through the summer's air. It was a cry of mortal agony—of unutterable terror. He had missed his footing, and, unused to the steep and slippery path, in approaching too near the edge of a projecting rock, had fallen, and was killed on the spot! Thus ended our broken Sabbath, Louisa; and but little comment is needed. If we will not acknowledge God in all our ways, how can we expect him to direct our paths? and although an hour or two before I had been so ready to throw the responsibility of our Sunday travelling on my friends, conscience loudly told me that I, who knew my Lord's will, and did it not, had the greater condemnation—that a steady, respectful, remonstrance in the first instance, and a decided negative in the second, might have altered the plans of the whole party, and might have saved the life of a human being. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. For many years the sight of that lonely, stricken one, as she sat in my view, bowed in grief, at the house of God, in our native town, was a repetition of that important truth which I long to impress on you, dear children, that the "fear of man bringeth a snare," and that "whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."'

Notices of Books.

Life of Roger Williams, the earliest Legislator and true Champion for a full and absolute Liberty of Conscience. By Romeo Elton, D.D., M.R.P.S. London: A. Cockshaw. Pp. 174.

NEARLY two hundred years have rolled away since Roger Williams died, and this is the 'first extended life' of him that has appeared in England;—such value have Dissenters attached to the memory of the first man who ever understood their principles, and who devoted a life, sacrificing wealth and honour, and every material consideration, to their advancement and defence. With bitter truth has it been said, 'Republicans show no gratitude;' and well might we add, Dissenters show none. The greatest champions of our selfishly-cherished principles live and die, and their names might perish from the earth, for aught we will do to preserve the fragrance of their renown. To them we owe what we possess of those liberties and rights of which we prate at festivals and dinners, or before applauding crowds on state occasions, when we deck free thoughts in court dress, and hold them up for short-lived admiration; and that is all we do. A Mitford is left to write a life of Milton; Cromwell's reputation is suffered to rot, till a Carlyle rescues it from almost universal detestation; not a Dissenting publisher would take the risk of Milton's works; the 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth' are similarly black-balled by the Dissenting 'houses;' and only through some 'committee' assuming the responsibility, can we get the life or works of Wycliffe, Robinson, or Williams. If we cherish our principles with a firm faith, we, at any rate, take care that they shall not cost us much. 'Starved when living, and forgotten when dead,' might be the epitaph of the worthiest of our forefathers. More is known now of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' than of John Pym, or even of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' than of the progress of Protestant Nonconformity; and many a man could tell you all about 'Rob Roy,' who never heard the name of Roger Williams. So do we prize patriotism, and so do we pay (!) for it.

We owe it to Dr. Elton's industry, and love of antiquarian lore, that we now first know of the birth-place and parentage of Williams. He was born in the year 1606, at Maestroiddyn, an obscure village in Carmarthenshire, South Wales. 'In addition,' says Dr. Elton, 'to other documentary evidence, now in the possession of the author, the following record is copied from the archives of the University of Oxford, "Rodericus Williams filius Gulielmi Williams de Conevelagio. Pleb. an. nat. 18. Entered at Jesus College, April 20, 1624."' Previous, however, to his being entered at Oxford, he studied at Sutton Hospital, now the Charter House—for three years, under the auspicious and bountiful patronage of Sir Edward Coke. When he left the university we do not know, nor what became of him immediately afterwards; but the probabilities are, that he undertook a charge in Lincolnshire, which he kept as long as his conscience and the fiery persecutions of Laud would allow. This could not have been very long, however, for in less than seven years from the date of his commencing his studies, we find him taking ship with his wife, from Bristol, in a trading vessel, bound to Boston.

It is not our intention to follow Williams in his subsequent glorious and honourable career. The bitter and unrelenting persecution he endured from

his own friends proves that neither Churchmen nor Nonconformists of that age understood anything of the true principles of religious liberty. Toleration meant only toleration for themselves, and liberty, liberty only to persecute. Whether this persecution opened the eyes of Williams to see the truth of which he was for some time the sole expounder, or whether glimpses of its existence had previously been caught by the far-reaching sight of his subtle powers of thought, we do not know; but it is certain that he had not been long a resident of Massachusetts before he publicly contended for a limitation of the power of the civil magistrate 'only to the bodies, and goods, and outward estates of men,' and proclaimed that 'the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience is most evidently and lamentably contrary to the doctrines of Christ Jesus.' For this he was persecuted, and driven first from one city and then from another, and finally banished the colony. A second time, therefore, he became an emigrant. Leaving his wife and children at Salem, in winter snow and inclement weather, he began to thread his path through the black and inhospitable forests of New England, until he found his way to the cabin of some Indian chiefs, whose confidence, in other times, he had won, by his scrupulous observance and public defence of their rights as natives and owners of the soil. Five months after this, with five companions, he took canoe to a little spot on Rhode Island. 'Tradition,' says Mr. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, 'has marked the spot near which they landed; it is the parent spot, the first inhabited nook of Rhode Island. To express his unbroken confidence in the mercies of God, Williams called the place Providence. "I desired," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."' We have ourselves stood on this spot, once so solitary, but now surrounded on nearly every side by the houses, wharfs, and docks, of a prosperous city. We could picture this great first founder of an independent state on the righteous principles of intellectual liberty, kindling with new ardour, that he had now found a rest for the sole of his foot, a place where no law but the law of God was in force, a land to which he could invite the oppressed of every creed—the only land where they would find shelter, liberty, protection, and sympathy. His manner of life here—buying lands from the Indian proprietors, and paying for them at full price; preaching daily to them of their common interest in the one great salvation; building, fishing, sailing; working by day and by night; now drawing up laws for the infant commonwealth, or arranging treaties with the Indian tribes, and now, with axe and adze, helping to clear the forest of its huge and gigantic monarch-trees—show that he was a man of no common mould or spirit. Though 'for fourteen weeks,' and in a 'bitter season,' he 'knew not what bed or bread did mean,' he was not undaunted, and when he had much of both to spare, not one of his fellow-creatures near him was lacking. 'He gave away his lands and other estates to them that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all,' and died at an old age, after a life of entire and perfect consecration to truth and humanity, poor enough in pelf and purse, but rich to fruition in good works, honour, and renown, and the blessings of people and posterity.

In diligence and carefulness of research, resulting in the discovery of many new and important facts in the life of Roger Williams, in minute detail of his public actions, correct statement of his principles, and general clearness and accuracy of style, Dr. Elton excels most writers of popular lives. It is in just these qualities that such writers are generally deficient, but they have powers to which Dr. Elton, if we may judge from the work before us, can lay no claim. The work is sadly wanting in all the *life* qualities. There is no animation in the narrative. Abounding in the most romantic incidents, the life of Williams does not once stir the imagination, or touch with colour the pen of the writer. Passion there is none—that we could dispense with—but

vigour there is none. In all the artificial interest, therefore, which a writer of different powers would have thrown into a life of Roger Williams, Dr. Elton's book is extremely deficient. Interesting, however, it certainly is, and if the author had done no more than stated in the tamest language the facts of Williams's history, he would have rendered an important service to Nonconformist literature. Now that the name of its illustrious subject has been again brought before the world, 'let there be for it, at least, some humble place among those who have advanced moral science, and made themselves the benefactors of mankind.'

The Religion of Geology, and its connected Sciences. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., President of Amhurst College, U.S. London: W. Collins.

We have already had occasion to express our judgment on the relative bearing of religion and geology, and we have now to regret that a scholar so accomplished as Dr. Hitchcock should have formally undertaken to discuss this subject in the way attempted in the present volume. The author proposes in 'developing the relation between geology and religion' to show how no other branch of physical science is so prolific in its religious applications as geology. If by 'religion' our author meant mere Theism, or even Natural Theology, we should grant that 'religion' could receive much illustration and proof from this the second greatest of the sciences; but when he defines religious truth to mean 'piety towards God,' implying a 'correct knowledge of God, and the exercise of proper affections in view of that knowledge,' we can but say, that Dr. Hitchcock undertakes a task which, we believe, will never be satisfactorily accomplished. And, in fact, our author has not accomplished it. He has shown, indeed, how geology illustrates the 'power and wisdom of God,' and how it throws light on 'many difficult passages of Revelation;' but that it at all illustrates the 'greater ways of God to man,' we yet fail to see. We regard, therefore, the chapter on the 'Divine Benevolence to a Fallen World,' on 'Special and Miraculous Providence,' on the 'Future Condition of the Earth,' and much of a cognate character scattered throughout the work, as altogether out of place. There is very much, however, in the volume that we have read with unmixed satisfaction and pleasure. It contains curious and interesting information concerning geological science, and exhibits the *moral* bearing of this and its connected sciences in a happy and powerful manner. The author ingenuously confesses that his work is wanting in 'logical exactness,' and this defect every reader will certainly have to regret. If he had borne in mind a short sentence, quoted from Professor Sedgwick, in the last chapter,—'the study of the natural world teaches not the truths of revealed religion,' there would not have been much occasion either for this confession, or for the brief animadversions we have felt obliged to offer.

Pulpit Outlines; or, Sketches of Sermons preached to Evangelical Congregations. With an Essay on Effective Preaching. By Professor Shepard. London: J. C. Bishop.

We have an invincible dislike to works of this character. Like crutches for the weak and sickly, when used by the man of energy and strength, they enfeeble rather than support. We cannot recommend them to any one. Those who cannot preach without such helps, are clearly called upon to seek some other vocation. The 'fashionable letter-writer' never yet taught the art of correspondence; and 'Pulpit Outlines,' we are persuaded, are equally inefficacious in teaching the art of preaching. They may minister to mental imbecility, but cannot be of use to a man of sound mind and strong intellect. Professor Shepard's Essay, prefixed to this collection, is an able and judicious performance, and well worth an attentive reading, but this is all in the volume that we can commend.

A Sequel to the Female Jesuit; containing her previous History, and recent Discovery. By Mrs. S. Luke, Author of 'The Female Jesuit; or, the Spy in the Family.' London: Partridge and Oakey,

One of the most frightful consequences of Romanism to a nation is the utter destruction of public morality. When the consciences of a people are put into the keeping of a class of priests, and license to do evil, or forgiveness after its commission, may be obtained at fixed prices, what can follow but that *right* and *wrong*, and all their kindred and derived terms, should lose their meaning—there being nothing in the soul for such words to express? If, however, we were to suppose that there was any influence peculiar to the papacy for the production of this horrid darkness of spirit, such works as the one whose title we have given above, and that to which it is 'a Sequel,' would effectually convince us of our error. The Established Church has not a little of the guilt resting on it, of having made it possible that these books should be bought and devoured in England; not one in a thousand of their readers being able to perceive the justice or necessity for remarks like these, or like those we made on 'The Female Jesuit,' when it first appeared. But no church could have effected this, had not the people '*loved to have it so*'—had not religion ceased to be regarded as a living principle of the heart and life of man, and been turned into a mere 'respectable' formality—chiefly useful in facilitating the getting of money. Nearly 4,000 copies of the 'Female Jesuit' were sold, according to the preface to this volume; and, therefore, we not only have a 'Sequel' laid before us, but hear that two other writers, attracted by the renown, or by the profits, of this line of speculation, are preparing 'The Female Jesuit Abroad,' to gratify the prurient taste which, within the last few years, has been perpetually stimulated by the productions of a new school of religious writers, which can be designated only after Holywell-street or Eugene Sue. We reprobated the *immorality* of the title of 'Female Jesuit' for a book detailing the imposture of one who could not be proved a Romanist at all, and called it a *trick of trade!* But what can we say of the statement contained in this preface—that 'the theory of [the impostor's] being a Jesuit agent was put forth only as a suspicion?' It was no *theory*, it was an assertion that the girl was a '*female Jesuit.*' So far from it being '*only a suspicion*,' she was declared to be a '*spy in the family!*' The authoress actually confirms our charge of fraud at the very time she is repeating the offence! And, as if to demonstrate the truth of our accusation to the last particular, she informs us that the *real names* of the persons concerned in the story *are given*—which is notoriously one of those condiments employed solely by those who have set themselves to please appetites depraved too greatly for all wholesome excitement, and morbid by unrestrained indulgence. By means like this, we repeat, can the power of Romanism *never* be broken. We cannot overturn the popery of the Vatician by nurturing the worse popery, which every man has within him; nor by pandering to the vilest dispositions of the unregenerate heart, under the cloak of zeal for evangelical religion. Nor may they be reckoned amongst the defenders of the faith whom the spirit of *trade* has so manifestly inspired in this unholy assault upon unbelief and falsehood. Despairing of being able to prevent the perusal, we thus again, with sorrow for the necessity of doing so, record our deliberate judgment upon the character and influence of works like this.

*** Several 'Notices of Books' are unavoidably postponed, for want of room.

Monthly Retrospect.

PARLIAMENT has pretty equally divided itself, during the past month, between the functions of a committee of safety and a lay synod. The Militia Bill, Maynooth, Church Extension, Colonial Bishoprics, the Vicar of Frome, and Scottish University Tests, have been its principal topics of debate. We left the Militia Bill at the motion for its second reading, which was opposed by Lord John Russell, but carried—a significant censure on his lordship's factiousness—by 315 votes to 165. By similarly large majorities, the Bill has been forced through committee. The Opposition have resisted it, not only clause by clause, but almost line by line; but have succeeded only in retarding the measure and exposing its worthlessness. In the nightly discussions raised, the alleged necessity for and probable operation of the scheme have been thoroughly sifted. There remains neither fear of invasion nor the hope, by this means, of repelling it. Lord Palmerston, who has stood by the Ministry night after night, covering them, by dashing speeches, from the vigorous thrusts of Messrs. Bright and Gibson, has no more likely reasons for expecting a descent upon our shores than that Louis Philippe's generals offered, at the time of the Tahiti rupture, to invest London within a week! Naval officers get up, and declare their ability to keep the Channel clear of any hostile flotilla; and military authority joins with the common sense of civilians in deriding the efficiency of an army whose drill is to occupy in all but twenty-one days. Instead, however, of a volunteer host, valorous from patriotism, organized and armed at its own cost, and familiarizing itself by weekly practice with military duties, we are to pay 360,000*l.* for some 80,000 mercenaries, who may or may not be forthcoming when wanted; with the prospect of an ultimate resort to the ballot, and the subjection of peaceful citizens to the degrading regulations of the Mutiny Act.

On the 11th ult., Mr. Spooner succeeded in bringing forward his long-threatened motion against Maynooth. It took, however, only the shape of a motion for inquiry into the education and discipline of the college. A very dreary citation of extracts from the books in use there, and a reference to the ultra-montane influences embodied in Archbishop Cullen, was the specific support given by the hon. gentleman to his proposition. Messrs. Anstey and Scholefield quietly moved and seconded an amendment for extending the inquiry into the operation of all ecclesiastical grants. Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary, assented to the motion, as to the demand of a large party in the country for inquiry into an alleged abuse of public money; adding the expression of his individual opinion that the objects of the grant had not been fulfilled. A rattling attack by Mr. B. Osborne on ministerial inconsistencies, and a dispute between two Irish members as to whether they should indignantly oppose or magnanimously support the motion, was the only relief to the dulness of the debate, which, after midnight, was adjourned to Wednesday, the 19th. On that day, there was not time even to settle when the debate should be resumed. Two or three hours of the next night were spent

on the same question; and ultimately it was agreed, that the House should meet at noon on Tuesday for the especial behoof of Mr. Spooner. Long speeches by Sergeant Murphy against, and Mr. Napier for, the motion, brought a motion for adjournment, which, after two or three hours' wrangle, and several divisions, was lost; but the House suspended its sitting, and in the evening there were only thirty-eight members present. As the House had resolved not to sit on Wednesday—the sacred Derby day—the resumption of the debate is indefinitely postponed; probably till another Parliament.—The promised 'friendly investigation' into the circumstances of Mr. Bennett's appointment to the vicarage of Frome seems to have terminated with the opinion given by the law-officers of the Crown, that nothing irregular has been done; that a royal commission would be ineffective; and that a dissatisfied parishioner has the remedy of appeal to the diocesan court. Mr. Bennett has himself expressly denied that he is in communion with the Church of Rome. —The Marquis of Blandford has been permitted, by a unanimous House, to introduce a Bill enabling the Crown to make extensive alterations in the appropriation of Church revenues, with a view to the greater spiritual efficiency of that institution.—Mr. Gladstone's Colonial Bishoprics' Bill was lost at the second reading. It aimed to restrain the arbitrary authority of colonial bishops over their flocks by investing the Church with the power of holding synods, and enacting laws for its own regulation. The demand is more reasonable, perhaps, from the peculiar position of the Church in the colonies, than the convocation movement at home; but still, it is a demand that must be refused, until accompanied with the abandonment of political privileges and public pay.—A bill for the abolition of religious tests in the Scottish Universities has again been rejected, by 172 against 157.—We may mention, in this connexion, that the Oxford University Commission has made its report, and proposes alterations much more extensive than we can hope to see realized just yet.

Besides the topics thus classified, the House of Commons has received the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement—a very candid exposition of the beneficent operation of free-trade; voted the continuance of the Property and Income Tax for another year; refused to affirm Mr. Milner Gibson's modest propositions on the anti-knowledge taxes; rejected, *in limine*, the ministerial proposal for filling up the vacant seats; given a qualified assent to a bill for conferring representative institutions on New Zealand; gratified the hatred of dandies and dowagers towards the Crystal Palace; and carried Lord John Russell's Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, with an extension of its provisions to the counties—that important improvement being effected by Mr. T. Duncombe, with the timely aid of the Marquis of Londonderry, who has three times transferred, within as many weeks, the prospective representation of the county of Down from one to another and another of his dependents.

Preparations for the General Election proceeds with increasing activity, but without, except from local circumstances, creating much excitement. In the Tower Hamlets, the contest may already be said to 'rage.' A section of the supporters of Mr. George Thompson, professing unabated attachment to his principles, but strong dissatisfaction with his conduct, have adopted Sir

William Clay, who was brought in, at the memorable election of 1847, on Mr. Thompson's skirts, in the absence of a better man, and as somewhat less objectionable than General Fox. We can quite understand, without fully concurring in, the dissatisfaction with Mr. Thompson, but are quite at a loss to comprehend why his colleague should be preferred, since Sir William is neither a Radical nor an Anti-state-church man, and is even more negligent of his parliamentary duties, as the division-lists testify, than the eloquent and laborious leader of the Reform Association.—In the adjoining borough of Finsbury, dissatisfaction with the sitting members has led to the introduction of Mr. Wyld, the present M.P. for Bodmin, and of Mr. Alderman Challis, an Evangelical Dissenter, who is to be rivalled, we understand, by a decided and democratic Nonconformist.—At Manchester, opposition is threatened to the sitting members, solely on the ground of their ecclesiastical votes; but there is no fear of its success.—For the same reason, Mr. Gladstone is threatened with the fate of a former illustrious representative of Oxford University.—Mr. George Hadfield is the popular candidate at Sheffield, with Mr. Roebuck; the supporters of the two candidates generally associating their names, though Mr. Roebuck refuses the coalition.—At York, Mr. Vincent is declared safe of success; but we fear, with the reservation, that the Whigs do not disgrace themselves by a Conservative alliance, as they have repeatedly done —as they did but the other day at Perth, to defeat Mr. C. Gilpin—and as, we believe, they will do wherever there is the temptation.— Lord John Russell stands again, as the head of the Liberal party, for the City of London; but his address is no whit better than that of his Conservative colleague, Mr. Masterman.—The Edinburgh Liberals are doing well; they have fixed, as a candidate, on their Lord Provost, Mr. Duncan McLaren, who combines all the qualifications of right principles, business habits, and local prestige.—Wherever Voluntaries are not doing likewise, we urge them to bestir themselves at once. The longer the election is delayed, the clearer is their duty, by the removal of impediments to its discharge. Free-trade is now safe, by the confession of Lord Derby himself. Civil and religious liberty, in the true, wide sense of the phrase, demands the undivided allegiance of its friends; and we warn them that it will not be served, but defeated—and worse, dishonoured—by their taking up with the Russellite professors thereof.

The May meetings call for no further remark, than that the societies seem generally to participate in our present commercial prosperity; and that the public become, year by year, more impatient of tedious reports and numerous speeches.—The Congregational Union has held its spring session, approved of certain alterations in the conduct of the British Missions, and passed a satisfactory resolution on the Maynooth question.—The Anti-state-church Association exhibited, in the report presented to its council, the firm hold it has taken upon the religious and political public, the amount of labour it is possible for earnest men to perform with very small means, and the increasing necessity for exertions far beyond what it has hitherto been enabled to put forth.

Intelligence.

THE legion of Societies, and their annual festivals and meetings, appear to have absorbed the whole of the attention of the religious public during the past month. Of them we have nothing else to record than that they appear to have 'gone off' with less *éclat* than usual; but the Treasurers' reports speak decidedly in favour of the general flourishing condition of their creditor accounts. The 'sinews of war' have been bountifully supplied by the public; and, judging from the Reports of the Secretaries, have, on the whole, been well and judiciously expended. A great deal of work *appears* to have been done, let us hope with proportionate results. Of one or two Societies, only, we can take notice here. We are glad to notice that the whole of the Baptist Missionary Societies are doing well, their able management and efficient conduct securing for them hearty confidence and support. The receipts of the London Missionary Society have not fallen off. British Missions, apparently from a particular cause, connected with the secretariate and management, are declining in funds, the total income being £154 less than last year. The whole of the operations of these Societies are evidently cramped for want of adequate support. Perhaps the Educational Societies have absorbed some of the subscriptions usually given to the former. The Congregational Board of Education shows signs of increasing vigour and activity. Homerton College is now fairly opened, free of debt, as a training institution; but 'so nobly,' says the Secretary, 'have the public responded to appeals on behalf of Homerton College, that there is danger of the annual subscriptions experiencing a collapse.' This danger, ever imminent, has been frequently brought as an argument against reliance on the voluntary principle. It is sufficient, it is said, for an emergency, but not for the steady support of a cause. It should be our business to prove by the results of our efforts that the charge is slanderous and false. ——THE VOLUNTARY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, though less pecuniarily successful than its denominational rival, bids fair to exert an important influence. Training institutions are now in operation, and funds are slowly progressing.——The Tract Society, the Ragged School Union, the London City Mission, the Town Missionary and Scripture Readers' Society, the Peace Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, we can only mention by name, and dismiss with a bow. The meetings of the Congregational Union and of the Anti-state-church Association, are referred to in our 'Monthly Retrospect.'

NEW CHURCHES OPENED.

ABERDARE (Baptist church)—May 4.

CLAPTON (Congregational church)—April 29.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

CORK (Congregational church) — Rev. A. M. Henderson, from the Wesleyan Methodist body.

GAINSBOROUGH (Congregational church)—The Rev. H. Lee, late of Airedale College.

LATIMER (Congregational church) Mile-end — Rev. Samuel Eastman, late of Chelmsford.

LEDBURY (Baptist chapel) Herefordshire—Rev. C. E. Pratt, late of St. Austell.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JULY, 1852.

The Prospects of the Papacy.

Numerous and hardy as are the legions of avowed opponents to Christianity, there are three great ecclesiastical systems in existence, incomparably more hostile to the evangelic system than any forms of paganism, or even than the various theories of modern scepticism. We refer to the Jewish system, to Mohamedism, and to the Papacy; though the two former admit the authority of the Old Testament, and the latter professes to regard the whole of the Old and New Testament as inspired. Judaism is confined almost entirely to the Hebrew race, which, from having no localization, it is difficult to estimate, as large portions of that wondrous section of the ethnologic family are lost in the jungles of India and China, if not merged among the transatlantic aborigines, or obscured with the races of the Copt, the Moor, and the Syrian. This people, in whose national extinction miracles and prophecy first appeared as agents of Divine tuition, exhibit, in their fall, miracle and prophecy in their strongest and boldest forms; for what but a special control of Providence can explain the isolated existence, for nearly twenty centuries, of, perhaps, fifty millions of the children of Abraham, observing a common law, but having no visible head; calling Jerusalem their metropolis, and yet not owners even of its ruins; and proclaiming themselves a nation, but having neither seat of government, nor temple, altar, or priest; the only people in the world strenuously affirming that Christ was an impostor, that the portents of his life were illusions, and his apostles cheats; and that

Shiloh is *yet* to appear, and to restore universal monarchy to the Jew. On all other races Christianity has made more or less impression; on the Jew comparatively none!

The degree to which the human intellect is infatuable, is scarcely less illustrated in the Mohamedam system. More than 120 millions of responsible thinkers have bowed at the shrine of an Asiatic charlatan for 1200 years; have been masters of two quarters of the globe, and all but effected possession of Europe; and though neither of the same physical type, nor occupants of the same climate, and though they are the subjects of rival political chieftains, this eighth portion of the whole human race is as truly enthralled to the name of Abdallah's son, through the Koran, as the Hebrew race is to Moses. Here is another psychologic mystery, which defies explanation, for hitherto Christianity has made little or no aggression on the Mosque.

Our business in this paper is, however, with the Papacy, another type of the spirit of dementation, as sturdy, as tenacious, and as uncompromising, as either of the foregoing; resiliant of all external assault; prolific of means of self-sustentation beyond all parallel; and after having maintained a steady growth for a period somewhat longer than the whole existence of Mohamedism, it is now again exhibiting the elastic energy of rejuvenescence, and is buoyant with the confident hope of winning back to itself those long-lost realms which the Protestant spirit wrested from the Papacy three centuries ago.

And we cannot deny that there are some causes in operation which may induce a temporary increase of the Papal power. This sect has only recently become an educator of the people; but since it has done so, and all the catechumenal influences are brought to bear on the Church, since the priesthood has become the active visitant of the Papal schools, 'the sisters,' their purveyors, and the pedagogues are only the zealot cadets of the Church, it is probable that, for a time, the Papal school system will appear to swell the numbers at the confessional. But this will only be a temporary result; for if the schools are not to die away, they must advance; and if they advance far, they will become truant to the bosom that has fed them. Not only has the Papacy reluctantly become educational, but it now purveys largely in cheap literature for the service of the Church. The love of art is greatly extending, and Popery availing itself of the accident that all the great artists of the sixteenth century were Roman Catholics, and that their chief productions are still in Papal hands, it may win over some who view everything only in an artistic aspect, and cajole others to believe that the Church that bred its many schools of illustrious masters of the canvass, never could be otherwise than the real friend of intelligence, liberty, and religion. All public bodies are characterised by alternate fits of zeal and inertness, and the Papacy is now in the former state. Every wealthy layman must now found a school, or endow a charity, or bestow an altar-piece; and every priest must publish his anatomical essays on Protestantism. The Papal whirlwind is up at present, but it will not endure; and it will help to clear our heavens of some of those dim clouds that have obscured the light: but it is not to surprise us if

we see a few apparent accessions to Rome, as the fruit of the temporary *furor ecclesiasticus*, as a rigid investigation would prove that we lose one and gain three. Another cause that will for a period apparently augment the forces of Rome is, the civil equality that now obtains between the Romanist and the Protestant. This circumstance has been the means of initiating considerable numbers into Papal society; of betraying some of the unwary and less reflective; while it has also mollified some of the feelings with which the Papist was regarded when he was less known. But the cause above all others that is appearing to multiply the converts to Rome, is the treachery that evidently prevails in a considerable portion of the State clergy, who are clearly aiming to overthrow that Protestantism that feeds them, and which they have sworn repeatedly to maintain; coupled, as it has been, with the dastard hyprocrisy of our statesmen, who either approve the revolt, and if so, ought not to censure it; or who detest such obvious dishonesty, and ought at once, and at all risks, to expel the traitors.

But all these, and other causes of the temporary increase of Popery, are very precarious, and cannot long continue to befriend a sect that has pitched the battle against the evidence of the senses, the conclusions of reason, the verdicts of history and experience, and the express authority of Scripture. These casual stimulants of increase to the Papal party are very different things from what they would be, if Popery were evidently improving itself, or if it were becoming the cordial friend of free inquiry and toleration; or if the deeper investigations of reason and historical research had made Popery appear more true to the laws of reason and morality, and more in harmony with the facts of history and the wants of human nature—but none of these is the case. For the historian still continues to affirm that the Papacy is a disgraceful fraud; the philosopher still maintains that its dogmata contradict the fundamental laws of reason; the statesman still bears his testimony to its being an obstinate, a conceited, and a pedantic troubler of civil society; and the political economist still proves that its tendency is to abuse property, to engender ignorance, penury, and disease. Though many temporary causes are thus intoxicating Popery with a seeming return of prosperity, it must be reminded that all the permanent and fundamental laws of mind, of morality, and of society, are as hostile as ever to a dynasty of a hundred thousand ecclesiastics, who with however many children and women in its clutches, and tenacious, as it is, of the cognominal affectation of father, will die unlamented. It is not with Popery as it is, or as it was, however, that we are about to chat with the reader, but with what it may, and what it *must* become by force of time, truth, and outbreeding circumstance.

There are several sources of information open to us respecting the prospects of the Papacy. The first is in the Papacy itself; the second is found in the intellectual and civil tendencies of all society external to the Papal Church; and the third, in the voice of sacred writ. Of the sources of light on this question furnished by the Papacy itself, for-

tunately for us they are neither recondite, nor require much development. The Papal writers avow—

I. That the Roman Catholic Church was founded by St. Peter.

II. That it is an infallible judge in matters of religion.

III. That it never changes, and never has erred.

IV. That this Church is the only true Church of Christ; and,

V. That it is destined to destroy and survive all others.

That such are the ecclesiastical axioms on which the Papacy invariably takes its stand, no one can doubt who is at all familiar with its books, its controversies, its priesthood, or its history. On these axioms Hildebrand took his stand, in the famous struggle with the civil power of the empire, and of the states of Italy; and on the same ground the Dominican fathers and the Jesuits have proceeded throughout their career; and on the ground of these axioms the Council of Trent was convened, and published its dogmas in their name. The Papacy is, therefore, pledged to make good these propositions, or to renounce them, or to hold them in defiance of their commonly believed disproof. If it can make them good, then all other churches must fall, and it will become the only form of Christianity on earth; if it cannot make them good, and either renounce or modify them, then it will confess itself to have erred, it can then no longer boast of its *semper eadem*, and it must abandon the claim to be regarded any longer as an infallible authority in religious matters; but if it cannot make good these propositions, and yet maintains their truth, the Papacy will put itself ostensibly in battle array with logic, and with the general convictions, and must therefore fall.

In prosecuting our inquiry into the prospects of the Papacy, it must not be forgotten that she has the most disreputable history to overcome that ever attached to any community nominally Christian. We are unwilling to believe all that many Protestant writers have recorded of the past condition of this form of Antichrist; and to refuse large allowances for the rude temper, and the ill-disciplined thought of some of the antecedent ages in which the Papacy figures with loathsome prominence; and we are also ready to concede that in the time of more flagrant persecution, no party either in the Church or the State seems to have thoroughly understood the laws of conscience, and the rights of opinion. We readily yield to the plea that large bodies are prone to take their numerical strength for a test of truth, as small ones are often querulous and hypercritical. But when all allowances are made, there are three facts which the whole history of the Papal sect demonstrates with too voluminous an evidence to leave room for doubt; viz., that the Papal Church has always been animated with a spirit of merciless persecution of its antagonists; that it has taught a depreciated morality; and that it has disfigured the whole external life of Christianity with the most flagrant abuse of the artistic element.

We are now, for the first time, awakening to enlarged views of history; but the moral uses of history have long been known, and

there is a law in all minds that connects the history of a dogma with the proofs of its verity, and that induces all men to receive the history of a church as the only unbiassed witness of its true character. How, then, with the disgraceful history that is inseparable from the Papacy, that is every day becoming more lucid, and more confirmed, will the Romish Church reply to posterity, when it is reproached with its undoubted murders, its well-attested intrigues, its omniform ambition, the concupiscent lives of a vast portion of its popes and dignified clergy, the tricks of saint-worship, the inquisitorial habits of the confessional, the over-reachings of the death-bed, the gaols crowded with innocent offenders against the fictitious laws of the priesthood; the course of Jesuitism, the abominations of monastic life, the frivolous employments of the cloister, the bribery of statesmen, the cozenage of the populace by scenic performances as a substitution of worship, the mutilation of records, the suppression of free thought, and the tyranny that has ramified throughout the system, from the baptism of a child of parents one of whom only was Papal, to the election of a pope, or the convocation of a council? Will the Romish Church affirm that all these well-proven evils, and that upon the authority of its own historians, are false? Or pleading to their partial truth, will it impute most of them to the imperfect virtue of prior ages, and the rest to the imperfection of men? If, then, the Papacy deny the truth of these allegations, it sets itself in antagonism to the general voice of history, and repudiates that law of testimony on which all faith must be based, and by which all facts must be tried. In that case, then, it will be the Papacy *versus* History. But if it plead in part to the truth of the foregoing historic accusations, then it follows that this infallible Church was never infallible; or, that if it were infallible in doctrine, it was at a time when it was monstrous in morals; and that this "only true apostolic Church of Christ" has a history more infamous than that of the Cæsars; and that the popes and the priesthood have disserved religion far more by their vices, than they have aided it by their words. At any rate, the Papacy cannot obliterate its history, and posterity, that will be more rigidly scrutinous, and more zealous for truth, than we are, cannot but know how often popes have absolved subjects from the allegiance they owed their rulers; and that one christened the statue of Theseus to St. George, and others, those of Jupiter and Apollo to Peter and Paul. From this dilemma, when men come to be more generally the lieges of Truth, the Papacy cannot escape, and its own history will be one of the most potent elements that will work its ruin.

There is one other feature in the history of the Papacy that must act destructively on it with posterity. It cannot be denied that from about A.D. 950 to A.D. 1400, the Papal Church was almost, if not entirely, the only form of Christianity that existed in Europe. Its sway was supreme, and all but undisputed. What, then, was the appearance of this Church during those four centuries and a half? All the histories composed of that age, and by contemporary writers, were

written by friends of the Papacy, and what do they say? Do they record any single period, even of seven or three years' duration, at that time, of undisputed Papal pre-eminence, in which pure and undefiled religion flourished in the Vatican? Is there any single nation over which the Papal power was fairly established, that did not suffer immensely for its connexion with the Pope? Is there a single instance of a people throughout the whole duration of this sect, that became eminently spiritual and happy in consequence of its subjugation to the Roman see? We affirm, on the contrary, that there is no nation, in which Popery has once been the predominant faith, that has not received such a check to its virtuous developments, as it was never able to recover. The celibate priesthood may now leer at these queries and suggestions, but posterity must be answered; and we repeat, that, as the Papacy cannot destroy its history, its history will destroy it. If we needed any illustration of the immense disadvantage of having to contend with a hostile history, we only require to consult a few instances, and we will choose one from the Papacy itself, the second from the Established Church of England, and the third from political history. Much is said of the probable reascendency of the power of the Jesuits; and it must be confessed that, if extensive learning, matchless discipline, and imperturbable courage, with minds of the first order, and plans of operation compared with which all other strategies appear blundering, *could* effect a restoration of the Jesuit sway, there would be reason to fear that event. What, then, forbids it? Merely the infamous history of the society, that once all but prostrated Europe, and, to a considerable extent, neutralized the further progress of the Protestant Reformation; and it is our persuasion that this hindrance of a section of Popery will be an impassable limit to the whole system. Or why is it that Protestantism limps so wretchedly in Ireland, but that allied, as it has been, with the persecuting and ignorant spirit of the political factions of the mother-government, it has become so obnoxious to the Irish nation, who cannot forget the State rectors and bishops drawing large revenues from parishes where they had no auditors, and carrying the tithe war with unmerciful rigour into the abodes of penury and widowhood; or that, however sound the arguments for the Protestant faith, the nation will not listen until the murders of Rathcormac and the proscriptions of Kerry are obliterated. Or why, when the French were mocked with so many caricatures of a republic, and so long oppressed and humiliated by the empire, did they not return cordially to a monarchy so frequently as they have had the opportunity? Simply because it was impossible to oblivionize the five hundred years of monarchic abomination, that, after carrying the French nation through every degree of spurious splendour, ended by converting its gentry into dependent harlequins, and its peasantry into beggars and serfs. And this, as we read the Sibylline verses of Gaul, appears to us to be one of the real secrets, that the French are too volatile and vain to stand by their republic till it attains its growth; they would rather be treated as the puppets and helots of an adventurer who leaves them the

shadow of independence, than put themselves under the wing of that monarchical government whose history reeks with blood, and alternates only from oppression, fraud, and debauchery, to a reign of cardinals, a bankrupt treasury, and proscribed freedom. The Frenchman is courteous enough to salute the manes of Charles the Debonaire, Louis the Saint, and Henry the Magnanimous, but he shudders at their sway, and prefers the frequent recurrence of revolution and the barricades to having any restoration of monarchy. A wider survey of human affairs would only bring us to the same conclusion, that an infamous history is one of the highest forms of retributive check with which the great God has limited the powers of wickedness.

There is another insuperable obstacle to the reascendency of the Romish Church to be found in the great increase of popular intelligence. It is the fashion for smart writers to affirm that such is the supple policy of this hierarchy, that it can as easily establish its supremacy among an intelligent as an ignorant people. We do not believe this, and simply because it is both irrational and impossible. The world was never as enlightened as it is now, and in this assertion we use the terms 'world' and 'enlightened' in their enlarged signification. We do not say that the literary men of some past select periods were inferior to the analogous classes at present, for that would be to contradict facts. But though we have a few illustrious artists, statesmen, and authors, who are attached to the Papacy, we have millions whose grandfathers could not read: we have millions of the second and third sections of society who are become extensive thinkers, who read Locke, De Morgan, M'Culloch, and Whewel, as well as the best histories and periodical literature. These classes, in former times, were the moorage-ground of the Papal power, and received the dictation of the priest as a higher authority than that of Newton or Bacon. But the homage to priestly opinion is passing away as one of the consequences of the growth of independent thinking. And we have not far to look for instances of the robust power, and the sturdy habit of this popular thought. The homage of individual opinion is fading throughout society. Men apply the Protestant dogma of the right of individual judgment to all kinds of questions, and in England alone every night the moon looks down on thousands of social gatherings, in which men meet to sharpen one another's wit, to attack mutual prejudices, to browbeat insolent power, to question the prescriptive rights of antiquity, and to push the powers of reason into every question that is of daily occurrence. Those who are thus keen in the arena, whether it be more or less formally educative, disperse only to carry to their homes and shops a keener introspection of the judgments and motions of their neighbours. Will it be pretended that Popery ever had such an element as this to deal with before? When and where we would know? for though it must be admitted, that the brilliant era of Fontenelle and Moliere, of Machiavel, and the great artists, did not appear to be hostile to the Papacy; it must be remembered that neither France, Germany, nor Italy, had, at those epochs, any thing like popular intelligence; and it

is well known to our readers, that the bulk of our countrymen could scarcely sign their names. When men cannot read, they cannot think correctly, for history forms a material element in all correct thinking, as almost every question is more or less historical. Wondrously changed, indeed, now, is the state of the people, any hundred of whom taken at random from the streets, and subjected to a close examination on any of the leading topics of history, politics, morality, or trade, would yield an amount of accurate knowledge which the nobles of France did not possess, when Cardinal Mazarin befooled the governments of Europe, or when our Walpole unblushingly served out his bribes to the Parliament, and poohed all considerations of morals or decency. Popery has never done battle with this popular intelligence, at present, nor will it be eager for the encounter, as it knows better than we do the state of its chances of ignominious defeat. Unhappily for the people themselves, their bias, at present, is not all towards religious subjects; but fond as they are of the artistic and the antique, Wiseman knows full well that he has far more reliance on the sentimental maiden and the ignorant housewife, the finical dowager and the effeminate men of rank—than on the strong-minded tradesmen, the keen mechanic, or the shrewd speculator.

Society is distinguished at present, and this is the natural result of its mental growth, by a marked aversion to arbitrary power. This, we conceive, will be one of the surest barriers against any permanent re-encroachments of the Roman system, which, whether we regard it in its literary, its social, or its religious aspects, can only be considered as a well-concealed scheme for governing mankind by one inferior intellect, and a correspondently irresponsible *one* will. We plead to having a secret preference of the government by one, as it is simple, expeditious, and final. It saves the endless litigency of opinion, the war of words, the competition of wits, and the struggles of rival candidates; but the government of one will that we require is, that the judgment that rules that will should be *really* infallible, and that will itself be perfect in virtue. To both of these qualities Rome lays an impudent claim, which, however, every step of her history falsifies, and every wire with which she works her pedantic hierarchy makes ridiculous. How far the government of mankind, without its consent, is distasteful to the age, is proved by the fact, that even those absolute monarchies which have the oldest prescriptions, and are fortified by the greatest array of physical force, have found it necessary to ameliorate the condition of their subjects, even in advance of their petitions; or, in other words, to pack the saddle with wadding, *lest* the steed should become galled, and fling his rider. The same consciousness of what the spirit of the time demands is evident among ourselves, and hence we have, within the last twenty years, seen the exclusive spirit of aristocracy, uninvited, relax several parts of the political machinery to avert the possibility of a strain. The fact is, men will now only submit, in one form or other, to self-government; and any theory that opposes that, is sure, when the popular spirit has had time to comprehend its bearings, to be met by resistance. It follows, as a matter of course, if society will not

allow their civil rulers, their bankers, their speculators, and their corporations, to be absolute, that they will not long tolerate an absolute priest. Congregationalism has foreseen this condition of human society, and provided for it in the equal rights of the members of its churches; but Popery is incapable of such concessions; for the day the Papacy ceases to be absolute its bubbles burst. To this resolve to obtain self-government, strong as it is at present, all things appear to be contributing vigour; and that which is now but the temper of a few nations, and novel even among them, will, in a century hence, have become the law of universal thought. If Popery cannot now exist among independent and bold thinkers, who demand a share in all power and emolument, how will it abide to be judged by our descendants, whose notions of property, of right, and of history, will be far in advance of our own?

Still another attribute of general society, unfavourable to the ascendency of the Papacy, is found in the universal antagonism of all the other sects of the Christian Church. It is with sad conviction that we acknowledge the unchristian temper with which these various sections regard each other; and there is nothing which we yearn more ardently to see effected than a more catholic temper among the various churches of Protestdom, and we trust that glorious event will soon occur. Meantime, acidulent as the animus of ecclesiastic parties may be, it cannot be denied that some, and even great, unity does exist among the most divergent sects on several particulars, and among them in none more than in their common detestation of Popery. On the other hand, the Papacy regards them all as foes, has no commiseration for any, boldly hectors them of their unauthorized ministers, and of their dissident theories, and curses them all in the name of St. Gregory; and where Popery finds a valiant son, it consigns them all to perdition, scoffs at their learning and virtue, and announces itself to be the only messenger of Heaven to men. With none of these Christian sects does the Papacy interchange Christian civilities, nor will it recognise their noblest examples of virtue, unless they be prostrate in the confessional. All these sects exist on the law of mutual tolerance, which implies the acknowledgment of mutual liability to error. But the Papacy scorns the toleration of the whole Christian world, and will not join in the most ordinary acts *in sacris*, unless its own preposterous assumptions be undenied. Is society in a temper, or likely from its aspect to be so, to favour a system that thus oppugns every other, that arrogates the possession of all the virtue on this side heaven, and that will not admit either difference of opinion, or form of worship, or even of the outward life of religion? As society becomes, in all things, more forbearant of the inevitable anomalies of thought and action, convinced, as it will be, that the causes of these diversities are beyond human control, as larger views make the general community more deferential to the opinions and virtues of others, is it to be believed, that this same progressive society will tamely stand by and see all its discoveries set at nought by a huge regiment of clergy who, for the most part, look upon the spreading light as the beast of prey does, and on the growth of liberty,

with sentiments akin to those of the gaoler? This *cannot* be, and, therefore, the Papacy must either fall or modify; but, if it change, it breaks its own charm, and, like a huge and ancient tenement, when the girders are removed, it either rapidly crumbles piecemeal, or falls in a crash.

We are further aided in forming our judgment of the prospects of the Papacy by the light derivable from the sacred writings. It is not, however, so much to the predictions of the Scriptures relative to the overthrow of 'Babylon,' of 'Antichrist,' of 'the beast and the false prophet,' and of 'the mother of harlots,' that we would look, as to the general principles of moral truth which those records make it evident the government of God intends to render supreme in the world. We prefer this course of looking at the question, because it waives all doubts about the identification of these epithets with the Papacy, of which, however, we candidly confess, there is little room for dubitation. There can be no doubt that holiness and unity will ultimately be characteristic of all the faithful; that the spirit of the disciple will assimilate to that of his Lord; and that when Divine love has come to be the head of the Church, that charity will be the law of its lips. In the degree in which Christians attain to the life of Christ, they will be prolific in every form of human virtue; and a temper of signal humility and self-denial will accompany the growth of the true Church; and that, as it attains to spiritual perfection, it will not only be marked by entire and simple obedience to the laws of Christ, but by an indifference to external forms and non-essential anomalies. This is evidently the ultimatum of the principles of the Scriptures, and the tendency of the true Church; and it is obvious, that unless the tendencies of Popery are in the same direction, the developments of Christianity must be destructive to those of Rome. Now, that the tendencies of the Papacy are not to the simple, the spiritual, and the intellectual, any one may learn who will only compare Popery at present with what it was fifty years ago. It, indeed, boasts that it never changes; but has it not more canonizations, more laws, more ceremonies, more plans of operation and orders *now*, than it had at the beginning of the present century?

It would also be easy to show that, from the immense progress of the exact sciences, the researches into ecclesiastical history, every year's contribution to which is more unfriendly to Rome, as well as the antagonist aspects of general literature, the Papacy has little to hope. Woe to any system against which are thus levelled the converging forces of all society. It may, indeed, for a time, sustain itself by a skilful employment of its tactical resources, and ward off the day of doom by its strong entrenchments of tradition; but while tactics and policy are only ephemeral, truth lives for ever, and its individual principles are ever pushing down, in their triumphant course, the stays of prejudice, and the landmarks of custom, and slowly clearing the world of all those obstructions that have hitherto opposed the universal reign of God. It serves important purposes both to Jehovah and his creatures to permit these great forms of heresy to exist, and to give them

every facility of exegesis. From this mysterious toleration of the temporary reign of error, how immensely are we already the gainers when we consider what we learn from the extinct classical mythologies, and how much evidence to our religion we derive from the infatuated pertinacity of the Jew. Awhile hence, we doubt not, as signal contributions to the cause of pure Christianity will arise from the tolerated domination, for so many ages, of Popery, which, however infamous as a pretended church of Christ, may be valuable hereafter as a proof and a sign, just as Pharaoh, Rabshakeh, and Judas Iscariot, who, while living, were a disgrace to humanity, when destroyed became important to the world.

But we are aware that many readers will consider the tenor of these views of the prospects of the Papacy as fallacious. Such maintain that superstition has laws of its own, and exists and grows into power in spite of knowledge, history, and common-sense. We admit that erroneous opinions are intensely tenacious, and if it were not so, truth would have few battles to win, and heresy no history but that of rapid and successive defeats. We own that, certain as the fall of the Papacy is, it is impossible for us to predict how long its galvanic efforts to return to domination may extend, for by a conceivable change in the political state of Italy, the system may contend for its life, or suddenly expire among the derision of those nations which are supposed to be its most obsequious lieges. And even should no such political catastrophes await the Papacy, we must not forget its tenacity on former occasions, when it appeared to be in greater peril than appears to menace it now. We refer to its conquest of Languedoc in the twelfth century, when it not only exterminated the noble Albigenses, but acquired greater power than ever; and to that great epoch of peril, when Philip the Beautiful established a rival pope at Avignon, and, supported by the influence of the Paulician theology in Germany, and the hardy and wise co-operation of the Wickliffians in England, brought the Papacy almost to despair, from which, however, it again rose triumphant. The peril to the Papacy of the Lutheran Reformation, and of the overthrow of the French monarchy at the close of the last century, are too notorious to require exposition; suffice it to say, that great as the disasters of Rome appeared in all these instances, the ductile and imperious spirit of the Vatican rose with the emergency, and where it did not exterminate it enfeebled—when it could not obtain a triumph, it inflicted a deep wound. This tenacity *may* again be successful for a time; but no more Jeromes of Prague, or Savonarollis, can be burnt; the Council of Trent can never be again convoked; and though the ecclesiastical ape may chatter and grin, and pelt his keepers with nuts and branches for a period, he knows that he performs his rage and antics in chains, and when the due time comes, he will only be set free to be delivered to the dogs.

biblical account, as affording confirmation, if confirmation were required, illustrates the superiority of the scriptural narrative, by exhibiting the purity of the tradition on which it is founded. And here we have one of a class of facts. The stories of the early biblical history are found, again and again, in the traditions of the East and the West. But they are found in Hindostan, in China, in Persia, in Greece, under a mythic veil, in a distorted form, with heterogeneous accretions; pointing, indeed, to their originals, but showing how wide has been their departure; and showing, also, what claims to our respect and gratitude are preferred by the simple, pure, genuine, and sublime, histories of the book of Genesis.

The fact of the deluge seems to us clearly symbolized in one of the most ancient and most remarkable of the religious usages of the Egyptians. We allude to a very striking annual procession, made, originally, on the waters of the Nile, and afterwards on land. In these observances the most marked feature was an ark, or sacred boat (in Egyptian *bari*), shallow, and highly curved at each end; adorned, also, at the stern and prow with some emblem characteristic of the divinities. In the middle was a shrine, in, or on which was a representation of the Supreme Deity, accompanied by emblems denoting preservation, life, and stability. These arks frequently appear in the ceremonies of the Egyptian ritual. They are seen in the solemnities which attended the coronation of a king. They were also used in the conveyance of embalmed bodies across the Nile at Thebes, to their place of interment in the Lybian hills. Thus intimately connected with the most dignified and solemn events of life and death, they seem, in each case, to have been intended to commemorate, in true Egyptian manner, the preservation in *the* ark of Noah and his sons. What else is said by the ark or boat itself? What else is said by the emblems of preservation which overshadowed its shrine? What else is said by the presence of the Supreme Divinity? Does not the emblem of life declare, as clearly as an emblem in the circumstances can, that the life of man had been thus saved from destruction? Does not the symbol of stability or permanence shadow forth the Divine promise, 'The waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh?' (Gen. ix. 15.) The whole looks like a history of the preservation of Noah and his sons in picture-writing. The boat, the emblems in the boat, the connexion of the boat with religious ceremonies, the presence of the boat at the coronation of monarchs, who, with the Egyptians, were 'gods on earth;' the procession of the boat or boats on the water, and the transference of the procession from the water to 'the firm-set earth'—all indicates, as clearly as symbols, pictures, and usages can indicate, the facts of the deluge as recorded in alphabetical writing in the early chapters of Genesis. With equal force and great propriety, as well as delicacy of sentiment, was the ark employed, as we employ the hearse, to convey the departed from the troubled sea of this life to the ever-enduring and tranquil land of life beyond the river of death. A view of one of these sacred arks is now before us, in which three men at the prow, and three at the stern, guide the bark, having between them the cus-

tomary shrine, with emblems of the divinity. The three are princes; the middle one is a divinity. A mere inspection recalls Shem, Ham, and Japheth, honoured as of royal descent, while their father is raised to a god by the undue reverence of the Egyptian worship; yet, though a god, protected by the highest of the gods, under the emblem of the Sun. To make the allusion complete, the hieroglyphics which accompany the picture advert to Ararat under the designation of the 'mountains of rising,' that is, the rising of the waters; and indicate the retributory purpose of the Almighty by declaring the burden of the whole to be a 'judgment.' Spencer, in his learned treatise on the Hebrew ritual, and other sacred antiquarians, have founded in the Egyptian ark the original of the Mosaic ark of the Covenant. A similar usage is found in the antiquities of the Trojans, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Etruscans; and, in all instances, the ark seems to go back in commemoration of their original in the Mosaic account of the deluge. Only in that one fact does the common usage find its source and its explanation.

The triple division in which we have here recognised the three sons of Noah, which implies that the earth was repeopled by them and their descendants in three lines or primitive races, is found not only distinctly stated in the Bible, but also intimated not obscurely on the monumental remains of Egyptian culture. We here borrow, in an abridgment, with some explanatory words, the information conveyed by Osburn.* There is a design which is repeated in the tombs of the eighteenth dynasty, and which evidently embodies the notions entertained by the Egyptians of the inhabitants of the earth. The most ancient copy of this design is in the tomb of Sethos I. The picture represents four individuals of four races of men, who are directed by the divine hawk of the sun, denoted by the figure of an idol with a hawk's head. Its object is to show the superiority of Egypt over all other lands, through the blessing of her tutelary divinity, the sun. Immediately after the sun are four Egyptians, who are named in the hieroglyphics 'the human race,' meaning that they were pre-eminently above all other men, the only proper men. A group of four men comes next in order, who are of a complexion much lighter than that of the Egyptians, with blue eyes, and their hair inclining to red or flaxen. They are called Shemites, and represent the inhabitants of Canaan. The next tetrad of figures are negroes, who are called Nahasi, a general appellation of the dark races of mankind, or rather of the inhabitants of the regions to the south and west of Egypt. The fourth and last group of this curious picture consists of four men, much lighter in colour than the Shemites, and resembling in appearance the Caucasian races. They are called Hamathites, that is, the ancient inhabitants of Syria, the most northern people known to the Egyptians. These names point very intelligibly to the original division of the human race into the descendants of the three sons of Noah. The Shemites retain the name of their progenitor; the Hamathites represent the

* Ancient Egypt: her Testimony to the Bible. London. 1846. Pp. 23, 24.

Japhetians ; while in the darker tribes are portrayed the sons of Ham. The vanity of the Egyptians, however, allowed to none of these races any affinity with themselves. 'Those who drank of the divine Nile' were altogether of another and superior stock, which they erected into a fourth patriarchate, at the head of the other three.

Independently of these statements, it may be asserted, not only on the averments of our own eyes, but also on such authority as that of Heeren* and Knobel,† that the Egyptians, in their paintings, present men of three complexions—white, red, and black. The same three diversities they recognised in their gods, for they conceived of Osiris as black, Typhon as red, and Horus as white.‡ Indeed, the ancients in general had an observant eye for colour. The Northerns they speak of as white ; the Southerns as black ; and those who dwelt in the intervening spaces, as having a kind of medium hue. Even shades of these three chief varieties they recognised ; and their recognitions, remaining in national and tribal names to this day, enable us to declare, that they saw in geographical position and climate a cause, if not the chief cause, of the existence and permanence of differences of complexion.

In what has just been said, it appears that the three great distinctions of colour in man, namely, black, brown, and white, are visible in the human figures presented by the ancient monuments of Egypt. Such is the fact. From this fact an argument has been devised against the triple division of mankind, as set forth in the Bible. This triple division implicates a common stock in the common ancestor, Noah. 'But,' so argues the adversary, 'black, brown, and white, existed immediately after the deluge : witness the Egyptian monuments. Consequently, you must, on physiological grounds, throw back the time of the deluge indefinitely ; that is, to a date so remote, as to admit the rise of diversities of complexion, and their usual accompaniments, in the order of natural propagation, under the diversifying influences of climate, soil, mode of life, &c. Or, if you refuse to do so, you must deny the origination of the new race of men in one common ancestor, Noah.' But in the Scripture, as well as on the monuments, these diversities of colour are recognised and set forth. If so, there is no discrepancy between the Bible and Egypt, and so the adverse argument loses its force ; the Bible as well as the monuments declare that, in the days of Noah, the great triple division of colour already existed. Nor is the declaration at all inconsistent with the descent of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, from a common father, since that one father may, according to the polygamy of primeval ages, have had three wives, each the mother of one of his sons. In other words, the diversities of colour were a gift from the antediluvian periods, during which, when the energies of human nature were strong and fiery, and those of material nature were overpowering in their influence, there was full occasion for the birth, and ample

* Heeren, Ideen, ii. 2, p. 88. † Knobel, Die Völkertafel der Genesis, pp. 12, 3.
‡ Plutarch, De Isid., 22.

scope for the growth and development, of the several modifications of form and hue; which, after all, can only in a loose way be termed characteristics of races, so constantly do the varieties run one into the other, and blend together.

We have intimated that the Bible recognises three chief variations of colour in men. Its recognition has the naming of Noah's sons for its date. An ancient Jewish expounder* assumes that God created men originally red, black, and white; and a later Jewish writer† makes Noah, after the flood, divide the earth so that Ham occupied the land of the blacks, Shem the land of those who were brown, and Japheth, the land of those who were reddish white. And in the names Shem, Ham, and Japheth, lie a triple division. Japheth seems properly to denote beauty, and therein fairness, or a white complexion. A fair skin was with the Hebrews, as with us, a sign of beauty; thus the hues of the lily and the rose are celebrated in their poetry as lovely Cant. v. 10; Lam. iv. 7; compare Gen. vi. 2); as is also the case (in the Arabian poets. On the contrary, black was a colour hateful to the Shemitic Hebrews (Cant. i. 5; Lam. iv. 8), who, like other nations and individuals, in general preferred (Esther i. 11; ii. 2, 3, 7) a complexion fairer than their own. The Japhetic Caucasian is still an object of idolatry for the fairness of her skin among the darker dyes of Europe as well as Asia.

While Japheth and the Japhetidæ are the originals and the types of the whiter races, Ham and his descendants represent the darker, standing at the other extreme of colour. Ham in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, signifies 'to be hot,' and, as a consequence of heat, 'to be burnt,' and 'to be black.' The root found in the old Egyptian tongue, and in its modern representative, the Coptic, has in those languages the same import. Hence Egypt among its natives, as well as among the Hebrews, was called Chami, 'the land of Ham.' (Ps. cv. 23; cvi. 22.) Here, then, we find the dark colour of our species, and we find, also, heat assigned as its special cause.

For evidence of the third diversity we must appeal to circumstances, since the word Shem does not denote a colour, but rather a name. Indeed, on a little reflection we see that the designation of the Shemites was not likely to be taken from their complexion. The Hebrews were Shemites, and among the Hebrews originated our Scriptures. A nation, in speaking of itself, does not find a characteristic, still less its name, in its colour. Its own seems to it the natural colour; and it is led by the apparent strangeness of a diversity of colour to call others by the discriminating epithets of white or black. But national vanity, or a better and a higher feeling, national consciousness, may originate the distinctive epithet of 'famous,' or 'men of name,' *i.e.*, Shemites. In this way is the word Shem employed in the Hebrew. Thus what in our Version stands as 'men of renown' (Gen. vi. 4; compare xi. 4) is, in the original, 'men of name,' Shem. Such a name is appropriate, for the Shemitic race, as in the Assyrians, gained

* R. Jonnathan on Gen. ii. 7. † Abulpharag. Hist. Dynast., p. 14.

the earliest renown of civilization; the Shemitic Hyksos conquered, and for ages governed Egypt; and to descendants of Shem we owe the Bible and its 'holy religion.' Other nations have taken or received honourable appellations. The Medes bore the name of Arii, that is, 'distinguished;' the Persians, Artæi, that is, 'heroes;' the Franks prided themselves, as their name shows, in being 'free men.'

But while the idea of colour is absent from the designation Shem, it is found in connexion with the descendants of that patriarch. The *Red* Sea seems to have been so designated from the colour of its primitive inhabitants. The name of the Himirites, a tribe of Arabs who lived in Southern Arabia, and of the Edomites, who dwelt in Arabia Petræa, signify red, in allusion to the colour of the skin. Similar is the meaning of the name Phœnicians. According to the Talmud, the Jews were neither white nor black, but of a medium hue. These indications (it would be easy to add others) combine to show, that, as with the modern Arabs, the Shemites were, and were designated as red, or ruddy—that is, of a lighter or deeper brown complexion.

Here, then, we have Egypt and the Bible in exact agreement; the monuments and the words of Scripture say the same thing. Nor is the accord of less value because it lies not on the surface, but has to be sought for, and to be established, from a number of particulars. An agreement so ascertained could not have been fabricated; it lies in the essence of things, and the deepest and most ancient imprints of language. Let it also be observed, that the agreement goes back to the very fountains of history. It is of far greater consequence than any synchronism between Egypt and the Bible. It is of far greater consequence than any correspondence in ordinary facts. Such synchronisms, and correspondences do exist, and it is our intention to point them out. Undoubtedly valuable, they scarcely bear comparison with an agreement, which, lying at the very foundation of our civilization and history, applies the severest test to the authenticity of the Biblical narratives, inasmuch as the facts on which it is founded might have been contradicted, not only by Egypt, but also by ethnology in general. Instead, however, of being contradicted, this triple division finds corroboration in history, in language, and, indeed, in the general testimony of the past and the present.

We have already seen that, in the Scriptures, climate is recognised as the cause of a dark complexion. The same cause seems to be implied in the recorded fact, that Ham was Noah's youngest son. (Gen. ix. 24.) As the dislike of dark coloured races is indicated in the part which Ham performs, and the curse pronounced upon him (Gen. ix.), so the degeneracy of his race is marked in his age. Proceeding from a medium colour of a ruddy brown, the human race in the North became fair and black in the South. Shemites originally, they on one side became Japhetidæ, and on the other Hamites. The former retained, and even in colour enhanced, the good qualities of the primal stock. The latter, departing more and more from the pure ancestral blood, became in Ham, the remotest offspring, dark alike in

character and complexion. And so in scriptural implications, which are the more satisfactory because they lie not on the surface, we discover historical facts which have their counterparts in the conclusions of eminent ethnologists, such as Prichard* and Blumenbach.†

It is also a clear implication in the Bible, that the Hebrews were of a lighter complexion than the Egyptians. Hence was it, that the latter admired Sarah when she accompanied her husband into their land—"the Egyptians beheld the woman, that she was very fair." (Gen. xii. 14, 15.) And Stephen, speaking evidently from the Egyptian point of view, states that Moses, even when an infant, 'was exceeding fair' (Acts vii. 20), a quality to which, according to Josephus (Antiq. ii. 9, 6, 7), the child was indebted for the attention he received from Pharaoh's daughter. In the lighter complexion of the Hebrews may also be found the ground of the passion conceived for Joseph by his royal Egyptian mistress. (Gen. xxxix. 7.)

The implication on the assumption of which we have just spoken, is grounded in fact. The Hebrews were of a complexion lighter than the Egyptians. Without here entering into the question of races, we know, on historical vouchers, that while the former approached the lighter complexions, the latter approached the darker. The Greek tragic poet, Æschylus, ascribes to the Egyptians a dark hue. Lucian calls a young Egyptian 'black complexioned,' and Martial gives the epithet of *fusca*, or dark brown, to the Egyptians living near the lake Mareotis and at Syene. By these and similar intimations, it is not to be understood that the Egyptians were black and woolly-haired, after the Negro type. This is contradicted by the mummies; which, however, unite in showing that the Egyptians were a dark-coloured race. Their modern representatives, the Copts, are also of a deep brown. In general, indeed, the Egyptians were in physical as well as mental qualities inferior to the Hebrews, Short of stature, they had a broad undignified countenance, a thick skin, prominent cheek bones, the eyes wide apart, a rather broad and stumpy nose, and a large flat mouth, all indications of an inferior race, as in the modern Copts. And in this inferiority is to be seen the cause why the Hebrews, with their noble Shemitic blood, were able to maintain their foothold as a nation, and to develop, under God's aid, their pure religion, on a strip of somewhat ungrateful soil, by the very side of a people most advanced in all the branches and resources of an outer material culture.

If now we, for a brief space, give attention to the races of Africa, including Egypt of course, we shall meet with fresh points of correspondence and new reasons for respecting the Biblical history. In general, the Bible—in its great and invaluable register of nations (Gen. x.), a document which many have condemned, because they were ignorant, and others critised in an adverse spirit, without having taken the trouble to acquire the requisite fund of varied knowledge—describes Africa as

* Prichard, 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind,' 2 vols. 8vo, 1826; see also his 'Natural History of Man,' 8vo, 1843.

† Blumenbach, Handbuch der Naturgeschichte, i. 57.

the land of the Hamites. Of the native inhabitants of that quarter of the globe, the Bible gives three divisions, Cush, Mizraim, and Phut. The first are the Ethiopians, who dwelt in the south; the second, the Egyptians, who in the north inhabited the valley of the Nile; and the third, the Libyans, who dwelt on the west, and whose Egyptian name is Phet, the very name given them on the authority of Moses. The Bible, in thus recognising three indigenous races in Africa, corresponds with the general tenor of ancient history. The descendants of Canaan, the fourth son of Ham, must not be confounded with the Hebrews, or descendants of Abraham. The latter were Shemites, who took possession of the land of Canaan, by conquering its native Hamitic proprietors, who originally belonged to the South and West, but emigrating into Palestine, seized the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and thence sent colonies into various parts of that sea.

Omitting the Ethiopians and the Libyans, as less connected with our subject, let us advert to the Egyptians. In Genesis (x. 6) Egypt is termed Mizraim. The word in the original is of the plural form. We might, though but imperfectly, give its force if we translated it by Egypts. This plural form corresponds with fact. There was, in a certain sense, more than one Egypt. There was Lower Egypt, and there was Upper Egypt. Nor was this a mere civil division. The ground of the plurality lay in the essential character of the country, and the native conceptions which hence arose. Lower Egypt is, and of old was, regarded and termed 'the gift of the Nile.' It is simply an agglomeration of the Nile's deposits. As later in origin, Lower Egypt was later in civilization than Upper Egypt. Two Egypts thus arose—the ancient; the modern—and the distinction became permanent, engrafting itself in the opinions, the language, and the usages of the country. For the facility of explanation, we have described Mizraim as a plural. More accurately described it is in the dual form, the form, that is, which denotes two. Thus, then, the word speaks of the two Egypts as now we use the phrase 'the Two Sicilies.' But the term is of Shemitic origin. Accordingly the Bible, from its own point of view, describes Egypt as two. In so doing it is in exact accord with Egyptian archæology. From its depth and minuteness the argument has special value.

But this is not all. The term exists in a singular form (2 Kings xix. 24; Isaiah xix. 6; Micah vii. 12), and signifies an *enclosure*. To the Hebrews, then, Egypt appeared as an enclosure. An enclosure it is; for it is a lengthened ravine; it is the Nile valley, which is formed by two parallel ranges of mountains. The great antiquity of the name, and, in consequence, the great antiquity of the people who gave the name, may be learnt from the fact, that the Delta, or that which formed the greater part of Lower Egypt, could not have occasioned the designation, inasmuch as being flat, it would have been called 'the flat, or the open land.' The name, taken from the peculiar formation of the upper country, must have come into existence before the lower was fully deposited and rendered habitable. The fact is the more striking, because it was near the lower, not the upper country, that the

Hebrews had their habitation. Clearly, in some very remote period, those who spoke the Hebrew language, having reached such a height of culture as to lead them to an acquaintance with the geognostics of distant lands, gave a vernacular name to Egypt, which was correctly descriptive of its physical form, and afterwards, doubling the name by the use of their own dual, comprised the lower and more recent country in the original designation. These facts are as curious as the correspondences they involve are striking and satisfactory. Had we space to pursue the subject, we could readily add, not only confirmation to these statements and views, but show, in detail, that the places in Egypt mentioned by the scriptural writers correspond as to locality, and as to general condition or character, with facts clearly and fully ascertained on Egyptian and other guarantees. Possibly, we may return to the subject in connexion with the biblical view of Egyptian geography. We must, however, conclude the present essay with some notice of the Egyptian language, as being essential to give to it such completeness as may belong to these sketches.

The philological discoveries which have, within the last half century, been made in connexion with the ruins that cover the valley of the Nile, furnish a decisive test of the historical reliableness of the place assigned to the Egyptians in the register of nations. By the efforts of Adelung, Champollion, Bunsen, and Lepsius, the position of the Egyptian tongue in the great family of languages has been definitively ascertained. The mother of the modern Coptic, the old Egyptian, which goes back to the earliest ages of Egyptian culture, stands at the head of the Hamitic languages. This is the general fact. Modern philology has supplied grounds for the opinion that all existing languages may be traced up to three fountains, and that these fountains flowed from one common source. Having a common origin, each of the three great divisions must, of course, possess some common elements. These common elements, however, are inconsiderable in comparison with the several distinctive peculiarities. So is it with the Hamitic languages, compared with the Shemitic and the Japhetic. In some common elements, the Egyptian tongue has a point of contact with the Shemitic, and through the Shemitic, with the Aramæan, the branch of the Shemitic to which belong the Arabic and its sister tongues, the Hebrew and the Syriac. As, however, the old Egyptian stands in the Hamitic class, to the Hamitic race must the Egyptian people be referred. This is now a well-established ethnological fact. This is the test to which we adverted. Suppose, now, that in the register of nations, Egypt ranked with the Shemites or the Japhetites. Then would there exist a broad contradiction between the Bible and modern science. But suppose that Egypt occupies in the register a place among the Hamitic races; then the Bible and modern science are at one on the point. Such is the actual position of Egypt. Who can fail to be struck with this coincidence? Some five thousand years after the register was composed, events put into our hands a decisive historical touchstone. The criterion is applied, and we ascertain as a fact, as a proved and indisputable fact, that which in the Bible stands as a record.

Could the biblical history endure such a test, were it not substantially true? were it not a real picture of the times of which it speaks? were it not a simple, genuine, and, therefore, trustworthy statement of actual realities? were it not an authentic and faithful representation of what its authors saw, heard, and knew? The register of nations was drawn up on two bases—on the basis of colour and the basis of speech. In the diversities of colour and speech its author saw and acknowledged the dividing lines which marked and declared corresponding diversities of blood and origin. These are the two bases which our modern science recognises, and on which, as on the proper grounds, it has worked and produced definite and satisfactory results. Here, then, again, the Bible and science are at one.

But while the Bible is thus proved to be in agreement with science and with fact, the Bible is the sole ancient work which takes this the right course, and possesses this high merit; and in this distinguishing and high peculiarity, far, very far, transcends the most learned writers of ancient times, throwing even Plato into the deepest shade. It may serve to illustrate the wisdom and value of the biblical narrative, if we here give the substance of a philological experiment, ascribed by Herodotus (ii. 2) to Psammeticus. That monarch, desiring to ascertain, by a decisive proof, what race of men were the most ancient, took two newly-born infants, and put them into a dwelling, whence all human beings were strictly shut out. With a view to their sustenance a goat was admitted into the room every day. At the end of two years a shepherd, at the king's request, paid them a visit; when his ears were saluted by the word *Bekos*. A report of the result was carried to Psammeticus, who immediately set on foot an inquiry, with a view to learn what *Bekos* meant, and by what people the word was used. On due research it was discovered that *Bekos* in the Phrygian language signified bread. Maturely considering the import of the facts thus learnt, the Egyptians, who had previously claimed the distinction of being the oldest of nations, admitted that the Phrygians were more ancient than themselves. This is no idle popular story, for the Greek historian states that he received it from the lips of the priests of Vulcan at Memphis.

It will now be seen with what propriety, and with what consistency, the author of Genesis makes an interpreter intervene ("an interpreter was between them," is the Hebrew rendered word for word) between Joseph, who acted the part of an Egyptian, and his guilty brethren. The inhabitants of the highlands of Palestine and the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile spoke different languages; the two languages were more dissimilar than the English and the French. Those who used the one could not understand the other. An interpreter was of absolute necessity. Here, again, is an historical implication, which, on inquiry, is found to be rigidly accordant with fact. A similar implication may be seen in Isaiah xix. 18. Were we to pursue this train of investigation, and compare the now known parentage of other ancient tongues with the characters that they bear in the scriptural narratives, we should be able to exhibit the same tokens of historical verity, and

find ourselves justified in the general conclusion, not only that in historical worth the Bible surpasses all other ancient writings, but presents historical information, partly in a direct, partly in an indirect, form, which merits full and unqualified reliance. On a conclusion so broad and so solid, we should be warranted in establishing it as a general rule that exceptional cases, should any exceptional cases present themselves, are only in appearance exceptional cases, and that difficulties will disappear in the degree in which sustained industry and sound knowledge lead to solid and permanent scientific results.

The Unity of the Races.*

THE science of ethnology has, of late years, become increasingly popular. Lord Monboddo's ghost is laid for ever—at least, we hope so; for although a learned writer has lately assured us in his 'Vestiges' (*vestigia rorsum*), 'that the bones of a caudal extremity exist in an undeveloped state in the os coccygis of the human subject;' yet we have a strong instinctive notion that there are material and immaterial distinctions between the most degraded African, type of the lowest form of humanity, and the most accomplished chimpanzee that could smoke a pipe or drink a glass of wine that has ever been exhibited in the Zoological Gardens. Possibly, we may be wrong, and Lord Monboddo right; possibly, the transition from species to species does still take place in some unknown department of the universe, where there are no journals or magazines to record the fact; possibly, a trilobite may be the lineal ancestor of a fish; the fish of an iguanodon; the reptile of a mastodon; and man, subsequently derived from some huge megatherium, be linked by sure but secret connexions with the lower forms of animal life. All this *may* be so, because, as Miss Martineau says, or Mr. Atkinson says for her, which is the same thing, 'a flint stone might become a mirror in which a philosopher might see himself, and, under *new circumstances*, this very flint-stone might dissolve away and re-form itself into a philosopher, and thus, from the principle of motion, we should have evolved the phenomena of mind.' We do not contradict Harriet; she is used to that; we agree with her that it must be under very '*new circumstances*,' indeed, that a flint could become a philosopher, or a man a monkey, or *vice versâ*.

Under 'new circumstances' totally, and until this undeveloped

* The Unity of the Human Races proved to be the Doctrine of Revelation, Reason, and Science; with a Review of the present Position and Theory of Professor Agassiz. By Thomas Smyth, D.D., Member of the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

caudal extremity becomes the property of a chimpanzee, or the flint-stone writes a book, we may take refuge under the existing order of things. Still not without danger, for Lamarck does not scruple to say, 'I have no doubt that all the mammalia have originally sprung from the ocean, and that that is the true cradle of the whole animal kingdom. In fact, we see that the least perfect animals are not only the most numerous, but that they either live solely in the water, or in those very moist places where nature has performed, and continues to perform, under favourable circumstances, her direct and spontaneous generations; and there, in the first place, she gives rise to the most *simple animalcules, from which have proceeded all the animal creation.*' We never before felt so thankful for living in an inland town. We knew that there were creeping things innumerable, as well as great beasts, in the deep unfathomed caves of ocean, but that *new* mammalia might arise thence to till, or to fill the earth, is so frightful an idea, that we are almost deterred from our annual visit to the sea-side. Happily for us, it is 'only under favourable circumstances' that this feat of making mammalia can be performed, and we can choose an unfavourable watering place; but, perhaps, Lamarck's theory gave rise to the parental ideas connected with '*father* Thames;' the father of 'mammalia!'

Professor Agassiz also has his theory of man; he tells us that the 'different races of men are descended from different stocks, and that this position is sustained by divine revelation; that the Jewish history is not the history of divers races, but of one race of mankind; and that the existence of other races is distinctly implied, if not absolutely asserted, in the sacred volume.' (Quoted by Smyth, p. 168.) Such being some of the theories that have risen concerning man, we are not surprised that many Daniels have arisen to judgment on this case. One good result of this superabundant folly, has been the addition to our national literature of standard books on the races of man, the titles of some of which we will indicate for the guidance of our readers. There is that grammatical giant and linguist leviathan, Dr. Latham, in his 'Natural History of the Varieties of Man,' coming down with his sledge-hammer of 'multiplats protoplasts'—a man who can use such words as '*dolichocephalic*' and '*brachycephalic*,' and not get out of breath, dismissing all physiology and natural history, as houses over the way, with which he has no connexion, and assuring us that '*ethnology must* be the chief investigator of the unity of the races.' This work of Dr. Latham, and his subsequent one on 'Man and his Migrations,' gives us all that could be desired, as proof of the essential oneness of the races, founded upon the spoken or recognised languages of man.

There is, also, in Bohn's Illustrated Library, a charming and delightful book—Dr. Pickering's 'Races of Men, and their Geographical Distribution;' to which is prefixed, 'An Analytical Synopsis of the Natural History of Man,' by Dr. Hall, of Sheffield. Of this book we cannot speak too highly, both for its physiological and ethnographical research, and for the unaffected simplicity of its style—in which vast

treasures of literary wealth, the accumulations of a highly cultured mind, are unostentatiously displayed. We are tempted to give the following extract from Dr. Hall's introductory essay:—'When we observe that all the races of man, civilized and savage, have the same powers of utterance — that both speak naturally, and are equally understood; when we find all languages, dialects, and tongues reduced to a few families, and pointing, so far as human wisdom yet can trace, to one common origin; when we see in all men, whatever the climate they inhabit and the colour of their skin, a belief in a world beyond the grave; when even the poor Bushmen exhibit some glimmerings of family relations and habits, and some mingling of human sentiments; when we discover the use of fire, artificial clothing, instruments by which the labours necessary to procure food and raiment are facilitated; weapons of offence and defence—the club, the spear, the sickle, and the fishing-hook—characteristic of mankind; when we see objects of worship, prayers to the gods, sacrifices to obtain real or imaginary blessings, sacred festivities, pilgrimages, the priests and priestesses upon whom the divine services of the negroes depend, and who are supposed to have confidential intercourse with the gods; when we find in the negro's breast some belief in the immortality of the soul, and a state of retribution; when we hear the savage describing his abode beyond the grave as a fertile hunting-ground, and the Christian speaking of his paradise as a place, the joys of which eye hath not seen, nor the mind of man conceived; when everywhere are presented funeral rites for the dead, burning, sepulchres, or embalming mummies; when we behold mounds without number scattered over all the Northern nations of the world, the only remaining records of races now extinct; when we examine the wonderfully constructed pyramids of Egypt, the graves of the ancient Peruvians, and the monuments of the Polynesians; when certain religious observances are considered—it may be the worship of the sun, or the petition of the savage to the great Spirit, or the prayers, masses, and litanies offered for the dead and the living in the churches of Europe, temples of Eastern climes, or the mysterious rites of Pagan altars; and when all these are regarded as phenomena in the history of the most refined and barbarous nations, and as springing from those common faculties and sensibilities of feeling, passion, and of hope, which speak of close and unalterable resemblance, and attest the great natural relation of all men to each other, forming "a piece of divinity within us—something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun;" and when, lastly, in the joyful laughter, and in those bitter tears, which are common alike to the civilized and cultivated citizen of London, and to the untutored savage of the desert, are furnished proofs of family identify, which convince the mind far more powerfully than all the subtleties of argument, for—

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;'

we are fully satisfied, that all the races of mankind are, as the gospel

expresses it, "of one blood,"—*that the black man, red man, and the white man, are links in one great chain of relationship, and alike children which have descended from one common parent.*'

But we must return to books; our intention was simply to review Dr. Smyth's book, and we find ourselves wandering in other, and, to say the truth, far better company. But of that presently. There is another book on this subject, or, rather, fragment, by Dr. Knox, read before the National Academy of France, of which we can only judge by the extracts we have seen. Dr. Knox's idea is the same as 'Bendizzy's,' that '*race* is every thing,' none but those who believe the Bible think otherwise; 'all long-received doctrines, stereotyped prejudices, national delusions, are based on a fantastic myth, as old as the Hebrew record;' none but 'the hard-handed, spatula-fingered, Saxon utilitarian, whose best plea for religion and sound morals, and philanthropy, is the profitableness thereof,' dream of the idea that God has, in very deed, made of one blood all nations of men, or believe the poet, when he sings that man is God's offspring. We do, however, receive the thought that there is not only one blood, but one family in all the varieties of the human race, civilized or nomade, and we cherish the hope of uniting in one song, when from these peoples the innumerable company shall be gathered into the presence of their Redeemer, King, and Creator. We are much of the old Scotchman's opinion, who left directions for the following inscription to be placed on his tombstone:—

'Here lies Johnnie Carnaghie,
Descended from Adam and Eve;
If any man can gang any higher,
He willingly gives him leave.'

Let us now turn to Dr. Smyth's work. It is with extreme reluctance that the truth extorts from us a decided opinion otherwise than in its favour. The book itself is a redaction of redactions. Half the volume consists of extracts from all sources, indiscriminately huddled together, and laid before the reader in the most undigested manner. There is no beginning, middle, or end, about the whole affair. The glottological argument for the unity of the races is so jumbled with the physiological, and the historical with the theological, that we soon found ourselves in wandering mazes lost, to which there was no end, except by rubbing our eyes and beginning the book again. Twenty-seven pages of close type, occupied by letters laudatory and recommendatory, from various English and American ministers of high repute introduce the book. Generally speaking, scientific books are not advertised like Holloway's ointment. Generally speaking, there is a dignified reserve in minds of a high order, that prevents their giving private correspondence to the public. Then after these pages comes the portrait of the author! *Proh pudor!* There is a class of writers who do this; but laborious Christian ministers are generally averse to this sort of portrait puffing. Dr. Smyth tells us he

labours under the 'growing infirmities of ill health;' we should have thought that a good reason for omitting the daguerreotype.

But we have a more serious objection to the *man* than to the book. Dr. Smyth is a minister of religion, in Charleston, South America, and well known to be a pro-slavery man. He was once a student at Highbury College; and on his taking up his residence in America, the climate of the south had such an effect on him, that he forgot slaves could not breathe in England. During his recent visit to England, he was in a perpetual state of alarm lest his pro-slavery tenets should be known. Practically, he does *not* believe in the unity of the races, whatever he may write: his whole life gives the contradiction to such a doctrine. Although he tells us that it was 'in the family of Ham that Satan first raised the standard of rebellion' (p. 354), he does not condescend to say how that justifies his Christian congregation in becoming the executioners of a supposed divine decree. For such a man to write a book about the unity of the races is preposterous: let him call some Christian slave in Charleston his brother; let him abolish the negro pew; let him admit white and black at the same time to the table of their common Lord: let him honestly deliver himself from all participation with the buying and the selling what is woman born, and then we shall believe him and other American priests to be orthodox on this point—not before. This book, why it weighs light as a feather in the scale of the grand moralities of the Bible. 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?' Dr. Smyth tells us that 'the degradation of the black races is the result of forgetfulness of God, his law, and his worship;' but he hopes, '*in proportion*' (the italics are his) 'to the direct and efficient inculcation of moral and religious truth, and their enjoyment of the social and religious blessings of Christian cultivation,' these degraded races will 'manifest signs of an awakening progress.' We believe so too; but with pro-slavery Bible societies, pro-slavery tract societies, and pro-slavery clergy to uphold them, and, in fact, that clergy being the most bitter enemies of the anti-slavery principle, that 'proportion' will be just what it long has been—namely, none at all. We can respect and understand infidels; when they tell us they don't believe the Hebrew myth; when men (or *women* either) tell us they have got far beyond all that sort of thing, we can account easily for the phases of their faith and practice; but when a man professes to believe the Bible, undertakes to expound it, and then comes forward as the laborious champion of the unity of the races, we neither understand nor respect such a man, winking all the while at the most gigantic iniquity that exists upon the earth, and calmly and even prayerfully ignoring the claims of three millions and a half of men, women, and children, of as good blood as his own, and of the same parentage, according to his own book, to any participation in the first and highest right of man, the right of personal liberty. Such men are worse than infidels; they make infidels; and our literature must not be weary in speaking out the truth concerning

them. We would rather have this bit from Festus than all Dr. Smyth's book of redactions:—

'Man is one;
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each other's rights and wrongs; thus are we men.
Let us think less of men and more of God.'

History of a Church for the Poor.

In former numbers of this journal, we have pressed upon the earnest attention of our readers the great question of the evangelization of the masses. Taking our stand upon existing and acknowledged facts, we have endeavoured to show that the Church has been lamentably deficient in her evangelical duties. She alone has almost stood still, while the world and society have been moving with rapid and ever quickening pace towards the goal of human life and hope. The 'common people,' who once heard HIM 'gladly,' hear his message now with doubting ears or repulsive looks. It neither attracts nor convinces them. They care nothing for it, and many hope for nothing *from* it. Thousands know not that ever such a message has been delivered, much less do they understand its character and purport. How should they know, unless there be a preacher? And who has taken the trouble, or gone out of his way, to preach it to them? Acknowledging that a great and very perceptible increase in the agencies of the Church has taken place, and that much success has attended the working of the many and multiplied forces of Christianity which have been brought to bear upon our heathen poor in the past and present generation, it must be mournfully conceded that those means are still frightfully deficient, and their success miserably small. Why is this? Not because Christianity has lost its virtue, and can no more heal. Not because it is less adapted now than formerly to meet the various and multiplied wants of humanity. Not because the Father of all careth less for his children; the Lord of all less for his servants; or the Spirit of all less for the spirits of men. We believe that, if any change can take place in the affections of the great Creator for his created ones, the change will be, that his boundless love will be ever deepening as the channel of a mighty river through which the waters have rolled from ages before the Flood. No fault or deficiency can be found in him or his truth. Nothing does he leave undone: no error is there that truth cannot conquer. In his agents will be found the secret of weakness. *They* have been unfaithful. *They* have lacked earnestness. Form has taken the place of spirit. Outward organization has taken the

place of inward life. Responsibility has been thrown on the shoulders of 'societies.' Christianity, too, can be done by proxy. Guineas will do as well as service. The 'Age of Veneer' is upon us. Seeming is as highly appreciated as substance. Why should we work?

One of the agencies that has lately sprung up to meet the growing wants of the vast section of society coming under the general denomination of the lower classes, and one that has been proved by the result to be well adapted to attract the sympathies, and elicit the latent affections, even of the dissolute and depraved among them, is CHURCHES FOR THE POOR. We know not how many of the mutual societies, so denominated, are now at work, but we have reason to believe that in most of our large manufacturing towns something analogous to the Aberdeen Albion-street Mission, 'the rise and progress' of which we are about to sketch, will be found.

The establishment of the Albion-street Mission is owing to the unassisted efforts of Mr. J. H. Wilson, of Aberdeen, late editor of the 'North of Scotland Gazette,' and now pastor of the Albion-street Church in that city. 'In the month of August, 1847,' says Mr. Wilson,* 'a room was opened for religious worship on the low floor of a wretched house in Albion-street, Aberdeen. It measured twelve feet by eight, and the roof was only five feet six inches from the ground. It was seated with fir slabs, and lighted by a penny candle, which stood on the preacher's table. At the first meeting, about a dozen people were present, whose appearance bespoke extreme misery and destitution. They formed part of a population set down, by common consent, as the most depraved and vicious in the community, and who had long been looked upon, by every denomination of Christians, as irreclaimable.' We are told, that notwithstanding this, they 'listened with attention' to the gospel message, and 'manifested a growing interest in the service.' Typhus fever breaking out among the families who inhabited the other parts of the miserable dwelling in which the weekly meeting was held, the mission had to be suspended for a short period, during which it occurred to the indefatigable originator of the scheme to erect a 'mission chapel' in the district. This, with the aid of funds privately but 'easily' collected from Christian friends, was immediately done; and on the second Sunday in January, 1848, the chapel was opened, bills having been previously circulated in the neighbourhood, stating that public worship would be conducted there on Sabbath evenings, that the sittings would be free, and that there would be no collection. On the first Sunday evening, thirty persons were assembled, who, when told that the chapel had been built expressly for themselves, that there would be a Sunday-school for their children, and week-day meetings arranged, were 'evidently filled with surprise.' On the next Sunday the attendance was doubled, and, after a short time, the chapel was generally crowded. The building was then enlarged and improved, everything, however, connected with the

* 'The Rise and Progress of Albion-street Mission, Aberdeen.' By J. H. Wilson, Editor of the 'North of Scotland Gazette.'

arrangements of the place being in harmony with the requirements of a 'poor man's kirk.'

A firm foothold was now gained. The people had become deeply attached to the missionary, and a step in advance was taken. A self-supporting Tract Society was, therefore, organized as the first means of testing the strength of the people, and teaching them the doctrine of 'self-reliance.' On the second Sunday after the formation of the society sixty names were enrolled, and at its first monthly meeting 350 tracts were distributed. 'It was quite a scene,' says Mr. Wilson, 'to witness this distribution. The poor people received the little messengers of truth like men and women who felt that they had value for their money, and not with that indifference which often attends the reception of tracts bestowed as a gift.'

Cheap periodical literature was next introduced, and with similar success, for now the 'average monthly allotment consists of 350 tracts and 70 copies of various monthly magazines.' We quote now from Mr. Wilson's pamphlet:—

'Our next step was to form a department in this society for the purchase of Bibles, by subscriptions of a penny a-week. The lowest possible price was charged for each Bible; and, in the course of two months, twenty-six were subscribed for. This department of the society's operations has been attended with the most remarkable success,—the interest manifested by the people having never once flagged. During the first year, the members subscribed 6 shillings in silver, 60 sixpences, 1,920 pennies, 4,568 halfpennies; total, 19*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* With this money, there were purchased and apportioned according as each had subscribed: 1,000 anecdote tracts; 1,200 Christian, Penny, and other Magazines; 4,000 tracts, from four to twelve pages; 30 Psalm Books; 45 New Testaments; 160 Bibles. During the second year, the fund was equally prosperous; and, since the commencement, it has purchased about 15,000 tracts, 3,000 magazines, 50 psalm books, 60 New Testaments, 350 Bibles. It was truly heart-gladdening to see how willingly these people subscribed their pence for the Word of God.'

We cannot follow in detail the subsequent history of this interesting mission. As soon as practicable, a Sunday-school, a weekly prayer-meeting, a music-class, a Temperance Society, and a Penny Bank, were successively organized. The Temperance Society now numbers seven hundred members; and since its formation, it is stated, the members of the society have much improved in their domestic circumstances. The history of the Savings' Bank shows how beneficial the influence of religion has been upon the social habits of the people of the Mission:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Deposited in half-year ending June 20, 1850, by 153 depositors	30	17	0
" " Dec. 20, 1850, by 240 depositors	61	10	0
" " June 20, 1851, by 320 depositors	85	2	2
" " Dec. 20, 1851	121	0	0

After the establishment of the Savings' Bank, it was found that the chapel was too small for the congregation, and a new one was accordingly built: her Majesty contributing 20*l.* towards its erection, and subsequently 25*l.* towards the erection of a penny evening-school. The chapel, which is now opened, will accommodate about three

hundred persons, and is 'generally filled.' Since its erection, courses of popular lectures, on scientific and other subjects, have been delivered to crowded congregations. Both this and the Savings' Bank are new, but in our view by no means objectionable features for a religious society. Among the lecturers, on these occasions, we find the names of Mr. Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, who has done much to promote the success of the scheme; Professors Martin, Brown, Blackie, and Thomson; Mr. Silk Buckingham; Mr. Geo. Thompson, M.P.; the Rev. Dr. Begg, and others. 'The happy effect of these lectures,' says Mr. Wilson, 'upon the people, can be estimated only by the few strangers who had the pleasure of being present when they were delivered. The audience evidently feel that they were sympathized with; and, at the close of each lecture, warmly expressed their grateful sense of the kindness thus shown them.'

In the last paragraph will be found the secret of the success of this Mission. 'The people felt that they were sympathized with.' An earnest spirit had pervaded everything that had been done for them, and a corresponding earnestness was shown in everything done by them. The success of this Mission—we mean its moral and religious success, the only real success of any moral movement—is amply testified to. Says Mr. Barclay, the superintendent of police:—

'I am happy in being able to state, that, since the chapel was erected in that most depraved and destitute locality, the moral character of the district has been very much improved. Numerous instances are known at this office, in which persons who were habitually given to intemperance, debauchery, and crime, have been reclaimed. [Here Mr. Barclay gives the particulars of several remarkable cases.] Taking the whole matter into consideration, and especially the fearful scenes that occurred in the low theatre that occupied the site where the chapel now stands, I cannot but conclude that the institution has been of the greatest public benefit, and reflects the highest honour on its promoters; and, well would it be for the community, if twenty such chapels were established in Aberdeen.'

Some of these, 'habitually given to intemperance, debauchery, and crime,' who were four years ago the outcasts of society, have died 'witnessing a good confession;' others have gone to be received into the fellowship of other churches; some have been restored to the religious denominations from which they had fallen; while 'not a few cling to the stated services of the chapel as the home of their best affections.' Such results have followed the earnest labours of one man, and similar results may everywhere be brought about, but only by similar means. Neither money nor talent alone will accomplish such a work. An earnest Christianity is needed; and if we wish to bring back the poor to the ways of morality and religion, an earnest Christianity alone will accomplish it. In the concluding words of the pamphlet from which we have condensed the above narrative—

'We build churches, and place in them able and accomplished ministers—institute Sunday and day-schools, and in all this we do well; but we must do more. We must build kirks for the poor, go to "the highways and edges;" and, by the compulsory exercise of the law of love, compel the destitute and depraved to betake themselves to the practice of virtue and truth.'

The Power of the Keys and the Ministerial Office.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. JULIUS MÜLLER.*

In treating of the ministerial office, the words of Christ, from which the above expression is derived, are often appealed to as containing in them both the institution of that office and an explanation of its duties and powers. Luther treats of the power of the keys as attached to the office of preaching and administering sacraments, and points out two different ways in which this power is exercised. 'Preaching,' he says, in a circular drawn up in conjunction with Melancthon and others, '*preaching* and *jurisdiction*† differ; jurisdiction takes cognizance of public offences; but there are many private sins, which can only be bound and punished through the medium of the office of preacher.' Thus, too, the Heidelberg Catechism, to the question, 'What are the keys of the kingdom of heaven?' gives as reply, 'The preaching of the gospel, and church discipline.' According to this explanation, this power is put forth on the one hand in the preaching of the gospel, and, perhaps we may add, the administration of the sacraments; or, rather, is to be regarded as the personal application by each of the gospel which is preached to all. For since the preaching of the gospel, and observance of the sacraments, are ever offering mercy and forgiveness to all who will accept it in penitence and faith, they open to such hearers, without delay, the gates of the kingdom of heaven; and of necessity to those who despise it, the effect produced must be exactly the reverse. And, on the other hand, it consists of those acts, by which a Christian church must, from its very idea and nature, resist the sins and its vices of individual members; that is, the exercise of church discipline in various modes, whether in the form of excommunication, or of the restoration of penitent offenders.

Of these two branches, the first is undoubtedly attached to the ministerial office; not, however, exclusively, as though it could not be exercised by members of the church who are not in office, but in this sense—that the ministerial office, according to its true meaning, cannot be imagined to exist without this power of the keys. The only question requiring investigation is, whether the power is something specially belonging to the office, existing side by side with the preaching and attendance to the sacraments,‡ or whether it simply consists of these.

Before, however, we proceed to this inquiry, we shall notice the second branch, which the Reformers called ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

---

* Deutsche Zeitschrift. Februar, 1852.

† *I. e.*, church discipline.

‡ How far it is for the advantage of the Church that the preacher should, *ex officio*, administer baptism and preside at the Lord's Supper, certainly admits of dispute. Preaching is no church office, but the consecration of personal talent, the exercise of one particular mode of 'the manifestation of the Spirit,' which 'is given to every man to do good with (πρὸς τὸ συμφέρον).' And the constant

Thus the Augsburgh Confession says: 'According to the gospel, bishops, as bishops, possess no jurisdiction, except to remit sins, to take cognizance of doctrine, and reject any doctrine which differs from the gospel, and to exclude from the communion of the Church unbelievers whose impiety is known, not by human power, but by the Word.' Thus the German Reformers regarded even this branch of the power of the keys as belonging to the ministerial office; though it is important to observe in what sense they did so. Luther, in 1521, at an earlier period than this Confession, decided 'that the church, or the pastor as its representative, has the power to bind the sinner.' But in a writing of his, which appeared in 1530, no mention is made of the church; but the keys are said to be 'an office, a power, or command, given by God, through Christ, to Christianity.' The Reformers evidently base the gift of the keys to the Church upon the words of Christ (Matt. xviii. 18), which stand in connexion with the directions as to church discipline, and regard what they call jurisdiction as a prominent part of the power then conferred. In certain official declarations of the Reformers the right of the Church to exercise this jurisdiction is distinctly recognised; but even in the sixteenth century the right of excommunication was transferred to certain consistories, and that by the advice of Reformers themselves. And whatever might be urged against this, it was but a natural result of the teaching of those Reformers, who, instead of holding firmly the idea of discipline, regarded this excommunication as equal to the Jewish ban, a punishment and a curse inflicted upon the sinner at the command of God.

Schleiermacher has, to a certain extent, sanctioned the view of those earlier theologians, who included church government in the office of the keys, inasmuch as he resolves it into the *power of the Church to make and carry out its laws;* but, for that reason, he does not admit that the exercise of the power of the keys belongs to the ministerial office. By binding and loosing he understands, with many ancient and modern expositors, authority to determine what shall be commanded or forbidden, and what left to the discretion of each individual. He seeks, also, to bring this idea into essential connexion with the forgiveness of sins, by maintaining that the forgiveness of sins, which issues from Christ, can only be received by the individual after the religious life of the community has been combined into a systematic whole (a church), and the common spirit which pervades it becomes the medium through which each receives that forgiveness.*

We proceed now to examine more closely the words of Christ with regard to the keys, in order to ascertain their relation to the ministerial office. The keys of the kingdom of heaven are only mentioned once in the gospels (Matt. xvi. 19), followed by the words—

conjunction with this of what is called the administration of the sacraments has undoubtedly a tendency to make of ministers a sacred order, and of the preacher a priest. In most of the churches of Germany both theory and practice treat them as necessarily connected, and the practice of most of those in England leads to the same result.—TRANSLATOR.

* Glaubenslehre Bd. 2, § 144, 145, comp. 127.

intended evidently as explanatory—'whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' The traditional interpretation of this passage is, that the binding and loosing, and also the keys, indicate the forgiveness of sin, expressly *given or refused to particular individuals*. And there is correctness in this, so far as its binding and loosing are explained as meaning the *retention and remission of sins*. The explanation, which restricts it to certain permissions and prohibitions, is chiefly supported by a rabbinical form of speech quoted by Lightfoot on this passage. But, even in this form of speech, the real meaning of binding and loosing seems to be the declaration that such and such actions are sinful or innocent, a meaning which might easily lead to the other, viz., the remission or retention of the guilt attaching to a certain action or condition. If, now, Christ really intended to endow Peter with full power to make laws which should be universally binding, and on the keeping of which the entrance to the kingdom of heaven should depend, the same power is necessarily imparted to the whole Church by Matthew xviii. 18; but the possession of such power does not agree with the immediate context. Moreover, we cannot doubt the connexion between this passage and John xx. 23, especially when we observe that Christ speaks of this gift of the keys as yet future—'I will give.' There are, undoubtedly, very great difficulties in the passage when viewed in connexion with the teaching of the New Testament; but such an interpretation must have the most convincing evidence before we can be brought to believe that Christ, who himself would give no new precepts to men, but, on the contrary, has set his followers free from the yoke of the letter of the law, by pouring the essence of the law into their hearts as a quickening spirit, can ever have given to the apostles and the Church the unlimited power to make laws of general application, on the fulfilment of which salvation should depend.

Reference to the *retention* or *remission of sins* we must certainly maintain; it is not, however, for legislative, but judicial labours, that Peter is here empowered. The figure of the keys of the kingdom of heaven points to a work of far wider extent than the giving or refusal to *certain individuals* of the forgiveness of sins; whilst this is by no means generally found to have accompanied the preaching of the apostle concerning that kingdom. Moreover, if we refer the passage to express forgiveness, or refusal of forgiveness, the inevitable conclusion is that the apostolic absolution and retention was universally valid. And thus the decree of God, by which forgiveness is imparted or withheld, is made dependent upon the apostolic decree, God always confirming unconditionally what the apostle decided. Such an idea no one can earnestly defend; it is but one of those opinions which, on closer investigation, their stoutest defenders explain away. Indeed, it were better to assume that God had given up to the apostles, within the sphere of their labours, all decision as to the forgiveness of sins. And he who can imagine such an abdication by God of an express right of majesty, must, since certain results must follow the giving or refusal of pardon,

either go a step further, and suppose that He, who alone can save and condemn, transferred this power to some of his creatures—a representation very nearly approaching polytheism—or come back to the notion that God became dependent upon the apostles—for we must always regard Peter as representing the whole body—and simply acted as executor of their decrees. We must, indeed, believe in the Divine power of the word, even when working through human instruments, but only so far as they are organs of the will and word of God, and not from any power in *their* word itself. But, however such notions may be twisted, if we maintain the infallible validity of every absolution and retention expressed by an apostle, we must, at all events, believe that they always saw so perfectly through the inward state of an individual as to perceive infallibly his fitness or unfitness to receive forgiveness of his sins. That Christ possessed this power, to look directly into the secrets of a man's heart, whenever, by an express act of will, he fixed his attention upon him, the gospels leave no room to doubt; but such a perception is neither promised to the apostles, nor actually shown by them. On the contrary, from many passages, it is clear that they did not possess the gifts of an immediate or unfailing knowledge of the heart (*e.g.*, 1 John ii. 19; Matt. xiii. 29; xxiv. 45; 1 Pet. v. 12). The apostle Paul, too, in his absolution of the incestuous Corinthian, does not proceed as one who knows that his decision is thoroughly identical with that of God, but says to the Corinthians (2 Cor. ii. 10), 'To whom ye forgive anything, I forgive also.'

The reference of this passage to an express decision, with regard to individuals, becomes more difficult still, when we compare Matt. xviii. 18, where confessedly *precisely the same power is given to the whole Church*. How can the idea be entertained for a moment, that Christ intended to attribute absolute validity to the decision of the Church, when that decision must partake of the weakness and infirmity of the Church's life? All the passages adduced to disprove the possession by the apostles of an unerring knowledge of men's minds, must tell with increased effect against such a supposition, with regard to the Church generally.

The true meaning of the expression becomes apparent, if we observe how frequently reference is made to the loosing and binding effect of *the preaching of Christ and his apostles*, although in other terms. He is the 'sign spoken against,' which is set for the deeper fall of some, and the rising up of others in Israel (Luke ii. 34); the chosen corner-stone, precious to those who believe in him; to the unbelievers a stone of stumbling' (John iii. 18), for he is 'come for judgment into this world, that they who see not might see, and that they who see might be made blind' (John ix. 39). Thus his apostle, also, is 'to some a savour of death unto death, to others a savour of life unto life' (2 Cor. ii. 16). And this is in reality the sense in which the preaching of Peter would exert a binding and loosing power upon the world. Peter, as believing and confessing, through the power of God, that Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of the living God, is the rock on

which Christ builds his death-defying Church.* In this belief and confession, he possesses the keys of the kingdom of heaven, so that everyone who despises his declaration, is shut out of the kingdom, as fettered by the guilt of his sins; everyone who receives with faith this announcement of Christ, becomes, as one delivered from that guilt, a member of the Church of Christ, and a citizen of the kingdom of heaven. Thus the effect of his preaching will be a judicial decision; till this truth is published everything is undecided, there is as yet no perfect loosing, no final shutting; wherever the publication of the gospel reaches, it is attended by the grand decision; and if rejected, instead of leaving a man as it found him, it binds him faster to his previous guilt. This is the decisive importance, which life on earth has since the coming of Christ for all, on whom the light of his coming falls. Thus Christ is speaking, not of an express declaration to individuals, but of the effect which the preaching of the gospel by the apostles will, of itself, produce in the hearts of those to whom it is offered. Some difficulty may be thought to arise from the use of the neuter *what*soever (ὅ and ὅσα), as referring to persons. But Winer, in his grammar, has cited many analogous passages in the New Testament, where the writer intends to speak generally; and ours is a precisely similar case. But the Lord says to Peter, 'I *will* give you the keys.' He does not send him at once with the gospel message into the world, but points to a future mission and preparation. This time, undoubtedly, is that of which John speaks (ch. xx. 22, 23), when Christ, in the same way, empowers all the apostles to be his witnesses, though even in Matthew Peter is most probably addressed as the speaker for the rest. As the Father had sent him, so would he send them, to offer to the world the eternal salvation which had appeared to it in him. Thus the working of the apostles' preaching, foretold by Christ, is a *judicial* acting through the *spiritual power of the word*—a life-and-death-bringing influence, which they really exerted outwardly upon the world—a double action, inseparable from the highest gift of God, because it is the highest—not its intention, but its result. Thus the binding and loosing, resulting from the proclamation of the gospel, *operate of themselves within the hearts of men.*

We may now determine in what sense the power of the keys really belongs to *the ministerial office.* If it is said that the holders of the office possess the keys as *successors of the apostles*, there is a sense in which we can yield assent. Though if the meaning be, that the power of the keys does not really reside in the whole Church, but in the apostolic office, and, after that, the pastoral, as its direct successor, this is false, and opposed to the Scriptures. Such an explanation takes for granted that the gift of the keys to the apostles denoted their power to rule the Church by absolution and retention, and, in

* By the gates of Hades (ver. 18—Eng. tr., *hell*) we are certainly not to understand, as most theologians formerly supposed, the power of the devil, but rather the power of death, of destruction, which cannot touch the Church of Christ.

extreme cases, by the ban. Now, even granting that this notion of the keys were correct, it would be first of all necessary to show, from the Scriptures, that the peculiar authority of the apostles passed in succession to others. But for this, the New Testament does not afford the shadow of a proof, and the history of the Church is decidedly against it, if not by direct expressions, yet by an unequivocal silence. In the Church of Christ only apostles can be personal heirs of the whole possessions of apostles, for here the question is, once for all, not of rights which were external and capable of transmission, but of spiritual powers; and, therefore, he who inherited all that an apostle possessed, would, of necessity, be himself an apostle. Where, then, have there been such apostles, since the departure of the last of the twelve? Had the keys really denoted the *peculiar power of the apostles* in the Church, they would have been withdrawn by the Lord from the Church, together with the apostles, excepting that they might still have existed in the writings of the apostles, and thus have continued to open and shut.

Undoubtedly, the apostles did receive from the Lord a commission to feed his Church, and minister to it by governing it. In this power, too, which was entrusted to the apostles for the edification, not for the destruction, of his Church, there were involved, no doubt, the right and duty to watch over it, and see that discipline was not neglected; as the apostle Paul, in this sense, directed the exclusion, in the name of the Lord, of the incestuous man in the church at Corinth, by virtue of the apostolic authority conferred upon him by Christ. But with the power of the keys this has nothing to do. This (the keys) is an exercise of spiritual power, which, although manifested by the apostles in its highest degree, was yet, of necessity, according to its idea, by no means peculiar to them. As receiver of this spiritual power, Peter is the representative of *the whole living church*, which after him, and with him, preaches to the world that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. We see this most clearly on comparing the second declaration concerning the keys (Mat. xviii. 18). For if Christ confirms this power, after saying that he who despises the Church is to be regarded as a heathen and a publican, he certainly intends to indicate this binding and loosing as a constant operation of the Church, and one in which the despised power and worth of the Church, upheld by his presence in the midst of her members, would make itself actually known.

Thus the *Church, in all its members*, who share in its spiritual life, is sent into the world by Christ, as he was sent by the Father, in order that forgiveness of sins may continually flow from God through it into the world, but retention of them to those who exclude themselves. It is thus ever binding and loosing, and in consequence of the mighty increase of dead stuff within its own outward bounds, this power is at the present time exerted more upon the world within it than upon the world without. Now, since there is within the Church an office for the preaching of the gospel and administration of sacraments, it is evident that to this the keys are most closely united, and that they

will be used with powerful results, according to the measure in which the pure and living preaching of the gospel by the apostles is really imitated. But that the true Church of Christ should continually take part in the exercise of this calling, is a right of which the ministerial office never in the least deprives it, and which no human power at all can or needs to confer upon it. It does so of itself, by virtue of the Holy Spirit, which works within it, whether the outward arrangements of the Church favour or impede it; it does so directly by existing, and showing that it exists; it does so by word and deed, by working and suffering; because both by its speaking and doing, by its working and suffering, the one confession forces its way to notice, that Jesus is the saving Messiah of his people, the Son of the living God. And even were it the case—a case neither real or imaginable—that no Christian without office had ever given assurance to another from the word of God of the forgiveness of sins, yet the attempt to attach to the ministerial office exclusively the binding and loosing power of the keys, would be nothing else than to forbid the Church to show its faith, and, in this faith, its life.

The Three Brothers;

A PARABLE FOR CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

A., B., and C., were the sons of one father, and trained up with the wisest and most tender care. The youngest was near man's estate when the father saw fit to leave to them the charge of his house and lands, while he went into a far country. He enjoined them diligently to cultivate the farm, much of which was waste land, and had to be reclaimed. He requested them, also, for his sake, carefully to minister help to the poor of the neighbourhood, who were very numerous. 'These poor,' said he, 'as you know, if neglected by you, may die of starvation. Moreover, they are in danger from a most cruel and unprincipled oppressor, whom I need not name, but who constantly, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."'

But he most of all enjoined upon them one other command, with which, he said, their obedience to the rest must be intimately connected, and which he seemed anxious to repeat in every variety of form. 'Above all,' he said, solemnly, 'have fervent love among yourselves.' And when they asked him, in conclusion, for an epitome of all his counsels—'The end of the commandment,' said he, 'is love, out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned.' And, on the very eve of his departure, when they inquired if he had

yet for them any new command, he replied, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.'

And now they were left alone, and they fervently resolved to obey their father's word. Their zeal at first even seemed to carry them beyond it. They parted with all their private property (which each had received from his father, over and above the common estate), and threw the proceeds into a common fund, out of which distribution was made, as every man had need. This mutual love led to co-operation. Each rejoiced in the labours of all, and none regretted the superior success of another, and this reminded them of another word of their father's—'Love envieth not.' The poor of the neighbourhood, too, basked in the sunshine of the selfsame charity. The blessings of many who were ready to perish came upon the brothers,—yea, with many, as soon as the eye saw them, it blessed them. 'The spirit of the father,' the villagers said, 'rests upon his children. How much they remind us of him!' And the best was—the spirit was contagious, and the example spread. The three benefactors could not stand alone.

But, alas for human nature! A question arose in the happy family itself. Its spirit was—Who shall be greatest? and the specific form into which it was thrown—*Who shall sit at the head of the table?* Degenerate sons! For the first month of their father's absence they had not recollected the table had either head or foot. But they had discovered it now. 'More's the pity.' The *eldest* thought the post of honour his, by right of birth. The second partly admitted the claim, but thought it should be shared between those two who, unlike the third, had passed the boundary between youth and manhood; while the youngest was content with claiming 'equal rights' for the three brothers, irrespective of the claims of primogeniture at all. The debate grew warm, and drew largely on time and energy. The briers and thistles disgraced the lately cultivated land, while the poor cried, but in vain, 'Forget your differences, and come and help us.' The lion-like oppressor laughed at the confusion; nor did he forget secretly to stimulate the strife, by instigating his friends to espouse the cause of each in turn.

Not to dwell on painful details, suffice it to say, the one family became *three*. Each was lord of his own house, but 'the brotherhood' was no more.

But what would the father say, when he heard of divisions among them? This remained to be seen. Each wrote to him forthwith—each to the same effect. 'He lamented division—he *hated* it—but it was a hard necessity—to be deplored certainly, but *he* could not hinder it—it was forced upon him—and he quoted his father's maxims, '*First* PURE, *then* peaceable;' 'Contend earnestly for the faith;' 'Let no one take thy crown.' The answer was waited for anxiously and long. It came—but how? To the astonishment of the brothers, in the shape of a handsome present to EACH, as a proof of paternal love—presents so equal and similar, that none could claim a 'Benjamin's mess.' In the letter accompanying there was not a sentence about their late divisions, not a word on their rival claims, but only an intimation that

their father was furnishing a noble mansion, in which he looked soon to see them finally gathered around his board.

The brethren met and compared notes. 'This is very strange,' said one; 'he does not notice our zeal for his ordinances.' 'He treats us all alike,' said the second. But the eldest quickly added, 'Brethren, we are all wrong.' There was a pause, and the brothers looked in each other's faces, for the bell was tolling for one of the poor of the neighbourhood, dead of starvation, and his ragged children were heard complaining that no man cared for their souls. 'We are all wrong,' repeated the speaker, and the silence of the others gave consent.

'What shall we do?' was then asked; and an easy plan was soon arranged.

The brothers agreed to dine together at the house of a common friend. They did so, and many of the neighbourhood were invited to the scene. Some called it a farce, but others came with pleasure, glad to welcome the first instalment of reconciliation. After dinner, by a preconcerted arrangement, the three shook hands, and professed their mutual love in the presence of all the spectators. There was a general murmur of applause, but one man, celebrated for his honesty and straightforwardness, remained comparatively silent. He was, as before said, faithful and plain-spoken, but somewhat rough withal. Pressed for his opinion, at length he gave it. 'My opinion is, that the brothers are either three great hypocrites, or three great fools.'

Considerable confusion ensued, but the brothers allayed it, and sought their neighbour's reasons. He gave them with equal readiness and plainness. 'Either you do love one another as much as you profess, or you do not. If you do *not*, your conduct is hypocritical; if you *do*, what on earth prevents your living all together?'

Whether any satisfactory reply was returned, to the present hour remains unknown.

For the Young.

LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE winter of the North was setting in sharply at the close of the year, about three centuries ago, as a king lay dying. Few relations or friends were about him. He was young and brave, but unfortunate. He had just been betrayed by his own nobles and subjects, in a battle with the English troops which had invaded his kingdom. Wishing to humble him and weaken his power, instead of fighting valiantly for their sovereign and country, they fled at the very beginning of the engagement. This ignominious defeat, together with the deadly enmity of the nobles, broke the monarch's heart. He retired to the castle of

Falkland, where his dejection and anguish brought on a fever, which terminated fatally on the 14th of December, 1542. A few days before his death, a messenger arrived from the royal palace at Linlithgow, to announce the birth of a daughter; but foreseeing the perils and troubles in store for her, the news gave him more sorrow than joy. He believed that the extinction of the sovereignty of his race was at hand; and referring to the fact that a granddaughter of Robert Bruce had by marriage brought the crown of Scotland into the Stuart family, he uttered the mournful prediction, that as 'it came by a woman, so it would go by one.'

That dying king was James V. of Scotland; and that orphaned infant was Mary Stuart, afterwards the beautiful but unfortunate Queen of Scots.

Mary being her father's only child, became, almost from her birth, Queen of Scotland. In such cases, it is customary to appoint some eminent person to govern in the name of the young sovereign, until he or she is of sufficient age to undertake the public cares of the kingdom; such a person is called a *regent*. Sharp contests at once took place between several individuals, representing different parties in the state, in order to secure this post of influence, but the Scottish people espoused the cause of the Earl of Arran, who was a Protestant, and the next heir to the crown. This nobleman was not long after entrusted by the Parliament with the guardianship of the young queen. As soon as this arrangement was made, the coronation of Mary Stuart took place, with great pomp, at Stirling Castle, where it was customary to crown the Scottish kings. This ceremony was celebrated on the 9th of September, 1543. Great interest was excited by the event. The different courts and monarchs of Europe sent ambassadors to be present on the happy occasion, so that Stirling became for a time the centre of universal attraction and the scene of festivity and joy.

No sooner was this regal inauguration over, than a fierce struggle commenced between the two contending parties that divided the country, to see which should possess the power, the person, and the royal inheritance of the young queen. One of these factions—the Catholic—sought the support of France in its contests; while the other—the Protestant—looked to England for sympathy and help. Henry the Eighth, the head of the Reformed Church, was at that time king. Previously to the birth of Mary Stuart, this arrogant monarch had waged war with Scotland for the purpose of annexing it to England, and forcing the Protestant religion upon its people; and it was through the disasters and defeats experienced in that war that her father had lost his life. It is a curious circumstance, however, that her birth caused a cessation of hostilities. The wily king suddenly changed his policy. What he could not gain by force, he hoped to be able to secure by scheming. He had a son, named Edward, who was heir to the throne on his death; and he thought it would be best for him to conclude a peace with Scotland, solicit the hand of Mary in marriage with Edward, and in this way peaceably to unite the two kingdoms. This politic plan he proposed and attempted to carry out, but in such

a headstrong and overbearing manner, that he roused the opposition of the Catholics and frustrated his object. He demanded that the bride-elect should be given up to him, and educated in England under his care and oversight. To this proposal the Scotch Parliament would not consent; but they did agree to surrender her to Henry's charge when she should reach the age of ten. While these important negotiations were pending, the happy Mary, unconscious of what was in store for her, was passing her time alternately at the castles of Linlithgow and Stirling.

After the lapse of five months from the conclusion of the treaty with Henry, it was annulled; and in order to protect itself from the vengeance of the disappointed monarch, the Scottish government entered into a close alliance with France. Henry VIII., as was anticipated, was furiously incensed, and sent a fleet and an army to ravage the land; and even after his death, which occurred within a short time from this event, the war was continued with unabated vigour by the Duke of Somerset, the Protector of England during the minority of Edward VI. In one fatal battle, fought near Edinburgh, the Scotch lost more than ten thousand men. Dreading, after these reverses, lest the princess should be seized and borne away by the invaders, she was removed from Stirling fortress to the monastery of Inchmahome, situated in a lonely island in the lake of Menteith, on the borders of the Highlands.

The attempts of the English to enforce this double union only served to alienate the Scottish nobles and people still more from them and their scheme. Many who were not originally opposed to the alliance resented this strange mode of wooing. The regent and Mary's mother then conceived the twofold plan of sending her to the continent and affiancing her to the young Dauphin* of France, who was about the same age as herself. The overtures made to the French court were eagerly embraced, as it afforded an opportunity for keeping the encroaching power of England in check. In fulfilment of the terms of this compact, the young princess at once embarked from Dumbarton for Brest, on the 7th of August, attended, among other friends, by four female companions, belonging to noble families. The latter are known in history as the four Marys, each of them having borne that name. After a boisterous voyage, the youthful exiles arrived in safety in the harbour of Brest, on the 13th of August.

The King of France, Henry II., had made great preparations for receiving the royal foreigner. Splendid equipages were provided to convey her and her suite, by easy journeys, to Paris. Among the marks of respect showed to her, one was very singular: every prison which she passed in her route was ordered to be thrown open, and the prisoners released—a custom which, however popular it might have

* 'Dauphin' is the name given to the eldest son of the King of France, and is derived from the following circumstance:—About 1450, a nobleman of high rank, and large estates in the province of Dauphiny, losing his son and heir, bequeathed all his possessions to the king and his successors, on condition that the oldest son should bear the title of Dauphin. It is needless to add, the grant was gladly accepted on such easy terms.

been in those days, would not be tolerated now. Mary was conducted to the palace of St. Germain, situated about twelve miles from Paris, where the court was then residing. At this abode of magnificence, such as she had never before witnessed, she was received with great pomp, and many spectacles and costly festivities were got up for her amusement. After remaining in this exciting scene of gaiety for a short time, it was decided that she should retire to a convent to be educated. Here there happened to be several nuns of great amiability and sweetness of disposition, to whom Mary became strongly attached; which, together with the life of peaceful seclusion that she there enjoyed, led her to entertain the idea of becoming a nun herself. On learning this, both the French king and the Scottish guardians became alarmed, and immediately took her away; not, however, without regret and tears on her part. In order to quench in her mind all longings for a conventual life, she was introduced to incessant scenes of gaiety and dissipation, which were shared by the four Marys and the daughters of the French monarch. They were accustomed to have balls, pic-nics in the extensive palace-grounds, illuminations, water-parties on the little lakes, and hunting-parties through the parks and forests.

As Mary grew older, however, she was subjected to greater restraint, and was obliged to conform to the strict etiquette of the royal household. She occupied a considerable portion of every day in her various studies, in which she soon became remarkably proficient. Part of her time, also, was spent in the apartments, and under the eye, of the imperious Catharine de Medici, the wife of the King of France, and mother of her destined husband, by whom she was treated in a somewhat harsh and stern manner. This ill-will has been generally ascribed to the queen's jealousy of Mary, who was almost universally admired and loved on account of her beauty and accomplishments. She certainly did nothing to justify the display of such unkindness; for she was diligent in her studies, tractable in disposition, and courteous in manners. She was enthusiastically devoted to the pursuits of music, drawing, and poetry; and, as she grew up, composed some beautiful pieces of her own. At ten years of age, such was the maturity of her powers, that she wrote to her mother about the affairs of Scotland with remarkable tact and judgment, and when thirteen years old, she recited a Latin speech of her own composition in the presence of the court. Her personal attractions were equal to the gifts of her mind. She was tall, and very beautiful. Her eyes beamed with intelligence, and sparkled with animation. Her voice was sweet, her appearance noble and graceful, and her conversation brilliant. She early displayed those rare charms which were destined to make her an object of general admiration, and which rendered even her childhood seductive. In spite of the unusual array of beauty and talent then collected in the royal palaces of France, she was regarded as at once 'the ornament and the darling of the court.' But this court was bad as well as brilliant—evil as well as elegant; and the influence it exerted upon Mary Stuart's character and after-life was very hurtful. The wickedness which she saw in her childhood, she learned to imitate in her womanhood.

When this charming princess was nearly fifteen years of age, Henry II. began to urge her marriage with the Dauphin. He had incurred an enormous expense in her education, and was anxious not to lose the reward. Delay would only tend to increase the difficulties and dangers that beset the question. The Protestants in Scotland, who were now more numerous than ever, were opposed to it, on religious grounds. An attempt was even made to poison Mary; but the criminal was detected and executed. Many other reasons, which cannot be related here, helped to hasten the event. Accordingly, after consulting the Scottish Parliament, the 24th of April, 1558, was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials. The ceremony of betrothal first took place in the Louvre; but the marriage itself at the old and august cathedral at Notre Dame. Vast preparations were made for the event, as if for a great festival. All Paris was astir, and business was entirely suspended. The enthusiasm of the citizens was equal to the joy of the court and the royal family; for Mary was a universal favourite. The historians of the time all relate that she looked so inexpressibly beautiful on the occasion as to fascinate every beholder. As the superb procession moved towards the cathedral, a woman of the crowd, with indiscreet daring, pressed towards the princess, and stretched out her hand to touch her 'sacred person;' but she was immediately seized by the guards, and but for the intercession of the lovely bride, would have been punished. On being interrogated as to her motive, she replied, that she wished by touching to try "whether such a heavenly creature could be flesh and blood." The festivities and fêtes that succeeded this famous wedding lasted for fifteen days, and were concluded by a grand tournament. All the princes and nobles present engaged in these chivalric contests, except Francis, the poor bridegroom, who was too weak in body and timid in mind for such rough and warlike exercises. Apart from his high rank, it was felt that he was in no wise a fit husband for the beautiful and accomplished Scottish princess. As soon as the celebrations were fully over, he set out from Paris with his young bride, to one of his country residences, where he could live awhile in peace and quietness. He was now King of Scotland, and was also the heir apparent to the throne of France, which he would inherit, and share with his wife, on the death of his father.

This sad event took place much earlier than could have been anticipated; and before it would have happened but for the rashness of the king. About a year after the great wedding, the marriage of Francis's eldest sister was celebrated, when tournaments were again held, in which King Henry, against the urgent advice of his queen and courtiers, persisted in engaging. The contest proved fatal. The lance of his antagonist penetrated his vizor, and wounded him over the eye. After lingering eleven days, he died. Francis, though only sixteen years old, at once assumed the government. He was crowned at Rheims; and in his measures he evinced more energy and decision than were expected from him. He and Mary were now on the summit of earthly grandeur. But, alas! it was destined to be of brief dura-

tion; for Francis's health gradually declined, and all the means resorted to for its restoration proved of no avail. After sustaining the cares and enjoying the honours of royalty for about seventeen months, he expired, leaving Mary Stuart an afflicted widow of seventeen. In addition to this bitter bereavement, she had lost her mother only a few months previously.

The death of Francis was followed by very serious consequences to Mary. She lost at once her queenly dignity and rank. All her friends were removed from their high stations, and others, hostile to her family, were put into their places. Under these adverse circumstances, she felt lonely, slighted, and unhappy in the court of France, and retired for a time into the country. Wherever she went, she was greeted with sympathy and respect; and from the white mourning which she wore, according to the custom of the times, she began to be known by the name of the White Queen.

Ambassadors were now sent over from Scotland to urge her return, to which she at last consented, and having taken an affecting farewell of the royal family, embarked, on the 14th of August, 1561, from Calais. As soon as the vessel that bore her set sail, she began to shed floods of tears, and continued, so long as the coast was visible, to cast her eyes towards the country she had left, and utter the mournful words, 'Farewell, France!' During this voyage she had a narrow escape of being intercepted by some cruisers which Queen Elizabeth had sent out to scour the Channel, on the hypocritical pretence of exterminating pirates. A dense fog proved her salvation.

On the 19th of August, the galleys bearing Mary and her friends entered the harbour of Leith, from whence she was conducted to Edinburgh amid every demonstration of delight. On reaching the capital, she immediately took possession of the palace of Holyrood. She made an extremely favourable impression upon her subjects; but was herself much affected with melancholy at the contrast presented between the wildness and poverty of her native country and the joyous land she had just quitted. After reposing awhile from the fatigues of her journey, she roused herself to activity, and began to attend to her queenly functions. And now commenced the great difficulties, disasters, and errors which have made her life so romantic and tragical. In this slight sketch, however, it will be impossible to do more than indicate the baldest outlines of her sorrowful and guilty history.

On entering Scotland, she found the people riven into two great religious parties, Catholic and Protestant, each striving fiercely for the mastery. To attain this ascendency, any means that seemed to promise success were resorted to without scruple. Incessant plots, intrigues, sanguinary contests, and assassinations, form the leading features of Mary's entire reign and exile. Fully apprised by her advisers of the existence of this state of things, she at first wisely resolved not to interfere with her people in the exercise of their religion. But while she would not constrain others, she determined not to suffer constraint herself. Accordingly, on the first Sunday after her landing, she gave orders that mass should be celebrated in her private chapel.

The Reformers, headed by the stern John Knox, heard of it, and resolved that mass should *not* be celebrated. 'One mass,' said Knox, 'was more fearful to him than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm.' The mass, however, *was* said, and a Protestant insurrection was the consequence; which, had it not been suppressed by the prudence and firmness of her brother, Lord James Stuart, must have been attended by fearful results. To calm the fears and conciliate the goodwill of these formidable antagonists, she made great concessions. To attempt to change the established religion of the country was made a capital offence.

Passing over the first three or four years of her reign, the next event of importance was her marriage to Lord Darnley. Ever since the decease of her former husband, she had been besieged with tempting matrimonial overtures from numerous princes and potentates, but which political reasons had compelled her to decline. Lord Darnley, by his parents, was connected with the two reigning families of England and Scotland, and was, therefore, considered an eligible match. He had been brought up in England, whither his family had been banished many years before; and considerable difficulty occurred in getting Elizabeth's permission for his return to Scotland, she being fully cognizant of its object. At length, however, leave was reluctantly granted; and Mary had her first interview with the 'long lad,' as Elizabeth had derisively called him, at Wemys Castle, whither she had expressly gone for the purpose. He was very young, tall, handsome, and graceful in his manners; and Mary was very much pleased with him. She had almost decided to make Darnley her husband before she saw him, merely from political considerations; but on finding him possessed of such striking personal attractions, she no longer hesitated. Her heart suddenly surrendered itself to his sway, and her warm imagination was filled with pictures of anticipated happiness. Queen Elizabeth, on hearing of the engagement, was in great rage, and commanded Darnley to return, which, however, he firmly refused, stating that he had entered the service of the Queen of Scotland. Many of her nobles, too, headed by her brother, the Earl of Murray, were opposed to the union, and formed a plan to waylay, seize, and imprison her; but having gained timely information of the treasonable plot, she contrived to elude their hands. This escape from the rebellious nobles took place in June, and the marriage was consummated in July, only six months after her first interview with Darnley. The ceremony was performed in the royal chapel at Holyrood, at six o'clock in the morning.

This alliance was in every respect unwise and unfortunate. It put an end to all hope of cordial union between the two queens; and from the precipitancy with which it had been entered upon, it utterly wrecked Mary's domestic happiness, and led her to the commission of crimes that have for ever darkened her memory. For a time, all was sunshine and affection; but, at length, the weaknesses and vices of Darnley's character manifested themselves most glaringly. All possible honours and distinctions were heaped upon him by his loving

consort, which he received as a matter of course, and was continually demanding more. Among other objects craved by his insatiable ambition was the 'crown matrimonial,' which would have rendered him king in his own right, and would have exalted him above his wife, the real sovereign. On being refused this unreasonable request, he grew sullen, took to excessive drinking, and often brutally insulted his consort, both in private and in public. Such unmanly and cruel conduct gradually alienated the queen's affections, and induced her to treat him with neglect, and to look to others for that sympathy and kindness which she ought to have received from him. Conspicuous among these friends and admirers of the unhappy Mary, was David Riccio, her confidential French secretary. His devoted attachment to his royal mistress, and the partiality with which he was treated by her, excited the jealousy and exasperated several of the noblemen of the court, and none more than Darnley. So much was he incensed against Riccio, that he resolved to compass his destruction. Having communicated his feelings to the fierce Ruthven and other unscrupulous lords, a plot was arranged for his assassination. This terrible deed was perpetrated in the queen's cabinet. About seven o'clock one Saturday evening, a band of conspirators, clad in armour, burst into the royal presence, and dragged away the trembling Italian, whom they savagely slew, his body having been pierced with fifty-six wounds. His corpse was then thrown out of a window into the court-yard. Deprived of a devoted servant, wounded in her honour by the taunts of the murderers, and despoiled of her power, Mary Stuart was now a dejected captive in the hands of her enemies. And what served the more to embitter her anguish was, the knowledge that her own husband, to whom she had been united only about a year, was an accomplice in these atrocities.

But one crime seldom comes alone. Sin multiplies with appalling rapidity and power. The tragedy, thus begun, went on deepening and darkening apace. Omitting much that occurred throughout the stormy months that succeeded this murder—during which Mary gave birth to a son, who afterwards became James I. of England—a brief notice must be taken of the crowning crime of her guilty and sorrowful life. Though afterwards reconciled to Darnley, it was not to be expected that she could ever again esteem or love him as at first; and, indeed, his subsequent conduct was not at all calculated to inspire such sentiments. He even went so far as to solicit military aid from some of the Catholic governments of Europe, to place him on the throne of Scotland, promising in that case to change the established religion from Protestant to Catholic. Circumstances like these weighed heavily on Mary's mind, and threw her into a state of deep despondency.

But during this long season of trial, a guilty and fatal passion was springing up in her heart—probably, for a time, unconsciously to herself. The object of it was the Earl of Bothwell—an enterprising, but dangerous nobleman, whom she had recently recalled from banishment. He was remarkable for bravery, audacity, and ambition; and, although nobly married, had formed the resolution to win the affections of the queen, and then wed her. Accordingly, by his chivalrous

devotion to her interests, and particularly by the aid he afforded her in her contest with the murderers of Riccio, he acquired great influence over her. Seeking to render him a faithful and useful servant, she speedily found in him a lover and a master. But the attainment of his ambitious desires was impossible during the life of Darnley, while his impatience was too great to endure any protracted delay. A fatal and wicked idea arose in his mind, which was nursed into a scheme for the murder of the queen's husband. The secret was imparted to many of the queen's councillors, who, being daily witnesses of her sorrow and dejection, were induced to aid in the organization of one of the most awful conspiracies on record. It was even hinted to Mary Stuart herself, in a conference sought by the confederates, and her sanction was unblushingly sought. The ostensible object of it was to rid her of the cause of her wretchedness. Although she refused all direct approval of the premeditated act, yet she expressed no indignation at the proposition, and only requested that nothing should be done "by which any spot might be laid upon her honour." Emboldened, rather than discouraged, by the result of this interview, the homicidal league swore, by a bond, to cut off the king as a young fool and tyrant, and justified it to themselves as a measure of state policy. The execution of the bloody deed was entrusted to Bothwell and his minions; the queen also, we grieve to relate, aiding in the development of the plot. The details of this assassination are too copious to be given in this short sketch: those of our young readers who are anxious to see a full and impartial account of the terrible tragedy, are referred to Mignet's 'History of Mary, Queen of Scots.'

The consternation and excitement occasioned by this deed were excessive. Public rumour at once indicated and denounced the great criminal; and the name of Mary was everywhere mixed up with the transaction. Demands poured in from all sides, and also from foreign courts, to exact a rigorous vengeance. But week after week elapsed, and no steps were taken. At length, finding the popular clamour did not at all abate, she strove to appease it by a mock trial of the Earl of Bothwell. No anxiety could arise as to the result, since nearly all the judges were confederates in the crime. After this scandalous acquittal, Mary lavished new honours upon her favourite, and greatly extended his power. *His* next step was to procure a divorce from his amiable wife, in which he succeeded. He then, by the intimidation of a body of troops, extorted the consent of the leading nobles to his marriage with the queen; which, it appears, had been decided upon by a contract signed by Mary herself seven days before Bothwell's acquittal. Thus everything was precipitated. As insuperable objections were sure to be urged to the celebration of these indecent nuptials so soon after the king's murder, he resolved to seize and carry off the queen by force; which was effected on the occasion of her return from Stirling Castle, where she had gone to visit her son. Letters exist to prove that she was a consenting party to this act of abduction. Bothwell took her to Dunbar Castle, where he detained her a prisoner about ten days. On being released, however, she pardoned him, and publicly declared her intention of wedding him—

an announcement which, although long expected, excited the utmost indignation. The disgusting ceremony took place at Holyrood, at four o'clock in the morning; few of the nobility were present, and the people received the intelligence with gloomy silence and disapprobation.

Mary Stuart soon began to pay the penalty of her imprudent marriage. Even on her wedding day she had a violent quarrel with her husband. Events, full of ill-omen, succeeded each other with the utmost rapidity. A league was immediately organized by the nobles against Bothwell. They took up arms in defence of the infant prince, whose life, they alleged, was in danger from him. The queen published a proclamation, in which the confederate lords were arraigned as traitors, and all her friends were summoned to her standard. The two armies met; attempts at mediation were made, without success; they then drew near for conflict, but the royal troops were evidently indisposed to fight, and a cry arose, that some means must be found to avoid a collision. A single combat was then proposed and accepted. But before Bothwell could obtain Mary Stuart's consent to enter the lists against the stern Lindsay, defection was spreading rapidly in the royal army, and in a few minutes the panic was general. Bothwell, after bidding the queen farewell—for ever, as it proved—fled; and Mary Stuart was taken prisoner. After a brief confinement in Edinburgh Castle, she was conveyed to Loch-Leven Castle. Having been imprisoned in this lonely building for nearly twelve months, she effected her escape, by the aid of two young men, whose sympathy had been awakened by her misfortunes. The news spread rapidly through the land, and in a week she found herself at the head of an army of 6,000 men. Again she fought, and again she was defeated; and, with the exception of a few faithful friends who clung to her, the host of champions which the morning sun had looked upon, had melted away. Flight was her only resort; and, thinking that she would be safer in England than in her own country, she pressed southwards, passed the borders, and entered the dominions of her rival cousin, into whose faithless arms she trustfully threw herself.

And now commenced that terrible era of exile and captivity, extending over nearly nineteen weary years, during which the fallen and fugitive sovereign was made to experience all that the jealousy, perfidy, and vindictiveness of Queen Elizabeth could inflict. Her life was little better than a lingering death. She was subjected to continual harassments, by being removed from one place of confinement to another, often changing her keepers at the same time; while almost every successive change of abode was attended by more rigorous restraints. It cannot be denied, that Mary was far from guiltless in her conduct, and often furnished her persecutress with pretexts for the severity of her measures. She was again and again detected plotting against the tranquillity of the state, the ascendency of Protestantism, and, as the queen alleged, against her own life; but these conspiracies originated chiefly with her numerous friends and partizans, in England and Scotland, and on the continent, and were carried on with the view of

effecting her liberation, and restoration to her throne. In schemes of this kind it was but natural that she should concur and co-operate, feeling, as she did, that she was most wrongfully detained. Frequently was she tantalized and tortured with promises of a speedy release, which appear to have been made merely with the view of securing a fuller measure of her confidence for some sinister purpose, as in every instance the poor captive found herself basely and bitterly betrayed.

At length, after eighteen years of Mary's life had been thus consumed in sorrow, suspense, and thraldom, Elizabeth and her ministers began to grow impatient, and longed for some plausible pretext for putting her to death. Too soon an opportunity offered, of which they eagerly availed themselves. A plot for the assassination of Elizabeth, known as the Babington Plot, came to the knowledge of Walsingham, the secretary of state. It was disclosed to him by one of the conspirators. By suborning this traitor, and giving him instructions how to act, he perfidiously determined to involve Mary Stuart in the secret negotiations, and when furnished with sufficient evidence of her guilt, to procure her condemnation and death. When the scheme had reached its crisis, Mary was one day suddenly arrested, and all her private papers were seized and conveyed to London. She was taken to Fotheringay Castle, to undergo her trial. After due preparations for this solemn ordeal were made, she refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court. She denied that it had any right to arraign or try *her*, who was still a queen, and in no sense subject to the laws of England. This dignified refusal to plead caused considerable delay. At length, however, from the constant efforts made to shake her resolution, she yielded. The trial then took place. She was condemned to death; and Elizabeth signed her death-warrant. Contrary to her request, she was executed privately, at Fotheringay Castle, on the 8th of February, 1587. For this purpose, a scaffold was erected in the hall, covered with black frieze. At eight o'clock in the morning, Mary, still beautiful, though worn by long suffering and sorrow, came forth from her apartment. In the prospect of a violent death, she preserved her serenity and queenly dignity. After spending some minutes on her knees, offering fervent prayers for her co-religionists, her son, who was then reigning in Scotland, her cruel rival Elizabeth, and all her enemies, two of her faithful female attendants approached, and began to disrobe her, their tears flowing profusely as they performed this mournful office. 'Instead of weeping, rejoice,' she said to them, with the utmost sweetness and composure, 'I am very happy to leave the world, and in so good a cause.' Even the rude nature of the executioner was touched by the scene, and, falling on his knees, he supplicated pardon for the act he was about to commit. She replied, that she pardoned everybody. Assisted by the two masters of the works, she then laid her fair head upon the block. The arm of the headsman was unnerved, and he aimed the blow unsteadily. She was cruelly wounded, but not killed. The blow was repeated—and the unhappy Mary Stuart was no more! Great had been her sins—and terrible was the retribution.

Correspondence.

'SUGGESTIONS REGARDING SUNDAY-SCHOOLS' AND THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM OF GRADUATED SIMULTANEOUS INSTRUCTION COMPARED.

To the Editor of the Monthly Christian Spectator.

SIR,—A contemporary writer* has justly termed your correspondent's 'Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools,'† 'an earnest and eloquent paper,' and 'well worth the attention of all thoughtful teachers;' and, in the course of his remarks, identifies the 'Suggestions' with 'Mr. Mimpriss's plan.'

One of the most highly esteemed ministers of the day, the Rev. Samuel Martin, in a paper 'On the best Method for producing religious Impressions on Sunday Scholars,' read at the meeting of the Congregational Union, held at Leicester, said: '*Mimpriss, in his graduated system, has developed and arranged a hidden principle, upon which every successful teacher must have taught.*'

To secure attention to your correspondent's very valuable 'Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools,' also to the limited and partial development of 'The Mimpriss system,' to be here afterwards given, it may be well to transcribe the following—the popularity of the rev. lecturer as an advocate for Sabbath-school reform being my apology:—

Extract from a Lecture "ON PROFESSIONAL ABILITY IN TEACHING," *delivered before the Liverpool Sunday-school Institute, October* 27, 1848, *by the* REV. C. H. BATEMAN, *of Hopton, Editor of the* "BIBLE CLASS MAGAZINE."

'The third system is that of Mimpriss, commonly called "*The Graduated Simultaneous System*," and which, as far as books and general apparatus, as well as original conception, are concerned, is the most perfectly elaborated system of any yet presented to our Sunday-school teachers. The books are invaluable, and the research of their laborious and pious author amazing. I know of no books containing so much information and such a mass of important suggestions upon teaching in such space as these; and I deem them the most precious contributions to our Sunday-school teachers that have as yet graced our religious literature. Indeed, it is impossible to speak of the works in too high terms. One objection has been raised to the system, viz., that it confined the attention of the scholars too long to too limited a portion of the word of God. This has, however, been fully met by the "Manual" for the highest grade, which contains large and well-explained portions of all parts of the Bible; so much so, indeed, as to meet, I imagine, all that can be desired in this respect. . . . To my own mind, it is by far the best system, and I believe, on examination, will be found in the long run the *cheapest* we could adopt. . . . It not only gives all the information that our time will allow in the Sunday-school, but bears largely on the entire discipline and working of the institutions where it is introduced. . . . So high is my estimation of it, that I believe if it could be fairly brought before all the teachers of our land, and their minds duly informed upon it, it would be ultimately so extensively adopted as to form the ONE SYSTEM for our schools.'

Unity of aim, and adaptation of the means to the end, are so apparent in 'Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools," at pp. 193—200 of your magazine for April, and 'The Mimpriss system of graduated simultaneous instruction,' that I respectfully solicit opportunity to present, as briefly as possible, some of their parallels in sentiment and working:—

* In 'The Union Magazine for Sunday-school Teachers,' for April, p.141.
† See 'Monthly Christian Spectator' for March.

I.

SUGGESTIONS, &c.—(P. 195.) COMPARE.

'That original object being, it must be borne in mind, the instruction of the young, "*as the truth is in Jesus*" (*a*)—"all other teaching only subserving to it"' (*b*).

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.*—(P. 185.) COMPARE.

(*a*) *Subject—The Life of Christ.*

'Believing the gospel narratives of the life and ministry of our blessed Redeemer to be eminently calculated to interest and instruct the youthful mind, the author of this system has for twenty years been anxious to bring the directors of our Sabbath-schools to the consideration of a more systematic teaching of "*The Life of Christ*," not, indeed, to the exclusion of other portions of holy writ, but as the *basis* of a connected and comprehensive study of the contents of both the Old and New Testaments.

'By the contemplation of Him who is presented in the Gospel narrative, a flood of Divine light is thrown upon the writings of Moses and the prophets, by which we are enabled intelligently to enter into the great purposes of God in Creation, in Providence, in Redemption.'

(*b*) 'The system embraces a course of study, inexhaustible as the subject, in "The Gospel Narratives of the Life and Ministry of Christ," divided into one hundred lessons, harmonized, and chronologically arranged according to Greswell's "Harmonia Evangelica;" with "Geographical Notices," "Exercises," "Explanations," having "Practical Lessons" deduced from the history; and the whole illustrated from every portion of the holy Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation.'

II.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 197.)

'The children are assembling; each one has a place, and takes it; they are arranged in concentric or parallel benches, on a gallery or sloping floor, the youngest nearest the teacher on the lowest tier; the eldest on the highest.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM. COMPARE.

'For the general examination, arrange the children thus: The *first grade*, or infant classes, *nearest* to the examiner; the others, in order beyond—having the Bible class, or fifth grade, the farthest off; the teachers of the respective grades taking their seats with their classes.'

III.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 197.)

'This preliminary business is soon accomplished; a short hymn is sung, and a brief prayer spoken amidst general silence. Each scholar, from the youngest to the eldest, now opens his book; a little one rises, and reads aloud a simple version of a passage in our Saviour's life; a few questions scattered here and there elicit answers which show that the lesson has already been well conned (*a*); and reference is made, without hesitation, to a large map upon the wall' (*b*). See 'Suggestions.' 'The Mimpriss System,' fourth paragraph, 'For the Superintendent, &c.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 185.) COMPARE.

(*a*) 'Its adaptation is to every scholar, whether the infant who knows not the alphabet, or the most advanced in the Bible class; hence we call it "*graduated*:" and the same subject or lesson being taught in the whole school, at the same time, we call it also "*simultaneous*."'

* The 'Mimpriss system' will be quoted from 'A General Outline of the Mimpriss System of Graduated Simultaneous Instruction,' as appended to 'A Harmony of the Four Evangelists,' pp. 185—191, published by Varty and Owen, 31, Strand.

Order of Instruction.—(P. 189.)

First Grade.—Tablet lesson.

'1. Oral, in single words, to be repeated singly by the children.
'2. Oral, in sentences, to be repeated singly by the children.
'3. Catechize, in two courses of questions.
'4. Read single words from the tablet, to be repeated singly by the children.
'5. Read short sentences, to be repeated singly by the children.
'6. Catechize, as in No. 3.
'7. Examine in the printed words.
'8. Give picture definition, and catechize.'

The whole five grades are minutely worked out in "A full Development of the Mimpriss System," &c., published by Varty and Owen, 31, Strand.

(*b*) 'A map, or chart, exhibiting every event in the life and ministry of our blessed Redeemer, is provided for fixing in the mind, by visible representation, the localities of HIS labours, that the classes may apprehend the largeness of his love, "*who went about doing good.*" '—(P. 189.)

IV.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 197.)

'An older scholar next rises and reads; it is the same incident, but the narrative is fuller; other questions accompany it, glancing wider, and more explanatory information is both called forth and imparted.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 185.)

The *Second Grade* answering to the above.

—'The four Gospel narratives being harmonized and interwoven into *one*, and the chronology and geography of the facts recorded visibly delineated in *The Teacher's Class Chart*, the mind is thereby greatly helped to take an intelligent grasp of the whole history, as well as of its particular parts, and the youthful mind is thus concentrated upon the Son of God, our great example.'

Order of Instruction.—(P. 190.)

'1. Geographical reference to the "Teacher's Class Chart," for the number and locality of the event, as given in the *second* line of the Manual. (*a*)
'2. Give topographical and statistical information, and catechize.
'3. Communicate the history in the words of the *first* grade, orally, and catechise in few words.
'4. Communicate the history in the words of the lesson for the second grade, *orally*, in sentences, and catechize alternately.
'5. The class to read singly a sentence from the printed tablet.
'6. Catechize in the history throughout.
'7. Give the explanations of the words, and catechize alternately.
'8. Recommence and catechize on the explanations, transposing their order.
'9. Give the picture definition, and recapitulate, by catechetical examination, the history, geography, and explanations.
'10. Exercise in the "Preceding History."
'11. Geographical exercise, by tracing the history in the "Teacher's Class Chart."
'12. Deduce "Practical Lessons" from the history.'

V.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 197.)

'A third time, and in yet completer form, the narrative, which is not a long one, is read by a yet older child, and wider questions still are asked and answered.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 190.) COMPARE.

The *Third Grade*, answering to the above:—

Order of Instruction.

'Follow the same order as in the second grade, changing the exercise in the *Preceding History* into an exercise in the *Preceding Parallels*, which implies increased mental cultivation.'

'While the same subject is taught *simultaneously* throughout the whole school, it is gradually enlarged in all its divisions of *History, Geography, Explanations, Preceding History, Preceding Parallels, Geographical Exercises in the delineation of the History*, and the *Practical Lessons*; the quantity and quality of the instruction is varied, according to the mental power and attainment of the scholars in the different Grades.'—(P. 187.)

VI.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 198.)

'The teacher does not call upon one of the eldest scholars this morning; he reads the passage from the New Testament himself; and his occasional comments do not lessen, but for all that hear and try to connect their versions with what he is reading, supply much of the life likeness, which can always be seen by those who study with their hearts that most wondrous history.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 190.) COMPARE.

The above fairly answers to Mimpriss's *Fourth Grade*:—

Order of Instruction.

'In this Grade the Authorized Version of the Gospel narratives, without alteration or omission, as given in a "Harmonized Continuous History," is the reading book; having the History corroborated and illustrated, by reference to the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. The additional exercises for this Grade are—

'1. Read the "Continuous History, or Harmony of the Gospel Narratives."

'2. Teacher to give an analysis of the harmony, and catechize the class in the same.

'3. Class to read in the New Testament the harmony of the several accounts.

'4. Refer to other portions of the Gospels for parallels in event and doctrine.

'5. Refer to the Acts for obedience of the apostles to the instructions of their Lord, and corroboration of the miracles and doctrines of Christ.

'6. Refer to the Epistles for doctrines illustrative of the Redeemer's words and works, as recorded in the Gospel narratives.'

'*** At the same time that the youthful follower of the Cross is thus provided with the best defensive armour in the honest exhibition of the truth, a habit of mind is acquired for successful study of other portions of holy writ—historical, prophetical, doctrinal, or practical; in all which the exercise of comparing, and of realizing a whole, from the harmonious junction of the several parts, is of essential service.'—P. 192, *Note*.

VII.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 198.)

'The reading books are now opened again, and the teacher begins to speak about the lesson. It is a remarkable address, if address it can be called; for it is interspersed with questions (which are answered, too), and seems now to be descriptive, and now didactic; now hortatory, and now persuasive; information of many kinds is afforded, but not aside from the general line of remark; anecdotes, parables, and such metaphors as *observation* supplies, abound; . . . there are tears and smiles, also, testifying to the earnestness and sympathy of the teacher and the taught; and when the address is ended, you cannot tell whether it has been a long or a short one, nor do the scholars seem more to perceive its length.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 187.) COMPARE.

By such as are familiar with 'The Mimpriss System,' the above will be readily recognised as the character and result of the general examination of all the grades, every Sabbath day.

'By uniformity of subject, and the suitable adaptation of the lesson to the scholar, *sympathy* is induced; the scholar in the highest grade feels an interest in the progress of the scholar in the lowest; and the scholar in the lowest grade anticipates promotion in due time, it may be, to where he sees his brother or his sister has been raised.

'The highest and the lowest grades have mutual benefit in the *General Examination*, when all are brought into one place, after the graduated instruction has been given in the classes, and the progress of the scholars, and the diligence of both scholars and teachers, are catechetically tested by the superintendent or minister. The same sympathy which is felt throughout the classes by the scholars is shared by the teachers; a healthy stimulation, by comparison, being promoted—uniform success is earnestly desired by all.'

VIII.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 198.)

'In the afternoon you return: after the opening hymn and prayer, the lesson for the following Sunday morning is studied. The sub-teachers are at work, each surrounded by a section of the scholars. First come the reading and literal understanding of the passage; then the geography, the manners, customs, and all that throws light upon it, as far as they know, are communicated: the sections going, in turn, to those parts of the room where the illustrative maps and diagrams are hung.'

This may be assumed to be as the *Fifth Grade* in

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 191.) COMPARE.

Order of Instruction.

'In this grade all the preceding is to be adopted, and a further development of the reflective faculties attempted, by a searching of the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures, as well as those of the New, in connexion with the Gospel narratives of the life of Christ, and as illustrative of THE TRUTH of all Divine Revelation. Whatever the abilities or previous acquirements of either the teachers or the taught, here is provided *milk for babes, and strong meat for those that are of full age.*'

IX.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 199.)

'And the little ones, we may add, learning to read from *large printed tablets*, by the "look and say" method—a method for teaching *reading*, infallible, and free from the drudgery of the old-fashioned plan, which was so disheartening to both teachers and learners. Infant classes would be unnecessary.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 187.) COMPARE.

Apparatus for the Classes.

'The LESSONS for the First, Second, and Third Grades are in the "*Tablet*" form printed in very large and bold type, so as to be conveniently read at ten feet distance.* They are not paraphrastic, but condensed Scripture narrative; and for the *Fourth* and *Fifth* Grades there is a "Continuous History," or "Harmony of the Gospel Narratives," in the words of the Authorized Version, without alteration or omission; that by precept and example the rising generation may, under the Divine blessing, learn to *follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth*; and for the scholars and teachers of the *Fourth* and *Fifth Grades*, we have "Class Papers for Home Study" issued every month. (See below.)

X.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 197.)

. . . 'there is the *Home Study* of these things, too much neglected, in general, but without which it would be impossible to teach on the system we have sketched.'

* Besides these, there are 'Gallery Reading Lessons,' in larger and bolder type, legible at thirty feet distance, both in 'the Gospels,' and the 'Acts of the Apostles.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 188.) COMPARE.

'For the Teachers.'

'Manuals are prepared for the teachers of the *Second* and *Third* Grades, having the several divisions of the Lessons conveniently arranged, and a Class Chart, delineating in chronological order and geographical locality every event in the Gospel history.

'For use in the *three lower Grades*, there is a series of fifty designs, pictorially defining the history, and for eliciting by recapitulation the explanations, geography, and practical lessons.

'For the teachers of the *Fourth* and *Fifth* Grades, the "Treasury Harmony of the Four Evangelists" is adapted, and

'For the superintendent—to facilitate the *General Examination of all the Grades*—a large school-room chart, size 5 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 8 inches, is provided. (See 'Suggestions.')

XI.

SUGGESTIONS.—(P. 200.)

'We have followed the plan of the Scriptures herein; and it was by "preaching Christ," *i. e.*, the personal, vital embodiment of the truth in his life, words, works, and death, that the first, which were also the most pure and brilliant triumphs of his kingdom, were achieved. And we may further say, that memory, intellect, affection, all are exercised by such teaching, and all in truest connexion with, and subservience to, the great aim of the Sunday-school—the leading of the young into the way of eternal life.'

THE MIMPRISS SYSTEM.—(P. 185.) COMPARE.

'Christ, as he is in himself, so is he in the Divine records, the Alpha and Omega, the altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand. Let Christ be set forth vividly, as he is in the Gospel narratives, and our youth will have such an example of love and obedience, that, following him in their life and conversation, they will be seen to grow up *in favour with God and man*.'

The foregoing is a glance at the likeness of 'Suggestions regarding Sunday-schools' and 'The Mimpriss System of Graduated Simultaneous Instruction.' That improvement may be stimulated, perhaps your first correspondent will kindly communicate if 'The Mimpriss System' had any influence on his mind when writing his excellent 'Suggestions,' &c.

London, 12th May, 1852.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
R. MIMPRISS.

Notices of Books.

New Translation, Exposition, and Chronological Arrangement of the Book of Psalms; with Critical Notes on the Hebrew Text. By Benjamin Weiss, Missionary to the Jews at Algiers, &c. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. Pp. 539.

MR. WEISS'S qualifications for the office of a Biblical translator and expositor consist in the possession of a deep and earnest spirituality, and a thorough and critical knowledge of the Hebrew language. These are doubtless valuable and necessary qualifications, but their possession alone will not constitute a critic. We miss from this volume all the signs of that accurate acquaintance with the various Hebrew readings, that profound and recondite learning, that spirit of patient investigation and comparison, and that shrewd common sense, without

which an expositor can neither speak with authority, nor expect to be heard with deference.

The chief design, however, of the author in this work is only twofold—to present a new translation of the Book of Psalms, and to restore, as far as possible, every psalm to its proper place. The translation, we are bound to say, is an elegant one, but, as a whole, is hardly superior to, though in some instances more critically accurate than, our common version. Mr. Weiss is fond of great-sounding words, and, where the meaning will at all bear it, makes a point of choosing the least simple of two or three synonymous terms. Instances of this abound in every page. 'The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee,' Mr. Weiss must render, and half spoil in the reading, 'The waters *perceived* thee, O God, the waters *perceived* thee.' 'Let me remember the works of God,' must be changed to 'Let me remember the operations of God.' 'Thine enemies shall be rooted out,' says our Anglo-Saxon version; 'Thine enemies shall be *extirpated*,' says our Hebrew-Latin scholar; and so on throughout the book. What Hebrew MSS. Mr. Weiss has consulted in his translation we do not know. In one or two places we find a reference to 'certain ancient manuscripts' in the possession of a Hebrew family of the author's acquaintance, and these appear to be all that he has seen. Of the age, and consequent value, of these copies of the ancient Scriptures we know nothing; nor, we presume, does Mr. Weiss. Whether they are older than the oldest of those consulted by Kennicot and De Rossi, or what other reason our author has for preferring their readings to those of any other copies, are subjects on which we are left equally in the dark.

Mr. Weiss's acquaintance with the works of modern critics appears to be extremely limited. Bishops Horne and Horsley, and Dr. Hengstenberg, are the only writers to whom we can find any reference in this book. Considering that our special attention and calm judgment is begged in the preface for the note in which 'German rationalism is attacked, exposed, and condemned,' we think this is rather too bad. If our author places Hengstenberg among the 'German Rationalists,' it only shows how incorrect and superficial is his acquaintance with German theological literature. Happily, the day is nearly past when the indiscriminate application of the epithet of 'rationalist' will do much harm. Hengstenberg is a rationalist in our author's view, simply because he differs very widely from him on many subjects not of essential importance. He, therefore, loses no opportunity of abusing his 'neology,' and exposing his 'ignorance.' In some instances, it must be confessed, Hengstenberg appears at considerable disadvantage, as, indeed, he does in his whole work on the Psalms—by far the most superficial of any of his critical performances. An instance in which this learned scholar has committed himself is given in the translation of verse 4 of the fifty-sixth Psalm—a passage confessed to be difficult even by Mr. Weiss. Our common translation is, 'In God will I praise his word.' Hengstenberg renders it, 'God, boast I, his word.' Of which our author says, 'He has disposed of the בְּ (Davor) in such a way as to leave it unexpressed; and as his sentences stand, he has committed himself neither to one meaning nor another, for they serve none; and one must think long, and suggest much, on and for the mystery into which he plunges the two sublime sentences, before the judgment "it is absurd," can be pronounced.' If Hengstenberg's translation of this mysterious passage is 'absurd,' our author's version is arbitrary. Mr. Weiss renders it, 'In the Godhead do I boast of His word,' and explains the passage to mean that David here refers to nothing else than to his antitype—Messiah. Maybe it is so, but we need other authority than our author's sole 'must be' to believe it; and his knack of twisting everything otherwise inexplicable into a prophetical reference to the Messiah, cautions us that his judgment in these matters is one of the last to be relied upon.

Mr. Weiss's 'Chronological Arrangement' of the Psalms is very happily executed, and throws much light on many otherwise obscure references. Their place in the Jewish history he has ascertained as well as can be 'by diligently and carefully tracing, from the internal evidence of the Hebrew text, as well as from the application of David's history to the contents of the psalm, the exact time and occasion of its composition.' In this he has exercised considerable

judgment and discretion, especially considering that the time of the composition of some cannot possibly be ascertained from any historical or biographical reference. On the whole, therefore, this work, though defective, is valuable, and, to readers unacquainted with the original language of the Psalms, will prove of much interest and service.

Account of the Public Prison of Valencia, &c. With Observations by Captain Maconochie, R.N., K.H. London: C. Gilpin. Pp. 12.

THERE can be no question, we think, that if reform is anywhere needed, it is in our mode of prison discipline. Without adopting any of the numerous conflicting theories on this subject, we certainly agree with Captain Maconochie in thinking that, as a nation, we are gravely delinquent in our duty to society—innocent and criminal—in the apathy with which we treat this question. Captain Maconochie's own theory we do not altogether subscribe to. We have no notion of prison discipline being made either comfortable to the person, or profitable to the pocket, of the Fagans and Artful Dodgers, the cut-throats and pickpockets of society. We have no notion of lodging criminals better than honest people—giving a burglar comfortable accommodation, fixed rations, and fair wages, while we starve with cold and hunger, and miserably lodge, the pauper who has lived and wrought in all honesty and integrity through a long life, and only asks of us that he may be allowed to live in health and strength the short remainder of his days. We would not, as is practically done by some well-intentioned people, look upon poverty as the great crime, and take an interest in a poor man only when he signalizes himself by becoming a dishonest man. Nor do we believe in building palaces for rogues while we build prisons for paupers. If we *must* spend money on architectural display, let us spend it more wisely, consistently, and profitably, than in erecting gigantic and splendid monuments to Crime, or else cease to rail at the ancients for their immorality in building temples to Venus and Bacchus. This might we leave undone, and yet pay much greater attention to the reform of prison discipline.

The object of the writer of this pamphlet is to call attention to the success of the system of discipline pursued in the public prison at Valencia, to which, for the last three years, there has not been one re-committal, while for the previous ten years, the re-committals were at the rate of only one per cent. Considering, that in our own country, notwithstanding that we export almost a seventh of our worst criminals, and that of the remainder more than thirty-three per cent. are re-committed within the year, this is certainly a remarkable statement. Captain Maconochie explains the anomaly, by a reference to the system of treatment pursued at Valencia. This is explained by an English traveller, Mr. Hoskins, as well as by Colonel Montesino, the Governor of the prison, as consisting in a system of paid labour at trades, combined with the advantages of a general education. 'The great principle here,' says Mr. Hoskins, 'is to afford an inducement to the criminals to work, to teach industrious habits, to inculcate honourable and virtuous principles, and to send them into the world better men, educated, and able to work at some trade; and with money in their pockets to start with, instead of being obliged to have recourse to their old habits of subsistence.' 'And,' he adds, 'the success is really a miracle.' Colonel Montesino explains, that workshops of all kinds are in the prison, in full operation, and so admirably has the system been carried out, that neither for their introduction, nor for the rebuilding or repair of the prison, has he ever asked the Government for a single farthing, or called in the assistance of any out-of-door mechanics. Add to this, that the most perfect order is maintained, without harshness or difficulty, in every part of the establishment (which generally contains no less than a thousand prisoners), and we may well hold up this prison as a miracle and model of successful discipline.—From his known principles on this subject, as well as from his celebrated, though, on the whole, unfortunate experiment on Norfolk Island, Captain Maconochie, as may be supposed, points, with triumphant finger, to the results of the Valencia treatment. It does not formally recognise his peculiar 'mark system,' but it is founded on sub-

stantially the same principle. It gives a direct encouragement to labour; and those who work most and best are best remunerated. Everything, but the coarsest necessaries of life, it is contended, should be 'specifically worked for' at a given scale of wages. By this means, industrious habits are formed, the value of labour is perceived, discipline is more easily maintained, even the whole expense of the criminal establishment may be defrayed, and the criminal sent back to society in every way improved and elevated. This *is* done in Spain, Can it not be done in England? We beg to call attention to Captain Maconochie's pamphlet, that the reader may answer this question for himself.

Voices of the Dead. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. Third Thousand. London: J. F. Shaw. Pp. 496.

About a twelvemonth since, we reviewed the 'Voices of the Day,' by Dr. Cumming. The present work is constructed on the same plan, and may be taken as a part of the same series. It consists of some seventeen chapters, originally, we presume, sermons, on the lessons to be learnt, and the strength and consolation to be derived, from a review of the lives of 'faithful men' of old. The texts are taken in succession, from the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the sermons are appropriate elaborations of their leading sentiments. The work is more chaste and aphoristical in style than others from the same pen, and abounding in passages of striking truth and beauty, will be generally read with much profit and pleasure.

Religious Progress, and Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By the Rev. W. R. Williams, D.D. London: W. Collins. Pp. 328.

Dr. Williams, though little known in this country, is rightly esteemed in the United States as one of the ablest ministers of the Baptist denomination. His Essay on the 'Conservative Influence of American Literature,' has already placed him in high rank among her literary men; and though, owing to an unfortunate weakness of voice, his ministerial sphere is comparatively limited, his influence is extensive and great. Thus much we say to direct attention to the work before us. Amongst the legion of religious books, it is one which should occupy a foremost place. Earnest and thoughtful in spirit, healthy and vigorous in tone, and written in a manly, yet cultivated style, we heartily commend it to our readers. It is a *real* book, and our readers know how scarce are such in these days.

An Idea of a Christian. By S. W. Partridge. London: Partridge and Oakey. Pp. 30.

A book full of gems of thought and expression. Mr. Partridge has caught the true idea of a Christian, and very beautifully has he wrought it out. The style is after Mr. Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Here is a specimen, which will well bear out our few favourable words of recommendation:—

'As the green light lingereth in the west, though the sun hath declined;
As the vase retaineth the scent of the perfume long removed;
So his example doth not quickly perish, nor is he soon forgotten;
Long is his name remembered, as a synonyme of goodness;
The world's creditor, who laboured for its welfare, rather than his own;
If his presence was gladdening as sunlight, his memory remaineth fragrant as the rose;
He liveth still in the affections of the good: yea, in the consciences of the bad;
The poor and the oppressed forget not his resting place;
And if distinguished by no tomb, he needeth no epitaph.'

The Elements of Astronomy; comprised in a Series of Questions and Answers. By Mrs. Johnson. London: Partridge and Oakey.

This is one of the *last* books on Astronomy we should think of placing in the hands of children. What do they know of 'diversified phenomena,' 'oblate spheroids,' &c., &c.?

Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold; or, The Tale of the Four Sermons. By Sullivan Earle. London: R. Bentley. Pp. 144.

A POWERFULLY painted picture of a 'Rake's progress' and reformation. Mr. Earle wields an attractive pen, as well as a charming pencil, and his strong and faithful delineations of character, and happy sketches from life and nature, render this a tale that will be welcome to the old as well as to the young. We are glad to add, that its influence on all who may read it, cannot but be of a thoroughly moral and healthy tendency.

Dr. Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature, (New Series,) No. II.,

CONTAINS, among other articles, three of considerable value, on the 'Relative Authority of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures of the Old Testament;' on the 'Song of Solomon;' and on the 'Characteristics of Miracles.' In the first, an able and successful attempt is made to redeem the character of the Septuagint version, and establish the truth of the narrative of Aristeas. The second is from the pen of Dr. Stowe, of the United States. The third, founded on Dr. Newman's and Dr. Cumming's Lectures on Miracles, points out the characteristics of a scriptural miracle, in opposition to modern Romish impositions. We are glad to notice, among other things, that the writer maintains the reality of the Satanic miracles of the Old Testament,—but on this subject we shall have something to say in our next number.—We are pleased to be informed by the publisher, that the late effort to extend the circulation of 'Kitto's Journal' has met with a very satisfactory success. The circulation of the Journal would, in our opinion, be much greater, if the editor would give it a more distinctive character, and abolish from its pages such dry and profitless dissertations on nothing as the articles on the 'Rephaim,' &c.

Monthly Retrospect.

WE left the Maynooth debate *hors de combat* by the Derby-day. That was the 26th of May. On Friday, the 28th, on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's moving the adjournment of the House over Whitsuntide, Mr. Labouchere remarked—(it had repeatedly been said before him by nearly every organ of public opinion)—that the proceedings of the House with regard to this (Maynooth) question did not tend to raise its character. At the reassembling of the House, Sir James Graham opened a heavy battery upon the accumulation of motions that threatened indefinitely to retard the dissolution; and Mr. Spooner—whose position throughout has been that of ludicrous helplessness—was adjured to take *his* out of the way. At noon of Tuesday, the 8th of June, it was agreed that the final discussion should commence. The Speaker is authorized to vacate the chair at four o'clock till six on these days. An Irish county member, mindful of this rule, occupied the floor from one o'clock till the stroke of four, and claimed the right to resume the debate when next it came on. That was at three o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th! No wonder that the Chancellor of the Exchequer—though insensible to fatigue as one of his own heroes of the Desert—relapsing into non-official tartness, politely informed the hon. member that the moment he began, he (Mr. Disraeli) should go home.

The adjournment of *the House* was moved, and rejected by 103 votes to 29. The adjournment of *the debate* to the evening of that day was then quietly assented to. But when evening came, Mr. Spooner found himself sated with success. He did not intend, he informed the captain of the Irish brigade, to renew the debate; he was content with the division of that morning. A great show of indignation was made, though nothing but a contemptuous feeling of relief could really be entertained. The House was at last rid of a bore—and a bore without sincerity to give it respectableness.

The discussions on the institution of Mr. Bennett to the Vicarage of Frome, have been scarcely less obstructive than those thus ignominiously terminated, and not less futile in direct result. Intermittent debates, extending over the whole session, have terminated in a resolution for the appointment of a select committee to which there was nothing to be referred, and on which no one could be got to serve. The resolution was carried on the 8th, by 156 against 111.

It is to be regretted that the Anti-state-church members of the House did not take a prominent part in these discussions; but they are entitled to much praise for their pertinacious resistance to the ecclesiastical items of the miscellaneous estimates. To Mr. Anstey, the leader of this opposition, the greater credit is due, because his comprehensively impartial conduct in this particular must tend to aggravate the disfavour in which he is held by his fellow religionists. Divisions were taken against every one of the following votes—3,273*l.* for the expenses of the Ecclesiastical Commission; 2,006*l.* for the salaries of Professors at Oxford and Cambridge; 7,560*l.* for the Scotch Universities; 2,300*l.* for the theological professors of Belfast College; 7,747*l.* for religious establishments in the North American colonies; 400*l.* for ditto in West Africa; 300*l.* for ditto in Western Australia; 44,100*l.* for pensions to refugee French clergy, Lampeter College, &c.; 36,580*l.* for Nonconforming clergy (the Irish Regium Donum); 300*l.* for the expenses of colonial bishops, &c. Six of these divisions were taken by Mr. Anstey and Mr. George Thompson at one sitting. In all of these cases they were unsuccessful, only eight or ten voting with, and sixty or eighty against them. In one other instance, however, they were rewarded with victory. A vote of 4,300*l.* for the addition of a private chapel to the palace of the ambassador at Constantinople looked so flagrant in the light of the successive sums of twenty, twelve, and fourteen thousand pounds already voted for the architectural delectation of the embassy, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer withdrew it. Let every member *for* a Liberal constituency be asked whether he voted in these minorities; and, if not, why not? In the case of one of the members for the Tower Hamlets, we believe such an inquiry would elicit the fact, that on several of the divisions being called, he walked out of the House!

Probably the last great speech of the session—for the House has not risen at the moment of our writing, and will perhaps, by adjournment, sit for another week—was made on Monday, the 21st, by Lord John Russell, on a new educational minute issued by the Privy Council. The new minute modifies the 'management clauses,' to the extent of placing, at the option of the founders of Church of England schools, the moral character of the

schoolmaster, as well as his religious qualifications, under the judgment of the clergyman. Hitherto, the clergyman has had the power of dismissing a teacher if his theology be obnoxious; now, his morality—a larger and more delicate subject—may be impeached; and, except that he has the worthless right of appeal to the bishop of the diocese, nothing stands between the will of the clergyman and the dismissal of the teacher. That this is a further, and a very considerable, subjection of the lay element in the Church to the sacerdotal, was strongly urged by Lord John, and feebly denied by Mr. Walpole; but sufficiently confirmed by the High Church party, by whom it is hailed with exultation. It will, probably, do but little actual harm, and that little but slowly. For the present, it serves the useful purpose of marking the disposition of the Ministry, and the growth of priestly influence within the Establishment. It was a great point with Lord John, that the laity was as much a part of the English Church as the clergy. If the people have neither the appointment of their pastors, the option of supporting them, nor the government of their schools, in what differ they from the compassionated crowd who kneel in the confessional, and are content with a wafer in lieu of the symbolic body and blood of their Elder Brother?

The political incident of primary importance is, the publication of an address by Mr. Disraeli to his constituents, in which that candid and versatile gentleman recognises a tendency in the 'spirit of the age' to free intercourse—avows that 'no statesman can disregard with impunity, the genius of the epoch in which he lives'—and holds out none other promise of agricultural relief, than from the operation of 'new phenomena' in finance, and the indication of a 'possibility' that 'seems to loom in the future.' However deserving of reprobation may be this mystic ambiguity of expression, Mr. Disraeli may justly claim credit for the administrative ability displayed by the ministry of which he is the intellect and hand. The Militia Bill—such a measure of Chancery Reform as Brougham could not accomplish, and as generations of sufferers have sighed for—an act that will rid London of the pestilent nuisance of intramural graveyards, without lavishing undeserved compensation, and without setting up a government funeral establishment—another, that will ensure a better, though not the best, supply of the metropolis with water—the bestowment of a constitution, only too elaborate, on New Zealand—is a catalogue of achievements not much dimmed or depreciated by the fact, that they were, with one bad exception, anticipated by public opinion, and retarded by no serious resistance; for with the same advantages, the late Government did nothing comparable. For the first time for many a session, there is this year, no 'massacre of innocents;' and the Queen's July speech need not be an apology for the non-fulfilment of the promises of February.

The Earl of Derby has contrived to do one piece of mischief, and Lord John Russell has presented to his admirers, once more, the alternative of believing him either insincere or excessively feeble. The noble lord's Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, Mr. Duncombe obtained the extension of to counties and the universities. This important addition, Earl Derby struck out in the Lords, and proceeded to mutilate the original features of the bill. When it returned to the Commons, they found themselves precluded from addressing the Crown for a commission of inquiry into alleged

corruption without the concurrence of the Lords, and the retrospective power of such commissions considerably restricted. Lord John lamented the alterations, and feared they would seriously impair the working of his bill; but moved that they be agreed to. The Radicals grumbled loudly, but did not divide. 'It was folly and injustice,' said Mr. Brotherton, 'to be throwing stones from that (the opposition) side of the House at Lord John Russell.' It would be both wisdom and justice to stone him out of the camp.

Our warnings as to the course that would be taken by the Whigs at the forthcoming elections are being amply justified. At Leicester, the nephew of Lord Truro, and another of those hybrid politicians known as Conservative Reformers, are put up by a recreant cabal against the popular candidates, Walmsley and Gardner. At York, Mr. Milner, the present Liberal member, who had resigned, is brought back in order to defeat Vincent. At Edinburgh, Mr. Macaulay is reproduced, that the prestige of his name, and his associations with the literary metropolis of Britain, may overpower the high claims of Mr. Duncan McLaren. At Sheffield, Mr. Hadfield enjoys, with Mr. Roebuck, the pledged support of a majority of the electors. Of Messrs. Bright and Gibson's triumphant return there can be doubt. Mr. E. Miall continues unopposed at Rochdale. The retirement of Mr. Wakley opens a better prospect for Mr. Alderman Challis than he would otherwise possess or deserve. In Southwark, Mr. Alderman Humphrey, resigned, will almost certainly be replaced by Mr Apsley Pellatt. The list of Nonconformist candidates does not lengthen, but their chances continue good. We will not repeat our exhortations to Nonconformist electors, but we beg to inform them that the Anti-state-church Association has put forth, just at the right moment, an admirably appropriate set of placards, handbills, and tracts—a sort of ammunition the cost of which is nearly in an inverse proportion to its power of execution.

Westminster Hall has been the scene of two events during the past month demanding notice here. In the Court of Exchequer, the judgment against Mr. Salomons for voting in the House of Commons has been virtually reversed, by the refusal of the jury to convict him in a second action, brought by an informer for the recovery of the penalties thereby incurred.—In the Court of Queen's Bench the action brought, by criminal information, against Dr. Newman, for slanders on Dr. Achilli, has come off under circumstances never, we had hoped, to be repeated in our history. The formal result was adverse to the former, but can scarcely be considered a complete vindication of the latter. We are quite unable to hail the event, with some of our contemporaries, as a triumph for Protestantism. For the sake of public morals, of English justice, of our common Christianity, of human nature, we deplore the scene that was enacted from Monday morning till Thursday night of last week. The most influential organs of public opinion openly arraign judge and jury; the scandalous details are being reproduced and discussed in nearly every home and haunt of men; and nothing but depravation and bitterness can come of it. In this, as in other cases, however, the Church of Rome has proved, in the person either of the witnesses it produced or the man it assailed, that priestly celibacy and the confessional are well adapted to the creation of monsters of perjury and lust.

Intelligence.

THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

In addition to the publication of the election placards and tracts referred to in our Monthly Retrospect, the executive committee of the Anti-state-church Association have addressed a circular to their friends, urging them to turn the approaching election to the best account for the advancement of their object. Without wishing to lay down any rule of action which shall be universally applicable, they say that they are convinced that whether it be practicable at the present time to return Anti-state-church candidates in few cases or many, in almost all it would be easy to put those principles prominently before the constituencies, and so to gain for them an amount of attention which cannot ordinarily be secured. Among other practical suggestions they offer the following:—

1. *In all cases*, the opinions of candidates on politico-ecclesiastical questions should be elicited, and the results be made public.

2. Where candidates are not now prepared to vote for the separation of Church and State, they may yet be induced to vote for specific measures, such as the entire abolition of Church-rates and of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the admission of Dissenters to the Universities, &c. More especially, opposition to all further grants for religious purposes, and to the extension of the State-church system, should be strenuously insisted upon.

3. Questions, put with tact and firmness, to supporters of Church Establishments, will, in many cases, expose their entire ignorance of the merits of the controversy, or the illogical and inconsistent character of their views.

4. Candidates who, in general terms only, express their attachment to 'religious liberty,' should be called upon to state what they include in that phrase; and whether they are favourable to 'religious equality' also.

5. Opponents of the Maynooth Grant, in particular, who do not also object to other Parliamentary grants to religious bodies, should be pressed for reasons why Roman Catholics should be taxed to support Protestantism, if Protestants ought not to be taxed to support Romanism; and why the Irish Church Establishment should not be abolished if the Maynooth Grant is withdrawn.

The committee state, that they 'most desire to impress upon their friends throughout the kingdom, the importance of taking *some* decided steps to prevent the subject being kept in the background, as it has too long been, in the election of the people's representatives, and by thus making it familiar to the public mind, of preparing for a period when it will become the great testing point of electoral contests.'

MEETINGS in connexion with the Anti-state-church movement, have been held during the month, at Newport (Monmouthshire), Gloucester, Islington, &c. For the present, we believe, all such and similar demonstrations, will be suspended on account of the approaching General Election.

THE DISSENTING DEPUTIES AND THE NEW INTERMENT BILL.

A special general meeting of the Protestant Dissenting Deputies, was held on the 18th, J. R. Mills, Esq., president; and a petition against those provisions of the Metropolitan Burials Bill, which ignore the common law right of Dissenters to burial in the parish graveyard, was unanimously adopted.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED.

CHELTENHAM (Highbury Congregational church), on the 15th ult.

WOOTTON-UNDER-EDGE (Congregational church), on the 26th ult.

FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

WESTHOUGHTON, LANCASHIRE (Congregational church), on the 9th ult.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

BRECON (Congregational church).—The Rev. D. Edwards, late of Haverfordwest.

CHESTERFIELD (Congregational Church).—The Rev. W. Selbie, late of the Lancashire College.

CHORLEY (Congregational church).—The Rev. Samuel Lewin, late of Hartlepool.

EYNSFORD (Baptist).—The Rev. J. Whittemore, late of Rushden.

GORNAL (Baptist mission).—The Rev. S. M. Coombs, late of Red Hill.

ROCHDALE (Congregational church).—The Rev. H. W. Parkinson.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

AUGUST, 1852.

The Test of Miraculous Attestation.

In an early portion of our present volume,* we devoted a paper to the argument derivable from miracles in proof of a divine interposition in the affairs of men, and endeavoured to sustain it against the various modes in which it has been assaulted. It was quite a common-sense business, we concluded, and we hope our readers came to the same conclusion, when Christ said to the Jews, 'The works that I do bear witness that the Father hath sent me;' and when the people responded, 'This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.'

Inasmuch, however, as not everything either wonderful or inexplicable is necessarily miraculous, the profession of having wrought an attesting miracle itself requires to be subjected to a test. 'You say you have a mission from God, and that you have wrought a miracle to prove it: but can I be sure of this? What is it that you have done, or appear to have done? Have you used no artifice? Have you availed yourself of no fortuitous coincidences? Are you taking no advantage of mere appearances?' It is doubtless proper, and in the last degree necessary, that every professed miracle should be thus subjected by those to whom it immediately appeals to a searching examination, and to the application of what may be called a physical test. These are mere modes of putting the question, Is it really a miracle? and of distinguishing a pretence from a fact, an honest man from a juggler.

* Page 83.

We need scarcely say how triumphantly the scriptural, and more especially the Christian miracles, sustain the most vigorous application of the test now described. Grant us the truth of the narrations, and the reality of the miracles is unquestionable; and they were frankly admitted to be such at the time they were wrought, both by friends and foes (and the latter no fools) of him that wrought them. So obvious, indeed, is the really miraculous character of the facts narrated, that the main efforts of infidels to get rid of the miracles have expended themselves in assaults upon the credibility of the history.

But is this all? And is this the only test to which miraculous pretensions should be subjected? At the first moment, perhaps, one might be tempted to answer this question in the affirmative; and to ask, What more can be necessary, than to convince you that a miracle has been really wrought? A little recollection, however, may induce us to hesitate. A reader of the Bible finds in it two series of professed and apparent miracles. The magicians wrought wonders in Egypt, as well as Moses; and the disciples of the Pharisees cast out devils, as well as Jesus.

To this, we are aware, it may be rejoined promptly, 'But were the doings of the Egyptian magi and the Jewish exorcists more than *apparent* miracles? And may they not be confidently set down as artful imitations, and clever impostures?' Perhaps they may be so; but, if the reader pleases, we will not arrive at this conclusion in a moment, but will enter a little into the consideration of a subject, certainly not without both its importance and its difficulty.

Undoubtedly the shortest and the easiest way of dealing with the question now before us—and the wisest, if it be a safe and satisfactory one—is to assume that the apparent miracles we have referred to were apparent only, and not really miraculous. And this course is further recommended by the eminently clear and simple position in which it would leave the argument from miracles to a divine mission; while, if it be allowed that miracles have been wrought by those who had no divine mission, that argument may seem to be involved in great, if not in almost hopeless perplexity.

We must be excused, however, from allowing any force to the latter of these considerations; not because we do not wish to see the arguments in favour of Christianity placed in the clearest and strongest light, but because we have an insuperable aversion to see them placed in a false and fictitious light. We wish to see them placed exactly where God has placed them; and if, in this position, there be found attendant difficulty, we would rather inquire after the mode in which God himself has provided for its relief, than by a plausible, but fallacious assumption, appear cleverly to evade the difficulty itself.

Thus setting aside the latter of the considerations which have been adduced, we can as little allow ourselves to be concluded by the former. We have already admitted that short and easy methods are much to be preferred, if they be safe ones; but safety is an indispensable requisite, however long and difficult the process by which it may be arrived at. And we confess at once our doubts whether the assumption

that the wonders wrought by the Egyptian magicians and the Jewish exorcists were mere artifice and jugglery *is* safe—that is to say, whether it is consistent with a due and honest regard to the sacred narrative.

It is, of course, from the sacred narrative alone that we derive any information upon these matters, and our only course is to take with implicit confidence the facts as they are there stated.

First, then, with respect to the wonders wrought by the magicians in Egypt. Thus reads the narrative:—

'And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying, When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Show a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.'—*Exod.* vii. 8—12.

Nothing can be plainer, we think, upon the face of this statement, than that Aaron and the magicians *did the same thing*. These are the words: 'Aaron cast down his rod, and *it became a serpent*;' and 'the magicians cast down every man his rod, and *they became serpents*.' The only apparent reason for supposing that there was any difference between the two cases is that we are told 'the magicians did so with their enchantments.' This statement, however, affects merely the circumstances of the process, and the assertion remains, that they '*did so*.' With what justice to the sacred narrative can this be understood to mean, 'they appeared to do so?' As to the assertion that they did so '*with* their enchantments,' this amounts to nothing more than a statement of the well-known fact that the magicians used enchantments, and it by no means carries the idea that they did so *by* their enchantments. But even if we were not to make this distinction, but, on the contrary, were to allow that the magicians turned their rods into serpents by their enchantments, the case would not be altered; for the effect is one which their enchantments could have no natural adaptation to produce; and if they really did produce it, it must have been by the infusion of a supernatural power into this instrumentality.

In addition to this, it may be observed, that Aaron did not proceed as though he thought the magicians had performed a mere trick. On such a supposition, his natural course would have been to have exposed the jugglery, and to have shown that the rods of the magicians were not, in fact, turned into serpents. Instead of this, he treated the affair as a reality, the superiority of his procedure being shown by his rod swallowing up their rods. The force of this conclusion evidently lay in the serpent into which Aaron's rod had been turned swallowing up the serpents into which the magicians' rods had been turned; if the case had been that Aaron's rod-serpent had merely caused the disappearance of several deceptive shadows, or unchanged rods, a very different account ought, in fair truth, to have been given of the matter.

It is, further, strongly inconsistent with the idea that the turning of their rods into serpents by the magicians was a mere artifice, that God should have chosen this as one—the first and most prominent—of the really miraculous proofs by which Moses was to demonstrate to Pharaoh his divine mission. 'When Pharaoh shall say unto you, *Show a miracle* for you, then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent.' Why this, if it could be so perfectly simulated by enchantments as to be wholly inconclusive? The magicians, indeed, could also turn their rods into serpents; but then, the superiority of Aaron's act could be shown by the swallowing up of their rods in his.

Following the course of the narrative, we find, that when Aaron had turned the water of the river into blood, 'the magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments' (Exod. vii. 22); and, also, that when Aaron had covered the land with frogs, 'the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt' (chap. viii. 7). In both these cases the assertion is repeated, that they '*did so;*' and in the latter case, the superiority of Moses was shown by his causing the withdrawment of the frogs, which the magicians could not do. In the fourth plague the magicians were quite at fault. When Aaron 'smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice,' we are informed that 'the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth lice, but they could not;' on which they 'said unto Pharaoh, This is the finger of God' (chap. viii. 18, 19). What we are here told, is, not that the magicians endeavoured to produce lice by their enchantments, but that, employing their usual enchantments, they 'smote the dust of the earth,' as Aaron had done, for this purpose. On failing in this attempt, their acknowledgment—'this is the finger of God'—is certainly remarkable. But what is its real import? There are two possible interpretations of it, between which we must make our choice. Either, on the one hand, we may take it as meaning, that the magicians were now, for the first time, convinced, that there was an interposition of divine power, they being conscious that they had been acting the part of jugglers throughout, and having believed until now that Moses and Aaron were equally jugglers with themselves; or, on the other hand, we may take it as meaning, that they, having been conscious that a certain measure of supernatural power had been employed by them, were now convinced, that it had found its limit, and that 'the finger of God' restrained them from any further competition with Moses and Aaron, or resistance to the object of their mission. In the way of the first of these interpretations, we must be frank enough to say, the earlier part of the narrative places, in our judgment, insuperable objections.

We ought, perhaps, to notice here, the hypothesis held by some writers, that the magicians wrought their wonders by dæmoniacal aid. This idea is set forth by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his commentary on Exodus vii. 10, in the following terms:—

'There can be no doubt that real serpents were produced by the magicians. On this subject there are two opinions—1st, that the serpents were such as they,

either by juggling or sleight-of-hand, had brought to the place, and secreted till the time of exhibition, as our common jugglers do in the public fairs, &c.; 2ndly, That the serpents were brought by the ministry of a familiar spirit, which, by the magic flames of their enchantments, they had evoked for the purpose. Both these opinions admit the serpents to be *real*, and no illusion of the sight, as some have supposed.

'The first opinion appears to me,' continues Dr. Clarke, 'insufficient to account for the phenomena of the case referred to. If the magicians *threw down their rods, and they became serpents* after they were thrown down, as the text expressly says, juggling, or *sleight-of-hand*, had nothing further to do in the business, as the rods were then *out* of their hands. If Aaron's rod *swallowed up their rods*, their sleight-of-hand was no longer concerned. A man by dexterity of hand may so far impose upon his spectators as to *appear* to eat a rod; but for rods lying on the ground to become serpents, and one of these to devour all the rest, so that it alone remained, required something more than juggling. How much more rational at once to allow that these magicians had familiar spirits, who could assume all shapes, change the appearances of the subjects on which they operated, or suddenly convey one thing away, and substitute another in its place! Nature has no such power, and art no such influence, as to produce the effects attributed here to the Egyptian magicians.'

We coincide entirely in the last sentence of this extract, and in the whole of its negative argumentation it will be seen that Dr. Clarke coincides with us; but we think the learned commentator has quite lost his way in ascribing the supernatural works of the magicians to 'familiar spirits,' which, in a preceding part of his note, he otherwise calls 'departed spirits, or assistant dæmons.' We surely know too little of the powers and operation of the beings thus denominated, and what little we seem to know is far too cloudy and obscure, to feel ourselves warranted in ascribing to them any definite actions; while the actions described in the narrative before us evidently rise above the competency of any created being, except by permission of the uncreated. There is, indeed, a striking air of timidity about Dr. Clarke's definition of the powers of familiar spirits. According to him, they can do three things: first, they can 'assume all shapes;' secondly, they can 'change the appearances of the subjects on which they operate;' and thirdly, they can 'suddenly convey one thing away, and substitute another in its place.' We submit, however, that this (to use his own words), 'is insufficient to account for the phenomena of the case;' since neither any one, nor all together, of these operations could effect the transformation of the magicians' rods into serpents, which he admits to be expressly stated in the narrative, and to have been really done. The simplest and most rational hypothesis undoubtedly is, that God, whose power alone is able to produce the effect, permitted the magicians to employ his power; and we cannot doubt that, but for an anticipated difficulty to which we have already referred, and with which we shall deal more fully presently, this idea would have been generally adopted.

It is not upon this solitary instance, however, that the idea of the occasional employment of supernatural power by men not friends to God, or direct instruments of his dispensations, has to depend. The intimations given us in the evangelical history of the casting out of devils by the Jewish exorcists, supply a second apparent case of it; so

that we should not get rid of the question itself, even if the doings of the Egyptian magicians were wholly thrown overboard. Let us now give to these intimations a brief consideration.

Nothing on this matter is supplied to us in the form of direct statement, but much that is important arises in the way of indirect allusion. Thus, when our Lord was accused by the Pharisees of casting out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils, a portion of his reply consisted of an *argumentum ad hominem*, in these words :—'And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? Therefore, they shall be your judges.' (Matt. xii. 24.) It seems to us clear, that this language, as used by our Lord, implies the fact, that the Jews *did* cast out devils; since, if the fact was not so, there was evidently no ground, either for the question he put, or for the argument he raised. Had the Jewish exorcisms been a mere pretence, Christ would merely have asked the authors of the imposture by what power they were effected, or have drawn an implied comparison between that power and that by which his own cures were wrought. In that case, it had been quite competent to his malign and sharp-sighted hearers at once to reply :—'Oh, we know that our exorcisms are a juggle, and now you admit yours to be so too.' There seems necessarily to lie at the basis of our Lord's question, the twofold fact, that the Jews did cast out devils, and that they believed they did it by divine power; a belief which the use Christ made of it strongly confirms.

The view we have thus given, is strengthened by the occurrence of another case, in which the Pharisees do not appear. It is thus narrated by one of the evangelists :—

'And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part.'—*Mark* ix. 38—40.

Absolutely necessary to any tolerable understanding of this passage, is the supposition that the man whom John and his brethren had encountered had not merely *attempted* to cast out devils, but had really done it, and wrought a miracle. In the first place, it is not likely that the disciples would, in such a matter, have suffered themselves to be deceived, or that they would have wished to associate with themselves one whom they could have any reason for suspecting to be a mere impostor. In the second place, if the disciples had been herein deceived, it might surely have been expected that their Lord and Master would have relieved them from their delusion, a process than which, in the circumstances, nothing can be conceived more natural or more obligatory. In the third place, Christ's argument for letting him alone obviously proceeds on the admission that the man *was* working miracles. If, on the contrary, he had assumed Christ's name for the purpose of carrying on an imposture, as the seven sons of Sceva did afterwards, nothing could have been more likely than that he might

do great mischief, or more necessary than that Christ should arrest his course.

The same thing thus appears under the New Testament as under the Old; and unless both cases could be got rid of by a satisfactory interpretation, no relief is obtained for the general question involved in them. A general observation may be made, however, concerning the language in which the sacred writers are accustomed to speak of a pretended or simulated use of supernatural powers. The memory of our readers will readily recall the severe denunciations of the Old Testament; and for the New, it may be sufficient to cite the description given of Simon Magus in the eighth chapter of the Acts, as 'a certain man who used sorcery, and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one: to whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God.' Had the doings of the Egyptian magicians or the Jewish exorcists been of the same class, would they not have been spoken of in similar terms?

It seems by no means capable of proof, however, that there was not an element of genuine miracle combined even with the indubitable and numerous frauds which constituted the staple of Simon's wonders in Samaria (Acts viii.); those wonders by which he is in our version infelicitously said to have 'bewitched'—or rather, to have confounded—the people, and to have induced them to say, 'This man is the great power of God.' A similar observation may be made respecting the case of Elymas (Acts xiii.) He is called, indeed, 'a false prophet;' but this may, perhaps, be as naturally explained of his inculcating falsehood, as of his prophesying falsely: and it is remarkable that the indignation of Paul is aroused against him, not for the practice of imposture, but for 'seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith.'

It may be added, that, in their anticipations of the last days, the prophetic writers of the New Testament expressly include the manifestation of supernatural power. So the apostle speaks of 'that wicked one, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish' (2 Thess. ii. 9). So John—'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; for many false prophets are gone out into the world' (1 John iv. 1). The same writer, in the Apocalypse, makes repeated mention of miracles. 'And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire to come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men, and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth, by means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast' (Rev. xiii. 13, 14). 'They are the spirits of devils working miracles, which go forth to the kings of the earth, and to the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty' (Rev. xvi. 14). 'And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image' (Rev. xix. 20). Without contending, or even supposing, that the whole of this mass of

pernicious wonder-working was really supernatural, it is enough for our purpose to say that it would not seem very natural or just that the truly miraculous element should be completely excluded from it.

To these remarks may be added, in conclusion, an argument of a different kind, but, we think, of considerable weight. We refer to the circumstance that, in the evangelical narratives, the inference to the divine mission of Christ is drawn, not so much from the mere fact of his working miracles, as from the kind of miracles he wrought. Thus Nicodemus addressed to him this acknowledgment, 'Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do *these miracles which thou doest* except God be with him' (John iii. 2). This language showed that Nicodemus would not have been ready to acknowledge the pretensions of any one who had simply performed a miracle, but that before such miracles as had been wrought by Christ his incredulity entirely disappeared.

It is undoubtedly true that supernatural power is a treasure which lies wholly in the hand of God, and that no one can be conceived to employ it in any degree but by his permission; a permission which, one would think, must never be given but for good ends. Yet facts are stubborn things; and since there do appear in fact to be two series of miraculous operations, the one directed to good, and the other permitted for apparently evil purposes, it becomes a necessary and a very important question, whether there is any principle, or recognised mode of the divine government, into which such a state of things can be resolved.

Our readers—our thoughtful and considerate readers—will perhaps recollect, that, by our preceding remarks, we have done nothing more than identify miracles with prophecy, in relation to which there was found to exist a similar dispensation. And both miracles and prophecy are expressly comprehended in the passages of scripture which at once explains the principle, and provides for the practical treatment of it. Let us be permitted to quote the words again:—

'And if thou say in thine heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him.'—*Deut.* xviii. 21, 22.

'If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul.'—*Deut.* xiii. 1—3.

The case is here precisely before us. First of all, both prophecy and miracle are to be subjected to what we have called a physical test, namely, an investigation of their reality; and having stood this well, they are then to be subjected to a moral test, or an examination of their practical tendency. Briefly thus: A sign or a wonder may be given you, and it may be verified as genuine; but if the worker of it

say, Let us go after other gods, you shall pay no attention to him. Why? Does not his having wrought a miracle prove that God has sent him with authority to teach his will? No, not absolutely: his agreement with known and unchangeable truth is a necessary connected evidence of his mission. But why, then, does God, who surely ought to declare to me his will in an intelligible manner, permit me to be so perplexed? The answer is a weighty and solemn one. '*The Lord your God proveth you*, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul.'

It has been supposed, that the passages now before us had reference only to the case of pretenders and impostors, and not to persons who could really foretel events or work miracles. The proper method—and a sufficient one—of detecting imposture, however, was the investigation of the facts, or the application of the physical test; while the declared probationary character of this dispensation of collateral supernatural agency seems to be necessarily demonstrative of its reality, inasmuch as a divine system of probation could not otherwise be established. That a knave might assume the language of a prophet, or try to pass off for a miracle a clever trick, is very possible, but this is only a case in which man is putting to the test the sagacity of his fellow. It cannot be said of this case, '*The Lord your God* proveth you,' the Lord having nothing to do with it. To the occurrence of such a case, it seems necessary that God should so far lend himself, as to allow, even to the evil doer, a certain measure of supernatural power. Then—and not till then—the trial is made, whether a party who has God's revealed word will abide by it, in the face of a proved and admitted miracle wrought to seduce him from it.

That God should permit a trial of this sort to occur to mankind is certainly remarkable, and it does a distinguished honour to truth. Yet, not more than is its due. Truth once known is of supreme and irrefragable obligation. Miracles may be mighty, but truth before miracles, and above them, since it is *possible* that miracles may be adduced in support of falsehood.

It may be observed here, that, in all circumstances in which supernatural agency can be supposed, the moral test will be found capable of application. Not only to the Jews after they were in possession of the revelation which came by Moses was it applicable, but antecedently. It might have been applied even to the mission of Moses himself, and to the miracles by which he sought to make good his credentials. Nothing can be more natural or more just than to imagine the Hebrews replying to him in such terms as these:—'You assure us that the God of our fathers has sent you, and we cannot impugn the wonders you have wrought in support of your declaration; but now, what is your message?' And let us, for the sake of argument, suppose that his answer had been this:—'The Lord God of your fathers hath appeared unto me; and thus saith the Lord, Mingle ye yourselves with the seed of the Egyptians, and abide ye for ever in the land of Egypt.' What would have been—what ought to have been—the result? The people ought to have risen as one man, and stoned him.

What, although he had wrought miracles? Yes, certainly. Why? Because he set himself against the truth previously known, that the seed of Israel should inherit Canaan, and would seduce the people from trust in the promises of God.

The case is not essentially altered, however small a portion of truth we may suppose to be previously known. Let it be supposed, for instance, that in the very earliest ages a worker of admitted miracles had inculcated the worship of idols, what must have been known of the true God would have sufficed to supply materials for the moral test to which his works should be subjected.

And if we come forward into the world's later history, the case is substantially the same. What was convincing as to the divine mission of Christ was, not the bare fact that he wrought miracles, but that he wrought miracles of a convincing kind. 'Rabbi,' said Nicodemus, 'we know that no man can do *these miracles* which thou doest, except God be with him.'

From the preceding observations there results the general conclusion, that man is made the judge of the fitness of miraculous interposition; that he is to take nothing as proved by mere miracles, but is to ask of what kind they are, in what circumstances they are performed, and to what end they are conducive. Hence, another topic of inquiry opens upon us; and we have to ask, what are the moral tests by which a miraculous interposition may be justified? We assign four—Its wisdom, its rectitude, its adaptation, its adequacy. We shall say a few words on each of them.

1. A miraculous interposition is to be justified by its wisdom. The occasion should be worthy of it. This is a sentiment so natural, that even the pagans cherished it, as in the well-known lines of Horace,

'Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.'

The machinery of a miraculous interposition being unusual, and of the highest kind, it accords with our sense of propriety, that it should be employed only on occasions of great weight, and of critical importance. It would be strange, unnatural, ridiculous, revolting, to witness the employment of it for an ordinary or a trivial purpose. In this light strongly stand out the two grand occasions in which the wisdom of God has had recourse to the employment of supernatural agency; namely, the deliverance of his oppressed people Israel from the yoke of a proud and stubborn despotism, in fulfilment of his covenant with Abraham, his friend, and the greater deliverance of the world from sin and death by the more glorious work of his Son, Jesus Christ. Many subordinate occasions, however, are not less satisfactory, and, perhaps, still more instructive; among which we may mention, the entire series of miraculous works by which the prophetical body maintained their prerogative under the theocracy, and the specific purposes of many of the single miracles, both in the Old Testament history, and the New.

2. A miraculous interposition is to be justified by its rectitude. It is, of course, to be presumed, that the divine mission in attestation of which it is adduced, is designed to communicate some portion of the

Divine will, previously unknown, so that something must be added by it to the stock of human knowledge; and as the will of God must, in all its parts, be consistent with itself, so that which is newly announced must fully harmonize with all that has gone before. Thus, it was necessary to the conclusive power of the miracles of Christ, that his doctrine should piece itself on, so to speak, to the Old Testament, and to a further, but truly harmonious development of the system partially unfolded therein. What could miracles have done to prove him a faithful messenger from heaven, who should have thrown shame upon the wisdom, or have overthrown the authority of the ancient and unquestionable oracles of God?

3. A miraculous interposition is to be justified by its adaptation. There is a character in miracles, and they should be characteristic of the occasion on which, and of the purpose for which, they are wrought. Without such adaptation they lose part of the meaning with which they may be fraught, and very much of the force of the appeal they are intended to make. The miracles of Moses, for example, how strikingly characteristic were they! The God of Israel was about to redeem his people with a high hand, and an outstretched arm; and all the miracles (the first only excepted), minister warnings of the awful and destructive power with which the haughtiest of the Pharaohs had to contend, and inflict, indeed, portions of that vengeance which was about so signally to fall on the ruthless oppressor of the Hebrews. On the other hand, how benign are the miracles of Christ! He came, 'not to destroy men's lives, but to save them;' and all his works were wonders of compassion, and miracles of healing. How strange it would be if this aspect of things were reversed; if Moses, in the presence of Pharaoh, were to cure the blind, and to raise the dead, while Christ, in the streets of Jerusalem, should smite the first-born with death, or turn the waters into blood! Such incongruities as these would go far towards rendering a miraculous interposition unintelligible, and, consequently, useless.

4. A miraculous interposition is to be justified by its adequacy. It may be said, indeed, that one miracle contains the same proof as a thousand, and in a certain sense this is true; yet it has not pleased God to suspend important issues on single miracles. Even Moses was supplied with two, for the conviction of the Israelites themselves—the changing of his rod into a serpent, and the leprosy of his hand when put into his bosom. 'And it shall come to pass,' said God, 'that if they will not believe the voice of the former sign, they will believe the voice of the latter sign.' In like manner, a series of wonders made their successive appeals to Pharaoh and his courtiers; but no collection of miracles was ever so numerous and so splendid, as those which bore testimony to the Son of God, that the Father had sent him. These are manifest illustrations of the leading and all-pervading principle, that every miraculous interposition is to be great according to the greatness of the occasion of it, and that, on all occasions, the miracles wrought are to be sufficient in number, magnitude, and other circumstances, for the end proposed to be answered by them.

What now, let us ask, will be the effect of applying the moral test,

as thus developed, to the various professed, or apparent, cases of miraculous interposition in the world's history? On the one side we have the scriptural miracles, both of the Old and the New Testament; which stand out in the light thus thrown upon them in the most perfect truth, and the most admirable beauty. In no point do they fail of approving themselves to a considerate and unprejudiced mind, as being, not merely miracles, but exactly what miracles, in the circumstances, ought to have been. The treasure of supernatural power has, in these instances, been employed, on the one hand, without parsimony; and, on the other, without waste; at once husbanded and lavished. On the other side, we have the miracles—so to call them—of the Romish Church, and more recently of the Irvingites, and (*mirabile dictu!*) of the Mormonites. We say nothing, at present, of the effect of subjecting them to the physical test, or of instituting an examination, where that is possible, into the facts alleged; but, we ask, what is their aspect in the presence of the moral test? Alas! they turn pale, and die. What occasion has arisen for *them?* What has been added to revealed truth by *them?* What congruity has been apparent in *them?* Or what adequacy to an end has been exhibited by *them?* Nothing of the kind. Winking images, and other alleged wonders, even if they were realities, and not impostures, supply an answer to none of these questions, and can substantiate no claim to our regard.

It results, then, that there is a mode of estimating professed miraculous interposition independently of any attempt, at least in the first instance, to investigate the facts; in other words, that the moral test may be applied without the physical. To know whether an alleged miracle really has, or has not taken place, although certainly desirable, is not necessary before you inquire into its occasion, its congruity, and its tendency. This question may, for a time, be kept in abeyance, and the affirmative of it even may be hypothetically admitted, while you ask what is the object of the miracle, what its practical design, and what its adaptation and adequacy to its end. It is quite possible that, by seriously pursuing these inquiries, you may come to a satisfactory and perfect conviction, that the alleged miracle is either no miracle at all, or, if it be, that it is a worthless and ensnaring one—one of those by which it may still please the Lord our God to prove us, and to see whether we love him with all our hearts. If the miracles, whether spurious or genuine, be identified with a system of spiritual domination and money-making priestcraft, such as Romanism; or with baseless pretensions to inspiration, such as Irvingism; or with flagrant immoralities and schemes of worldly aggrandisement, such as Mormonism; in all cases seducing us from the established verities of holy scripture, and undermining the glorious gospel of the grace of God, we need not hesitate to pronounce them a temptation and a snare.

If, indeed, upon a careful and discriminating application of the moral test, we find ourselves led to the conclusion, that what commends itself to us as a fit occasion for a miraculous interposition has occurred, and that the miracles alleged are at once harmonious with the divine dispensations which have gone before them, and both adapted and ade-

quate to usher in some further development of them, all this cannot warrant us in concluding absolutely that such an interposition has really taken place. It becomes, then, further necessary to inquire into the facts, if they are open to our examination; or, if they be not so, to scrutinize the testimony on which they are presented to us. If the result of this be satisfactory, the *primâ facie* case will then be reduced to a certainty, and we shall behold the divine dispensation in the blended and harmonious lights of both the moral and the physical tests.

The subjection of alleged miraculous interpositions to a moral as well as a physical test, has the effect of widening, to an incalculable extent, the field of examination in which they are placed. The physical test can be applied, for the most part, but by comparatively few persons, whereas the moral test may be applied by all to whom the case becomes known; and this not only in the age when the alleged miracles are wrought, but in all subsequent ages of the world. Very few persons comparatively have been able to test physically the miracles of either Moses or Jesus; but whether the mission of Moses, or the advent of the Messiah, constituted a fit occasion for supernatural interposition, and whether the modes in which it is recorded to have taken place were congruous, characteristic, and adequate, are questions which may be entertained in any age, and be decided for himself by every individual.

And the application of the moral test may be, and, in truth, often is, a much easier process than the application of the physical test. We do not mean to say that no miracles have been of a kind which made them obviously and undeniably such to all spectators and inquirers; but we mean to say, what, indeed, is sufficiently notorious, that not all miracles, whether genuine or spurious, have been such. As critics to this day dispute whether the daughter of Jairus was raised from death or from a swoon, so those who examined the case on the spot might have held different opinions. And of modern miracles (so-called) it may not be easy for all persons to discriminate between a miraculous cure and a wonderful recovery by emotional power, or to detect the skilful application of wax by which a body long dead has been made to appear as though it had escaped decay. But it is easy for persons of the plainest understanding to say—'Well, now, if I grant this to be a miracle, what occasion has arisen for the working of it? What purpose is it to answer? What new teaching is it to accredit? And wherein is its adaptation to its end? If it be for no better purpose than to glorify and enrich a particular order of monks, or to prove that Rome is the true church; if it be for no better purpose than to authenticate as inspired a new liturgy, evidently made up of patches from the old, or to give currency to sentiments gravely diverging from the oracles of truth; if it be for no better purpose than to procure money for the temple at Nauvoo, or to coax people to the shores of the Great Salt Lake; then I say it is enough. Whether your alleged miracles be false or true, they are alike unworthy of regard.'

It thus appears, on the whole, that a mode of divine dispensation which, at the first glance, appeared strange, and even perilous, turns out to be at once safe, useful, and necessary. So congruous is the system of supernatural agency with the constitution and sentiments of mankind, that God safely condescends to submit the expediency, the aptitude, and the adequacy of its employment to man's own judgment; and thus puts into his hands an instrument for facilitating beyond measure the appreciation of every case in which its employment may be alleged. As an element in such a system, it was necessary that he should permit supernatural power to be employed, within certain limits, by evil men and for evil purposes; and there is at length discernible wisdom and benignity, as well as weight and solemnity, in the language which solves the mystery—'The Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul.'

Dissent in Scotland.

(CONCLUDED.)

By the twenty-third chapter of the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, it is provided that the civil magistrate 'hath authority and it is his duty to take order that unity and peace be preserved in the church; that the truth of God be kept pure and entire; that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed; all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline be prevented or reformed; and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed. For the better effecting whereof *he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, and to provide that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the mind of God.*' It is a strange anomaly in the character of the religious belief of the first Dissenters from the Church of Scotland, that while they could take 'peacefully the spoiling of their goods,' rather than submit to the yoke of patronage, they do not appear to have felt aggrieved by the Erastianism of this section of the Scottish Establishment's creed. But being free to think for themselves, and act out their convictions, these good men at length came to see the inconsistency of their conduct, and ultimately the twenty-third chapter of this Confession, as well as other parts of it, recognising the civil magistrate's power to regulate in and for the Christian Church, were struck out of their standards as being without authority in the word of God.

But the grand distinguishing characteristic of the earlier Scottish Dissenters was their deep-toned piety and ardent attachment to the essential doctrines of evangelical truth. That there was too much made of some doctrines, such as those which John Calvin stereotyped

in his Institutes on the subject of 'reprobation,' and the 'absolute decrees,' most men will admit: but no one who reads the writings of these seceders can rise from them without a thorough conviction that the Scottish Dissenters were mighty men of God, and animated by a power which is rarely felt in these days of intellectual refinement and professional etiquette. Like a modern pulpit giant, who was once a blacksmith, and hammered out his burning bars, careless of how the sparks flew or fell, they preached the gospel with tremendous power, and in all their public hammerings of the truth never feared the face of man.

And the moral influence of this teaching and preaching was felt within the pale of the Established Church. The great majority of the Scottish clergy were cold, legal preachers, and belonged to what is called the *moderate* school, but there were amongst them a few susceptible minds, in whose hearts the power of the gospel was felt, and these, with a few devoted laymen, took a high stand as ministers and evangelists preaching in the open air, and going from town to town in furtherance of the cause of Christianity. Two brothers, Alexander and James Haldane, pious men and wealthy, having resolved to go and preach the gospel to the heathen, were disappointed in working out their scheme, but giving themselves to the evangelization of the masses at home, they were honoured to do a greater work than they might have done had they gone abroad. A revival of religion all over Scotland was the happy result, an earnest and persevering effort to work out Christianity as an *aggressive system of truth*, and not one, but every denomination of Christians in Scotland were engaged in bringing it about.

Rowland Hill came down from London, and took part in these preaching tours; and the English ministers crossed the Tweed on the same gracious errand.

Dissent in Scotland soon after this exhibited a new phase. The original seceders were Presbyterians, but English Independency, or Congregationalism, got a footing about the close of the last century, and took root in several parts of Scotland. The seceders, or first organized Dissenters, did not look very blandly on this movement; they were great sticklers for ecclesiastical form and clerical authority; and the Independents being, like the Friends, not only free to think, but free to act, set up their lay preachers, and were always ready to ordain those who gave themselves wholly to the work, whenever they found such men evincing talent and exhibiting godliness, although they might be as ignorant of the Confession of Faith as John Bunyan, and could speak only their own native Doric. Yet these Independents were not neglectful of educational training, and from necessity their first preachers were for the most part without a clerical education; but afterwards they instituted a theological academy, and encouraged all the students to study the dead as well as the living languages, turning out from time to time some of the greatest of ministers, and the most learned of men; and in less than thirty years they had eighty churches, and not a few itenerancies in Scotland; the other

Dissenters having increased, under various names, to upwards of two hundred churches, and raised large sums of money for missions both at home and abroad.

The people of Scotland being generally an intelligent people, those who were in the Establishment could not fail to be impressed with the fact that there was in Dissent a power and earnestness which State-Churchism did not exhibit; and not a few were now bold enough to assert and maintain that this difference was mainly owing to the freedom which Dissenters possessed in the choice and election of their ministers.

A succession of forced inductions under the law of patronage, in some of which the clergyman was ordained at the point of the bayonet, gave point and poignancy to the arguments of these reformers; but it was not until the late Dr. Chalmers took the field in opposition to patronage, and in furtherance of a bold scheme for obtaining new endowments to the Church of Scotland, that the grand contest between the Church and Dissent began, which ended in the disruption of 1843. The disruption was the result of causes which the dissentients themselves did not understand. The immediate cause was a legal oppression, real or fancied, but the remote cause was an enlightened public opinion, created, concentrated, and well directed by the Scottish Dissenters, who, with few exceptions, manfully contended for religious freedom in opposition to the claims of the evangelical section of the Established Church. The way for this contest was well cleared by a pamphlet by the Rev. Mr. Ballantyne, of Stonehaven, a small seaport town in the north of Scotland, entitled, 'A Comparison of Established and Dissenting Churches;' and among the first and ablest champions of voluntaryism was the Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Kirkintulloch, who, in 1829, preached a sermon in Glasgow on 'Ecclesiastical Establishments,' which called forth an able paper, a review of it, in the '*Edinburgh Christian Instructor*,' by the editor, Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh. This brought out Mr. Marshall a second time, and soon after the whole of Scotland was filled with the controversy; and so warm was the contest, that for a time Churchmen and Dissenters, who were wont to fraternize in the advocacy of many public questions, would scarcely speak to each other, far less appear on the same platform, to promote any cause, however good. The controversy was distinguished by close argument on the side of Dissent, and angry declamation on the side of the Established Church, with constant appeals to the Jewish economy for precedents. The voluntaries were classed with infidels, demagogues, destructionists, and revolutionists; and even the great Dr. Chalmers did not hesitate to speak of them as dangerous subjects to the State. But they were not to be dismayed. They felt that they were contending for great principles, and they were thoroughly in earnest in all their contendings.

The evangelical party in the Church of Scotland fought this battle at first on the anti-patronage ground, their watchword being, 'Non-Intrusion.' This term they coined from a popular maxim of the Covenanters, 'Nae (no) man sae (shall) be intruded into a congrega-

tion contrary to the will of the people.' Dr. Chalmers and others argued, that this was the great question of *spiritual independence* for which the Covenanters shed their precious blood, and marvelled greatly that evangelical Dissenters should oppose the demands of the Church now, to secure it. But the evangelical Dissenters replied, that while they accepted the maxim as an abstract truth, and acted on it in their own ecclesiastical fellowship, they yet felt, that as the Church of Scotland was a political and public institution, it would be manifestly unjust for the nation to denude itself of the right of control, and at the same time have to pay its independent servants; and, therefore, if the Church wished to be free, she must separate herself from the State. This was quite a modern reading of the Church's ethic of spiritual independence, but it had obviously so much truth and common sense meaning in it, that the more it was discussed in public meetings, and by the press, the more popular it became.

And a new phase of the contest gave a fresh character to the controversy. Realizing the evils of spiritual destitution, Dr. Chalmers and his coadjutors set themselves to promote the cause of Church extension. They collected statistics of Church accommodation, and made out what appeared to be a case of appalling deficiency in the means of spiritual instruction. But on examination by the leading Dissenters, it was found that in enumerating the places of worship in the country, and placing them before Parliament, in a petition for new endowments, they omitted the Dissenting chapels, and when the defect was pointed out, the advocates of endowments only replied, that as the law of the land did not recognise Dissenters, they could not legally include the Dissenting churches. They annihilated the churches, but they did not annihilate the Dissenters themselves. The statistics, too, were shown to be in other respects at fault; and Government appointed a commission of inquiry, but the result, while it showed that the amount of spiritual destitution had been exaggerated, yet brought out facts that showed the need of increased machinery for Christian instruction, and then the battle for endowments was again begun. The Scottish Dissenters organized a religious freedom association, and had an admirable board of management at Edinburgh, its minutes, addresses, and protests, being perfect models of statistical, logical, and forensic compositions; while its lecturers were sent to every town where the Church party held public meetings, there to hold similar meetings on the other side, at which the speeches of the former were canvassed and exposed. The practical result of this was, that *Government refused to grant the endowments prayed for, and the Church extensionists were thrown on the voluntary principle to raise funds to build and endow the churches they desiderated.* In this they succeeded well. Large sums were subscribed. Many new churches were built; and the Dissenters now felt that they had achieved a victory which entitled them to a little repose.

Meanwhile the elements of disruption were working mightily within the Church of Scotland herself. In 1834 the General Assembly passed an act authorizing members of the Church to say 'No,' when dissatis-

fied with a presentee, *without assigning reasons for this dissent.* The legal rule made it obligatory in dissentients to assign reasons in writing, or which might be reduced to writing, and give the Church courts power to decide on them. This law of '34 was called the *Veto* law, and a presentee to the parish of Auchterarder having been vetoed, protested, appealed to the civil courts, and had a judgment in his favour confirmed by the House of Lords. In the face of this judgment, the Church of Scotland still maintained its dogma of spiritual independence, and was heartily supported by the great bulk of the people, who, though but in few cases able logically to discriminate like Dissenters, could yet appreciate the value of popular election, and this impelled them to push their ministers forward until they were so committed that they must either leave the Church and cast their endowments to the winds, or falsify their principles by remaining in connexion with the State.

Then came the disruption—an event which constitutes a new era in the story of religious freedom in Scotland. But the real character of this secession has been greatly misunderstood. The popular notion of it is, that the seceding ministers *voluntarily* and on high conscientious grounds left the Established Church, and, like Abraham, went forth from their churches, and, in many cases, their kindred, 'not knowing whither they went.' Now this is quite a mistake. They were compelled by the force of circumstances and the power of public opinion to secede. And as regards the endowments, doubtless there was a sacrifice; but with the great majority of the Scottish people with them, and the experience of the Scottish Dissenters before them, it was comparatively an easy matter to throw their endowments to the winds. A contribution of half-a-crown a head per annum would make up for the loss of stipend, while a contribution of ten shillings a head per annum would give them half a million pounds! The average contributions of Dissenters in Scotland was known to be about ten shillings a year for each member. Surely, then, with many well able to give large sums, the new seceders had nothing to fear. And all this was well calculated before a single step was taken towards the disruption. Dr. Chalmers was a master of finance, and when the secession did happen, the ministers were well assured that it would involve no great hardship. Unlike the first Dissenters in Scotland, the Dissent of the Free Church was one of good prospects, and the result has more than realized the most sanguine expectations. *Three million pounds have been raised by the Free Church* since she was instituted; WHILE ANNUALLY SHE RAISES BY THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE FOR ALL HER RELIGIOUS PURPOSES NEARLY DOUBLE THE AMOUNT OF MONEY WHICH WAS PAID IN STIPENDS TO THE WHOLE OF THE MINISTERS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND BEFORE THE DISRUPTION, AND THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS THE FREE CHURCH MINISTERS THEN RECEIVED FROM THE STATE. Moreover, by the repeal of the corn-laws, and the consequent fall in the price of corn, without the prospect of its rising again, the stipends of the ministers of the Establishment, which are monthly paid in kind, or the average

price of corn, which practically amounts to the same thing, has fallen already twenty-five per cent.; while those of the ministers of the Free Church must gain by the low price of bread without any fall in the price of labour.

But the disruption, nevertheless, was a 'great fact;' and the Free Church, with all her defects, is a noble institution. She is testifying to the efficiency of the voluntary principle as a means of supporting and extending the cause of Christianity; and although she still maintains the principle of an Establishment, the friends of religious freedom will set small store by the theory, so long as she exhibits the practice of an active voluntary church.

And now it will be asked, what are Dissenters doing? Are they still resting themselves on their oars, or again urging forward the cause of religious freedom? As a body, they are in a dull and languid state. Instead of following up their victory, they have for years laid aside their armour. The Church of Scotland has been lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, and Dissenters look on with apparent indifference. They are prouder of the laurels they have won, than the vantage ground they have gained. They drove the enemy back, but they did not take possession; and although they compelled a large secession from his ranks, they stand side by side with their new allies, without asking them to fight. And what is worse—this silence is oftentimes interpreted as a sign of cowardice, while their fraternizing is in some cases looked upon as obsequiousness.

But there are signs of action. A new organization has been formed, and the Scottish Dissenters, we firmly believe, will not much longer remain quiet. The master spirits of the last struggle may not now be all able to take the field, but they have yet amongst them a Ritchie, and a Young, and a Wardlaw, as veterans; and the Scottish Anti-state-church Association presents an executive which, if well supported, will yet do a great work. By enlightening the Free Church on the one hand, and laying siege to the strongholds of the Establishment on the other, she may accomplish a triumph; and by practical co-operation with her elder sister, the British Anti-state-church Association in London, may prove herself worthy of the Scottish name. Onward, then, ye Scottish Dissenters! You have done much, but much yet remains to be done. The divine command is, 'Go ye up and possess this land.' The Canaanite is still there. Remember Israel's sin. Take warning by Israel's degradation. Your work is only done when State-Churchism is annihilated, and religious freedom reigns in the intelligence and affection of Scotland.

On the Canon of the Old Testament.

(FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK *NOT* ON THE CANON.)

It is impossible to ascertain precisely the time when the canon was completed. Authentic history does not clearly indicate this important epoch in sacred literature; but by taking into account a variety of circumstances, we can arrive with much probability at a period *within which* the collection of the Old Testament writings was completed. It is a reasonable idea, that when Ezra and Nehemiah attempted, with praiseworthy zeal, to restore the religion and worship of their fathers, they did not neglect the sacred books composed before and during their time. The accounts contained in Ezra and Nehemiah, and the traditions of the Jews themselves, favour the opinion that the remains of the national literature were then collected as fully as possible, and put into as good a state as circumstances allowed. Nor is the historical basis of the view that Ezra bore a leading part in collecting and revising the sacred books, shaken by the fabulous circumstances associated with it in the writings of the early fathers, in passages of the Talmud, and in later Jewish authors. But though Ezra and Nehemiah paid special attention to the sacred books, collecting and revising them with care, it does not follow that the canon was *closed* at that time. The collection was begun and carried forward up to their day; but all the books were not in it. The canon of the whole Hebrew Bible was not closed so early. Hengstenberg indeed, and after him Hävernick, contend that the canon was begun and completed under Ezra, Nehemiah, and the great synagogue; but that view is by no means universal. It is based on the Talmud and Josephus, chiefly the latter, whose testimonies have been minutely examined for the purpose of showing that the canon was closed at the time mentioned. But there are difficulties in the way of its reception which they have not fairly met, even though it be allowed them that Malachi lived in the reign of Artaxerxes, contemporary with Nehemiah. Thus the Jewish tradition in *Baba Bathra* says, that the men of the great synagogue *wrote out* (כָּתְבוּ) the twelve minor prophets. Now, Bertholdt and Hävernick assign to the word *wrote* the sense of *bringing into the canon, ad-scription*, for which the latter refers to the preceding context. But the context clearly contradicts that sense, for it speaks of Joshua *writing* eight verses in the *law*. Does that mean *to bring those eight verses into the sacred canon?* Besides, the explanation of Rashi proceeds on the assumption of the verb signifying *copied out*. Buxtorf translates the word accurately by *descripserunt*. The tradition too, as it occurs in its oldest form in *Pirke Aboth*, says nothing about collecting the Old Testament books into one volume. It speaks merely of the authors of separate books.

But a passage in Josephus is more relied on, though the language is somewhat ambiguous in one place. Since Hengstenberg and Hävernick referred to it in connexion with the present subject, it has also received great attention from Professor Stuart. We cannot see, however, that he has thrown better light on it than his predecessors. What the Jewish historian states, is, according to Mr. Stuart, 'that the sacred books were completed in the reign of Artaxerxes.' Hence the conclusion is deduced, that as Artaxerxes Longimanus died B.C. 424, no part of the Hebrew canon can be later than that, if the testimony of Josephus be well grounded.

We cannot but think, that the interpretations assigned to the very difficult words of Josephus by Hengstenberg, Hävernick, Stuart, &c., are somewhat precarious. We doubt whether they do not extract more from the passage than what the historian himself fairly intended.

If Josephus, as is affirmed, asserts that the sacred books were completed in the reign of Artaxerxes, and if this were the settled opinion of the whole Jewish nation, how comes it that another view prevailed among the later Jews respecting the close of the canon? Either Jewish tradition is contradictory, or Josephus is giving his own judgment. How does it happen, that Simon the Just, the last of the great synagogue, is reported in Jewish tradition to have closed the sacred canon? It is not found in any of the early Jewish traditions, that the canon closed with Ezra, Nehemiah, Malachi, apart from the simultaneous mention of the great synagogue. The Talmud does not assign it to Malachi, the last of the prophets, or to the reign of Artaxerxes. The men of the great synagogue are always mentioned when the canon closed. The language is indefinite, not specific. It will not fairly bear the interpretation that the canon was finally closed till the men of the great synagogue had all died.

Still farther, it would appear from Nehemiah xii. 22 and 10, 1 Chron. iii. 19—24, Esther ix. 19, that some books are later than the time allowed by Josephus. We know the assumptions that have been made to reduce these writings to the time of Ezra and Nehemiah; what interpretations have been assigned to Esther ix. 19, for the same purpose; but they are forced and unnatural. It would be out of place to do more at present, than briefly indicate our opinion. Lengthened discussion must be avoided.

The important work begun by Ezra and Nehemiah was continued after them by the most competent authority, till the entire collection was declared complete, about 200 B.C. These eminent reformers provided for the continuance of the work after them, till it should be finished. The later Jews affirm that this was done by Simon the Just, who died 292 B.C. according to the chronology of Eusebius, but 202 B.C. according to the best Jewish account, which is more correct; and the prologue of Jesus the son of Sirach shows that a much later period cannot well be assigned. 'The notices on this subject,' says Jahn, 'are so recent that they cannot be relied on as historical evidence; but as such traditions are generally founded on some truth, it is very pro-

bable that Simon did complete the collection and revision of the sacred books, and even add some things respecting events of more recent occurrence.' Hence we discard the opinion that the canon was completed in the days of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Malachi; though it has found such able advocates as Hengstenberg, Hävernick, and Stuart in recent times. The fact, which has never yet been disproved, that books were received into the Jewish canon after Malachi and Artaxerxes, weakens Josephus' testimony. Arbitrary hypotheses it is true may assign some books to an earlier period, for the purpose of including them *within the prophetic succession*, but they betray their weakness. Even Herbst refuses to assent to the view of Hengstenberg; his editor disagreeing.

It has been affirmed by Kennicott and others, that the books of the Old Testament were probably left *perfect* by Ezra, Nehemiah, and subsequent *prophets*. They were completely repaired after the injuries suffered during the captivity, and purged from such errors as might have been introduced by transcribers. But no valid argument can be given for this notion. It is favoured by Jewish fables regarding Ezra; but that is all the countenance it receives from history or reason. Whatever we may think of Ezra as a preacher and author, his inspiration and consequent infallibility in correcting and revising the sacred books written before and during his day, rest on another basis. That basis we cannot see. It is unreal and imaginary. So, too, with Nehemiah or Malachi. Nor can Simon be thought to have produced a perfect, correct, and genuine copy of the whole Hebrew Bible. All who had to do with the settlement of the canon, from Ezra and Nehemiah to the latest, endeavoured to make the text as correct as possible. Autographs and the best copies within reach were employed for this purpose. They wished to have as pure a revision as could be effected. They proceeded, therefore, in much the same way as a critical editor does. But they were not infallible. We are inclined therefore to think, that the text of the books collected by Ezra and Nehemiah was not perfect. Neither was the text *perfectly* free from error at any subsequent time. The canon was not wholly free from error when it was closed. It has not been so at any time. Doubtless it was *substantially* correct. But *all the words* were not the same as those written by the authors of the respective books. A miracle were required for such a result; and a miracle was not wrought as far as we can judge. The canonical books were in a tolerably good state about 200 years before Christ, but they might have been in a much better. When the canon was closed, their text was generally free from material corruption; but it might have been much freer. This is all that can be affirmed with probability. Inclined, as we are, to go farther and say that an absolutely correct, genuine copy was furnished by the inspired Ezra, or by him along with Nehemiah, or by others after them, we dare not make the assertion in the absence of all evidence, against analogy and the strongest presumption.

From what has been advanced, it will be obvious that a great deal

of what has been written by superficial reviewers in articles furnished for the market on this subject, is full of blunders.

1. On the strength of *a certain interpretation* assigned to a very difficult passage in Josephus, which may be explained in a variety of ways, and has been indeed so understood, it has been sought to bring the close of the canon within the prophetic period, *i. e.*, not later than 424 A.C., the date of the death of Artaxerxes Longimanus, up to which time Malachi, the last of the prophets, may be supposed to have lived. This is the way in which Mr. Stuart reasons; and a host of repeaters echo his observations. To this *interpretation* of Josephus's words, and consequently to the date assumed, the objections are insuperable. It is the tradition of the Jews that the canon was *closed* by Ezra in connexion with the men of the great synagogue; and we know that Simon the Just, one of the last of the great synagogue, did not die till about 202 B.C. Are we to throw aside the current of tradition for the sake of upholding a *certain sense* in one passage of Josephus? The thing is preposterous.

2. We should like to see *a fair* and *honest attempt* to show that the passages in Nehemiah, 1 Chronicles, and Esther already specified, were written before 424 B.C. This has not yet been done. Or, we may go farther, and affirm, that the books of Chronicles were not written so early. The best Jewish scholars admit this themselves, and are surprised at Christians for holding any other opinion, as well they may.

3. The remarks already made show, that prophetic sanction was *not* necessary to the insertion of a book among the sacred national literature.

4. If all these objections to the closing of the Jewish canon 424 B.C. were obviated, there are many others quite as strong remaining. Some of the books classed among the *hagiographa* would then come up for discussion. It is painful to witness here the vain efforts of puny writers to uphold the most untenable hypotheses, contrary to able Jewish writers themselves.

5. It has been long ago shown, that the Jews did *not* draw an inflexible line between the canonical books and all other portions of their national literature. A Jew himself, who is a master in Israel, has made this plain.

But we must forbear. *The subject is most important.* A book on it is needed. Where is the man who shall produce it? Not certainly the perfunctory and blundering writers of articles on the canon in cyclopædias and reviews in the present day. Not any one who holds by that part of the Jewish tradition that Ezra, aided by the men of the great synagogue, collected the canon, and yet argues that all was done before the decease of the last prophet Malachi, being thus in profound ignorance of the fact that Simon the Just, who was one of the last members of the great synagogue, and to whom Jewish tradition assigns the honour of completing the canon, lived about 221—202 B.C.

Further Suggestions Regarding Sunday-Schools.

'If we would but only take care of children, grown people would generally take care of themselves.'—WHATELY.

For the sake of giving a more definite and practical direction to the correspondence we have invited on this subject, we offer some 'further suggestions regarding Sunday-schools,' in which we will a little develop our notions on two points; and by that means will endeavour to show what these institutions might become, if remodelled in the spirit of such hints as we have already presented. On one of these points we said but little before; nor could we give to the other, in our former remarks, all the prominence it demands, as the characteristic feature in the reconstituted Sunday-school. And by this means, if it should prove that the time is not come when the work itself can be begun, we shall, at least, have foreshown one of the tasks which may be expected, ere long, to fill the hearts and the hands of those who are minded to labour well for God.

The first point is this:—Both in the formation and in the execution of every plan, it should be kept in mind, that though the instruction has to be given to *children*, and the influence of the teacher to be exerted upon the *young*, the recipients are not going to remain 'children' and 'young' for ever; nor are they all about to die in early life, so as never to be members of the next generation. It must not be supposed that this observation is of little moment. How different are the buildings erected in countries where earthquakes, which can shake into disastrous ruin the finest structures that men can rear, are frequent, and in those unvisited by such desolations! How different the 'lodge' of the passing wayfarer from the 'habitation' of the settled resident! And so, how different the entire spirit and performance of the teaching, the scope of which is the laying of a foundation of manly Christian character against mature years, from that which aims at the production of what truly is an unnatural appearance of precocity in religious experience!

No laboured argument is needed to show, that it is, essentially, genuine popery to propose, either in preaching or teaching, mainly to make one's learners 'fit to die.' God has sent us into the world to live, and has made known His gospel to enable us so to live that we may never die. It is popery to turn that gospel into a *viaticum*, indispensable for one's dying hour alone, instead of seeing in it a divine provision for life and strength all through the journey. The fact is, that, whether children or grown people, *they are fit to die who are fit to live;* and none beside. And it follows thence, that the instruction, which wisely and truly takes in hand the preparation for living, also, and in the only effectual manner, prepares for death.

How this conviction would express itself in the actual work of

teaching—just like that other, which we made the basis of our former 'Suggestions,' the estimation of the Sunday-school as 'a ministry of the gospel'—can easily be imagined. It must be with greater calmness, and vigilance, and power, that the instructor would labour, who should regard the time of his harvest as lying far in the future. And the consideration, that the fruits of what he plants in children are to be looked for when they are grown to be men and women; whilst it makes mere learning-by-rote, and appeals to the lightly-moved feelings of infancy inadmissible; will give intensity to every address to the more deeply-seated affections, and will render him especially studious to preserve harmony amongst the various kinds of teaching he uses,—those directed to the intellect and to the emotions, to the imagination and to the memory, to the reasoning and to the intuitive faculties,—that well-balanced results may approve his work, when years shall tell 'of what sort it is.' It is unnecessary to follow this out into detail, or to show how it is in perfect keeping with the 'Suggestions' already offered to our readers; we, therefore, pass on to the more important point—the functions of the teacher.

In the Sunday-school, changed in its object and in its operation, as we have contemplated, the *teacher* is the essential pre-requisite. Wherever there is a teacher, there might be a school; whether there be a congregation or church, or not. Where either or both of these last are, if there be no teacher, according to our notions, there can be no school. We look upon it as a misstatement, which has produced the unhappiest effects, so to speak, of the responsibility of churches (or *the* church, as some will wrongly say) and congregations in a matter like this, as to obscure the fact, that he only who can discharge the duty of the teacher is responsible for teaching; and that, not because he is one of this or that congregation or church, or of *the* church—but simply because God has made him able to teach, and ability is always the exact measure of accountability. Surely, if formalism had not sadly usurped the place of life, we should all see that the teacher will always make the school, if school there be; and that it is impossible to make a teacher by merely gathering together a number of children, calling them a school, and giving the charge of them to any one not personally moved to undertake such an office.*

The object of the Sunday-school, as we have regarded it, is the communication to the children, not of views, opinions, doctrines, dogmas, or anything else, which the memory and understanding, solely or principally, are concerned with—but of 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' the *principle* (as we are in the habit of calling any hidden,

* What we have said above of the responsibility of individuals, and of societies, will not only explain our former remarks upon the desirableness of *independency* for Sunday-schools; but also, some observations made by correspondents and reviewers, of the "indifferentism" and hostility of "churches" and ministers, to such a change as we have proposed. The experience of the hindrances arising from these causes now, would abundantly justify more peremptory words than we have employed.

inward, spring of conduct, and of what constitutes a man's life) which would make them disciples of Jesus, followers of Him. Now this can be imparted, so far as human agency is able to co-operate in its communication, only by the life of the teacher—by what he *is*; his own 'principle' enkindling its like in the souls of those who learn of him. We are not speaking, it must be remembered, of the means by which a child may *possibly* learn the way to be saved, but of the method by which one who desires to be a teacher of the truth may hope best to lead children to know and to love it.

We might take this as a central fact, and we could deduce from it every one of the 'suggestions' we gave before; the independency of the Sunday-school, its dignity as a ministry of the gospel, &c. But more clearly still does it involve the practical hints, as we will rapidly show. If you have found a true teacher, one who can, out of his own possession of the truth, instruct others, you will naturally form your plans so as to furnish the opportunities for that kind of communion of spirit which is needful for the implantation of that 'principle;' and also to supply what is needful for its support and nurture, till it shall gain so vigorous a growth as to be able to dispense with such culture. The practice of collective simultaneous teaching affords the opportunities desired, for an inexplicable influence is exerted reciprocally by those who receive instruction in common and together; not only is the heart more open, the understanding itself is rendered clearer and more retentive; and not only do the teacher's words convey thought and feeling, every gesture speaks, every tone and look is full of meaning. Further, the records of the life of the Saviour contain just those aspects and embodiments of truth, before which not only can human hearts more warmly meet, but which are the material representations of the 'principle' whereof we speak, that God himself was pleased to select for the instruction of men in his ways. And, lastly, there can be collected and grouped around lessons from the discourses and conversations, the deeds and the death of Jesus, more numerous and more varied species of information, for the enlargement and strengthening of the mind, and for the association, by natural and graceful bonds, of the trivial things of this world with the soul-stirring grandeurs of the world unseen, than around any others.

The first requisite of all, then, is the TEACHER: a requisite so urgent in our view of the Sunday-school, that without him, with a mere *locum tenens* instead of him, there cannot be what we regard as a school at all. This, however, may be admitted as fully as we could wish. The teacher may have been found, and yet no step be taken towards the actual establishment of a school; we must direct attention to this now, and show how the same principles which we pictured in operation on a large, and tolerably complete, scale, in our former 'Suggestions,' may be worked out with similar results in narrower circumstances, and with smaller numbers. The possibility of *co-ordinate* co-operation, where different kinds of skill in teaching are possessed by like-minded men, as well as of such *subordinate* co-operation as we described, does not appear to demand specific notice.

For unity of purpose, it is not absolutely necessary that there should be but *one* principal teacher; and as all our readers must by this time have perceived, we expect nothing from formalities, and build all our hopes upon having reality in every part of schools set up for teaching children 'the truth of God.'

It must not be supposed that, because we so strenuously insist upon the momentous necessity of having a *teacher*, we underrate the value of apparatus of instruction. Compared with the teacher, indeed (if such disparates may, for once, be compared), the apparatus is of no worth at all; but, having one able to use it, then the more complete it is, the more finished and satisfactory will his work be. Give a genuine artist but a piece of charcoal and a whitened wall, and he will produce a sketch in which beholders shall see embodied, that, the possession of which makes him an artist; supply him with various tints and pencils, or with marble and tools, and that same gift shall display itself in forms of such glorious beauty that the world shall truly deem itself both richer and better for having them; whilst one uninspired by art, with the best means or the most scanty, can create only what is unmeaning or grotesque, barbarous or revolting.*

Let us take the simplest form under which the Sunday-school, as we have imagined it, can appear. The teacher has persuaded some half-a-dozen children to come and talk with him about Jesus. One or two can read pretty well, others with difficulty, and some not at all. The only 'apparatus' within reach are three or four Testaments and Bibles. The little company requires no other arrangement than will suffice to make each one feel equally in the teacher's regards, and engaged in the same tasks, with all the others. The book with the largest print is secured for the teacher and those who cannot read yet. There is a hymn sung, with spirit enough on the part of some, though a little untunably; and all in stillest silence listen to a very short and simple

* In reply to Mr. Mimpriss' inquiry, we beg to state, that until Mr. M. kindly forwarded us a copy of the little work from which he quotes in his letter, we were scarcely cognizant of the *existence* of his 'system.' We had seen the graduated lessons, to which we referred in a note, but nothing more. It also becomes us to observe, that many of the features, in which Mr. M. has detected a parallelism between our 'Suggestions' and his own 'System,' are not peculiar to the latter; *e.g.*, the 'large-printed tablets' for the use of the younger classes, which we took from the British School system; and that many things in our Suggestions,' *e.g.*, the employment of the 'look-and-say' method for teaching reading, are not to be found in the 'Mimpriss System.' The distinction between our notions and those of our respected correspondent is, however, fundamental. We ask for *the teacher;* while Mr. M. says, 'a successful application of the system, as a whole, depends on the adoption of the apparatus, complete in lessons, maps, and manuals.' (The 'Mimpriss System,' p. 190.) Mr. M. employs 'the Life of Christ,' as 'the *basis* of a connected and comprehensive study of both the Old and New Testament.' (*Ibid.* p. 188.) We take it as God's great revelation of his truth, for 'this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent,' and would use the rest of the Scriptures in illustration of it. We should like to see Mr. Mimpriss' Lessons revised; and 'paraphrase' both avowed, and employed more satisfactorily, in the lower grades. They would be invaluable in schools such as we yet hope to see.

prayer. The teacher then, holding in his own the hands of the two youngest, who stand beside him, and look up wonderingly into his face, tells them, in plain and most intelligible language, something of the place where, the time when, and the people amongst whom, the things they are about to read of happened; and he adds a very general account of what these things are. The best reader in the class next reads aloud part of the passage selected; the little ones follow word by word in the teacher's book, aided by his finger or pencil, pointing to them as they are uttered. Questions and remarks, in the pause which ensues, do not interrupt the interest. Other readers in turn succeed, the less perfect being *told* the words they do not know; and other questions and remarks are interposed. Even the youngest reply to some observations and inquiries. Perhaps one of those at his knee will obtain leave to try and read a few words. Then the teacher reads it all over and passes on to a sort of address, which is familiarly conversational, and though level with the capacity of the eager listeners, as an occasional remark, impetuously breaking in upon the course of his remarks,—and unrebuked, for the manner shows that something of what he would effect is done,—it points out relations between the things that children have to do with, and the great and beautiful truths the lesson declares; and between these truths and others which other lessons had taught. And another heartily sung hymn, and gravely spoken prayer, concludes the hour's, or hour-and-a-half's engagement.

According to circumstances—for it may be more convenient to give but one portion of time in the day to this work—after this, or at a later period of the day, the next Sunday's lesson is prepared. It cannot take very long, because the learners are so few, and the means so slender. The elder ones read, and their reading is made, by that invaluable 'look-and-say' method, a help to the less perfect readers, and an instruction in the barest rudiments for the youngest. It requires but little tact in the teacher to effect this. He is careful that the meaning of the words is made clear to all; and by the help of a slate, or piece of paper, and a pencil, he gives them some notion of the geography of the events related. If he be at all a draughtsman, he may even furnish other illustrations, not first-rate indeed, but yet useful. He may also point out one or two other passages of scripture, the reading of which will throw some light on the lesson in hand; and he may hear some hymns recited, and appoint others to be learned. And, manifestly, it is a 'labour of love' for all parties. Once in a while a little book is lent, or given, confirming and extending the 'good understanding' between the teacher and the taught; and at times a 'visitor' will be brought by one of the scholars, to join the class for one lesson.

We have seen work like this actually done, so that the practicability is not to be questioned; and our readers can judge whether it differs in anything, save what is accidental and circumstantial, from the work of such a Sunday-school as we described before. It is not necessary to make into pictures any of the numberless intermediate degrees

between the two, for every one can see by them exactly what we mean.

A 'practicable plan,' as many (perhaps most), think, would be one in which are definitely laid down the outlines of a *modus operandi* suitable to the greatest number of cases; and which could be made suitable to others by omissions, varying with the sum of money wanting to carry it out to the letter. We wish our readers to see that we have not any ready-formed method of that sort to offer; our reliance being placed upon the earnestness and capability of the teacher principally, or alone. We can well believe that any one who should begin a school of the kind we have just portrayed, would find its numbers increasing, slowly at first, but afterwards more rapidly, continually. He would be constrained to give employment, in the preparation of lessons, to the elder scholars; offers of assistance would be made; accommodation needful for the larger school must be sought and obtained; gradually a better apparatus would be collected; and at every stage the forms and machinery would be full of life, because expressly devised to meet known wants, and to compass clearly anticipated results. If the *principles* we have urged in so many ways be adopted, the remainder will all follow, as we have attempted to demonstrate by the representation of schools in action, which we have given.*

And now we may assume, that the notions we entertain of Sunday-school reform are not doubtful to our readers; and may hope that our correspondents will be better able to assist us in developing them, so as to prove their applicability to all places and social circles, where a ministry like this is required. We have endeavoured to show, that the one thing needful, to bring back the Sunday-school to such a relation to the present day, as it held to the times in which it originated, is a *vital* or *dynamical* change, not a formal one. To train or clip an effete tree into new forms, will not make it yield good fruit; it must be grafted anew. The mere change in the system of drill will go but a little way to make an army victorious; animate it with a new idea, and nothing can stand before it. This is what we have suggested—and the proof of the correctness of our prediction of what would result from such a change, is to be found in the fact, that here and there, scattered through the country, have always been *true* teachers, who in this spirit have laboured, and with these fruits.

Much discussion and many experiments will be required, before our hopes can be to any extent realized. The thinkers and the workers

---

* A correspondent attributes to the 'false position' of 'existing societies,' as '*stockholding proprietaries*,' the non-introduction of many improved works into Sunday-schools. We have often lamented that the *capital* sunk in common school-books should shut up so many schools to methods, &c., worthy of *the dark ages*; but it moves more than lamentation when we see societies established ostensibly for the promotion of religion, neglecting means for securing their avowed object, lest they should diminish or destroy the *money*-value of the less efficient means they have in hand. The spirit of *trade* in religion;—we meet it at every turn now, and wonder why the world is not converted to God!

must co-operate in setting forth what needs to be done, and what means for doing it exist, or can be invented. Many mistakes, and failures even, must precede the adoption of our cardinal 'Suggestions.' For all wide and productive movements are, to human apprehension, slow, and their phases are many. But we will not despair respecting the final accomplishment of our desire; and we will consider ourselves abundantly rewarded, if by what we have said, the possibility of effecting larger and more enduring good by Sunday-schools, than they have ever yet been employed to secure, should be admitted by those to whom we have offered these remarks.

Words for the Wise.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'—SOLOMON.

'Ego autem neminem nomino; quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui anto de se voluerit confiteri.'—CICERO.

X. 'OUR COMMON PROTESTANTISM.'

M'ORANGE had been the speaker, and these the last words of his closing appeal. The hall was still ringing with applause, and I had turned to leave, when my attention was arrested for a moment by the smile which mantled upon a face at my elbow. The face itself was quite a study, and I pleased myself with reading all I could of my neighbour's history in its lines. 'You are an artizan,' I said, mentally. 'Your weekly earnings may be some 2*l.*, which you regularly entrust to your wife's care. You never enter a gin-palace, nor an ale-house. You sometimes look at the *Dispatch*, but it does not teach your creed. Your wife may have a sitting at the Methodist chapel, but if so, you seldom accompany her thither. You shun the district church. The preacher at the Baptist chapel is more to your taste, and occasionally you have been there, but every one has looked so well-dressed, and the whole affair has smacked so strongly of middle-class respectability, that you have felt out of your element, and have gradually withdrawn to your own fire-side. You believe the Bible, however, revere the Great Teacher, and count yourself a Christian and a Protestant; but for the rampant Protestantism of the day, it liketh you not. It hath an odour of some certain sects you have read of in the Inspired Books. It may be sincere, you think; but, like old Gobbo, it is more than sand-blind.

'And what the lights of the Dissenting churches can be doing on the platform—the Samaritans worshipping at Jerusalem—would puzzle you grievously, if you were not in some respects more astute than they. Surely you have seen the face of that speaker at an Anti-state-church meeting, where his text was "a clear stage and no favour;" and

now he is bawling with the loudest of them. You smile again, and turn away. You will digest these thoughts at your leisure.'

* * * * * * *

This took place more than a year ago. The nation at that time was, or pretended to be, in a fever. The Prime Minister had stooped to give the alarm; and every churchwarden in the country was cheering him to the echo. The country gentlemen, mindful of their church-livings, were mustering in the shire-halls, and the shopkeepers of London, at many a tumultuous vestry meeting, were making a noisy demonstration—against Puseyism. The 'Times' was rallying all good Protestants to the old war-cry; and the Reverend Melchizedek M'Orange, like the peripatetic orator that he is, was hurrying from place to place to preach his crusade. The fever has abated since then; but what with Maynooth and Dr. Achilli, we dare not be too sanguine. Unpleasant symptoms recur from time to time; and whilst the elections have been in progress, I have been reminded so often and so eloquently of 'our common Protestantism,' that I am sorely tempted to ask what the meaning of the phrase may be.

But where to ask, and of whom? What, indeed, are we to understand by 'Protestantism' itself? Who shall define for us this somewhat hazy abstraction? Shall we put history to the question? Shall we inquire for the origin of this singular appellation? Shall we go back to the Diet of Spires in 1529? Shall we listen to the Imperial edict which was read there and then? To the muttered complaints of the Saxon elector, that no former emperor had dared to use such language? To the whisper amongst the princes, that he who had ventured upon it now ought to be told, that their rights were more ancient than the elevation of his own house? Shall we see the German followers of the Swiss Zwingli joining hands with Luther for the occasion, and urging the indignant leaders to found and deliver in their *Protest?* If so, we shall discover that, on the 19th of April in that year, some of the states and princes of the German Confederacy took political action in a certain matter, and that these courageous men earned for themselves thereby the name of *Protestants.* So much is clearly discernible amidst the confusions of the time. But beyond this we shall not be able to make much progress. The negative term expands in a most perplexing manner; crosses the Rhine, the Alps, the sea; and is found, ere long, to cover and comprehend the most singular varieties of opinion, and the most diverse modes of action. It reminds one of the description which travellers have given of certain rivers. For a short time, they tell us, the stream flows steadily along its channel, and its course may be defined with sufficient clearness. But soon the sluggish waters begin to ooze through the dissolving banks. They diffuse themselves gradually over a wider extent of surface; until, at length, both stream and bank disappear. The traveller feels that if he attempt to follow its course, he will inevitably be lost; and the Queen's own hydrographer, puzzled to define its boundaries, would have to shade off the lazy expanse into infinite space.

History, therefore, will not help us. There is nothing for it but to

take our stand *here* and *now*; and in the heart of England, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, to ask, 'What is "Protestantism," and who are the "Protestants?"' Singular question; which the compositor looks at in a dubious, hesitating manner. But necessary, it appears; and, *coûte qui coûte*, I must endeavour to answer it. Well for M'Orange if he makes aught of the sentences which follow.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then is a 'Protestant,' of course; and so likewise is Philosopher Single-Speech; and so I presume are the excellent reviewers who investigate his books. Harry of Exeter, also, is a 'Protestant;' and eke my Lord Plantagenet, as well as Dr. Pliable, and the two new members for Liverpool. Signor Giacinto Achilli again is a 'Protestant;' so was the judge who tried him; so were the twelve gentlemen who found no fault in him; and so, it may be, was the writer in the 'Times,' who doomed them all, next morning, to everlasting infamy. But why go on? Is not England a 'Protestant country?' Her authorized Churchmen, from the dignified Primate who may not 'say grace' even, save in the ear of royalty, down, through innumerable grades, to the Tractarian curate who feels, for the first time to-day, a mysterious virtue tingling at his fingers' ends, are 'Protestants,' to a man. Her Evangelicals are 'Protestants;' from M'Orange himself (*quantum immane discrepat*) to my poor friend Discipulus. Most of her politicians even, from the clever gentleman who believes in 'the second part of the Jewish religion,' down to the meanest rioter who flung stones (on the right side) at Stockport, are sound Protestants. Litterateurs and lawyers, bishops and Dissenting deputies, Unitarian preachers and stockjobbers, believers and blasphemers, men who will sign anything and men who will sign nothing; only think, good reader, what a comprehensive term that must be which is used to denote the religious opinions or the religious condition of all these!

Or is it of 'our Protestant Establishment,' exclusively, that M'Orange speaks? Scarcely of that even. For he himself has been heard to affirm that several thousands of the clergymen whom it feeds are *Papists*, and not 'Protestants.' True, he challenges their right to be there; and but by his own admission they *are* there, and that is enough. It can hardly be our Great Establishment, therefore, which is meant by our bewildered friend. As if indeed the three co-heirs, Laud, Cranmer, and Erastus, who divide amongst them that prodigious estate, *could* have anything in 'common,'—unless, perhaps, a common interest, or, better still (the word, reader, is no invention of mine), a common *incumbency!*

'But are there not the Protestant Dissenters?' asks one; 'and have not they ——?' Yes indeed, they have; to their shame be it spoken. Will posterity believe, that in 1850, two hundred years after Milton's time, the English Dissenters came forward, under pretexts ever so colourable, to join hands with the bishops in defence of English prelacy? Will it believe that they shouted, with might and main, for the supremacy of the Crown in matters ecclesiastical? Well, perhaps it may. Perhaps it will believe anything of a generation which reads

the 'Windbag.' But even these far-seeing Dissenters do not mean what you mean. No, no. They have no intention of shouting for *your* 'Protestantism.' They would take away your tithes and your Prayer-book to-morrow if they could. Oh, M'Orange, you are not a shadow yourself; for you were, when I last saw you, rather stout; but 'what shadows' you 'pursue,'

> *'Credule! Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?*
> QUOD PETIS EST NUSQUAM.'

The truth is, that 'our common Protestantism' is but a euphemism for 'No Popery.' It means *that*, or it means nothing. And as birds build their nests in spring on the scarecrows of the preceding autumn, so, if we must have a bugbear, it is some consolation to know that we have to do with a familiar one. For England knows that cry, and has determined already, with some misgivings, perhaps, that she can afford to smile at it; and refers it to the dead scarecrows of bygone years. Right or wrong, England has decided, on the whole, that Popery shall be allowed to try its strength upon her soil. The Manchester school will have it so. The Peel-statesmen are of the same mind. The Irish brigade is recruiting its ranks. Even Oxford sends one representative to affirm the decree; and the sharpshooters of Parliament, who acknowledge no leader, and agree in little else, agree to a man in this, that the Cardinal is no worthy mark for their Miniés. The 'Times' itself has left off favouring the gaping public with its property-thunder-storms. And as for the Whig leader, who sounded the note of alarm so vehemently in 'the Durham Letter,' all the world knows how swiftly he tightened the ligaments of his glottis, and let his lusty English cry go up into an Italian falsetto. He began, sure enough, with the *voce di petto*, as they say in Italy, the voice from the chest; but he ended in the *voce di testa*, the voice from the head, and even that seemed at one time about to leave off piping and whistling in its sound. If, then, I wished ever so to join in the 'No-Popery' cry, this fact alone would suffice to deter me, that it is now *too late*. Every one has heard of the seven reasons assigned by some good man for not lending a *capote;* of which the seventh and last was, that he had not got one. Sensible people asked why he should have taken the trouble to name the other six, since that alone would have been sufficient. Even so M'Orange, are there seven good reasons why I should not shout 'No Popery;' but the seventh may suffice,—'It will be of no use.'

Perhaps, after all, the chief danger to be apprehended at present does not lie in the direction of Rome. Perhaps, if we could but see it, the storm with which, as many think, the air is already thick, is gathering in another quarter. Perhaps, in the matter of religion, men are *casting off* authority at the present moment, rather than invoking it; and it may be, that they will not distinguish accurately between the precepts of the priest and the restraints of Heaven. I, for one, think that what Discipulus has here written may be better worth attention than the eloquence of M'Orange.

'Wise men,' says he, 'must work whilst it is called to-day—yet in

the intervals of their toil they can scarcely choose but think of the morrow. And passionately, as in former times, so now, and never more passionately than now, are these endeavouring to question the dumb future. What new phase is society destined to present next? From the dead "belief in believing," which has by courtesy been called religion, the ardent and the thoughtful are beginning to turn away. Whither will they go? For, go where they may, they will draw after them, for a time, the populations of the world. So much, as by an irresistible law, is decreed already. Will they, then, find a living Christianity, or will they have to wander for a generation or two in the mazes of doubt? The question of questions at this moment in men's minds!'

Or again, somewhat abruptly, he exclaims, 'A "common Protestantism?" Say rather, a common materialism! A common terror! A common distrust of everything but the Queen's Bench! Prate about it as we may, old names have lost their significance in these new times. For the present, men will not list under the banner of Loyola; no, nor under Luther's; but, if at all, under Christ's. The old struggle between free thought and authority will go on; but on neither side will the combatants rally to the old watch-words. How should they indeed, when the very language of the Church is changing on her lips? Not that Christianity itself can change. Men will always find it, where the martyrs and confessors of former ages found it, in the intercessory prayer of Christ, and the profound arguments of Paul. But it will put on new forms. It will learn more and more to dispense with forms. It will be seen by all, as it is now seen by some, to be not a system, but *a life*. And then, and not till then, we may look for something better than this stern "Individualism," which is all that is at present left us. Organization in the name of the Gospel may become something more than a mere aggregation of dead units. There will be no need of a "common Protestantism," for we shall have a common *Christianity*, the fellowship of believers, the COMMUNION OF SAINTS.' X. Y. Z.

The Primeval Period of Britain.

HISTORY, it has been said, is the geology of the human world. The analogy is more correct than in the majority of imaginative utterances. It is, at least, admitted by the very unimaginative author of the work named below,* who rejects the usual expressions, 'an age of stone, an age of bronze, and an age of iron,' as divisions having no meaning in history, 'which cannot,' he says, 'be treated as a physical science,

* The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon; a History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Illus-

and its objects arranged in genera and species.' There is an obvious resemblance between those oldest and most deeply-seated portions of our earth, the records of whose construction are laboriously evolved and with difficulty interpreted, and that remotest period of a nation's growth of which we have no history but in fragmentary memorials. Such an age had England, and in such memorials her soil is affluent. The foot of advancing civilization is continually striking against the shattered remains of successively extinguished economies. It is an anticipated triumph of the future to reconstruct this farthest past. It is a present desideratum that our reading classes should know at least as much of what is to be known respecting the London of the Romans and Saxons, as of Nineveh and Pompeii. That desideratum Mr. Wright has gone far to supply, as we shall best show by a *resumé* of his very interesting and instructive volume.

Our author's ethnological views are those now generally adopted, and may be compressed into a single sentence—that the Celts were an earlier migration than the Germans, and came from the south-east; that they were driven west and south-west by the Germans, who, entering Europe from the shores of the Black Sea, advanced through its central parts; that the Germans themselves were in turn urged on by the Sclavonic, or Sarmatian race, which, as early as five centuries before Christ, had established itself on the eastern borders of Europe; and that the Celts would probably have been crushed by the Germans, but for the interposition of Roman strength, imposing a yoke upon the one and presenting a barrier to the other.

Presuming on the reader's familiarity with the picture of Britain left us by Cæsar and Tacitus, and with the order of events from the arrival to the departure of the Romans, we confine ourselves to the archæological illustration of the people and period. Our well-informed and faithful guide into this subterranean world, warns us at the threshold that he has comparatively little to show. 'The monuments of the British period,' says Mr. Wright, 'are few and uncertain, on account of the difficulty of appropriating them in a satisfactory manner. It has been the custom to consider all articles of rude make, which appeared not to be Roman, as belonging to a period antecedent to the Roman invasion; but later experience and more careful investigation have shown that this view was altogether erroneous. Much which used to be called British is now known to be Saxon, and it is impossible to say how much of the rest belongs to the period of the Roman occupation.' It is a saddening, if not a humiliating fact, that the sepulchre is the first, the largest, and the surest of the remains of primeval Britain. The cromlech of the Celt, the tumulus of the Latin, and the barrow of the Saxon, are found in every corner of these islands, and it is within those mansions of the dead that we find our chiefest memorials of the living. The sepulchral monuments of the Britons are distinguished

---

trated by the ancient remains brought to light by recent researches. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.R., M.R.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., Paternoster-row.

from those of their successors chiefly by their colossal dimensions and mystic grandeur. The Roman and the Saxon were content to raise a hollow mound of earth and stones, within which to deposit their dead—but the 'noble savage' who bestrode the oaken forests of unconquered Albion, set up a circle or a square, frequently a series of circles or squares, of huge stone pillars; placed upon these other stones, roofwise; and covered up the whole with richest earth. The antiquary has been accustomed, on meeting with piles of stones arranged as we have described, to attribute to them a religious character. He has traced in the Titanic columns of Stonehenge and Avebury, a Druid temple, and even fixed the site of the altar on which human sacrifices were bound. 'But recent researches,' Mr. Wright tells us, 'have left no doubt that they are all sepulchral chambers denuded of their mounds.'

'In fact they have been found with their original coverings in the Channel Islands, in Britany, in Ireland, and in England. One instance occurred about the year 1800, at Lanyon, in the parish of Maddern, or Madron, near Penzance, in Cornwall, which has been more carefully recorded than other similiar discoveries in England, and it furnishes us with an example of the motives which have led to the removal of the original mounds. The farmer to whom the ground belonged had often cast a longing eye to what appeared to be an immense heap of rich mould, and at length he resolved to clear it away and spread it over his field. As these large barrows are generally raised in localities where the soil is not very deep, the earth of which they are formed is the more attractive. When they had carried away about a hundred cartloads, the labourers came to a great stone, and not knowing what this might be, they removed the surrounding earth more carefully, and thus brought to light a large cromlech, formed, like many known examples, by three upright stones, making the three sides of the sepulchral chamber, covered with a massive cap-stone. Within were found a heap of broken urns and human bones, but it was evident that it had been disturbed at some former period, probably by treasure-seekers.'

In Morvan, West Cornwall, is a cromlech, the top-stone of which is calculated to weigh twenty tons; that of Kits-Cotty-house, between Maidstone and Rochester, is estimated at ten tons and a half. In the Isle of Anglesea is a double cromlech, consisting of a larger and a smaller chamber, the massive capstone of the former resting on five, and originally, it would appear, on seven, upright supports. The most complicated of these structures was opened in 1816, at Stoney Littleton, Somersetshire. The mound was more than a hundred feet long, thirteen high, and fifty-four wide. It was found to contain an entrance porch, a central gallery forty-seven feet long, and three transept chambers on either side. It had evidently been disturbed by ruder hands than those of the antiquary, for in only one of the recesses was found an earthen vessel containing human ashes; while the central avenue was strewed with the sacred deposits. The cromlech appears to have been usually surrounded with a fosa, or, sometimes, with an outer circle of smaller stones. Of this kind, numerous examples are found in Cornwall, and near the Land's End is one nearly eighty feet in diameter, called Dance Maine. The circle of Arbor-low, which has long been considered as the great Druidical temple of Derbyshire, is now admitted—as the terminal syllable, *low*, would indicate—to have

been more probably a sepulchral erection. The extraordinary remains known by the Anglo-Saxon name, 'Stonehenge,'—incorrectly apostrophised by the poet as,

'Brotherless hermit, the last of thy race!'—

was evidently the centre of a very extensive cemetery, though itself no doubt a temple. Still more remarkable, though less known, are the remains at Avebury, about twenty miles from Stonehenge. The stones are no less massive, and the circle much larger, enclosing a whole village, with various fields and buildings, and the approach is by a winding avenue of double pillars, a mile and a half in length. The wonderfully balanced masses called 'rocking stones,' geologists and antiquaries are now agreed in attributing to the superhuman strength and skill of that impersonal agency we call 'natural causes.' There is another class of remains no less decidedly British than those we have named, and no less obviously intended for interment, but which do not contain the sepulchral chamber. Numerous mounds have been opened in Wiltshire and Derbyshire, in which the actual place of burial is a shallow grave, and in which the body was placed, sometimes outstretched, sometimes doubled up, and sometimes in a sitting position; or, when only ashes are found, the urn is placed in a variety of positions. These different modes of burial, it seems, do not represent different periods; but were probably adopted according to the caprice or condition of the survivors. Only one other observation remains to be made under this head—namely, that in some of these mounds, interments have evidently been made in two or more successive strata.

In the cromlech, we have said, memorials of the living, as well as remains of the dead, are found. Very scanty, however, are the indications thus furnished of the ancient Britons. Either they were a very poor people, or they cared not to lavish their treasures upon the dead. The latter is not likely, since they evidently spared no labour upon the disposition of the corpse. Implements and weapons, chiefly of stone and bronze, a few bodkins and hairpins, and a handful of coins, constitute the sum of our discoveries. Funeral urns and drinking cups, evidently moulded by the hand, of the rudest form, with scarcely an attempt at ornament, and badly baked, are the only specimens we possess of their pottery. Knives, axes, hammers, chisels, saws, and arrow-heads, of stone and flint, appear to have been in general use among them; but they were not unacquainted with working in metal—for articles of iron, copper, and bronze, are found side by side with those of the former material. 'It is true,' remarks Mr. Wright, commenting on this circumstance, 'that there may have been a period when society was in so barbarous a state that sticks and stones were the only implements with which men knew how to furnish themselves; but I doubt if the antiquary has yet found any evidence of such a period.' 'Nothing,' he elsewhere observes, 'is more unsafe than the rule that mere rudeness of construction is a proof of antiquity;' and he illustrates the observation by the fact, that while swords of tempered iron are found in Roman barrows, weapons made of stone were used at the battle of Hastings, and even in the wars of Edward

and Wallace. Far back as we can go, lighted by the glimmering taper of archæological science, we find traces of social inequalities—of the distinctions of rich and poor, elegant and rude. Side by side with the flint arrow-head of the vassal warrior, we find breastplates of bronze, evidently intended rather to adorn than defend the front of his chief. In one instance, a cuirass of beaten gold has been found; and, for the sake of the local tradition attached, we quote our author's description of the discovery, which was made in 1833, at Mold, in Flintshire:—

'A mound, composed of pebbles and stones, had long stood at the corner of a field, and it was then cleared away for agricultural purposes. It was found to contain interments of urns and burnt bones, and also, in another part of the mound, a skeleton, round the breast of which was a corset of thin gold, embossed with an ornamentation resembling nail heads and lines. This interesting article is now in the British Museum. This barrow was called by the Welsh peasantry *bryn-yr-ellyllon*, or the hill of fairies or goblins; and it was believed to be haunted. But the most curious circumstance connected with it was the declaration, made before it was opened, of a woman of the neighbourhood, that, as she was going home late one night and had to pass by it, she saw moving ower the barrow, a spectre "*clothed in a coat of gold*, which shone like the sun."'

Of the coins incidentally mentioned it must suffice to add, that they are evident imitations of Greek and subsequently of Roman money and medals; that a large proportion of them are of gold and silver; and that their execution is in general extremely rude.

Of British towns or villages there are no authentic or intelligible remains. The excavations in the midland counties popularly known as such, it is impossible to distinguish from those that indubitably belong to a later period; and it is not unlikely that much of what passes for Roman or Anglo-Saxon remains, are indeed the memorials of a much later and scarce less barbarous age—the sites of fortresses and hamlets which disappeared in the storms let loose over England by the feuds of barons and the wars of the Roses. There is but one class of dwellings which we are sure were occupied by the aboriginal inhabitants of this island down to the age of Constantine—namely, 'caves and holes of the earth.' The geologists have turned up, in the cavernous rocks on the Devonshire and Cornish coasts, and at the opposite extremity of England, in Yorkshire, every article that is indubitably British. The reader of Shakespeare will be reminded that it was in such a 'savage hole' as this, at Milford Haven, Belarius 'kept house' with the sons of Cymbeline; and drew a devout homily from its low roof—

> 'Stoop, boys: This gate
> Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
> To morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
> Are arched so high, that giants may get through
> And keep their impious turbands on, without
> Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
> We *house i' the rock*, yet use thee not so hardly
> As prouder livers do.'

Let the reader now imagine himself a Roman of the third century, on a visit to the transalpine possessions of his empire city. He will be

desirous to extend his travels to the island of which he had read in the 'Commentaries' and the 'Annals'—to observe for himself the people who had produced a Caractacus and a Boadicea. Embarking at Gessoriacum (the modern Boulogne), he will be guided at night by the pharos of Dubræ (Dover) into the port of Rutupiæ (Richborough), behind the citadel of which he will descry the white marble mansions of the town, and the amphitheatre that crowns the hill. Crossing the creek from which were taken oysters that delighted the epicures of Rome, he passes over the site of the present Sandwich, and reaches by a high road over the downs, the city of Durovernum (now Canterbury). Leaving Durovernum to the south-east, he will proceed over the forest of Blee to Durobrivæ (Rochester). Thence he will journey along the south banks of the Thames—thickly studded to this day with traces of Roman settlements—to Vagniacæ (probably Southfleet), over Shooter's-hill and Blackheath to Noviomagus (in the parish of Bromley). Another stage will bring him to the foot of that bridge by which fifteen hundred years ago, as now, he would enter 'the great commercial town of Londinium.' This city, he will observe, is built on elevated ground, divided by a stream (Wallbrook) that runs down to the Thames, extending westwards to another stream (Holbourne), and on the east to the eminence which has since become classical under the name of Tower Hill. Already, he will see, Londinium has grown considerably since its foundation, and is adorned on the ground sloping from the north-west down to the river with temples and public buildings. The city is intersected, he will remark, by two principal streets —the one running northerly from the bridge (in a line with Bishopsgate-street); the other, from east to west (Watling-street, emerging at Ludgate). Following the latter of these roads, across Holbourne, to the present site of Knightsbridge, our imaginary traveller turns off to the north, and proceeds by the Kilburn-road, through a country already well cultivated and adorned with many villas, to the city of Verulamium (St. Albans); where he may divert himself with the shows of the theatre. Thence, a road nearly straight will conduct him to Durocobrivæ (near Dunstable)—the market-place, as Verulamium was the fashionable town, of the district. Crossing the rivers Ousel and Avon, he will reach the spot now occupied by High Cross, Leicestershire. His route through Warwickshire and Staffordshire may yet be traced in the tumuli which denote the sites of the towns at which he would rest—and so through Shropshire, even to the majestic heights of Snowdon, and down to Segontium (near Carnarvon), on the coast of the Irish sea. Supposing our traveller to leave Londinium by the north road, emerging from the city at what is now Bishopsgate, his first halting-place would be at the conflux of two streams, the Rib and the Quin; whence the road proceeded to Durolipons (Godmanchester), over a district covered with potteries, to a rich and elegant town named Durobrivæ (the present village of Castor). Two stages thence would bring him to Lindum (Lincoln), a city whose elegance and elevation would repay, then as now, the dreariness of its approaches. There was, however, another and a much pleasanter road

by which he might have reached Lindum—that which branched off from the north-western road, proceeded direct to Ratæ (Leicester), and passed upon the east side of Charnwood forest. From Lindum he would proceed by one of two roads to Eburacum (York), the second city of Britain—the grave of the emperor Severus, and the birthplace of Constantine. It contained an imperial palace, and temples to the gods of all nations, and was surrounded with extensive suburbs. Our tourist would now, of course, pursue the road as far as Hadrian's wall, and perhaps yet further north, to that of Antoninus. The former he would no doubt delight to trace, as one of the noblest of imperial works, from side to side of the island. It began at Segedunum (Wallsend), crossed the Tyne at Newcastle, and proceeded over hill and dale, varying from six to ten feet in thickness, and eighteen to nineteen in height, to the estuary of Ituna (the Solway Frith). Along the whole line, and at no great distance, were fortified towns; smaller fortresses were placed at intervals of one mile, and between each of these were four watch-towers. We have not space to outline the route by which the traveller might visit the eastern parts of the island, though both the Colchester and Cambridge of those days would have great attractions for the itinerant—as would also, on the west, Caerleon, or the city of the Legion, an ancient seat of archiepiscopal power; Ariconium, the capital of the iron district; and Aqua Solis, the modern Bath, famed then, as now, for its healing waters.

Had we leisure to descend from this cursory sketch of Roman Britain to the examination of single towns or country houses, as represented by their remains, we should be amply rewarded for the most patient observation. The former, the work of military colonies, were built, almost invariably, on the model of the Roman camp, and on spots chosen as well with an eye to defence as to salubrity and beauty. The fortifications were always of stone, even when there were no quarries in the vicinity. The masonry was in all cases excellent—the mortar employed was of such tenacity that our railway engineers congratulate themselves on having re-discovered the method of its preparation—and the bricks, or rather tiles, of the ordinary dwelling-house, were moulded on the instructions of Vitruvius. It is probable, however, that the walls of private buildings were seldom raised above the foundations, the superstructure being of wood. But the subterranean part of the building was of much more importance than in subsequent times; for the floors were invariably supported on rows of short thick columns, forming the hypocaust, or heating-apparatus for the entire house. Every town seems to have had public baths; and every villa, rooms appropriated to that purpose. Another feature must be noted. The sanitary arrangements of these old Roman cities were often much more complete than of those that have been raised on their site. Large and strong sewers ran down the streets, and communicated with the houses by drain-pipes. Water does not appear to have been conducted into the houses, but was brought by aqueducts into every town. A rubbish-pit is discovered at the back of the dwelling-house. The roads of which we have spoken were so well built, that they form the base of

the great highways in present use. The villas, the remains of a whole group of which have been found in Gloucestershire, were often of great extent, the rooms spacious and numerous, the floors of the best apartments elaborately tesselated, and the walls adorned with representations of the chase and of agricultural operations. There were large potteries at Upchurch, near Chatham, and at Castor, on the border of Northamptonshire—a glass manufactory on the Sussex coast—coal and iron works in Northumberland and Wales, and in the Forest of Dean. Lead, tin, and copper were the articles of a large export trade. In fact, there is scarcely a feature of the busy life of England in the nineteenth century, but we find its counterpart in the remains of the Roman civilization.

There is one question that will have been suggested to the thoughtful reader, and which we must find space to answer—namely, Are there no archæological evidences of the prevalence or presence of Christianity in Roman Britain? 'It cannot but excite our astonishment,' says Mr. Wright on this interesting point, 'that among such an immense number of altars and inscriptions of temples, and with so many hundreds of Roman sepulchres and graves as have been opened in this country, we find not a single trace of the religion of the Gospel. We must bear in mind, moreover, that a large proportion of these monuments belonged to a late period of the Roman occupation; in many of the inscriptions relating to temples, the building is said to have been rebuilt, after having fallen into ruin through its antiquity—*vetustate collapsum*; and the examination of more than one of the more magnificent villas has proved that they were erected on the site of an older villa, which had probably been taken down for the same reason. We seem driven by these circumstances to the unavoidable conclusion that Christianity was not established in Roman Britain, although it is a conclusion totally at variance with the preconceived notions into which we have been led by the ecclesiastical historians.' The historical evidence on the other side, our author divides into three classes, and shows to be very slight. There are, first, a few rhetorical allusions to Britain, as to India, in the writings of the Fathers. There are, secondly, traditions of missions undertaken by the Apostle Paul, and by Joseph of Arimathea. Thirdly, in the lists of prelates assembled at the Council of Arles (A.D. 314), the bishops of Ebucarum and Londinium are enumerated; and in an account of another council held at Rimini in 360, the bishops of Aquitaine, Gaul, and Britain, are mentioned. The former list is of very doubtful authenticity, and the 'Britain' of the latter is probably the Britany of Gaul. There is no difficulty in believing that in the legions recruited from all climes, and among settlers from all the maritime parts of the known world, there were many recusants from the Paganism of their native or adopted land; but to the representation of our early ecclesiastical writers—that from the age of Constantine, Britain was a Christian country; so filled with churches, bishops and clergy, 'that the invaders under whom the Roman power fell, found nothing but Christian altars to overthrow, and temples of Christ to demolish'—the results of antiquarian re-

searches are directly opposed. Science unites with authentic history in putting aside the story of a primitive Christian Church in Britain with its kindred figment of Apostolical succession.

Once more we descend into a world of tombs. The Saxon hordes poured along the roads constructed by their predecessors in invasion and conquest; settled in their towns, appropriated their rural mansions, and caught a little of their polish; but adhered to the funeral rites they had practised in the forests of Germany. Little or nothing else of Saxon England remains but its 'barrows'—'the prototype of our modern graves'—simply pits cut in the earth, to receive the outstretched corpse, attired in its former habiliments, and surrounded with the articles of greatest value to the living—the sword, shield, knives, and drinking cup of the warrior; the bodkins, hairpins, tweezers, keys—in fact, the *chatelaine*—of the lady. Anglo-Saxon poets assist us in realizing the scene and the motives of an interment. The Briton raised a vast and massive prison-house for his dead, as though anxious only to preserve them from demon spoilers, and keep their resting-place within his sight. The Roman placed the remains of his kindred in a costly tomb, kindled a lamp beside the sleeping corpse, and marked the spot with symbols of the immortality in which sages and poets taught him to believe. The ruder Saxon was not without hope or care—he provided his dead chieftain with cups from which to quaff mead with his ancestors, and the armour in which he should recite the deeds of earth. The morass became the site of populous cities, and the city became a decaying ruin; but with the advance and decline of civilization, whether in the barbarism of the Briton or the Saxon, or in the intermediate state, humanity displayed its essential unchangeableness;—the mother wept and smiled over her babe—men fought, and toiled, and played—the dead were mourned for—the gods were believed in, and heaven was anticipated. Blessed be God that there is a sense in which it may be said of his creatures as of Him, 'The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

Schiller and Goethe in Relation to Christianity.

FROM 'HAGENBACH'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

We leave it to others to draw the parallel between Schiller and Goethe as poets. Our business is to compare these two heroes of German literature in their relation to Christianity. On this point, too, there is great divergency of judgment. While there are some who, without further investigation, reject both poets as un-christian, there are others—and those, too, of strict views on the subject of

Christianity—who, in a remarkable manner, accord to Goethe more grace than to Schiller. Seldom does the reverse of this appear. The justice of this decision depends on what we assume as the standard of Christianity; whether insight, will, or inclination. As it regards insight into Christian truth, Goethe unquestionably stands higher than Schiller—as, in other things, he discovers a more comprehensive mind, and one less veiled by the prejudices of the schools. He could honour, *e.g.*, the biblical history and the dogmas of Christianity far more sincerely than Schiller, who is often passionately excited against them. How, indeed, could the man, in whose hands everything received a living form—how could he avoid taking up the world-historical phenomenon of Christianity in this forming process, and incorporating it into his great world-picture? What a wealth of profound Christian intuitions meets us in Faust! What an apprehension of the most delicate shades of Christian life in the 'Confessions of a Beautiful Soul!' Even the Moravian view of Christianity he approves in its place, as his intercourse with the gifted Fraulein von Klettenberg proves. What healthy and correct judgments concerning the high value of the Bible and its educational importance we encounter in his autobiography, and occasionally, also, in the observations scattered through the 'Theory of Colour,' and especially in the 'Conversations with Eckermann.' To cite a single example, what stronger word can be brought against the despisers of the Bible than that of Goethe:—'The higher the centuries ascend in civilization, the more the Bible will be found and made available, not by pretenders indeed, but by truly wise men—partly as basis and partly as instrument of education.' There are many similiar utterances. In fact, it is certain that modern Christian apologetics may adduce from the writings of Goethe a far greater number of confirmatory passages than from those of Schiller, in which heresy is almost everywhere apparent.

Also in the province of practical religion, Goethe, as it regards insight into existing relations, showed himself practical; Schiller, on the contrary, generally unpractical. Schiller, *e.g.*, dreamed of improving the world by means of the theatre; he commended the stage as a moral institution, as it were a second Church. In conformity with these views, many of the clergy of that period introduced poetic phrases and theatrical declamation into the pulpit. But Goethe rebuked this mischief in the most masterly manner in his Faust. Wagner says to Faust, 'I have often heard it boasted that an actor may teach the parson.' Faust replies, 'Yes, when the parson is an actor, as may sometimes happen.' And then he continues, 'If you do not feel it, you will never obtain it by chasing after it.' . . . . . 'Seek an honest gain; be no bell-jingling fool. Good sense and right feeling need little art for their delivery. If it is your earnest desire to say something, is it necessary to chase after words?'

In these few words, Goethe has concentrated more homiletic wisdom than is to be found in many a complete theory of pulpit eloquence.

In like manner, he discovers a sure tact in all things pertaining to public worship. He felt very truly himself, that of all his poems, though he had written so many, there was not one that could be

introduced into a Lutheran hymn-book. All blending of the provinces of the sacred and profane was offensive to his sound taste. A music, he says among other things (in Wilhelm Meister's journeyman years), which combines the sacred and profane character, is godless. . . . But, if insight is not the only standard of Christianity; if that standard is rather to be sought in the tone and inclination of the feelings, we should be tempted to believe (without doing Goethe injustice) that Schiller at times experienced more profound Christian emotions than Goethe. You remember those 'Morning Thoughts' of Schiller, and his struggles after truth and certainty in religious matters. This kind of struggle we nowhere encounter in the life of Goethe. It is true, he doubted, even while a boy, of many things in the Bible, and demanded an explanation of them from his religious teacher; but, as he himself says, he cared more about bringing forward his doubts, than he did about the solution of them. . . . . Afterwards, in his youthful years, Goethe experienced many fermentations in his interior life, and it cost him a mighty conflict before he could assume toward the world that quiet and commanding position which he maintained in his riper years. But the struggle was not a religious one; it was the conflict of a tempestuous, on-rushing genius against the settled relations of the natural and moral world; like the storming of a Titan, who would possess himself of heaven by his own godlike power. But after the 'nightly tempest,' Goethe soon recovered the shore. 'The wet one'—so he speaks of himself—'dried himself; and the next morning, when the glorious sun came forth again on the gleaming waves, the sea wanted more figs.'*

Neither Schiller's life nor Goethe's are free from moral aberrations. But Goethe treated them more lightly; and unquestionably, Schiller's moral endeavour was more earnest than Goethe's. A saint he would on no account be; but neither would he be reckless and unholy. Piety, according to his own language, was not, with him, the end of life, but only a means by which, through the purest repose of mind, he might attain to the highest culture. To maintain a just measure in all things—that was Goethe's first principle in moral and religious matters as in art. Hence, the position he assumed in relation to unlimited enlightenment, as well as to what seemed to him unlimited piety or religious extravagance. It is a significant fact that precisely in his younger years, he took part, as a friend, with Stilling and Lavater, and maintained their cause in opposition to the Illuminists. . . .

As Goethe did not choose to look within himself, so he does not lead others to look within. He teaches a man to find his true place in the world; and in this regard, all may learn and should learn of him. But he touches no man's conscience; he does not mean to do so; he would have every one act according to his kind. This absence of design, which constitutes the character of a true work of art, is what makes Goethe, in certain moments, appear so great, contrasted with the petty and passionate driving of every-day men. We may, indeed, refresh and elevate ourselves in the contemplation of this pas-

* Allusion to a Greek proverb.

sionless greatness, when the world would drag us down into its own tumult; but I insist again, that there is a wide difference between artistic contemplation, and the moral problem which every man should propose to himself. . . . . To say that great minds are not subject to the universal moral law; that they, as darlings of the Godhead, are emancipated at the outset; that they carry the measure by which they are to be judged exclusively within themselves; that they are their own law; in a word, that they are not amenable to the law of God and the divine order; this is making gods of men. And let it be observed that this rage for deifying men is found especially there where pantheism has destroyed the belief in the true and living God. When man worships and adores, he cannot content himself with a vague and general idea; he must adore something personal; and when he has lost the personality of the Creator, he transfers his homage to the creature. There is One who lived as man among men, in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and of him it was said, that he was made subject to the law; that he became obedient and fulfilled all righteousness; and *therefore* even has God exalted him and given him a name which is above every name, consequently, above the highest and most renowned; and only that which harmonizes and adjusts itself with this order, is counted valid in the kingdom of God. The grandeur of the name does not therefore perish. It shines on undimmed, like a star in the great star-picture, unconfined and untroubled, like an emerald in the throne of the Eternal. This let us hold fast in reference to Goethe.

The fairest and noblest of Goethe has already been considered in this connexion; and as the apostle says, 'all things are yours,' so Christianity, in the strong consciousness of this right, has availed itself of Goethe also. . . . . 'Every productiveness of the highest kind,' says he, 'every important *aperçu*, every invention, every great thought which bears fruit and has consequences, is in no man's power; it is exalted above all earthly might. These things are to be regarded as unlooked-for gifts from above; as pure children of God; they are to be received and honoured with grateful joy.' Such utterances we occasionally meet in the life of this wonderful man. Out of the seemingly cold rock-breast, there flashes often a surprising flame of the deepest religious freedom. . . . . Although we cannot allow that Goethe is to be judged by a moral standard different from that which we apply to other men, we will gladly acknowledge that the ways by which God leads such men are often hidden from us. Remarkable in this connexion is an intimation of Goethe himself to Lavater: 'My God, to whom I have remained true, has richly blessed me in secret; for my fate is wholly concealed from men; they can see and hear nothing of it; but so much of it as may be made manifest, I hasten to deposit in your heart.' In conclusion, one passage from his last Conversations with Eckermann: 'Let intellectual culture continue to advance; let the natural sciences grow in ever increasing extension and depth, and the human mind expand as it will; it will never advance beyond the elevation and the moral culture of Christianity, as it shines and gleams in the gospels.'

For the Young.

THE ONLY SIXPENCE; OR, THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

A TALE FOR BOYS.

It was a very jubilee evening with Nature: you never heard anything so fresh and joyous as the songs of the midsummer birds. They seemed to be wild with delight. They sang, and chirped, and answered one another from their green bowers with untiring vivacity; and so far from leaving off their tuneful conversation when a party of school-boys entered the wood, they sang louder still, as though in emulation of the lads' glee. And that roguish blue-eyed little fellow, with the imitative faculty, who could whistle birds' notes to admiration at home, here found himself quite thrown in the background. Blackbird and thrush, tomtit and linnet, seemed to laugh at him, and as they trilled forth the sweetest songs from their tiny throats, they almost seemed to say, 'There! imitate us if you can.'

So the boys went on with their own music. They did not sing much that I remember, but the voices of the young are always full of melody to hearts that are not quite world-spoiled. If one must live in a noise, commend me to the noise of the young. Forest minstrelsy is very beautiful and soothing for an hour or so in the day, but the minstrelsy of intelligent beings, the mirth of the young, is worth it all. Indeed, there is music and poetry, too, in the innocent merriment of untried, unworn souls. It comes across old autumn-seared hearts as a kindly breath of spring, or as the softer air of the far-famed Indian summer. God, who made man to be young but once, never meant his heart to be aged in spring. He made it light and merry; and we have no sympathy with that philosophy which would lay one burden on it ere the time.

And now the boys were fairly in the wood; but they were not going to stay there. Oh, no! Did you never notice how that love of wood scenery grows on us with age and gravity? We love the shade now, but in childhood we were ever for the heath or the hill-side, the breezy common or the towering cliff. We could scarcely climb too high, or breathe too much of the summer air. Hot suns! dusty roads! what cared we for these? We liked space, scope. Oh, no! the lads would not stay in the wood. The masters, or ushers, as I believe the undermasters are technically called in large schools, looked longingly at a mossy bank, and at their tempting books, but the lads were so pleading for the hills! the hills! that they could not say nay, and thus they passed through the grove, much to the satisfaction of the performers in the concert there, no doubt. The hills did not tempt the ushers, and so, calling to a fine tall boy of fifteen, one of the elder pupils and the leader of the school, with a few warnings as to time, keeping within bounds, &c., they allowed the young ones to troop off on their own

business, whilst they lay down on the hill-side, to talk, to read, and to sleep.

The boys were soon out of sight. The hill was nothing to them to climb, and having arrived at a kind of hollow on the summit, which the country people say was Julius Cæsar's camp, the whistler before alluded to sent forth one of his shrillest and most commanding performances, and in five minutes the thirty boys were collected.

Fine, manly, noble fellows they were, true specimens of what schoolboys should be; not beaten, and starved, and goaded into sullen indifference or savage revenge, but led and wooed up the difficult path of knowledge, and tenderly guided through the manifold intricacies of young life. The schoolmaster was a Christian philosopher. He had not undertaken the charge of these thirty boys, with their infinite varieties of temperament, and education, and disposition, in order to grow rich out of their parents. He did not look on them as many a schoolmaster besides the caricature Yorkshireman of Dickens has done, as 'so many pounds a year,' to be turned over, and ground, and pinched out of, but he saw in each being there a soul to be saved or to be lost—a soul of such incalculable price in the good man's eyes that he had been often heard to say, 'Money! money! cannot pay educators. If we train them *well*, train them for heaven with God's help, who can pay *that* training? If we are careless, and one be lost through our indolence or misrule, what reparation can *we* make?'

Ah, true-hearted, faithful servant, the recording angel hath much written of thee, and of those like thee; and in the day when the Treasurer shall make up his jewels, think what a crown will adorn thy brow, thou patient, gentle schoolmaster! Thou hast ofttimes sown in tears, but thou shalt reap in joy as thou enterest thy Master's presence, meekly saying, 'Behold, here am I, with the children whom thou hast given me.'

Just as we have glided from the gay to the grave, so it was with the boys. A grave matter was pending, and it was to consult on this that the whistler had collected the stray ones together; and this being done, Cecil, the leader before referred to, was formally called to the 'chair,' and the business of the meeting commenced. The 'chair' was a little grassy knoll, and if Julius Cæsar ever did encamp in this pleasant spot, all we have to say is, that he showed his taste.

'Caps off in a public meeting!' said the merry whistler, 'Will the Whistler,' as he was called, with one of his feats at ventriloquism.

'Order at a public meeting!' called out Barry 'the Sage,' who had not his name for nothing.

'My boys,' said Cecil, the leader—he was the leader, *par excellence*, into all good and truth, and straightforward justice. 'My boys, this day fortnight is the last Saturday before the holidays.'

'Always the way at public meetings,' said Hugh the Joker, with his arm round Will the Whistler's neck; 'isn't it, Will? Truisms are the order of the day.'

'Chair, chair!' 'Order, order!' sounded in the little group, and the speaker continued.

'We have known some jolly breakings-up, boys; but this is not quite so jovial a time as some. You all know why. Our good master has been in sorrow. We can't give him back his daughter that he has lost, nor call his son from the blue sea; but we can show our love to him, and if I know your hearts, I may say, we *will* show our love to him, and so, by obedience and duty, try to console him for the lost and the absent. But two or three of us have been thinking, that we should like to make him some little acknowledgment of his goodness to us. I don't mean to say that we can repay him, but let us give him some appropriate testimonial of our esteem—our gratitude. It may sometimes recall us, when we have left school, to his mind; and who would not wish for a place in the memory of Dr. Sternchutz? A thought is so sure to be a prayer in his heart.'

This little burst of school-boy eloquence having received due applause, a second speaker arose (they forgot all about moving resolutions, which, I believe, they intended), and said, that the idea was a glorious one; and, indeed, he launched out into such rapturous eulogies of the Doctor, as to tire out a few of the merry and practical ones. However, the general feeling of the meeting was the entire approval of the chairman's proposition, and one or two of the worst boys were warmest in the cause.

There were boys far from good there of course, for Dr. Sternchutz did not pretend to change hearts, nor to make school-boys into angels. Yet, even the worst, the idlest, and the most viciously inclined there, declared that he loved Dr. Sternchutz as well as any of them did, though they might not think it; and so he ought, he added parenthetically, for he had given him the most trouble, and the Doctor had told him in confidence, that he was the only boy he had ever felt tempted to flog in his life. 'A favour,' continued the lad, jocosely, 'for which I am so deeply indebted, that I feel quite disposed to lay down something handsome to the subscription fund.'

Cecil shook his head. 'Indeed you ought. You can never repay the Doctor for the pain it must have given him to be severe. But now to business; what shall we give him?'

The banker's son suggested a purse filled with thirty sovereigns. The son of the member for ——, having been greatly excited by the presentation of a piece of plate to his father by his constituents, suggested a similar gift to the Doctor. The studious boy would buy a set of books. One, much given to creature comforts, proposed a study chair—but the plate seemed to be the popular notion. Two or three, the 'Council of Wisdom,' as they were usually called, said nothing; and one little quiet lad, who sate very close to Cecil, his protector, was seen to be shedding tears, as he looked down upon the soft grass.

'Come, now,' said the Whistler, 'Mr. Chairman, I know you've something in your head; out with it, if you please.'

'Two or three of us think' ('the Council,' said Willy, by way of explanation); 'two or three of us think that the Doctor would care but little for any, or all of these presents in themselves. The 30*l.* would

all come back to us in *fêtes* and indulgences before the year was out. The plate, I don't know,' said Cecil, 'the plate seems *beneath* a scholar like Dr. Sternchutz.'

'Much obliged,' said the member's son.

'Now, what think you of giving him a picture of his son—his sailor son—our dear old schoolfellow, Gerhard?'

'Think!' said more than one voice. 'Think! Why, that you should have thought of it before the sailor was at the rather inconvenient distance for obtaining a correct portrait, to wit, on his way to Adelaide.'

Cecil smiled. 'Now we have taken a great liberty, but we are prepared to abide the consequences. Mr. L., who, as you know, has lately been staying at Dover, painted Gerhard Sternchutz on speculation, before he sailed. He is a friend of my father's; and although, he said, he had no time to idle in speculative portraits, yet he would gladly paint the Doctor's son only for the Doctor's sake; and if *we* don't wish to have it, he will keep it as a fine model of a noble, manly youth, and the son of a good man. We are to pay less than he usually charges for portraits, but it is a pretty stiff price for schoolboys, to say nothing of the frame. Still, among thirty, surely we can manage that, and have it sent home by this day week.'

There was not a dissentient voice, and yet more than one schoolboy looked thoughtful, for his pocket-money was very low. And many mental calculations were made, as to the amount of subscriptions to be expected, for there was to be strict secrecy observed as to the amount given by each lad. Every one was to give what he could, and the money was to be put in a box, and counted the day before breaking-up. No subscription was to be asked from parent or friend. The present was to be *their own*, and would demand some sacrifice on the part of every boy. But they had not lived so long with Dr. Sternchutz, without having learned that the splendid gift which cost no self-denial, is worth infinitely less in the eyes of all the true hearted, than a wreath of wild flowers gathered with a pure loving motive, and a real desire to please. 'Self-denial, my children,' the Doctor used to say, 'is the root of all *true* generosity. There is no generosity without it.'

The delicacy of feeling which prompted 'the Council of Three' to ask no questions as to the amount which each boy should give, was highly commendable. 'To some of us,' said Cecil, 'five shillings will be more than fifty shillings will be to others, so "honour bright," boys; no consultations about what will be expected, and what will be given. It is supposed, of course, that all will subscribe, and supposed, too, that each will give what he can.'

A low sob was heard from the boy by Cecil's side, and when all hands were lifted up, his head was yet low upon the grass. Poor little lad!

And now the meeting broke up, and the boys dispersed. The time to return home was nearly come, and the Doctor, who met them at supper, said they had brought a waft of summer with them, they all looked so happy. He did not see those large tearful eyes, for the

little boy sate hidden from his view. And why did the child look so sorrowful? I will tell you—he was poor and he was homeless. He knew not where to look even for his mite to contribute to the Sternchutz memorial. He had been at school only half a year, and it was but little that any one knew of his character. He was delicate in health, feeble in spirits, and one might read an orphan's tale in the expression of his pale face. It was not so much that of any positive unhappiness, as the absence of all youthful joy. 'He was not affectionate,' the under master said, and so said the boys, 'had no warmth, no energy, no ambition, no character, of any kind.'

Children! boys especially, if in your school life or in your knowledge of other boys, you meet with one like poor little Edward Halley, will you try to bring out the affection which, depend upon it, the Creator has planted somewhere in his young heart, but which some bitter east wind in spring has blighted, or some neglect in nursery culture has dwarfed in its growth. How could the boy be loving? He had never been loved. He could not recall the time, as many of you can, when an eye of unutterable affection watched by his bed, and a mother's tones sang such songs as mothers only can sing. He had no gentle household memories to soften his boyish character; no hopes of a home in time to come to cheer his school life. The world was to be his home, and the voice of his schoolmaster was the only voice that had ever yet reached his heart, poor lad! His father had been dead three years; of his mother he had no recollection. The former died when his affairs were in extreme perplexity, leaving them to be settled by a well-doing, but somewhat penurious brother, who found that after this settlement he was several hundreds the poorer, and that the child must either be fed by him or starve. He was not an unfeeling man, although he was deficient in tenderness; but he had a large family, and he thought that he should be cruel to them if he were too kind to the orphan.

Dr. Sternchutz came by the boy in a curious manner. The uncle and nephew had travelled from town one day to look out for a cheap school, in which (so the uncle had been told) the town of Dover abounded. He had been recommended to a Mr. Reed, a schoolmaster, by one of his acquaintance, and as chance would have it, or as we would prefer putting it, as God willed it, he asked his way to Mr. Reed's house of Dr. Sternchutz, who was walking thoughtfully on the road towards the railway station.

The Doctor paused—'Mr. Reed, sir, has just given up his school, and has left Dover.'

The uncle was discomfited—'Can you tell me of a boys' school, sir—a moderate school, for this lad? It is very provoking, after the expense and trouble of the journey.'

The Doctor looked at them both. 'I keep a school, sir, but'—and he looked at the uncle and nephew observantly—'I don't know that it would suit you.'

'That's soon settled, sir. I am prepared to give 25*l.* per annum for the boy's board and education. I think he's a sharp lad, but I want

no Latin nor Greek into the bargain. What you can teach for 25*l.* a year, you may teach. I expect he will be made to write a good hand for that, and to understand book-keeping, double entry, and so forth. What you can give him in any way, I say, for that sum, except extravagant notions, he may have. Is he likely to suit *you*, sir?'

Dr. Sternchutz thought, whatever the child might be, the uncle was certainly not promising; but he was not a worldly-wise man; he was, his friends said, benevolent to a weakness, and the child's look of fatigue, and the uncle's appearance of indifference, enlisted his interest on behalf of the former, and he felt strongly disposed to make the venture.

A very unbusiness-like act of yours, Dr. Sternchutz, without any reference or any guarantee for the payment of that pitiful 25*l.* But the Doctor did mean to make inquiries. He was not so very weak a man, and quite a discerning one, so politely asking the weary travellers to go in and take some refreshment, he learned more particulars of the child's history and connexions, and the matter was arranged.

Six months had passed away, and Dr. Sternchutz had not repented. The child, whatever he might appear to his schoolfellows, was to him an object of interest. He was clever, orderly, 'and I think he is attached to me,' said the good Doctor to his wife one night.

'I hope he is, my dear, but he does not show it much. There is nothing *genial* in the child; he always seems so reserved, so *very* cold.'

'We shall see, my love,' said the all-hopeful master. 'I have not *yet* repented taking him in. Let us open our hearts to him, my Agnes, and who knows but his may open to us?'

Indeed, Doctor, you were right. That unnoticed boy has within his breast such a well-spring of gratitude to you for your kind words and looks to him, that there is not a glance nor a tone of approval, not a word of commendation, not an expression of interest, but he treasures up in his forlorn orphan's heart, and night by night he breathes your name in his child-prayer to his Maker, and when others are asking God to bless a father or a mother, a brother or a sister, the lonely one prays for all good things to rest on that dear friend who is all the world to him.

The picture came in due time, the packing-case arrived one night when the master was out, and the usher, having succeeded in lulling the natural curiosity of the lady and her daughters, had it conveyed into his bed-chamber, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the boys, who had to stifle their cheers as the porter returned from his laborious ascent.

This was on the Saturday; the excitement was universal, and the money already received from home made a goodly clink in the large box into which Cecil had cut a hole for the purpose of receiving voluntary contributions. Each of the twenty-nine had dropped his contribution there. It stood in the head master's room for the purpose, when in the dusk of that Saturday evening little Edward stole up stairs, and blushing and sighing deeply, he let fall his only coin. Well—it was but sixpence, and it was a sixpence that the Doctor had given.

him, but the child 'without a heart' said within himself, and God heard him, 'If I put nothing in, I shall feel as if I had not shown my love to him. If I put this in (and they will be sure to know who put in that only sixpence), they may perhaps despise my gift, but I shall have done *all* I can; and yet, oh that he could but know how I love him!' So the child's offering fell, and his spirit was lighter than before. Pride had told him it were better to give nothing than to give *that;* and avarice had told him that it was not to be expected that he should contribute, because he had truly nothing to give; but the Bible told him that while the rich men cast in their great gifts to the treasury, the widow out of her penury gave more than all the others, and so the boy went down with a livelier step and happier thoughts.

Monday night came. The Doctor was to give a supper to his children; he always called the boys 'My children,' and the usher had to beg that he would permit the elder lads free access to the dining-room for an hour before supper.

'To be sure, to be sure,' said the good man; 'they won't lift up the white cloth, I know.'

'I will answer for them, sir;' and they were admitted.

The picture was hung up in the best light possible, and before it was drawn a red curtain. Garlands of flowers festooned the apartment, and nothing was wanting to complete the beauty of the place. One by one the lads were admitted to view the preparations, and the last, because the youngest, came little Edward. 'It would be very pretty,' said the child, 'to put a garland of "Forget-me-nots" round the frame.'

'Very! I wish we had thought of that; but I only know of one place where they grow fine, and that is by Welbourne-brook.'

'Do you think, Cecil, you could get leave for me to go?'

'Why, boy,' said Cecil, 'it's nearly two miles, and you are not fond of a walk.'

'But, Cecil, I *am* fond of Dr. Sternchutz, and he loves flowers too.'

'Well, I will ask for you.'

'How kind! I shall *so* thank you.'

Permission was granted, and the child set out. The Forget-me-nots were just in time, and that was better than being before the time, for spite of their sweet name they fade away with lamentable rapidity. The garland was woven. The clock struck eight, and the supper bell rang. The good Doctor led in his wife, and the two daughters followed. The boys came in in single file, very orderly, but very happy. The table was covered with a white cloth over the whole contents. But the boys were not astonished. Oh, no, it was the Doctor's turn to be surprised.

Grace was said, and the neat maidens removed the covering. There was a present for every one; not costly, but exactly the sort of gift suited to each boy's taste.

'You know, my children,' said the Doctor, 'that I never give prizes, and you know, too, the reason why I never give them. I am glad there is to be no prize given. I could not bear to inflict pain to-night, as,

perhaps, I might have to do, for you should all be joyful now. You will each of you come to my study to-morrow, and receive the expression of my thoughts of your conduct during the past half year. They are thoughts of peace in every case,' said the good man, smiling, 'so let no one be alarmed,' for the rebel lad already alluded to met the eye of his master, 'and now let us begin supper. Agnes, my friend, what hast thou for us?'

It was difficult to say what article of simple inexpensive cookery there was not. Many a pretty German dish was there, and one which no boy in the school could be taught to like, but which the Doctor always declared excellent, even the '*Krauten*,' or sour crout.

And would you believe it? all this time the Doctor had never remarked the red curtains over the side-board, but then he never did see any change of the sort. Mrs. Sternchutz had noticed it, and so had the young ladies, and at length Madelaine, the younger daughter, could pen up her curiosity no longer, but said—

'Papa, only look at the red cloth there.'

'I see! ah, I see! what is it, child?'

'I fancy the young gentlemen can explain,' said the usher; and at these words, he drew out of his pocket a sheet of paper signed by all the school, and headed by these words:—

'Dear and most honoured Doctor,

'We have long wished to give you something which should recall us to your remembrance when some of us are separated from you. We owe you a great debt. It is one that no words, no gift can pay. Receive then, dear sir, the tribute of our affection, which we deem most appropriate, and in the trial of your son's absence may it comfort you to know that we each subscribe our name as your dutiful and affectionate children, &c. &c.'

The letter was read, the curtain was withdrawn, and silence reigned—a silence of astonishment and of deep feeling. At length the Doctor spoke:—

'Dear children, it is too much, too much! You could not indeed have done better.' His voice failed, and mother and sisters wept plentifully. 'The dear boy! how like! Truly, Madelaine, it speaks.'

'Come in, come in!' called Gertrude, the elder daughter, to the faithful nurse of the family, the good Gabrielle. 'Come, see your boy, your Gerhard.'

Nurse rushed forward, and you should have heard her criticisms in her own expressive language. 'Very, *very* like! bless him! but not so handsome; no, not so handsome!' They said it was a *speaking* likeness. 'No,' Gabrielle averred, 'that was its fault, it did not speak.'

Ah, Gabrielle, good handmaiden! thou hast told the reason wherefore likenesses of the dead or of the absent so often make the heart to ache, they do *not* speak, for they are soul-wanting.

But the Doctor said she was wrong, the likeness did speak, would

always speak to him. It was like a voice telling of his adopted children's love. 'Blessings on you,' said he, taking up a morsel of the 'Forget-me-not,' which had escaped from the fading garland, 'and who wove this wreath?'

'It was little Edward, sir.'

Oh, how the heart of the child beat as the Doctor, laying his hand fondly on the light hair, said, 'Flowers speak, too, my child—I will *not forget thee.*' The hour for evening prayer was come. Reverently they knelt, and not a heart there but was touched at the tones of the Doctor as he led their devotions, prayed for the absent and present, and praised for the departed and the glorified.

It was morning. The boxes were all packed, and there was a smile on every face, but on that of Edward there was no smile. He was going to his uncle's house, but he was not going *home.* Each boy passed into the study; some came out with visible marks of feeling; all with chastened and gentle manner.

'Well, Edward, art thou happy with us, my child?'

'Very, sir.'

'Thou wilt come back then?'

'Oh, sir!' and the boy burst into tears. 'Yes, if you will take me!' The hand was extended, but the boy could not take it. 'Let me, oh let me, sir, say one word to you. I am very miserable, dear Dr. Sternchutz. It was so sad to me, to think that when everybody, who owes you *less* than I, contributed *something* to your gift, *I* had nothing to give. I who owe you so much.'

'My child, you *did* give something, did you not?'

'Alas, alas, sir! only the sixpence you gave me.'

'And why did you give that, my Ned; it was not needful. I should have been well content with that wreath of flowers from *you.*'

'Why, sir, why! because I loved you.'

'Well, my boy, and do you not think your sixpenny share in that portrait is worth as much as every other? Come, sit down on my knee, little one, and I will tell thee a parable; in English or in German shall it be? In English thou sayest. Well, next midsummer remember I will tell thee one in German. There! so! thy arm round my neck, boy, as my own Gerhard used to sit. Now, Edward, listen to the tale of "The Dew Drops."

'Selia, the child of pious parents, who lived near Mount Tabor, in the Holy Land, had often heard of those kind angels sent by Jehovah to the earth, to hover over and to walk beside little children, to minister to their joys and to breathe in their ears words of truth and counsel. "Surely," said the child, "flowers must have their angel to care for them. Oh, that I could see his beautiful form." And often did the boy go secretly to the mountain, and listen if perchance he might hear the rustle of his wings, when his large blue eyes would be fixed on the sky, or he would stand thoughtfully looking on the flowery hill. But in vain; the Flower Angel came not. "Ah," said Selia, "he does good unseen; by night he watches the flowers and

tends them, so that they may bloom by day, showering soft dews on their tender heads, but when morning comes he is gone. How gladly would I thank the kind Flower Angel."

'So with these thoughts Selia went, and plucking the loveliest flowers of the valley, wove them into a garland, and when evening came and the sun went down, he went to the hill side, and lightly laying down his wreath, stood still to think of the angel. He now turned his steps homewards, and his little heart was at rest. "Well, my child," said his mother to him, when she visited his bedside that night, "where hast thou been this evening? To the flowers again!"

'"Yes, mother!" replied the boy, "I have plucked the most beautiful that could be found in the valley, and have woven them into a garland that the angel might find them to-night." How his elder brother laughed at Selia. "Simple child," he said, "if the Flower Angel can make flowers, surely he has enough, and needeth not your garland!"

'Poor Selia! his heart sank at this, and he looked doubtfully at his mother. But she said—

'"Cheer up, my beloved, the angel looks not at the flowers alone. but remember he saw the *spirit* of the child which caused him to weave the wreath, and to offer it to him, and fear not, he will never spurn the heart-offering." So Selia was comforted and sank to sleep, and in his dreams he fancied that the Flower Angel came and looked kindly at him, and many a summer's morning early the boy went out to the fields, always returning with joy, "For see, mother," he said, "the angel must have seen my gifts, and that he has not disdained them is plain, for on my garland of flowers what sparkling dew drops are lying."'

Edward looked up, there was a tear in the master's eye, and like Selia's the boy's heart was cheered. 'You are young, dear child, and helpless.'

'An orphan, and poor,' murmured the boy.

'An orphan and poor, Edward, but remember that the heart's offering the poorest may give. Be obedient, my child, be loving, be truthful, and thou wilt be dear to us all. Give me the service of thy heart, dear boy, and like the sixpence thou dropped into the box last night, that service will be precious. God, too, who sees the motive, will not withhold the dew of his blessing on thee. The flowers of the field, Edward, are helpless, but he careth for them. They have but their bloom to offer their Maker. Offer, then, thine heart in the *bud*. The bird of the air has only its song wherewith to praise its Creator. Offer thou thy daily song of praise; and for the rest, my boy, remember that God is a father of the fatherless, and will not forget thee.'

Edward rejoiced as he heard these words, and perhaps we may look in on him a little time hence, and see how he proved the words of the good schoolmaster, and found a father in God and a friend in the worthy Doctor.

Children, it is not in great things that we can prove our love. The best of our deeds to man, the best of our service to God, are but like Edward's sixpence. The love that prompts the offering is that at which God, the heart-searcher, looks. 'She has done what she could,' the Saviour said of her who anointed his feet. Go you forth on your life's journey, and do what you can.

*** The parable which the good schoolmaster told to Edward is translated from A. D. Krummacher's Parabeln.

LINES WRITTEN AT WALMER, JULY 12, 1852.

I sat upon the shingle strand,
And gazed upon the rippled sea,
Its face by gentle airs was fanned,
As it toiled in its careless ministry.

The noontide sun had clouds on high,
And shot, intense, his fiery beams;
But then he stood in the lower sky,
And feebly sped his parting beams.

Soft gliding shadows now were seen,
That fell, outstretched, upon the sea;
Or, robe-like, dressed the fading scene,
In evening's dusky drapery.

Yet, on the farthest verge in view,
One bark received the solar ray;
Decked with a beauteous rosy hue,
As she sped to a region far away.

Is it not so the Christian dies?
When earthly scenes are wrapt in gloom,
Away, to worlds unknown, he flies;
To sail and find another home.

The light of glory is on his wings,
Ere from earth he is wholly riven;
And reflected hues of unseen things
Give assurance sweet of his rest in heaven.

J. H. H.

Monthly Retrospect.

WE have to-day to record the commencement, progress, and virtual completion of what should be a great national solemnity, and is, in theory and result, an expression of the national mind and will. On the 7th of July, the Queen closed the fifth session of the third Parliament of her reign. The same day, a royal proclamation declared that Parliament dissolved, and commanded the election and assemblage of another. The event which had appeared imminent a year and a half before, which had actually been delayed from week to week through the past five months by the boldness of an usurping Government and the forbearance of a hostile majority, had arrived at last; though still a year and a half before its natural term. The promised appeal to the country was now formally presented—the permanence of Free-trade, and all the momentous interests affected by imperial legislation, were remitted to their primary and ultimate tribunal, the constituencies of Great Britain and Ireland.

On Tuesday, the 12th, the city and borough elections commenced, and within the week were completed throughout England and Wales. The metropolis returned of its twenty members but one Ministerialist. Liverpool gave the Government their first and most important victory, by the election of Messrs. Turner and Mackenzie in the place of Messrs. Cardwell and Ewart. Dover, likewise, returned the Derbyite, Lord Chelsea, instead of the Peelite, Sir George Clarke; Canterbury, two Derbyites, in the place of a Peelite and a Whig; Plymouth and Devonport a Derbyite, in the place of a Peelite and a Whig; Cambridge, two Derbyites, in substitution for two Whigs; Bradford, Oldham, and Derby, one Ministerialist each in the place of Radicals. Meanwhile, the Opposition had gained seats at Bristol, Bath, Norwich, Bolton, Stockport, Cardiff, Newport (Isle and Wight), and other places. The balance of gain and loss on the whole of the cities and boroughs, appears to be exactly poised. In the counties the Government have gained ten—including the expulsion of Buxton from South Essex, Cornewall Lewis from Herefordshire, Hodges from West Kent, Sir George Grey from North Northumberland, and the substitution of Sir Bulwer Lytton for Mr. Pullar in Hertfordshire. In Scotland they have neither gained nor lost more than one. In Ireland, their gains have been six (including the cities of Dublin and Belfast), and their losses five. At the moment of writing, very few elections remain undecided. The known returns amount to 649, and their approximate classification is as follows:—Liberals 328; Ministerialists 285; Liberal Conservatives 36. It is evident, therefore, that the balance of power is in the hands of the party last named—that upon the greater or less affinity of the group represented by Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone for the policy of Lord Derby or Lord Russell, will depend the possession of office by those rival chiefs; and very probably the duration of Parliament itself. The Radical professions of Sir James at Carlisle, and the fierce Tory opposition to Mr. Gladstone's re-election for

Oxford University, render very unlikely their alliance with the Government; while the exclusion of several of the late ministers from the House of Commons at once necessitates and facilitates a junction between the leading Liberals and the colleagues of Sir Robert Peel. With a Government of such unprincipled pliancy as the present, however, it is impossible to predicate from the returns of the polling-booths the proximate course of affairs. The only indisputable result of the general election has been—the further weakening of parties before so weak that none dare give battle to the other; the further progress of disruption towards absolute disorganization. It is as though the parts of a disjointed and unmanagable machine had been returned to the crucible for re-casting, and had come forth from the channels into which the molten stream found its way more incapable than before of adaptation and control.

In this destruction of old organizations, this chaos of political elements, we, of course, see nothing to deplore and much that is hopeful. Believing that if only Free-trade be maintained—if only the cheapness of food and its correlative abundance of employment be continued to us—there is nothing to be lost, but much to be gained, by the substitution of Earl Derby for Lord John Russell—regarding nothing as so childish and pernicious as the maintenance of a Whig Government from dread of a Tory one—we have watched through the storm of battle but one flag; we have cared only for the progress of real civil and religious liberty towards legislative realization. Personal predilections may have excited in us pleasure or regret at various incidents in the contest that may little affect the great result; but it is by the number of Radicals and Voluntaries returned or rejected that we estimate the gains and losses of the day. Our gains are not many, but they are important—our losses are not numerous, but they are severe. To begin with the latter—the Tower Hamlets has strangely fallen back from the proud position it achieved in 1847, having, not less to the astonishment than to the regret of his friends, displaced Mr. George Thompson for one who is certainly not a Dissenter, and was till lately a Tory Churchman. At Bradford, Colonel Thompson has been unseated by a very small majority—but it must be owned that, though replaced by a Conservative, he owed his defeat rather to the failing than to the staunchness of his Voluntaryism; for it was the Roman Catholic voters who, in revenge for his support of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, turned the scale against him when victory was in suspense. Mr. W. J. Fox was consistent and unflinching on ecclesiastical questions; his rejection by the cajoled and intimidated electors of Oldham is, therefore, a loss to Nonconformity as well as to Radicalism. The same is true of Mr. Lawrence Heyworth, displaced—temporarily, we hope—from the representation of Derby. It is also much to be regretted that the large-minded fidelity of Mr. Chisholm Anstey to the cause of religious equality should have cost him his seat for Youghal, without ensuring his election for Bedford. The defeat of Mr. Dawes, member in the late Parliament for the Isle of Wight, is to be deplored, as the loss of a steady though unobtrusive supporter. Such are our absolute losses. On the other hand, we have gained one seat for each of the following places—Norwich, Sheffield, Stockport, Halifax, and Cardiff; two at Bolton, and two at Newport (Isle of Wight).

Mr. Peto has received a congenial colleague for Norwich, through the noble exertions of its citizens, and especially of Mr. J. H. Tillett, in the person of Mr. Warner. Mr. G. Hadfield and Mr. F. Crossley, munificent Congregationalists, have displaced respectively a Whig at Sheffield and a Conservative at Halifax. Stockport sends up with Mr. Kershaw, Mr. J. B. Smith, the late member for Stirling, instead of the old-school Wesleyan, Mr. Heald. One of the new members for Bolton (Mr. Barnes) is well known as a Dissenter, and the other (Mr. Crook) is sound on ecclesiastical questions; on which both the former members were wrong. Mr. Coffin, who has achieved not only a victory but a triumph at Cardiff, is thoroughgoing in his professions. Of the two new members for Newport, one (Mr. Biggs) was a leader of the consistent Nonconformists of Leicester at the time of the anti-papal furor; and the other (Mr. Massey) is a trustworthy member of the bar.

In several places, an important victory has been gained for Nonconformity and Radicalism, though no numerical addition has been made to the ranks of their supporters. First on this list must be mentioned Rochdale. The return of Mr. E. Miall, though as the successor to one of similar views, is a gain that would have compensated for many losses. The election to Parliament of the editor of the 'Nonconformist,' is not now so significant, nor so honourable to Dissenters, as it would have been when first he presented himself to a constituency; but for himself it could not be more honourable or opportune. Mr. Miall will now enter the House of Commons, not so much the champion of an ecclesiastical principle, as one who has gained distinction and inspired confidence among public men,—and at a time when the complication of political and religious questions will render the more impressive his lucid exposition of a 'present truth.' We anticipate much from the new position which Anti-state-churchism will take in his person—and from the influence he may exert upon those who, professing Anti-state-church principles, have yet not been elected in virtue of that profession.—The triumph of Mr. Bernal Osborne, and of Messrs. Gibson and Bright, over opposition incurred almost exclusively by their independence of Church influence,—opposition, the conduct of which was as reckless as its motives were bigoted,—we may claim as proof of the growing strength of our principles among those whom we may call secular politicians. The return of Mr. Apsley Pellatt for Southwark, and of Sir James Anderson for the Stirling burghs, are indications of the same fact. Opposition to State endowments of religion is now fairly engrafted upon the Radical 'ticket'—to use an Americanism. A candidate cannot show himself in a popular constituency with any chance of acceptance, if he be not prepared for at least a negative pledge on this point. The separation of Church and State is as loudly clamoured for by the unenfranchised in front of the hustings, as is universal suffrage or the ballot. But even the success of a cause is full of reproach to those, its natural guardians and upholders, who left it to be championed by other hands. And such has been the case in many a constituency during the late contests. In Finsbury, a Dissenter was ostentatiously supported by Churchmen, and received from them a majority over one among whose qualifications Anti-state-churchism is prominent. In another of the metropolitan boroughs, opposition to the

Maynooth endowment was received as an acquittance from all objectionable characteristics. At York, the leading Dissenters were not to be found among the 867 who voted for the Voluntary. At Paisley, the ministers and elders of congregational churches canvassed against the only Anti-state-church candidate in the field. Middlesex and Manchester would have been lost even to Liberalism, if the advice of Dissenting journalists and county magistrates had been acted upon by their fellow religionists. Nonconformist electoral organization is henceforth necessary as much for the repudiation of false brethren, as for the support of trusted friends.

We have spoken of a general election as, in its ideal, a great national solemnity. The spectacle that has just been presented resembled rather a Saturnalia. The worst passions of our nature have been conspicuously active during the past few weeks, and sometimes under the holiest of names—the lowest portion of our populace has been stimulated to outrage by men in the highest ranks and of the purest professions. 'Protestantism' was almost universally substituted for 'Protection' by the ministerial candidates. By that sign they conquered at Liverpool, and were nearly successful in Middlesex. At the former, vulgar ruffianism enjoyed a three days' license—in the latter, unpitying intimidation was notoriously employed by the canvassers, to give effect to the disgusting cant enunciated on the hustings. A wide-spread organization and a Parliamentary debate of unparalleled length, had failed to produce anything like a national excitement. The proclamation prohibiting Roman Catholic processions, issued just before the rising of the House, was no doubt intended to fillip the languid Protestantism of the constituencies. The device did not accomplish that object, but it proved unhappily successful in kindling the antipathies of race as well as of creed. At Stockport, fourteen thousand Irish labourers dwell side by side with as many English of the same class. The former are, of course, Papists,—and the latter have their Protestant association and Orange clubs. An annual procession of Roman Catholic Sunday-school children, divested of every offensive symbol, stirred the spirit of their antagonists, who had exulted in the hope of its suppression by the magistrates. A drunken brawl seems to have given the signal for an armed turn-out of both parties. Whoever were the actual aggressors, it is clear that the Irish were the victims of premeditated and brutal outrage. One of their number was murdered, and sixty or seventy badly wounded—their habitations were ransacked and gutted—two of their chapels were demolished, the furniture thereof burnt in heaps, and the most venerated instruments of their worship wantonly desecrated. Of course, a fierce desire for revenge has been excited among so irritable a people as the Irish. On this side the Channel it has been restrained, but in Ireland it has wrought terrible mischief. At Belfast and Cork, and in the county Clare, each party has to count its killed and wounded, to rebuild its chapels, and repair its house-fronts. Other and less obvious mischiefs have been done, and will be even less easily repaired. The priesthood have exerted themselves scarcely less than in the celebrated elections which preceded Catholic emancipation; and if they have not swelled the ranks of the 'brigade,' they have infused into it additional virulence and servility. Thus Mr. H. Grattan has been forced

to give place to Mr. Lucas, editor of the 'Tablet.' Two other Irish journalists —Mr. Duffy, of the 'Nation,' and Mr. Macguire, of the 'Cork Examiner'— have been returned as a defiance to the persecutors of the Irish people and faith. The urban freeholders of Warwickshire having failed to oust Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate, and Mr. H. Drummond reappearing on the scene, there is little hope that the new Parliament will be free from the acrimony and turbulence which disgraced its predecessor.

Nor is it the violence of word and deed inspired by bigotry alone, that we have to denounce and deplore. The name of Tory is disclaimed by the political representatives in this age of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, but the spirit and practices of Toryism have re-appeared in all their arrogance and foulness. From the hustings of North Essex, Mr. Beresford, Secretary-at-war, spits his venom on the 'rabble' below—tells the unenfranchised in so many words that he hates and spurns them—and ostentatiously addresses himself to the clergy and gentry of the county. At Stamford, another member of the Ministry wishes the 'big loaf' were stuck in the throat of the non-elector who clamours for it; and refuses, with his colleague in office and in the representation, to answer the interrogation of an elector who had spoken unadvisedly of their lord and patron, the Marquis of Exeter. At Liverpool, the Derbyite candidate trumpets forth his contemptuous indifference for the business of legislation, by declaring he 'don't know' how he voted on a given question last year. The tactics of the party have been in keeping with their demeanour. At Dover, Greenwich, Chatham, and other places in which Government influence is extensive, the screw has been twisted a few turns beyond the customary pressure. At Derby a man has been taken from a dark room, to which voters were admitted by a pass word, with nearly two hundred sovereigns on his person, and a letter sworn to be in the hand-writing of the Mr. Beresford we have heard at Braintree! In the counties, landlord power is said to have been exerted with a severity never before felt by tenants-at-will. The unseating of Mr. Cornewall Lewis, for instance, is described as having been effected by votes arising from farmers deeply attached to him as a man and a politician. In the county of Down, Mr. Sharman Crawford's supporters appear to have been systematically coerced by Mudgeon-men, as well as by bailiffs. That the demand for the ballot has acquired great additional force, is already obvious; and it is said that if Lord John Russell persevere in his objections to it, his deposition from the Liberal chieftainship will be the certain result.

And the ballot being gained, the Whigs will assuredly be the first to fall under its retributory power. Than the coalitions into which they have entered, nothing could be more unprincipled. Lord John Russell owes his seat for the City a second time to votes split with the Conservatives, Mr. Masterman. Lord Robert Grosvenor coalesced with Mr. Osborne only when the appearance of two Tories was announced, and lent him but an encumbering assistance. In the metropolitan boroughs, wherever a Conservative and Whig coalition could keep out a Radical, the coalition was made. At Leicester, it was attempted by these means to defeat even Sir Joshua Walmsley and Mr. Gardner; but the attempt was happily as feeble

as it was: base. At York, as we predicted, the Derbyite and Liberal candidates split votes almost man for man. At Edinburgh, Free-churchmen returned the generous anxiety of the Lord Provost's friends to return also Mr. Cowan, by splitting votes with either Macaulay or the Conservative. It is a mockery to pretend anxiety for the extension of the suffrage, while the election of the people's candidates is thus systematically prevented by alliance with declared obstructives.

A single paragraph must suffice for the few incidents that have escaped through the din of the elections into notice and record. Mr. Gladstone, the late minister of Long-acre Episcopal Chapel, has seceded from the Establishment, to become pastor of a Free Church at Torquay; but is forbidden to 'exercise his ministry' there, or elsewhere in the province of Canterbury.—The judges have delivered to the House of Lords their judgment on the sesquipedalian Braintree Church-rate case: being equally divided in opinion, the decision still rests with the Law Lords.—The people of Tamworth have set up in their market-place a statue of the statesman who has given celebrity to that *locale*: and young Sir Robert has permitted a glimpse of the private picture gallery in which his father surrounded himself with his contemporaries of all parties, and made their effigies his friends.—Louis Napoleon has broken up his *Corps Législatif*, alarmed, perhaps, by the first symptoms of vitality it displayed; and has visited Strasbourg and Baden, intent, it is believed, on an enterprise matrimonial.—Marshal Excelmans, general of the old Imperial army, recently advanced to the highest military dignity of France, has terminated a life of violence, duplicity, and desertions, by a fall from his horse in a summer evening's ride.—Henry Clay, the great American statesman, has given up the life that has long flickered in its socket, and his remains have been honoured by funeral rites pompous as the affectionate admiration of a proud people could make them. The greatness of his high intellectual attributes may be taken on credit by those who never heard his persuasive speech, and did not watch his career; his great moral defect, and the condemnation of that career, are expressed in his own words—'I went with the current'—in the designation of the acts which the Senate and Congress adopted at his advice, 'Compromise'—words fatal to hopes of high and enduring fame.

Intelligence.

THE DISSENTING COLLEGES.

The anniversary celebrations of the various Dissenting Colleges have taken place, mostly since the publication of our last number. Looking at the constitution of many of these colleges, and at the general results of the present college system, we can hardly say that we regret to notice but few symptoms of improved success. In none is there a greater number of students attending than at the commencement of the session now closed, and in no respect can we find much ground for the encouragement of better hopes in relation to the future.—— airedale College celebrated its anniversary on the 23rd of last month, and it is stated, that the reports of the Examiners were discriminating and satisfactory. The general report stated, that the session began with twenty-two students, of whom there were twenty left, besides seven candidates. The financial report was favourable.——Hackney Theological Seminary held its anniversary soirée on the 24th ult., but excepting the names of speakers and preachers at the meeting, we have no account of its state and prospects. ——The Lancashire Independent College closed its session on the last day of the last month. The report presented a highly satisfactory statement of the diligence and progress of the students during the past year, and we are informed that the general impression of the period of the institution was highly encouraging. Twenty-five students were in attendance. The financial condition of the college does not appear to be very satisfactory. The institution is burdened with a heavy debt. ——Rotherham College held its fifty-seventh anniversary meeting on the same day. Mr. Reynolds, of Leeds, had examined the students, and reported in favour of their progress. The number of students is not stated. The financial condition of the college is better than it was.——The Bristol Baptist College, the principal and most successful of the collegiate institutions in connexion with the Baptist denomination, also celebrated its anniversary on the 30th ult. The examiners bore 'very decided testimony to the general advancement of the students.'——New College held its second annual meeting on the 1st of July. The report was, on the whole, of an unfavourable character. The session had commenced with forty-seven students, to whom five had afterwards been added, but many had retired, and three had been expelled. Allusion was made in the report to the expulsion of the students. Anxious to do justice to both parties in this unfortunate affair, we had intended quoting that part of the report in which mention was made of this matter, but understanding that the statement is not to be regarded as official, we forbear any further remark. The treasurer's financial statement showed a balance against the institution, on the current expenses of the year, of 906*l.* 4*s.*——Cheshunt College held its eighty-fourth anniversary on the same day. We gather from the report, that six students had left during the year, and that five had been received. The financial statement appears to wear a favourable aspect.

REGISTRATION OF DISSENTING CHURCHES.

We have received from the office of the Registrar-General, a copy of the Act of Parliament, altering the mode of registering Dissenting churches. Hitherto, as our readers will know, the law has provided that all places of worship belonging to Protestant and Catholic Dissenters should be certified to the bishop or archdeacon of the diocese. In the last session of Parliament, however, a bill was introduced by the Bishop of Salisbury, providing that in future such certificates should be granted by the justices, at sessions of the county, through the clerk of the peace. In this shape the bill passed the House of Lords, but in the Commons, Mr. Bright introduced and carried an amendment, providing that the registration should be made by the Registrar-General. This was so obvious an improvement, that it obtained the immediate sanction of the upper House, and receiving the royal assent on the 30th of June, immediately became law. The certificate of registration will be furnished by the District Superintendent Registrar, and will cost 2*s.* 6*d.*

By a subsequent clause of this Act, the clerk of the peace or town clerk is instructed to obtain and forward to the Registrar-General a list of all places of worship in his district which have been certified from the year 1688 to the present time. This will furnish every necessary information regarding the number of Dissenting places of worship to the date of the passing of the Act, after which the Superintendent Regis-

trar will annually report to the Registrar-General the number that have been certified in his district. The returns up to the 30th June are to be rendered by the 29th of September, and we trust that such of our ministerial readers especially who may have it in their power to assist in their compilation by giving information to the town clerks, will willingly do all in their power to make the returns as accurate and complete as possible. We believe that when the returns are made they will be published, and we hope then to obtain from them and the census returns much and valuable information regarding our ecclesiastical history and standing.—We may mention by the way, that ministers of duly certified places of worship are exempted from liability to serve under the new Militia Act. As a piece of information, we may also add, that the first building certified under this new Act to the Registrar-General was the new Baptist chapel in Cross-street, Islington, on July 1st, it having been opened on June 29.

CHURCH BUSINESS IN PARLIAMENT.

According to the *Church and State Gazette*, we are threatened with a heavy amount of Church business in the ensuing session of Parliament. Our contemporary states that 'the Bishop of London is engaged upon a bill, the object of which will be the improved administration of discipline amongst the clergy. The law respecting the institution of clerks will also have to undergo some revisal; and therewith the canon law is threatened with modification. The Ecclesiastical Courts of Appeal, and the reform of the Church courts generally, are also connected with questions of wider interest, upon which Convocation will possibly express an opinion, and the next Parliament decisively legislate.'

CHURCHES FOR THE POOR.

We are glad to be informed, that in other places besides Aberdeen, special religious services for the working classes are being organized. In a late number of the 'Bradford Observer,' there is a history of a 'religious service for this class.' 'In January, 1851,' says the writer, 'the lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institute was opened on Sunday afternoons for religious worship, under the auspices of the Town Mission, for the especial use and instruction of the class of people of whom we are speaking. They accepted the invitation to come: the place of meeting was soon filled. A course of lectures, on the Bible, delivered to them by the Rev. A. Wallace, was published in a cheap form; this class of people bought up the edition in a few days. In the summer-time the preachers addressed them out of doors, in a kind, familiar, practical way; they came and listened, and not a few went away instructed and profited. Another autumn came, and again the Mechanics' Institute was opened. The service became increasingly popular, and for more than six months the place has not been nearly large enough for the multitude who have assembled. The expectations of the promoters of these services have been more than realized, for it is impossible that so much good seed can have been scattered without some fruit springing up. The winter course was terminated by a lecture by the Rev. David Sim, on "Miracles an evidence of the Truth of Christianity." Open-air services are now again begun. We allude thus to this subject, that the example pursued in Bradford and Aberdeen may be followed up in other towns similarly circumstanced.'

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

BOLTON (Congregational church).—Mr. W. H. Davison, late of Cheshunt College.
CAMBRIDGE (Baptist church).—Rev. William Robinson, of Kettering.
DUNMOW (Congregational church).—Mr. H. Garnidge, late of Hackney College.
EGHAM (Congregational church).—Rev. J. G. Manly.
EYNSFORD (Baptist church).—Rev. J. Whittemore, late of Rushden.
MILE END (Latimer Congregational church).—Rev. Samuel Eastman.
ST. AUSTELL (Congregational church).—Rev. W. G. Hillman, late of Western College.
TOOTING (Congregational church).—Rev. F. F. Thomas, late of Whitchurch.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED.

HAWES (Yorkshire Congregational church), June 10.
ISLINGTON (Cross-street Baptist church), June 29.
RADWENTER, ESSEX (Congregational church), July 6.

FOUNDATION STONES LAID.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE (Congregational church), June 26.
CHEETHAM-HILL, MANCHESTER (Congregational church), June 26.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

Mr. Cooper's 'Free Church of Ancient Christendom.'*

GROTESQUE and novel as many of the groups of auriferous excavators in Australia are, combining well-educated men of broken fortune with notorious gamblers, impoverished beaux from Paris and the West-end, working at the side of clodpoles from Suffolk, or half-starved weavers from Spitalfields, and men of highly religious habits with felon outlaws, this incongruous muster of 'diggers' does not present stronger contrasts than are to be seen in the excavators of ecclesiastical antiquities in the present age. In this field of labour, we have fantastic gangs of young Oxonians, ardently toiling in the hopeless task of turning up from the mounds of Carthage, Rome, or Jerusalem, something that may be made to figure as authority for a Book of Common Prayer, or for an order of bishops, analogous to that hybrid race with which this country has been so long afflicted; and in the same ruins Puseyite and Papist are equally busy in endeavouring to exhume the evidence of Peter's episcopal residence at Rome, or proofs that Rome always had precedency in the Church. Sifting diligently the same debris, are also to be seen the outrageous and vain disciples of Strauss, with our modern infidels, whose search is, not indeed to discover indications of what true Christianity in its primitive state was, but to turn up, if possible, the old weapons of Trypho, of Celsus, and Julian, or whatever else may be thought to invalidate that most invaluable little volume, the 'Pauline Epistles,' and its graphic introduction, the 'Acts of the

* The 'Free Church of Ancient Christendom.' By Basil H. Cooper, B.A. Pp. 420. 12mo. London: Albert Cockshaw, Ludgate-hill.

Apostles,' by Luke. To these motley gangs of antiquity delvers, Mr. Cooper has resolutely joined himself as an earnest labourer; having, however, no other similitude to them than is presented in the sphere of his labour, and the energy, diligence, and astuteness with which he has devoted himself to his object of proving, that the Church of Ancient Christendom was FREE alike from state control, and from sacerdotal domination; and no less free, from the demagogical intolerance of multitudes, or the conceited and blatant overbearing of spiritual conclaves. It is chiefly, however, with the freedom of the Christian Church from civic and governmental connexions that our author concerns himself.

The work before us consists of a dozen chapters, of which the first two are an introductory *resumé* of the moral state of the Gentile and the Judaic world. The author then divides the body of his work into four sections, which he denominates 'The Apostolic Period,' 'The First Transition Period,' 'The Hierarchical Period,' and 'The Second Transition Period;' the last of which ends in that Mosquito era, the age of Eusebius and the Council of Nice, A.D. 325. Our author adopts Neander's definition of the Church—'A union of men arising from the fellowship of religious life: a union essentially independent of, and different from, all other forms of human association;' and maintains that such was the Church formed by Christ himself, and that, as such, it was incapable of any connexion with the civil government. He contends that it could never have been the design of Christ that the State should teach his religion, for Mr. Cooper very justly states, that if Christ intended the State to teach his religion and to govern his Church, he would not have constituted it as he did; for the plain reason, that its construction is prohibitory of State subordination. He ridicules the theory of Rothe, the author of the 'Die Anfänge der Christlichen Kirche,' that Christianity must ultimately be co-ordinate with the state; and that the Apostolic Church was nothing more than an intermediate institution; and he adopts, indeed, as he does too generally, the view of Neander, that 'it was a fundamental element of the formation of the union (church), that religion was no longer to be inseparably bound up, either as principal or subordinate, with the political and national relations of men; but that it should develop itself by its own inherent energy, as a principle of culture and union superior in its very essence to all human powers.' Such Mr. Cooper considers, and in this we agree with him, was the substance of all the doctrinal positions advanced by our Lord; and such a church only could be capable of executing his purposes or of administering his laws. If we possessed no tuitions beyond these facts relative to the genius and independent spiritual confederacy of the Church, we might safely take our stand in opposition to all State religious establishments; for if the great evangelical lawgiver altogether ignored the worldly rulers in the construction of his kingdom, it is a most logical inference that they were never designed by him to claim its terrene headship to determine who shall compose its members, to subjugate its entire ministry of peace and holiness by bribes to the magistratic power, and even to resolve what

prayers should be presented to heaven, and what doctrines should be exponed to the flock; all which monstrous invasions of the spiritual empire of the Son of God every secular Church *ipso facto* claims the right to make. Resistance to this iniquitous and impolitic claim, created the spirit of evangelical Nonconformity; and so long as any form of government choose to insult the consciousness of Christian men, and to vitiate the legal institutions of Jesus, Nonconformity will continue; modified, as it ever will be, by the degree of sound piety, of scriptural knowledge, and the love of freedom, that may be found in the dissident body. The attempt at different times of the political power to extinguish this Dissent has always intensified it; and yet so indocile and imperious is the Governmental mind of this country, that it is as industriously purposed as ever to extend the visible domains of this illegitimate Church, that one might be inclined to think that it only had never heard of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the Dutch Remonstrants, or of the Huguenots, and, above all, of the fact, that the last census goes far to demonstrate that of the religious population of these kingdoms, the majority as heartily protests against any State Church, as it does against the infamous doctrines of the Papacy itself.

Our author then proceeds to notice the provision of Christ to guard his Church against the loss of its freedom, by the spiritual despotism of its ministers and other influential officers. Mr. Cooper contends that this is effected by making all the members of the Church *immediately* dependent on *his* authority alone: securing absolute subordination to the head and equality among the brethren; and involving for ever the abrogation of all priesthood, no longer necessary, since the great omnipresent High Priest of our profession had superseded all types of himself, by his own unchangeable priesthood, neither subject to the modifications and lapses of time, nor to the imperfections of humanity. The author feels the difficulty, so often felt, of conciliating the universal priesthood of Christian society with the divine institution of the ministry; but he removes the difficulty with considerable effect, and would have done it more lucidly, as we conceive, if he had not incumbered himself in this instance with the quotations of Neander and Chevalier Bunsen, neither of whom is always free from that filmy verbiage, which is so characteristic of the German mind, and especially of its theological writings.

We have no right to quarrel with our author because he pursues his own modes of demonstration, for we are free to confess that he has the best warrant to conclude that the view which has been most convincing to his own mind, is most likely to convince others. But for this aspect of the case, we think Mr. Cooper has made too little use of the voluminous evidence on the freedom of the primitive Church, producible from the Acts of the Apostles, and of many of the authorities cited by Lardner and King. In the epistolary portions of the New Testament, and even in the teaching of our Lord himself, for the most part all that we have on the question of the Church is doctrinary—most lucid, definite, and authoritative, we admit; but in the historic treatise of Luke, we have the advantage of seeing many of the

churches, in the principal cities, in their earliest state of organization, with glimpses of their subsequent working in ordinary, as well as in anomalous, action; and in all we find them enjoying perfect freedom, either from the control of any civic authority, or from the domination of their teachers. It is true that we find the apostles exercising supreme directive influence when they happened to be present; but even this seems to have been conducted with so much deference to the feeling of the brethren, that they evidently acknowledged the Church existed on higher authority than their own, and from that source possessed immunities which even the apostles could not ignore. No writer with whom we are acquainted has yet elaborated the stores on the true ecclesiastical polity which are contained in the Acts of the Apostles; and we are sorry to add, that Mr. Cooper has not supplied this desideratum, at least, to anything like the extent of which the subject admits.* But if our author has not done what he is so well capable of doing, he has made a quotation from Professor Huther's 'Cyprian's Lehre von der Kirche,' which may be regarded for the most part as a fair summary of the conclusions which that acute writer draws from his investigations of the narrative of 'the beloved physician:'—

'In the apostolic age,' he observes, 'as, after the manifold investigations which have been devoted to the subject, may be taken as a point set at rest, at least for every unprejudiced person, there were no bishops, in the sense proper to that word, as used in later times. There was neither, in each respective church, a single church ruler in whom the guiding power was concentrated, nor any institution formally established for the purpose of binding the churches together into a unity; nor were there any who were regarded as being exclusively the organs of the Holy Ghost. The unity of all the churches with one another was in nowise wanting; but it was not an *organized* unity; it was the unity *in the spirit*. The guidance of every church was entrusted to a collective body—the college of presbyters—who were also called bishops; but these exercised this guidance only in this sense, that they require *the consent of the whole Church*, for every regulation which they wished to carry. Every one was an organ of the Holy Spirit, who by faith in the Redeemer had received the same. Even the apostles are not to be ranked with the later bishops; although these were eager of being regarded as their successors; and, as such, to arrogate to themselves a special plenitude of power. The calling of the apostles was the preaching of the word of God, imparted to them by Christ, and sealed by the Holy Ghost; and the planting of Christian churches as connected therewith. As soon as, by their labours, they had founded a church, they handed over the further guidance of the same to the presbyters, who, though at their instance, yet were chosen by the churches themselves. It was, indeed, natural that they did not thereby withdraw from all connexion with such a church; the young plant still constantly needed, till it was firmly rooted, their care, guardianship, and watchfulness. Hence, they still assisted it with their counsel; nevertheless, they imparted this in all outward church affairs, as counsel, and not as law. Only in one respect did they care about being always acknowledged as the highest authority, namely, in the declaration of the gospel; as Paul, for example, plainly enough distinguishes between the case in which he had a commandment of the Lord, and that in which he gave his own opinion. They occupied the position of men who had received the word of the Lord immediately from the Lord himself; they were watchmen over the churches in that

* This subject will be taken up in our next number.—Ed. Christian Spectator.

they sought, by virtue of their apostolical authority, to combat and to suppress every parasitical outgrowth that was ready to spring forth in opposition to the Spirit of Christ. In other respects, however, they left it to the churches themselves, to develop for themselves their own church order. Even in the places in which they fixed their head quarters, whence they proceeded on their ever-extending missions, and whither they were wont to return, they made no pretensions to a plenitude of power, exclusively attaching to themselves, with reference to any regulations that required to be made; although in such places their influence was naturally weightier than in others. If it is possible to regard them as, in a certain sense, organs of ecclesiastical unity, yet they were not so in any definite and organic manner; but in a free way, and as the nature of the case implied. Still less did they assume to be the exclusive organs of the Holy Ghost. Hence the thought was farthest possible from their minds, that any church act, *e. g.* baptism, must proceed only from them, or from such as they authorized thereto, in order to its validity.'

In the following chapter, which is entitled 'The Age of John' (65—100 A.D.), the author, after showing the utter absence of either a prelatic element in the Church, or the slightest tendency to subordinate itself to the State, combats the artificial theory of Rothe, that the apostles, about the time of the fall of Jerusalem, introduced a third order of Christian teachers in the Church, viz. prelates; to which pretentious conclusion Rothe arrives on the authority of that passage in Eusebius, which narrates by what means Simeon came to succeed James the martyr. This extravagant advocate of episcopacy does not, indeed, profess to prove that one single instance of a prelate is extant in the Church, prior to the year 70 A.D.; he even labours to show that no such institution existed. But Rothe maintains that after the year 70 such prelacy did exist, and he cites from the Epistles of John the proof, in the person of Diotrephes! Bravo, criticism! thou hast evoked something from thy wordy legerdemain at last. So this profane talker, whose 'prating against us,' the *ultimus apostolorum* so solemnly denounced, comes, after all, to be the original type of the episcopal prelate! a not unworthy ancestor of a singularly consistent progeny, ever true to its patristic attribute of antagonizing the apostles of Jesus Christ! According to this Rothian theory, we shall expect to find Judas Iscariot cited as the prototype of an archiepiscopal treasurer, and perhaps Ananias himself may glow, under the action of the German lamp, into the proleptic archdeacon.

Mr. Cooper then enters on the First Transition Period, which he imagines to have commenced at the death of John, and to have extended to the martyrdom of Polycarp, A.D. 164. Our author considers that one of the most important objects achieved by the infant churches during the latter part of the age of John, was what he calls 'the domestication of Christianity,' a phrase which we think neither descriptive of the facts of the case, nor in itself felicitous. We think the author much more correct in the delineatory reasons that he advances to prove, why the apostles were never intended to have successors. As none after John could pretend to be eye-witnesses of the facts on which Christianity was based, or as fully authorized to expound them, much less to deliver new doctrines, or to impart the Holy Gospel to others, or to exercise authority in *every* church, it is obvious that all

the pretences of the Papal and Anglican prelates to be the legitimate successors of the apostles is either sheer ignorance or impertinent conceit, for the twelve had no legitimate successors, except in that continuant race of holy and wise ministers of the gospel, who never advance this grandiloquent claim. Of the apostolic fathers, as the immediate disciples of the twelve are usually called, very little worthy of credence is known. With the exception of a few tractates, some even of which are doubtful, they have left no writings; nor is that surprising, when we consider their missionary activity, the disarrangement of the age, and the absence of that *scriptus furor*, that now creates fruitless and neglected authors by thousands. For the most part, the very names of the apostolic fathers are lost; the spheres of labour of some whose works remain, are unknown; and though all intervening and expectant Christian ages would have been glad to have had their histories, their letters, their experience, and their obituary, it is probably a vast boon of Providence to the Church, that they did not survive. From what we have, we may naturally infer, that if we had possessed much more of the patristic history and literature, our pseudo-scholarship, the natural worship of antiquity, and the spirit of prelatic superstition, would only have used them as so many stronger entrenchments against 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' We have, however, in the vestiges of early patristic history, the clear proof, that long after the apostles had all departed to their rest, there was still no tendency in the Church to affiliate themselves to the civil power, and as little to subordinate their faith and practice, either to their individual teachers, or to the conventions that were not unfrequently held. The same truth is frequently and often curiously brought out through the successive ages of persecution, which department of the early history of Christendom, Mr. Cooper has treated, in our opinion, with adequate scholarship and high-minded effect.

Our author next proceeds to those sad and spiritually nebulous ninety-five years that intercalated the martyrdom of Polycarp, and the close of the persecution under Valerian, A.D. 164—259, and vigorously sketches the struggle of heresy represented under the names Gnosticism, Montanism, and the Neo-Platonic school. In this section he sketches the Christian faith in its new aspect of literature, in which Mr. Cooper shows the overwhelming force with which Christian writers bore down alike the glittering sneers and gibes of the pagan school, the rhodomontade and mock learning of Alexandrine theosophists, and the more biblical, but malignant attacks of the Jews. This development of Christianity, that began its course with but one book, into all-but instantaneous ascendency in literature, is a remarkable feature of its early history. But glorious as this masterdom appears, it is in that very age that we behold the sham Clementines, and the bastard Apostolic Constitutions, which, though every tyro knows to be utterly spurious, became for 1200 years the pillars on which the edifice of prelatic episcopacy arose and consolidated itself. What resistance was made by true men to the doctrine of these novels, we cannot now

hope to know, literature being, in any large sense, then a novelty, and the mischief of a fictitious production might not have been understood; but we have reason to fear that by this time, the sacerdotal germ had too far developed to leave it possible for the Church of Christ to express herself jealously for her liberties. To Victor at Rome, and Cyprian at Carthage, the hierarchical leaven must be *mainly* attributed which, when once initiated, with a decayed tone among the Christians generally, and a consequently enfeebled ministry, it only required time to consummate. A wondrous relaxation must have befallen Christian Society, before Victor could be tolerated to declare, 'It is evident that we ought to look unto the bishop as unto the Lord himself . . . Let all reverence the deacons as the commandment of Jesus Christ, and the bishop as Jesus Christ . . . All of you follow the bishop as Jesus Christ the Father . . . Let that eucharist be considered valid which is celebrated by the bishop . . . It is not lawful without the bishop either to baptize or to hold the agape . . . *Do nothing without the bishop.*' While these were the opinions announced by the Church of Rome, Cyprian, soon after, regarded the bishop 'appointed by God himself, and acting in the name of Christ;' taught the doctrine that a layman might not oppose him; 'that a presbyter might not baptize without the permission of the bishop; that there could be no church without such a bishop, and no salvation out of that church. When such arrogant absurdities were broached, and that in a treatise on the Unity of the Church, and its author, meanwhile, 'the foremost man of all his age,' it is needless to say the Church had now lost the substance of its freedom; nor shall we travel far before we find it loses the form too. But not only was the spirit of freedom exorcised from the Christian Church, but if the definition of the body of Christ given by Cyprian were generally admitted, viz., 'The whole body of baptized persons throughout the world organized by the sacerdotal college of prelates into a unity,' the true notion of the Church of Christ had departed also.

We forbear following our author through his Second Transition Period, though the two chapters relating to that tenebrious time of sixty-six years (A.D. 259—325) will richly remunerate the reader of Mr. Cooper's book. We have seen how explicitly exempt the Church of Christ was in its origin, and for some two centuries, either from alliance in any form with the civil power, or from the domination of its clergy. The sad corruption of human nature that deteriorates all institutions that mankind has ever possessed, sprang from the imperfect men of which the Church and its clergy were composed; the general degradation of the age facilitated the retrogression of the Church; and when the new persecutions arose, swarms of professing Christians abandoned their church without compunction, and leaped headlong into the old slough of paganism, which the Cæsars were so desirous for three centuries to honour and to save, as a more trusty corroborative of their polity, than the churches of Jesus Christ.

Of the general character of Mr. Cooper's little volume we heartily approve; it is the contribution of an independent and acute thinker,

equally familiar with the patristic writings, and most of the best modern works on this period of ecclesiastical history. To those readers to whom larger works are inaccessible, or useless for want of leisure, the volume before us will be invaluable, if it be not too erudite for *such* readers. We could have wished, however, that the style had been less redundant, the leaning to German authority less exclusive, and that fewer topics, somewhat irrelevant from the purpose avowed by the author, had been occasionally introduced. With many of our author's critical opinions we can scarcely be expected to concur. We dissent from his exposition of the motive power of Judas Iscariot; and we are of opinion, that though Victor and Cyprian richly merit the odium that Mr. Cooper attaches to their prelatical tendencies, that he has too exclusively confined the blame to them. We cannot help feeling also that if Mr. C. had introduced further illustrations, easily accessible to him, of the actual working of religious society in its conventions for worship and church business in the ante-Victorine period, he would have greatly subserved the avowed object of his work, and brought conviction more directly home to the conscience of such of his readers who have their misgivings of episcopal forms, but who continue their connexion with them, which they would not do if they could have seen what the true internal state of individual churches was, when Victor was about to ascend to power.

But it is not with the slightest wish to disparage the present work, or from any unwillingness to acknowledge the great merits of its author, that we confess this is not the book that can, from its nature, produce any powerful effect in this age on the all-absorbing question of the Church. Arguments that are mainly erudite will have their influence on literary readers; and such are, no doubt, of great importance to the young ministry, as they verify the conclusions of popular reason. But in this country the literary Vulcan, however powerful, has but small sway in the political hemisphere; for, unfortunately, we have to deal with our ecclesiastical incumbrance, not so much in a moral or literary aspect, as in one of economy and legislation. The judgment of the nation, if fairly taken, we have no doubt would be found already against Church establishments. It is not, therefore, so much with the thinking power of the public that we have to do, as with its cupidity and its superstition, its pride and idle fears; and those antagonisms will never be overcome by any historic demonstration, however lucid, that the ante-Constantine fathers of the Church bear clear testimony, on the whole, to the voluntary state and constitution of the evangelical societies of their day. Mr. Cooper's volume is imcomparably better than many that are popular; but we fear it never will become so: for the needy have no taste for such studies; and the great bulk of even the intelligent middle-classes are so far gone into the insanity of the immoderate desire to grow rich, and idle away the last portion of their life in a villa, that they will not, and do not, read more than the newspaper, the periodicals, and now and then a work of fiction. Standard books are bought, indeed, by such persons, but it is only for the same purpose that a citizen buys a picture,

or his wife old china, to flatter themselves and their visitors that the room so gorgeous, in which they sip bohea, or drink champagne, is the abode of a man of taste, who, though heretofore only familiar with 'prices current,' the bankrupt list, and the state of his ledger and stock, is now as diligent a student of Locke and Hobbes, crops flowers from the region of poetry, and occasionally dances with Olympian goddesses, or shouts among the myriads in the Isthmian games. In many such libraries we hope Mr. Cooper's work will be found; by many may it be read; but it will not be worn out by *much* reading, but in this our author will only share the fate of Milton and Shakespeare, or Bacon, who must gnash their teeth while they hear 'Punch' quoted a thousand times for their once, and Dickens raise roars of merriment by the evening fire-side, while their immortal tomes are often only used as a lullaby or a penance.

Biblical compared with other ancient Histories.

IV. EGYPT: GENERAL CULTURE AND PARTICULAR POINTS OF AGREEMENT.

In the former paper we took what may be termed a microscopic view of biblical and Egyptian history. In the operation, as it has been with the application of the microscope to material organisms, we were led to the discovery of minute, and, in some degree, unexpected points of light, which furnished important conclusions in favour of the historical reality of the biblical records. We now purpose to throw our eyes around a wide horizon, and take in an extensive prospect, which we shall contract until we bring our minds to contemplate the mutual relations of Palestine and Egypt.

Still, confining our thoughts to the postdiluvian ages, as being those in relation to which alone biblical and Egyptian archæology admits of comparison, we discover at the first view a general agreement between the two respecting the origin and march of civilization. The age to which the Biblical writings lay claim implicate the very early existence of alphabetical writing. Unless such a channel of transmission existed at least in the days of Moses, or even of Abraham, the earliest biblical scriptures lack a solid historical basis. This fact was clearly seen by the sceptical philosophy of the end of the last, and the beginning of this century, and called forth the most strenuous efforts in order to show that writing was not in use until a comparatively late period in the ancient world. The attempt was so far successful that even classical scholars, of undoubted learning, were induced to admit the conclusion, and seek for expedients to account for the transmission, for instance, of the Homeric poems, to what they considered historical

times, in somewhat of their original integrity. The progress, however, of Egyptian discovery has revolutionized the whole of this department of learning, and occasioned a universal admission of the existence of writing long anterior to the age of Homer. It is, indeed, now well ascertained, and among competent scholars universally admitted, that writing goes back in the culture of the Egyptians until it is lost from sight in the thickening shades of mythological traditions. Such is the fact. That fact, were we writing a volume on the *origines* of civilization, we might think it our duty to establish on detailed evidence. Here it suffices to make the statement. Beyond a question, the voice of Egyptian antiquity places writing in the primæval ages, which passed between the flood and the first great oriental monarchies.

That voice finds an echo in the literature of Palestine. Did not such a counterpart exist, we should scarcely be justified in contracting the age of that literature *a parte ante*, for we now see in the case of the Grecian literature that at least poetry may be very ancient without bearing in its texture traces of the art of writing. In possession, however, of a resonance of the kind, we are warranted in declaring that the earliest books of the Bible, in bearing witness to the extreme antiquity of writing, thereby attest their own antiquity, and present themselves in unison with Egyptian archæology.

We may premise, that learned Germans and others have maintained that several hands were concerned in the formation of the great series of historical documents which extend from the history of the creation in Genesis to the foundation of the monarchy under David. This view has been most recently set forth by Ewald with a care and a precision which become sound scholarship. On the correctness of the view we here pronounce no judgment, and we allude to it merely in order to remark that, as it excludes evidence which but for it we should have had the power of adducing, we shall, for the sake of being on indisputable ground, consent in our remarks to the restrictions which it imposes; for in these papers we write to the unbelieving, rather than the believing mind, since it is the former which, being in danger of losing its faith amid the errors of partial knowledge and obsolete opinions, is in need of sound information and reliable evidence.

That it is with written and not traditional materials we have to do in the historical notices which intervene in the Bible between the deluge and Moses, the most historical of the ancients, as well as the most ancient of historians, may appear sufficiently proved by the fact that those notices present distinct and separate characters in each, say, of the patriarchs, not delineated in formal sketches, but implicated and unconsciously set forth in the detailed actions of domestic and public life. Look at Abraham, at Isaac, at Jacob, at Joseph. You know them each, you know their distinctive qualities; you do not, you cannot mistake the one for the other. Yet scarcely is an epithet employed to describe any one. They are put on the stage; they act, they speak, and in so doing they are each a distinct individuality. As distinct individualities they exist in your mind. You are in no danger of confounding the stern firmness of Abraham's faith in Providence, with

Jacob's Jewish dexterity in misleading his eyeless father, and overreaching his treacherous uncle. As little are you likely to ascribe to the high and dignified Sarah the weakness of Rebekah in supporting her son in his disingenuous conduct towards her husband. So precise and exact, indeed, are these and other individualities, that the careful student could take out each trait of character, were the wholes reduced into their component parts, and the parts thrown confusedly together, and say, 'This feature belongs to Abraham, and this to Hagar, and this to Ishmael, and this to Joseph.'

If there is truth in the substance of these statements, then these pictures were painted from the life, and being painted from the life, with all the detailed attributes of personal, domestic, and social qualities, they must in the main have been painted during the existence of the personages in question. Consequently, in their own day, writing was in existence and in use. Only by the pen could those features have been seized and fixed. Only by the pen could those separate individualities have been preserved. Only by the pen could they have been transmitted into the hands of Moses. Had they had their birth in tradition only, they would have partaken of its misty and confounding obscurities. Had they been handed down by tradition only, they would have lost at least a great part of the unity of their separate wholes, and the sharpness of their distinctive qualities. Objects seen through tradition, blend, if they do not lose themselves, in its clouds.

There are, moreover, parts of those most ancient writings, which tradition could have neither invented, retained, nor transmitted. Such a part is the thirty-sixth chapter of the book of Genesis, in which is given an outline of Esau and his descendants through many generations. Such a part is the great register of nations, set forth in the tenth chapter of the same most ancient and priceless work. Such a part, again, is the thirty-third chapter of the book of Numbers, in which are detailed the stations or resting-places of the children of Israel in the Wilderness. The historical character of these three documents may be readily sustained against all objections. In the attributes of historical reality and reliableness, they surpass, they leave at an immeasurable distance, all other of our ancient writings. Those minute and exact particulars avouch the hand of the contemporary and the pen of the writer. They are not the barren names of a Manethonian list of kings. They are not the *disjecta membra*, the venturous words of a mythological fancy. They are consecutive details of a separate whole, complete as well as exact in themselves, and capable of being combined, as combined they have been, as elements in a consecutive outline of the times to which they severally refer. Wearing this character, they are not traditions, nor the offspring of tradition, but historical documents; documents which Moses found in existence, and which, with many others, he interwove in the texture of his history.

There are indubitable evidences of the very early existence, not to say the prevalent use, of the art of writing, which being of the most conclusive and satisfactory kind, may suffice for conviction with every candid mind, and dispense with all others. Yet others exist. Thus

speaks Ewald of the prevalence of writing among the Israelites in the days of Moses! 'As to what regards the Mosaic period, the most various recollections, yes, recollections from the earliest times, concur in this, namely, that then writing was already in use. The two tables of stone, on which the ten commandments were engraved, according to all the testimonies, are, as will afterwards be proved, to be referred back to Moses himself. But since beyond a question cutting letters in a hard substance was not the commencement of writing, but implies as a preliminary something more than the writing down of a few words, so of necessity this incontestably historical reality presupposes a wide prevalence of the art of writing among the more cultivated part of the entire people. While now the most ancient writer of these historical documents expressly ascribes to Moses the writing down of the ten commandments, as well as an entire book of the law, on a small scale (Exod. xxiv. 4, 7), so, according to the earliest of these most ancient records, the primæval chronicle of the journeying in the Wilderness came from the hand of Moses (Numb. xxxiii. 2). And these are facts which imply the general existence and extensive employment of writing in the Biblical account of the Mosaic laws.'* But if in the age of Moses, writing was thus prevalent, its origin among the Hebrews must be dated far back. Writing, in primitive ages, is an art of slow growth. Presupposing the existence of considerable and varied culture, both of a material kind, and in the intellect of a people, it could arise only after many generations of individual and national improvement, and when once practised by a few, would make its way into use among the more cultivated only by gradual and tardy steps. The progress from picture writing, or hieroglyphics, to alphabetical writing, such as legal documents suppose, is more lengthened than the reader can well conceive, unless he has for himself traced the several steps. The whole of that progress must have been gone through ere engraving was made use of in legislative documents; and writing was employed to perpetuate the substance of a code. Of the space of time that progress supposes we have no measure, and shrink from affecting a precision of which the subject does not admit; but we incur no responsibility in declaring that centuries must have elapsed between the first rudiments of the art, and such a degree of excellence as the facts imply. Such skill, however, could hardly have been gained during the depressing and denationalizing period of Egyptian servitude, and so we seem carried back to the anterior period when Israel was yet a free and comparatively cultivated people, living at ease and at large on the broad lands, and in the prolific vales of Canaan. In support of this conclusion, we could adduce several important testimonies, derived from the patriarchal life; but content ourselves with the remark, that the conquest made of Egypt long anteriorly by the Hyksos, a people kindred with the Abrahamidæ, is itself a proof that the Aramæan nomadic races, which had their settlements in the west of Egypt, and which formed one wave of the emigrants from Mesopotamia, must have possessed no inconsiderable

* Ewald, Volkes Israel, i. 67, 8, 2nd Edit. 1851.

amount of general culture. Already, previous to that subjugation, Egypt practised writing. But at that very early day, the Egyptians could hardly have become a degenerate people. Yet were they overcome and brought under subjection by the Hyksos. Not improbably, therefore, were the Hyksos superior to them in the arts of civilization; for not improbably it was to such superiority that the Hyksos were indebted for their conquest, and for the long dominion which they thereon established.

In the earliest biblical writings which give an account of society in the ages immediately following the deluge, we find great centres of civilization established in a circle which has the very ancient city of Damascus for its centre. There on the extreme east we see Nineveh, and on the extreme west Egypt, with Babylon and other cities on the Euphrates and in Mesopotamia, or occupying a middle position. Districts which are now a howling wilderness, with here and there a solitary oasis, then afforded rich pasture grounds, and immense gathering-places to myriads of wandering nomads, or tens of myriads of industrious and happy citizens. The change from the desolation of the flood is so great and so sudden, as to cause surprise, if not to whisper doubt. Those huge and thickly peopled cities; those social and civil organizations; those mighty empires; that easily working mechanism of government, created by human intelligence, within so few generations! What a rapid transition from the semi-barbarism of the new race of men to the culture, polity, and the power of those great monarchies! Yet how many stages must there have been from the cave and the hut to the mansion and the palace. Grant that many more lives than are commonly allotted passed between the deluge and the 'mighty hunter' Nimrod, the grounds of the suprise are only insensibly lessened. Civilization would almost seem to have sprung from the soil with the rapidity and the luxuriance of eastern vegetation. History, in its very dawn, is crowded with marks, displays, and triumphs of culture. Such is the view implicated in the Bible. We have presented it in this manner, not to excite suspicion, but to give point to our argument. Such, however, is the biblical view. If we turn to Egypt, a similar view is presented. The Bible and Egypt then again appear concurring witnesses. Before, however, we enlarge a little on this point, let us carefully mark the site and the track of this material culture.

The culture lies in the neck of country, which is bounded on the north-east by the Caspian, on the north-west by the Black Sea, on the west by the Mediterranean, on the south-west by the Red Sea, and on the south-east by the Persian Gulf. It has water on all sides. Water at no point very distant. A tract of country so circumstanced would most easily and most early be drained after the deluge. Where, then, was it so likely that society would be formed anew? where so readily could it be formed anew? Besides, this is the very spot on the earth, where, as we have reason to believe, the human race was originally placed by the hand of the Creator. Suppose the Bible had fixed the seat of the earliest postdiluvian monarchies on the steppes of

Tartary, or the table-lands of Russia. What an incongruity! what impossibilities! Besides, observe the peculiarities of the earliest peopled spots of this early peopled district. Those spots are to be looked for in what the Hebrews and the Egyptians also denominated 'the land of the two rivers,' or Mesopotamia. Where so soon would the waters of the deluge have passed away? The vast valley which lies between these two mighty streams, is the drainage-ground of the highlands of Armenia, in which mount Ararat stands. From those highlands, indeed, there is a natural descent for water into all the seas except the Red Sea, which we have mentioned; but specially rapid and direct is the descent from the mountains on the north, to the Persian Gulf in the south. Here, then, might we expect to find the cradle of the new world; and here is that cradle placed alike by Egypt and the Bible. The route, too, which the renovated culture took deserves attention. In general, it may be described as lying in a south-westerly direction, running from its nothern extremity in Armenia, to its western extremity in Egypt. Pursuing that route, the reviving and quickening genius of human culture founded in succession Nineveh, Babel, Erech, Damascus, Sidon, Salem (Jerusalem), Thebes, and Memphis, to omit cities of inferior note. With the eastern branch of this fruitful tree, which carried knowledge and art to Media, Persia, and India, we have here no concern. Such is the centre, and such the chief radii of the postdiluvian culture. So the Bible declares. Is not its declaration respected by the whole of ancient history? Is it not respected by modern antiquarian research? Does not philology, does not ethnology, look in the same direction? These considerations are as striking as they are wide and comprehensive. Mark well how they confirm the substance of the biblical narratives; and observe also that but for those narratives, we should know in detail all but nothing of the rise and spread of this very early culture. These things are neither chance nor fancy; but facts, and as very important facts they will receive from the student of primeval history the attention which they merit, and will well repay.

We have intimated that the postdiluvian world of the Bible is the postdiluvian world of Egypt. True it is that the Egyptians, shut up in the enclosures of the Nile valley, and divided at many periods into separate, and even hostile nations, acquired a narrowness of mental horizon which made them exclusive alike in their religion and their social polity. They could not, therefore, take that large and comprehensive view of human civilisation which is presented in the book of Genesis. It is also true that Osburn ('Egypt's Testimony') contends that the extended conquests claimed for some of its monarchs were confined to the territories of its neighbours. Nevertheless, without an unwarrantable amount of scepticism, it cannot be denied that the Egyptian culture recognises the countries which spread out from its own centres in lines running eastwardly and southwardly. If the victories of Sesostris in Asia are a tradition, yet as a tradition they show the direction in which Egyptian ambition ran. And whatever uncertainty there may be about names, it is indubitable that early Egyptian

monarchs made conquests, and left monuments of their achievements in various parts of Western Asia. It is equally certain that in the era of the building of the Pyramids the dominion and the commerce of Egypt extended into the peninsula of Arabia.

There is a peculiar feature in the direction of the emigration-waves which is found in the Bible, and specially in the register of nations, and which being in general confirmed by ancient history, has special confirmation in regard to Egypt. The biblical register, drawn up with as much care as knowledge, while it considers the Japhetidæ as the north-western races, the Shemites as the south-eastern, and the Hamites as the southern, places the members of the several bodies in an order which begins with the remotest and ends with the nearest, the common centre being Armenia. Thus, of the Japhetidæ, there come first the northern, and then the southern; of the Shemites, first the eastern, and then the western; and of the Hamites, first the southern, and then the northern. This arrangement finds its justification in obvious facts, for clearly the remotest nations and tribes must have been the earliest emigrants, just as the foremost wave must first have left the bosom of the sea.

Of this general fact let us take the order in which is placed the two chief branches of the population of Africa. In the register, Cush, or Ethiopia, stands first; Mizraim, or Egypt, follows. Now the Cushites by unmistakeable remains can be traced from Babel, founded by the Cushite Nimrod, across the neck of the peninsula of Arabia, down its western side, and over the Arabian Gulf, to the great Cushite or Ethiopian monarchy, of which Meroe was the capital. Equally satisfactory proofs inform us that this line of the dark races differed from the line which is represented by Mizraim. If points of correspondence existed between the architecture of Ethiopia and the architecture of Egypt, the languages of the two were greatly dissimilar. As different and hostile nations do they appear in Egyptian antiquities. Here, again, our two authorities give us the same information. As, however, the register proceeds from the north to the south, making, so to say, the population waves come back towards the centre whence they started, so does it imply that the population and the culture of Egypt came down the Nile from the south towards the north, or from Upper to Lower Egypt. This biblical view is repeated by the prophet Ezekiel, who speaks of Pathros, or *Said*, in the Thebais, Upper Egypt, as 'the mother country'* of the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile (Ezek. xxix. 14; xxx. 14). That such must have been the course pursued by the population of Egypt, is manifest from the later formation of the Delta, as set forth in the preceding essay. The ancients generally concur in this view, making the upper country to have been first inhabited, the Thebais to be the most ancient province of Egypt, and Thebes its most ancient city. Herodotus (ii. 15) is very clear in

* 'The land of their birth,' as in the margin, not 'their habitation,' as in the text. Consult the 'Scriptural Gazetteer' to 'The Biblical Atlas,' by the author of 'The People's Dictionary of the Bible.'

representing the population as following the northern course of the river. Again, then, we are presented with a coincidence. Egyptian and biblical antiquity concur in describing the migratory movement in the Nile valley as proceeding from the circumference towards the centre of the circle of ancient civilization.

The numerous points of agreement which have been shown and illustrated, may enable the reader to judge of the degree of folly which is rebuked by Osburn in the following terms, and to the prevalence of which he justly ascribes the very limited success which has attended the attempts to read and explain the remains of Egyptian antiquity: 'Another cause has been more efficacious in keeping us in the dark as to the true nature of these reliefs. Those who have occupied themselves with Egyptian antiquities, seem, by common consent, to have rejected the aid of the Bible* (the only book in existence which professes to be contemporary with them), and to have relied upon the classical authorities, the earliest of which dates at least a thousand years later than the temples in which those reliefs occur, so that they could not possibly contain anything beyond vague and obscure traditions of a period so remote. This, as we hope to show, has been the principal cause of their failure.'†

An impartial criticism would probably declare that Mr. Osburn has allowed the reactionary force of this suicidal method to carry him too far in the opposite direction. If others refuse the Bible a place in the Egyptian antiquarianism, he finds the Bible everywhere in the same department of learning. A judicious medium is to be preferred, and that medium is gained by the aid of impartial inquiry and sound scholarship.

It may serve to prepare the reader's mind for the comparisons and coincidences which ensue if we borrowed from Mr. Osburn the following correct and eloquent passage:—'A very interesting and important part of the remains of ancient Egypt consists of the vast reliefs which represent the conquests of the Pharaohs over their enemies. The walls of the temples and palaces which are covered with these Cyclopean pictures, are often 80 feet high, and extend for more than 800 feet. Three separate actions are generally represented in them. The first scene is the battle and the victory. The conqueror, who is always a monarch of Egypt, and his armies, are trampling upon their fallen enemies, riding over heaps of slain, slaughtering them in vast multitudes, and taking their strongholds by storm. The next scene is the repose after the victory. The conqueror sits in his war chariot, and calls upon his troops to rejoice, while the prsioners of war are brought to his feet, and the right hands of his fallen foes are counted before him. The third grand scene is laid in Egypt, and in the temple in which the picture occurs. The conqueror offers to the gods of the temple the spoils he has collected,

* This remark does not hold good of Mr. Kenrick's valuable work on Egypt, which is a storehouse of Biblical and Egyptian Comparisons.

† Egypt's Testimony to the Bible, pp. 35, 36.

and drags to their feet a long line of captives tied together with one cord, which passes round the neck of all of them. Their arms also are tied together in cruelly distorted postures, in a manner plainly denoting their intention to inflict torture, and that the cries of the wretched sufferers formed an important accessary to the diabolical ceremony. In all those scenes the physiognomy, the complexion, the costume, and the arms of the conquered nations are carefully depicted. The geographical situation of the countries also of which the captives were inhabitants, is denoted by the tassel of the cord by which the conqueror is dragging them. Those which lay to the south and west, against which an expedition would have to set out from Upper Egypt, were led by a cord terminating in the bud of the lotus, which was the symbol of that division of the kingdom. The nations of Asia and Europe, on the other hand, lying across the Isthmus of Suez, could be invaded only by an army from Lower Egypt, and were therefore denoted by a tassel representing its hieroglyphic, which is the culm of the papyrus rush. (Pp. 31—33.)

Pursuing his inquiries with zeal and learning, Mr. Osburn has made important discoveries. Though we are not prepared to assent to every one of his conclusions, we shall here set down the most important biblical names which he claims to have found on the monuments of Egypt. In all, these identifications amount to nearly one hundred. This can scarcely be mere fancy. In the main, we believe the deductions are valid. If, however, we surrender two-thirds of them, the discovery on the walls of Egyptian temples and tombs of some twenty scriptural names, is a very high service to the cause of revealed truth, and ought to substantiate the general tenor of biblical history, even in the eyes of those who prefer the testimony of stone and of sculpture to the everlasting testimony of the written letter, and the Divine Spirit. Among the names thus believed to be identified, are these—all of great importance in an historical point of view—namely, Jebusite; Amalek; the land of Canaan; the Amorites; the Hittites; the Hamathites; the two Rabbahs, the capitals of Ammon and Moab; the city of Salem; Sidon; Tarshish; Manasseh; Barnea, or Kadesh; Beth-shan; the Gadites; Megiddo; the valley of Hinnom; Beth Rimmon; Bethlehem; Issachar; Hebron; kingdom of Judah; Baal; Ashteroth. Now let any careful reader of the Bible calmly consider how large and varied a portion of the scriptural history these names bring up to his recollection. Here we find geography, history, religion, idolatry, all bearing a biblical character and hue. Each one of these names is a link to scriptural associations, most important in kind, and most abundant in matter. They are all full of suggestion and implication. Found on the monuments of Egypt, they carry the mind to the Arabian peninsula, and the hills and vales of Palestine; and, as with a spring, open before it historical points and vistas, which, in their ultimate bearings, leave little of the biblical history untouched or untold. What a rich revelation of the Roman period of British history would be made, if some Roman city or monument were now

disinterred, bearing names of districts, towns, men, princes, and divinities, connected with the ancient Britons. Not less valuable is the decyphered memorials of ancient Egypt, which thus seems to adopt biblical terms in order to confound unbelief, and affirm, with the solemn voice of a remote antiquity, the substantial truth of the scriptural records.

Words for the Wise.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'—SOLOMON.

'Ego autem neminem nomino; quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui ante de se voluerit confiteri.'—CICERO.

XI. CANT TERMS.

JOHN FOSTER has enriched our Christian literature with an essay 'On the aversion of men of taste to evangelical religion.' It is to be hoped that some 'men of taste' have read this treatise with advantage; and much more is it to be desired that all religious men would read it too, and see how significantly it holds up the mirror to themselves. It cannot be, that this admirable essay should have run through so many editions, without effect; and yet there are good men in the Dissenting churches, who indulge, to the present hour, in those mischievous follies which it seeks to brand. Why should this be? Why should piety choose to sun herself in the grotesque garb of absurdity? Why should these good men make a point of using that barbarous dialect, which, like the speech of poor Peter in the Judgment Hall, still bewrayeth them?

Known indeed for what he is, the Christian should be; nor will the obliging world be slow to furnish him with the means. For, if anything under the sun could be conspicuous in an age, when all things, say the newspapers, are 'finding their level,' it would surely be a simple, honest, earnest Christianity, lived out to day in London, by one of the noblemen of the Almighty. Nay, the humblest of the humble amongst true Christians will not fail of recognition, even at the hands of men. He will be deemed troublesome, it may be,—prudish, precise, contentious even, and sadly wanting sometimes in charity; but by those very tokens he will at least be *known*.

Very different, however, are those signs which have been selected as a badge of discipleship by the good people to whom I refer. They may honour integrity, inculcate the necessity of faith, and endeavour after purity; but they make their stand upon *language*. They resolutely translate everything into their own peculiar *patois;* and insist upon being known by their inveterate attachment to a phraseology,

which the rest of mankind either wholly repudiate, or are content to employ according to the proper signification of the words.

What, indeed, would any but the initiated be able to make of some of the choice barbarisms which, in certain circles, are the mode? Take, as a sample, that brief but significant interrogatory, 'Will *you* engage?' What thinkest thou, O innocent reader, may the meaning be, of this inquiry? Does the questioner ask the questionee to impawn his honour, or to stake his reputation? To enlist a company of soldiers, or to draw some welcome guest into a party of pleasure? To win a lady, or to gain a friend? To make a contract, or to fight a battle? Nothing of the sort. He wishes him to offer prayer to God. This is the way in which *he* proffers the touching request, addressed by Paul to the Thessalonian Christians, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

In the same brogue, a religious service was once an 'opportunity;' and at meetings for devotion the Almighty was asked to 'presence himself' with his worshippers. 'The midst of us' was improved into 'our midst,' and even, as I have been informed, 'our *little* midst,' when the assembly was not numerous. 'Minds' were 'solemnized,' instead of anniversaries and matrimony; doctrine became 'marrow,' and all who did not worship in 'the cave of Adullam,' were 'very dark!' The cares and struggles of a poor man's life were nothing, if they did not name them 'his experience;' and when he died, the event had always to be duly 'improved,' as the harvest annually was—to the great satisfaction of a farmer, on one occasion, who had a short crop. All must be done, however, in a 'prayerful' way; and, if possible, by a 'talented' man,—who would 'call attention' to the subject, much as one might 'call spirits from the vasty deep.' There is warrant enough, I am sorry to say, now-a-days, for this last phrase; for the 'Times' itself, which calls so many names in the course of a year, 'calls attention,' I do believe, the oftenest of all. Has the Thunderer been to school, I wonder, in the conventicle? If so, I commend to his consideration the example of the late George Robins. George, who, in penning his advertisements, dealt, as is well known, rather extensively, like my friend Heaviside, in adjectives, was once upon a time, so the story goes, at a loss for one. 'Put in "important," Mr. Robins,' said the agent at his elbow. 'No,' rejoined the man of experience in *posters*, 'not *that* word; I leave "important" to the Dissenting ministers.' It is to be hoped that this remark was not levelled at Tritissimus; whose pulpit topics, I observe, are almost always declared to be 'interesting and important.'

Quitting, however, this field of observation, as savouring somewhat, says Discipulus, of hyper-criticism, there are two words yet behind, which appear to be regularly employed in a sense it must sorely puzzle the uninitiated to understand, and even the initiated themselves, I suspect, to define. These words, good reader, are 'Cause' and 'Interest.'

A 'cause,' what is it? Shall we impanel a jury of the métaphysicians to answer that question for us? Shall we invoke the shades of Hobbes, Cudworth, Newton, Liebnitz, Locke, Kant, Hegel, and the

rest, and bid them troop into the jury-box? In the first place, then, will these have to agree upon some theory of *causation*. Now shall the learned court have its ears filled with their vocal endeavours to express that hypothetic quality, which has puzzled them all; as energy, faculty, influence, capacity, ability, virtue, force, power, possibility, fitness, aptitude—but no, enough, enough, dear sirs; you go too far about. To the matter in hand. What is a 'cause?'

Put John Walker in the witness box, and swear him. 'Now, sir, upon your oath, remember, what is a "cause?"' 'A cause is that which produces or effects anything—in fact, the efficient.' 'Is that all?' 'The word is used likewise, in spite of the logicians, to signify the reason, the motive to anything.' 'For nothing further?' 'Yes. The lawyers in Westminster Hall have a kind of *tendre* for another signification of the word, which they have made peculiarly their own; and a "cause" with them means no end of consultations, parchments, pleadings, and fees.' 'Has the word no other sense?' 'The word is sometimes used to denote a party.' 'You may step down.'

The worshippers in the 'cave of Adullam' have spoken 'wiser than they are 'ware;' for as there are, unfortunately, so many as three parties in that Hebrew retreat, there are, on John Walker's evidence, not one merely, but at least three causes in the 'cave of Adullam.'

Let 'cause' pass therefore for what it is worth. There yet remains 'interest.' Against this word Veridicus entertains a particular spite. It reminds him, he says, in the unpleasantest manner of an investment he once made in the 'Quicksilver Quicksands,' which has never yielded him a single farthing of 'interest,' in years more than he likes to count. In common fairness, however, we must not lay too much stress on this truly inveterate grudge. There may be other meanings of the word beside the usurer's. The Reverend Flexible Redtape, for instance, is said to have a large 'interest' in the lucrative trade of a respectable house in the city. Dr. Pliable has an undoubted 'interest' in the continued prosperity of the 'Town and Country Stars.' His youthful son, moreover, aspires to an 'interest' in the affections of his rich deacon's daughter. Said rich deacon, again, who desires to serve God *and* Mammon, has an 'interest' in believing that religion and respectability are well nigh convertible terms. But beyond these last-named meanings, we may scarcely advance a step. Already we feel that the word has been invested with a dignity, to which it can make but slight pretensions. Do what we will, it smacks strongly of the purse and the till; and even young Pliable, perhaps, has an eye in his love-making to the deacon's savings. Yet is this very term, used apparently in some pseudo-religious sense, continually on the lips of Christians. Flexible Redtape, for instance, has been at a watering-place preaching for some 'society.' Pliable greets him on his return with the question, 'Is there a good "interest" there?' What can he mean? Is it the meeting-house, or the worshippers, or the doctrine, or the minister, or the imagery, or the pew-rents, or all these in one? Let Redtape and Pliable, and the simpler but better men who make use of it, answer this question; and let them beware how they repulse the scoffer from

the very thresholds of their churches, by the use of words and phrases which the scoffer must needs hear with infinite relish. Piety is piety, and money is money; but a 'cause' and an 'interest'—*what are they?*

Reflecting sorrowfully on what has been here written, I perceive that we may be on the eve of great changes. The divine life is not dead in man, but is rather about to renew its strength. Great souls will receive it; and the time is drawing on when these will find no home in the 'Church as established by law.' The religious spirit will be too strong to endure so singular and absurd a compromise. Then were it natural surely that these should betake themselves to the shelter of the Independent Christian communities already in existence. But would they do that? *Could* they do that? Are not great souls always sincere? And would not the marvellous life of Jesus, and 'THE TRUTH as it is in Him,' have bound these to a sincerity, transparent as the day? And what sort of home would that heavenly quality find amongst us at present? Think of these men whisking you on a Sunday-face at a moment's notice, and endeavouring to 'solemnize their *minds*.' Think of them descending to tricks unworthy of an election agent, in order to support a 'cause.' Fancy them compassing sea and land in order to multiply 'interests!'—Nay! it cannot be. It is not in nature that it should be. Not thus, believe me, will these men be known as the followers of Christ; still less by their condescending to the *lingo* of the 'Cave of Adullam,' or the CANT TERMS in vogue in the circles which Redtape and Pliable adorn.

There is a Nonconformity, of a type nobler than that of these notabilities; a Dissent, more difficult than the most determined violation of the rules of grammar and good sense. The practice of this will sufficiently task the courage which dares to be singular, as it will well reward the fortitude, which is not to be moved by 'the world's dread laugh.' It was once visible, however, in the life of a certain Jew of Tarsus; and *his* rejoicing was this—the testimony of his conscience, that in *simplicity and godly sincerity he had had his* CONVERSATION *in the world.*

X. Y. Z.

Negro Life in the Slave States of America.

AMONG the shilling's-worths of light literature—tales, novels, poetry, and facetiæ—for which railway bookstalls have created a ready market, there may at the present time be found a volume which for depth of interest and potency for good has not been surpassed by any work of modern times. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or, as it is more correctly designated by its second title, 'Negro Life in the Slave States of America,'* is a book adapted, if not providentially designed,

* 'Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America.' By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: Routledge and Co.

to do a great work. Published in America, its wide diffusion there can scarcely fail to produce an effect even where other agencies have failed to disturb pro-slavery passiveness; while its wide diffusion here will be likely to exert a reflex influence on a people highly sensitive to English opinion in relation to themselves.

For many years (the authoress tells us), she avoided all reading upon or allusion to the subject of slavery, considering it as too painful to be inquired into, and one which advancing light and civilization would certainly live down. But, since the legislative act of 1850, when she heard, with perfect surprise and consternation, Christian and humane people actually recommending the remanding the escaped fugitives into slavery, as a duty binding on good citizens —when she heard on all hands, from kind, compassionate, and estimable people, in the free states of the North, deliberations and discussions as to what Christian duty could be on this head—she could only think, These men and Christians cannot know what slavery is; if they did, such a question could never be open for discussion. And from this arose a desire to exhibit it in a *living dramatic reality*.'

But while having this design, Mrs. Stowe has not treated her readers to a mere 'feast of horrors,' but with a degree of skill which a practised novelist might envy, has so chosen and arranged her *dramatis personæ*, as to enlist the sympathies of such as better relish graphic description and clever delineations of character than appeals to the conscience or the heart. Hence, while she denounces slavery with power and eloquence, and satirizes its defenders—especially among clerics and religionists—with withering keenness and pungency, she relieves her narrative with humorous sketches of unctuous richness, and hits off peculiarities and incidents with a felicitousness strongly reminding us of our own Charles Dickens. Added to these distinctive excellences, and consecrating them to the highest use, a spirit of religious fervour and of practical piety pervades the work, giving to it a high elevation of tone, and furnishing impressive illustrations of the power of genuine Christianity to renew, sustain, and bless the soul.

Many of our readers have doubtless ere this themselves perused the work, but they will, we are sure, forgive us, if, for the sake of others who have not yet had that pleasure, we transfer to our pages some of the chief features of the story, omitting, as we must necessarily do, all notice of those of an episodal character.

The main purpose of the writer in the construction of the tale, is apparently to oppose the fallaciousness of the idea that humanely treated slaves are no sufferers from slavery, and thus we are in the first instance introduced to a Mr. Shelby, a well-disposed and gentlemanly slave-holder, in the state of Kentucky, where slavery exists in its mildest form. Eliza Harris, one of the domestics, is a quadroon of great beauty, and the petted servant of an indulgent mistress. She has for a husband, a smart, talented mulatto, a slave on a neighbouring estate, but let out for hire at a factory, and they have a little son as handsome and engaging as themselves. On the same estate resides 'Uncle Tom,' an 'uncommon fellow,' 'true and square in everything,' according to his master, and with a heart filled with piety and benevolence. Aunt Chloe, his wife, is 'a cook in the very bone and centre of

her soul,' who fills Tom's cabin with good things and innocent merriment. So here we have something approaching to the Arcadia described by anti-abolitionists. 'But over and above the scene there broods a portentous shadow—the shadow of *law*,' and Mr. Shelby, becoming involved in pecuniary difficulties, finds himself within the power of one Dan Haley, a slave-dealer, who is bent on securing Uncle Tom, and Eliza's child. Shelby, to save himself, regretfully sacrifices them, satisfying his conscience as he best can with the plea of necessity, but *not* satisfying his wife, who now passionately denounced the cursed system which yielded such bitter fruits. Eliza, overhearing their colloquy, resolved to save her child by flight.

'It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night, and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck. . . . . .

'A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage, and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window-pane. . . . . .

'"Lord bless you! I'am skeered to look at ye, Lizy! Are ye tuck sick, or what's come over ye?"

'"I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child. Master sold him!"

'"Sold him?" echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

'"Yes, sold him!" said Eliza firmly. "I crept into the closet by mistress's door to-night, and I heard master tell missus that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom, both to a trader, and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

'Tom had stood during this speech with his hands raised, and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed, rather than seated himself, on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon his knees.

'"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. "Oh, it don't seem as if it was true! What has he done that mas'r should sell *him?*"

'"He hasn't done anything—it isn't for that. Master don't want to sell. . . . But, oh, missis! you ought to have heard her talk! If she an't a Christian and an angel, there never was one. I'm a wicked girl to leave her so; but then I can't help it. She said herself one soul was worth more than the world; and this boy has a soul, and if I let him be carried off, who knows what'll become of it? It must be right; but if it an't right, the Lord forgive me, for I can't help doing it!"

'"Well, old man!" said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go too? Will you wait to be toted down river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? I'd a heap rather die than go there, any day? There's time for ye; be off with Lizy—you've got a pass to come and go any time. Come, bustle up, and I'll get your things together."

'Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully, but quietly around it and said—"No, no; I an't going. Let Eliza go—it's her right. I wouldn't be the one to say no. Tan't in *natur* for her to stay; but you heard what she said! If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, and everything go to rack, why, let me be sold. I s'pose I can b'ar it as well as any on 'em," he added, while something like a sob and a sigh shook his broad, rough chest, convulsively. "Mas'r always found me on the spot—he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass no ways contrary to my word, and I never will. It's better for me alone to go than to break up the place and sell all. Mas'r an't to blame, Chloe; and he'll take care of you and the poor—"

'Here he turned to the rough trundle-bed full of little woolly heads, and broke fairly down. He leaned over the back of the chair, and covered his face with his large hands. Sobs, heavy, hoarse, and loud, shook the chair, and great

tears fell through his fingers on the floor—just such tears, sir, as you dropped into the coffin where lay your first-born son; such tears, woman, as you shed when you heard the cries of your dying babe—for, sir, he was a man, and you are but another man. And, woman, though dressed in silk and jewels, you are but a woman, and, in life's great straits and mighty griefs, ye feel but one sorrow!

'"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, "I saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing place, and he told me to-day, that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again," she turned away, and stood with her back to them for a moment. and then added, in a husky voice, "tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven."'

* * * * * * *

'If it were *your* Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning,—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape,—how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom,—the little sleepy head on your shoulder,—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?'

* * * * * * *

'An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

'It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

'Eliza stood for a moment, contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public-house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.'

Haley's chase was delayed for some time by the amusing stratagems of two sympathizing negroes, but presently

'The whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

'A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

'The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her

stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.'

She was directed to the house of Mr. Bird, a senator, whose heart was, happily, softer than his head, and who, though he had but lately helped to pass the fugitive slave-law, yet, at the actual sight of fugitives, acted towards them the part of an abolitionist. They safely reach a Quaker settlement, the inhabitants of which delight in organizing efforts to facilitate the escape of runaway slaves; and here her husband is restored to her. He in the interim had had adventures, and one of these is made an occasion for demolishing, with a ruthless hand, some of the miserable conventionalities by which even humane people in the States attempt to justify the grossest outrages on human rights and feelings. Disguised as a gentleman, which the whiteness of his skin and the superiority of his manners made an easy thing, he falls in with his late master (not owner), Mr. Wilson, whose mind 'was one of those that may not unaptly be represented by a bale of cotton—downy, soft, benevolently fuzzy, and confused.' Throwing himself on Mr. W.'s generosity, George, who reminds us by his deportment of that fine specimen of African humanity, Frederick Douglass, introduces himself.

'"Well, George, I s'pose you're running away—leaving your lawful master, George—(I don't wonder at it)—at the same time I am sorry, George—yes, decidedly—I think I must say that, George—it's my duty to tell you so."

'"Why are you sorry, sir?" said George, calmly.

'"Why, to see you, as it were, setting yourself in opposition to the laws of your country."

'"*My* country!" said George, with a strong and bitter emphasis; "what country have I but the grave—and I wish to God that I was laid there!"

'"Why, George, no—no—it won't do; this way of talking is wicked—unscriptural. George, you've got a hard master—in fact, he is—well, he conducts himself reprehensibly—I can't pretend to defend him. But you know how the angel commanded Hagar to return to her mistress, and submit herself under her hand; and the apostle sent back Onesimus to his master."

'"Don't quote Bible at me that way, Mr. Wilson,' said George, with a flashing eye, "don't! for my wife is a Christian, and I mean to be, if ever I get to where I can; but to quote Bible to a fellow in my circumstances is enough to make him give it up altogether. I appeal to God Almighty; I'm willing to go with the case to Him, and ask Him if I do wrong to seek my freedom."

'"These feelings are quite natural, George," said the good-natured man, blowing his nose. "Yes, they're natural, but it is my duty not to encourage 'em in you. Yes, my boy, I'm sorry for you, now; it's a bad case—very bad; but the apostle says, 'Let every one abide in the condition in which he is called.' We must all submit to the indications of Providence, George—don't you see?"

'George stood with his head drawn back, his arms folded tightly over his broad breast, and a bitter smile curling his lips.

'"I wonder, Mr. Wilson, if the Indians should come and take you a prisoner away from your wife and children, and want to keep you all your life hoeing corn for them, if you'd think it your duty to abide in the condition in which you were called! I rather think that you'd think the first stray horse you could find an indication of Providence—shouldn't you?"

'The little old gentleman stared with both eyes at this illustration of the case; but, though not much of a reasoner, he had the sense in which some logicians on this particular subject do not excel—that of saying nothing, where nothing could be said.'

Before reaching the next Quaker station, the slave-hunters are upon them, but after a struggle, of which we have an exciting description, they escape, and ultimately make their way to the shores of Lake Erie, and well disguised, pass on board the steamer under the very eyes of their pursuers.

'But the boat swept on—hours fleeted, and, at last, clear and full rose the blessed English shore—shores charmed by a mighty spell—with one touch to dissolve every incantation of slavery, no matter in what language pronounced, or by what national power confirmed.

'George and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat neared the small town of Amherstburg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm. The bell rang—the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. The little company were landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then, with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God!

"'Twas something like the burst from death to life;
From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven;
From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven;
Where all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
And mortal put on immortality,
When Mercy's hand hath turned the golden key,
And Mercy's voice hath said, 'Rejoice, thy soul is free.'"

Leaving the noble pair, so worthy of each other, on the threshold of a new and more blessed life, let us now return to Uncle Tom. The time had come for him to be carried 'down south'—a doom more dreaded by the negro than whipping or torture. Here is a portion only of the most touchingly described parting scene—

'Tom sat by, with his Testament open on his knee, and his head leaning upon his hand; but neither spoke. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little rude trundle-bed. He got up and walked silently to look at his children.'

'"It's the last time," he said.'

'Aunt Chloe did not answer, only rubbed away over and over on the coarse shirt, already as smooth as hands could make it; and finally setting her iron suddenly down with a dispairing plunge, she sat down to the table, and "lifted up her voice and wept."

'"S'pose we must be resigned; but, O Lord! how ken I? If I know'd anything whar you's goin', or how they'd sarve you! Missis says she'll try and 'deem ye, in a year or two; but Lor! nobody never comes up that goes down thar! They kills 'em! I've hearn 'em tell how dey works 'em up on dem ar plantations."

'"There'll be the same God there, Chloe, that there is here."

'"Well," said Aunt Chloe, "s'pose der will; but de Lord lets dreffal things happen, sometimes. I don't seem to get no comfort dat way."

'"I'am in the Lord's hands," said Tom; "nothin' can go no furder than he let's it; and thar's *one* thing I can thank him for. It's *me* that's sold and going down, and not you nur the chil'en. Here you're safe; what comes will come only on me; and the Lord, he'll help me—I know he will."

'Ah, brave, manly heart, smothering thine own sorrow, to comfort thy beloved ones! Tom spoke with a thick utterance, and with a bitter choking in his throat—but he spoke brave and strong.

'"Let's think on our marcies!" he added, tremulously, as if he was quite sure he needed to think on them very hard indeed.

'"Marcies!" said Aunt Chloe, "don't see no marcy in't! t'ant right! t'ant right it should be so! Mas'r never aught ter left it so that ye *could* be took for his debts. Them as sells heart's love and heart's blood, to get out thar scrapes, de Lord'll be up to 'em!"

'"Chloe! now, if ye love me, ye won't talk so, when perhaps jest the last time we'll ever have together! And I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear one word agin mas'r."

'"Wal, any way, thar's wrong about it *somewhar*," said Aunt Chloe, in whom a stubborn sense of justice was a predominant trait; "I can't jest make out whar't is, but thar's wrong somewhar, I *clar* o' it."

'"Yer ought ter look up to the Lord above; he's above all—thar don't a sparrow fall without him."'

In going down the Mississippi, Haley sells Tom to Mr. St. Clare, whose daughter's life he had saved during the voyage, and we are introduced to new scenes and characters, upon which the authoress would seem to have expended her utmost skill, and into which she has infused the very soul of pathos.

St. Clare is a man of talent, education, and refinement, with a native sensitiveness only repressed by early disappointments and epicurean tastes, having nothing to say for slavery in the abstract, and a profound contempt for all defences of it on scriptural grounds. His wife is a beautiful, but a cold, heartless, selfish woman, and a valetudinarian on principle. Miss Ophelia, his sister, is a New England spinster, sharp, decided, and energetic, a peerless housekeeper—conscientious to the extent of being 'the bond-slave of the *ought*'—well-meaning but narrow, and having a rooted prejudice against the coloured race. The daughter of St. Clare, Evangeline, is an exquisite conception of youthful beauty, grace, and child-piety—the idol of her father and the delight of all around her.

Again was our friend Tom fortunately circumstanced, but sorrow was about to find its way here also. Eva, Tom's young mistress, but his pupil in spiritual things, was marked for early death, and since the day when tears streamed down our cheeks, reading the unrivalled 'Little Henry and his Bearer,' we have met with nothing to equal in heart-moving tenderness, the story of her declining strength and peaceful death.

Here is 'the last sad scene of all.'

'"Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare's door.

'"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

'Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

* * * * * * *

'Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly from the next room.

'"Augustine! Cousin!—Oh!—what?" she hurriedly began.

'"Hush!" said St. Claire hoarsely; "*she is dying!*"

'Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the verandah, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing—he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

'"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear—"Eva, darling!"

'The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

'"Do you know me, Eva?"

'"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and, as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face—she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

'"Oh God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

'Tom had his master's hands between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

'"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare; "this wrings my heart!"

'"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over—it's over, dear master!" said Tom; "look at her."

'The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

'"Eva!" said St. Clare gently.

'She did not hear.

'"Oh Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

'A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly—"Oh! love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

'"Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold grey sky of daily life, and thou gone for ever!"'

St. Clare, on whom the death of his daughter had made a salutary impression, had resolved to free his slaves; but, alas, ere the resolve was executed, he, too, was carried off, and his whole negro establishment was handed over to the auctioneer. Poor Tom, his hopes of freedom dashed to the ground, now fell into the hands of a brute, and —but we cannot even condense the harrowing recital of the cruelties he endured—of his unrepining submission—of his brave strugglings against atheistic doubts, suggested by God's apparent abandonment of him—and, finally, of his martyr-like preference of death to the betrayal of two of his escaped fellow-sufferers.

And the writer of these heart-rending narratives vouches herself as a true witness, the separate incidents being, to a great extent, authentic, and many of them coming under her own observation, or that of her friends, and the characters have their counterparts in real life. But she

'Has only given a faint shadow, a dim picture, of the anguish and despair that are at this very moment riving thousands of hearts, shattering thousands of families, and driving a helpless and sensitive race to frenzy and despair. There are those living who know the mothers whom this accursed traffic has driven to the murder of their children, and themselves to seek in death a shelter from woes more dreaded than death. Nothing of tragedy can be written, can be spoken, can be conceived, that equals the frightful reality of scenes daily and hourly acting on our shores, beneath the shadow of American law, and the shadow of the cross of Christ.'

God grant that her impassioned appeal to the sons and daughters of

America, with which she fitly closes, may not be made in vain! And may our own countrymen and countrywomen feel their spirits stirred within them, to exert whatever influence they may be able to bring to bear on public opinion across the Atlantic. To them, also, may be applied the language in which she has addressed the Christian men and women of the North.

'You have another power, you can *pray!* Do you believe in prayer? or has it become an indistinct apostolic tradition? You pray for the heathen abroad, pray also for those distressed Christians whose whole chance of religious improvement is an accident of trade and sale—from whom any adherence to the morals of Christianity is, in many cases, an impossibility, unless they have given them from above the courage and grace of martyrdom.'

Jubilee of the Sunday School Union.

We regret to have omitted in our last number a notice of a meeting of the committee and friends of the Sunday-school Union, held at Surrey Chapel, on the 14th of July. At the meeting in question, after a statement by the secretary, that the succeeding would be the jubilee year of the institution, it was resolved to celebrate this important anniversary of the Society's operations by the erection of a new and commodious hall, in which to carry on the future business of the Union. We trust that this event may inaugurate a new era in the Society's operations, and that it may stimulate the friends of Sunday-schools everywhere to increased exertions in behalf of this great modern institution.

The responsibility of Christians in relation to the religious training of the youth of our country, is evidently becoming increasingly felt, and the way in which the recognition of duty in this respect has been manifesting itself of late years, we regard as one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Patriotism and piety together require that this should be so. The love of God, and the lesser love of country, both demand, that the possessors of the gospel of Christ should hasten to rescue the rising race from the evils which their fathers have suffered through ignorance and sin. Christians alone have it in their power to present adequately antidoting motives. On them it is incumbent—more than on others, that they should 'teach.' Not in secular (however important) but in sacred knowledge—that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation—lies the true power of antagonism to moral evil. Many of 'the faithful'—though feebly as yet—are wielding that power. There are now scattered in groups over the length and breadth of the land, nearly two hundred thousand Christian young men and women, engaged in dropping the seeds of eternal truth into the minds of two millions of children. We will not by a word exag-

gerate this fact. The unprejudiced contemplation of it will produce all the effect we desire. It should, however, be borne in mind in connexion with it—that these two hundred thousand teachers are all *voluntary* agents—that is, they are unpaid and self-devoted. They employ a considerable part of fifty-two days in the year, to their actual work of teaching, and very many of them appropriate a large additional portion of time to necessary preparation, and to visiting the abodes of the children. Without referring further to the details of these labours, we venture the statement, which we could amply vindicate, that they present an aggregate amount of self-denial and self-sacrifice, scarcely equalled by any other class. Making every necessary deduction for the short-comings of Sunday-school teachers, it must be admitted that they are our largest and most important body of Home Missionaries. Their efforts have already told with effect upon a considerable portion of the community, and from their ranks have been drawn some of the most devoted and successful of the missionaries to foreign lands. Within little more than fifty years has this army of volunteers sprung up to do battle with ignorance and sin. Its numbers are constantly augmenting, and experience, forethought, and union, will gradually increase its efficiency. The *spirit* which in the main animates it assures us of this, and that it will more and more adapt its method and means to the attainment of its great ends. We believe it may, nay, that it must, become the chief of all the agencies for extending the Redeemer's kingdom. Meanwhile, the teachers will do well occasionally to forget their isolation, and think of themselves as a body, and their work as a *power* in the world. By doing so they will the better apprehend the vast importance of their position, the better see the need of greater personal qualifications, and of adopting such plans as will facilitate the most natural exercise of their individual and collective influence upon the minds and hearts of those they instruct. Hitherto the Sunday-school system has exhibited more mechanism than life—more of form than of spirit. It is too great a reflection of our mode of action by other religious appliances. It runs too much in the old rut. Hence its success is not commensurate with the expenditure of means, nor ever will be until great improvements are effected. It is not, however, like some things, hoary and heavy with age, and *now* is the time to raise its character.

The Hall which it is proposed to erect will include lecture, class, library, and reading-rooms, and publishing offices. A considerable sum —probably twenty-five thousand pounds—must be subscribed for this purpose. We believe the amount will be easily obtained, and a large proportion of it (as it ought to be) in the metropolis. Schools in the country derive great advantage from the operations of the Union, and will, no doubt, furnish their due share of contributions, but the schools in London will primarily benefit by the erection of the proposed building, and the thirteen thousand teachers at work in this great centre of influence and activity must, by appeals to the friends of religious education, obtain the largest amount of subscriptions, if they cannot raise the entire sum. Of the general scheme we heartily approve, and hope to share

in the rejoicing when the topmost stone is placed on the building. We have confidence in its promoters. The committee of the Sunday-school Union has done much to merit public confidence, and not less have the gentlemen who act as secretaries, who have always given their services gratuitously, working early and late in promoting the objects of the society. Residing some distance from the city, and the cares of business notwithstanding, they may be found, we believe, in the offices in Paternoster-row by half-past seven two or three mornings every week (in addition to holding evening meetings), to transact the affairs of the Union. This self-sacrifice is not only praiseworthy, it is exemplary and appropriate in those who are, as it were, at the head of the Sunday-school movement; a movement so eminently characterised by voluntaryism. We have every reason, therefore, to hope that the large sum to be raised will not be squandered in mere display.

We approve of the purposes to which the new building is to be appropriated. Lecture and class rooms, library and reading rooms, may be devoted to uses eminently conducive to the improvement and training of teachers. They may be made sufficiently attractive, also, to retain under continuous instruction a large proportion of the senior scholars, who are now so soon lost sight of in the vortex of London society, and carried away by counter attractions and evil associations far beyond the influence of teachers and christian friends. The committee must take large views of their responsibilities in relation to this matter. There is little doubt that an opportunity will be given them of conferring an immense benefit on thousands of our metropolitan teachers and elder scholars, and through them of communicating a great impetus to the Sunday-school cause generally. They have already, with limited means, attempted and done much, but that much is little indeed, compared with what they may yet accomplish. The new building must be an educational institution in the highest and best sense. Facilities must be afforded Sunday-school teachers for acquiring the greatest possible amount, at the cheapest possible rate, of such knowledge as will best fit them for the most efficient exercise of their 'ministry.' Ministers of the Established sect in London, are giving, gratuitously, a portion of their time to the instruction of young Churchmen in a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek. They also hold classes for biblical and secular instruction of other kinds, calculated to aid in the study of the Scriptures. This they do at late hours on week evenings, when the young men are released from the shop and the warehouse. The Committee of the Union might seek similar co-operation from Dissenting ministers, and others qualified to impart a like benefit to the teachers and other biblical students who will crowd to the new lecture and class rooms, as soon as the opportunity is afforded them. We hope, too, to see the new building become a centre of free, but hallowed thought and consecrated action. There will be conferences for the mutual interchange of opinion and friendly counsel, undisturbed, we trust, by the exhibition of sectarian bigotry or bitterness. The past history of the Union shows it to be, as Mr. W. H. Watson, one of the secretaries, has felicitously

termed it, 'a living practical evangelical alliance.' An association of Christian men of various creeds—not for the purpose of *saying* to the world 'we love one another,' but for the purpose of *doing* together a great practical work, and proving by the unbroken harmony with which it is carried on for many years, that being engaged in their Master's business, they *do* 'love one another,' and are content to leave it to others to quarrel over the dry bones of controversy. We cannot doubt that such men will be ready at all times to adopt and recommend any plan for promoting the speedier and better progress of the great cause, which, after full explanation and fair discussion, shall commend itself to their judgment. We trust that they will reject no 'suggestions' merely because they are new, nor from any slavish dread of innovation. If the idea which originated the Union be their guide, their course must be one of progress. It was illustrated in the following manner, by Mr. W. B. Gurney, the president and founder of the society, when addressing the meeting recently held at Surrey Chapel—'In communications which I had with several friends, and in particular with my excellent friend, Mr. William Marriott, who was in a school at Friar's-mount, Shoreditch, and which I visited, I found that he had introduced great improvements in that school. I was astonished at the number and amount of these improvements, and I said to him, "We ought to improve all our schools. Your school is better than ours, and you tell me there are schools better than yours; and why should not we get Sunday-school teachers together, and try to improve, if possible, our plan of instruction, and stimulate others to open new schools in London?" And that suggestion was the origin, I believe, of this Union.'

Notwithstanding the progress made since the period above referred to, the present system is confessedly deficient, and the teachers are deficient—the committee readily admits the fact, and the teachers everywhere feel it. There is, however, an incipient struggle after improvement, which augurs well for the future. The men at the centre of influence and direction may do much to encourage and guide it. When the new building is erected, they will have extended means at command. Being 'laymen' of the most practical order, they will be anxious to turn their increased advantages to the best account; and we may hope to see in a few years—if not a new—at all events, a greatly improved class of teachers. 'Practical' men constitute the committee of the Union, and we would kindly warn them that there is a tendency to which they are liable, and of which we have seen indications, that may obstruct their attainment of the good we desiderate. Their very practicalness exposes them to the danger of attaching more than a just importance to the mere *machinery* of Sunday-school operations. This is an evil. Our whole Sunday-school system is affected by it. Thus it comes, that instead of being regarded as all-important that the teachers should possess certain high qualifications for their 'ministry,' without which the work cannot be successfully attempted—there is given an approved mechanism, which is to go like clock-work, and the teachers are only the weights and

springs needed to set it in motion. We look to the committee of the Union, not only to guard against encouraging this very mischievous tendency, but to use every proper means for counteracting it. A new spirit must be evoked. It matters comparatively little whether Sunday-schools are connected with particular congregations or are entirely independent, if they do not fulfil their purpose. This they never can fulfil, if the children are allowed, as at present, to slip away from the influence of their teachers, at an age so tender as to preclude the possibility of their characters having been formed by religious principles, and when contact with the world must almost of necessity efface even their religious impressions. Young people after a certain age, are not likely to be retained long under Sunday-school influence, unless the aim of teachers generally be of a higher and more enlarged order than it has ever yet been, and for this they must, as a body, have higher qualifications than they now possess. To aid in furnishing the necessary qualifications, and in calling forth those who possess them, is the work of the future which lies before the committee of the Sunday-school Union. There is something in the past to show that with such objects yet in view, they may confidently appeal for help to carry out their new project, and to such purposes we trust they will consecrate the Jubilee building.

On 'Suggestions Regarding Sunday-Schools.'

To the Editor of the Monthly Christian Spectator.

SIR,—I have watched with the utmost interest the description in your pages of the failings and the wants of Sunday-schools. Had the question been one of smaller importance, less subject to damage from the intrusion of acrid feeling, less needing to be guarded with holy jealousy from the usual attendants of controversy, I should long since have begged your permission to mention my experience in relation to the points before your readers.

For above twelve years, I was concerned in a Sunday-school, which included nearly all the children in the country town in which I reside, and employed as teachers all the young persons in a large congregation. The organization and mechanical management of the school were held to be models of completeness, and it was generally believed to be a most successful institution.

Looking back, as I often do, upon those years of real labour, by a large number of conscientious persons, I have been constrained to feel, reluctantly but inevitably, that the labour was not wisely applied, and that the results were wholly incommensurate with it.

The 'Suggestions' of your correspondent exactly coincide with my own conclusions. The system in general use now does not reach the

minds of the children; the drilling is complete, but their attention is not fixed; punctuality has been secured, the Bible has been read, hymns learned, and even a sermon in the form of an 'address' occasionally delivered, but the hearts of the scholars have not been affected with a loving desire to learn more, and to come nearer, the character of God's children in this world.

My position enabled me to watch closely the proceedings of teachers as well as children; and I got to see, what the very principles of our nature imply, that for the communication of knowledge, and of the wisdom which is better than knowledge, the great element is, *a special fitness in the teacher*. I have seen persons conscientiously, and with prayer, striving from week to week, preparing themselves by study, adopting all the suggestions of systems and system-makers, painfully distilling the results of their labour, and yet failing signally in their effects upon the children.

I pondered these things for years; very patiently I endeavoured to ascertain what was the element of failure in the great majority of cases; and what the secret of success in the small remainder. And at length I satisfied myself, by many approximations, that *the one great essential* is a special fitness in the teacher—a certain natural quality, or assemblage of qualities, which may doubtless be aided by well-considered appliances—method, system, materials, &c.—but in the absence of which, all these things, like limbs without life, are utterly powerless.

It is this one point to which I have for a long time been endeavouring to direct attention, and I was proportionally pleased when I saw it so justly and prominently stated by your correspondent. It needs to be confirmed, illustrated, and taken to the careful consideration of all who desire, in this direction, to improve our social and spiritual condition; and when it comes to be generally recognised, it will effect far greater changes, and a larger amount of good, than are at first sight apparent. The very rarity of the talent will compel the adoption of collective teaching. For it affords a striking instance of providential adaptation, that for one man so qualified by nature there will always be found a whole community of children needing his help; and that, in addition to the advantage of his own special gift of communicating knowledge, this mode of instruction calls into exercise the best qualities in the learners' minds.

I am, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

August 18, 1852. S. S.

Mr. Calamy in Newgate.

To the Editor of the Monthly Christian Spectator.

DEAR SIR,—At the end of an old volume, entitled, 'A compleat Collection of farewell Sermons,' by the ejected ministers, 'to which is added their several prayers,' printed 'in the year 1663,' there occurs the following piece of quaint and Christian humour. One really loves to think that the Nonconformist divines of that day didn't mind a quiet joke over their troubles, and as the book is rare, and I have never seen the lines elsewhere, I send them you, if suitable for your pages.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

Royston, June 9, 1852. W. G. BARRETT.

A POEM UPON THE IMPRISONMENT OF MR. CALAMY IN NEWGATE.

BY ROBERT WILD, D.D.,* AUTHOR OF THE 'ITER BOREALE.'

This page I send you, sir, your Newgate fate
Not to condole, but to congratulate.
I envy not our mitred men their places,
Their rich preferments, nor their richer faces;
To see them steeple upon steeple set,
As if they meant that way to heaven to get.
I can behold them take into their gills
A dose of churches, as men swallow pills,
And never grieve at it. Let them swim in wine,
While others drown in tears—I'll not repine;
But my heart truly grudges, I confess,
That you thus loaded are with happiness:
For so it is: and you more blessed are
In Peter's *chain*, than if you sat in's *chair*.
One sermon hath preferr'd you so much honour,
A man could scarce have had from Bishop Bonner;
Whilst we your brethren, poor erraticks be,
You are a glorious fixed star we see.
Hundreds of us turn out of house and home;
To a safe habitation you are come.
What though it be a gaol? Shame and disgrace
Rise only from the crime, not from the place.
Who thinks reproach or injury is done
By an eclipse to the unspotted sun?
He only by that black upon his brow
Allures spectators more: and so do you.
Let me find honey, though upon a rod,
I'll prize the prison, where the keeper's God;
Newgate, or hell, were heav'n if Christ were there—
He made the stable so, and sepulchre.

* Calamy, in his 'account of the ministers, lecturers, masters and fellows of colleges, and schoolmasters who were ejected or silenced after the Restauration in 1660,' thus speaks of Dr. Robert Wild: 'He was a witty man, and very pleasant in conversation. His performances in poetry are well known. He was excellently qualified unto his ministerial work. None more melted and melting in prayer, nor more serious and fervent in preaching Christ. He dy'd at Oundle, ann. 1679.'

Indeed, the place did for your presence call—
Prisons do want perfuming most of all.
Thanks to the bishop and his good lord mayor,
Who turned the den of thieves into a house of prayer;
And may some thief by you converted be,
Like him who suffered in Christ's company.

Now would I had sight of your mittimus;
Fain would I know why you are dealt with thus.
Jaylor, set forth your prisoner at the bar,
That we may know what his offences are.

First, it is proved that you being dead in law,
As if you cared not for that death a straw,
Did walk and haunt your church, as if you'd scare
Away the reader and his common prayer.
Nay! 'twill be proved, you did not only walk,
But like a Puritan, your ghost did talk.
Dead and yet preach! these Presbyterian slaves
Will not give over preaching in their graves.

Item, you played the thief, and if it be so,
Good reason, sir, you should to Newgate go;
And now you're there, some dare to say you are
The greatest pickpocket that e'er came there.
Your wife, too, little better than yourself you make,
She is the receiver of each purse you take.
But your great theft, you act it in your church,
I do not mean that you your sermon lurch
(That's crime *canonical*), but you did pray
And preach so that you stole men's hearts away,
So that good man to whom your place doth fall,
Doth find they have no heart for him at all.
This felony deserves imprisonment;
What, can't you nonconformists be content
Sermons to make, except you preach them too?
They that your places fill this work can do.

Thirdly, 'tis proved that when you pray most devout
For all good men, you leave the bishops out;
This makes seer Sheldon, by his powerful spell,
Conjure and lay you in his Newgate-hell:
Would I were there too, I should like it well.
I wish you durst change punishment with me;
Pain makes me fitter for the company
Of roaring boys; and you may lie a-bed
Now your name's up; pray do it in my stead.
And if it be deny'd us to change places,
Let us for sympathy compare our cases;
For if in suffering we both agree,
Sir, I may challenge you to pity me.

I am the older gaol-bird; my hard fate
Hath kept me twenty years in *Cripple-gate;*
Old *Bishop Gout*, that lordly, proud disease,
Took my fat body for his diocese,
Where he keeps court, there visits every limb,
And makes them, Levite-like, conform to him.
Severely he doth article each joint,
And makes inquiry into every point.
A bitter enemy to preaching, he
Hath half a year sometimes suspended me;

And if he find me pains-ful in my station,
Down I am sure to go next visitation;
He binds up, looseth, sets up, and pulls down,
Pretends he draws ill humours from the crown;
But I am sure he maketh such ado,
His humours trouble head and members do;
He hath me now in hand, and ere he goes,
I fear for heretics he'll burn my toes.
Oh, I would give all I am worth, a fee,
That from his jurisdiction I were free.

Now, sir, you find our sufferings do agree—
One bishop clapt up you, another me:
But, oh! the difference too is very great—
You are allowed to walk, to drink, to eat;
I want them all, and never a penny get.
And though you be debarred your liberty,
Yet all your visitors I hope are free;
Good men, good women, and good angels come,
And make *your* prison better than *my* home.
Now, may't be so till your foes repent
They gave you such a rich imprisonment;
May you a thousand friendly papers see,
And none prove empty except this from me;
And if you stay, may I come keep your door;
Then, farewell parsonage, I shall ne'er be poor.

Plain Sewing;

OR, HOW TO ENCOURAGE THE POOR.

A TALE, WITH A MORAL FOR CHRISTIAN LADIES.

By T. S. Arthur.*

'Do you know of any poor body who does plain sewing?' asked Mrs. Lander of a neighbour upon whom she called for the particular purpose of making this inquiry. 'I have a good deal of work that I want done, and I always like to give my plain sewing to people that need it.'

'I think I know of a person who will suit you,' replied Mrs. Brandon, the lady to whom the application had been made. 'She is a poor widow woman, with four children dependent upon her for support. She sews neatly. Yesterday she brought me home some little drawers and night-gowns that were beautifully made. I am sure she will please you, and I know she deserves encouragement.'

'What is her name?'

'Mrs. Walton; and she lives in Larkin's court.'

'Thank you, ma'am. I will send for her this morning. You say she is very poor?'

'You may judge of that yourself, Mrs. Lander. A woman who has four children to support by the labour of her own hands cannot be very well off.'

---

* 'Woman's Trials.' By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia, U.S.: Lippincott and Co.

'No; certainly not. Poor creature! I will throw all I can in her way, if her work should please me.'

'I am sure that will be the case, for she sews very neatly.'

Mrs. Lander having found out a poor woman who could do plain sewing—she was always more ready to employ persons in extreme poverty than those who were in more easy circumstances—immediately sent a summons for her to attend upon her ladyship. Mrs. Walton's appearance, when she came, plainly enough told the story of her indigence.

'Mrs. Brandon informs me,' said Mrs. Lander, 'that you do plain sewing very well, and that you stand in need of work. I always like to encourage the industrious poor.'

The woman inclined her head, and Mrs. Lander went on.

'Do you make shirts?'

'Yes, ma'am, sometimes.'

'Do you consider yourself a good shirtmaker?'

'I don't call myself anything very extra; but people for whom I work seem generally pleased with what I do.'

'I have six shirts cut out for Mr. Lander. How soon can you make them?'

'I couldn't make them all in less than a couple of weeks, as I have other work that must be done within that time.'

'Very well. That will do.'

The poor woman took the shirts home, feeling grateful to Mrs. Brandon for having recommended her, and thankful to get the work. In order to give satisfaction to both her new customer, and those for whom she already had work in the house, she divided her time between them, sewing one day for Mrs. Lander, and the next on the work received before hers came in. At the end of a week, three of the shirts were ready, and, as she needed very much the money she had earned in making them, she carried them over to Mrs. Lander on Saturday afternoon.

'I have three of the shirts ready,' said she, as she handed to the lady the bundle she had brought.

'Ah! have you?' remarked Mrs. Lander, as, with a grave face, she opened the bundle and examined the garments. This examination was continued with great minuteness, and long enough almost to have counted every stitch in the garments. She found the shirts exceedingly well made; much better than she had expected to find them.

'When will you have the others ready?' she asked as she laid them aside.

'I will try and bring them in next Saturday.'

'Very well.'

Then came a deep silence. The poor woman sat with the fingers of both hands moving together uneasily, and Mrs. Lander looked away out of the window and appeared to be intent upon something in the street.

'Are these made to please you?' Mrs. Walton ventured to ask.

'They'll do,' was the brief answer; and then came the same dead silence, and the same interest on the part of the lady in something passing in the street.

Mrs. Walton wanted the money she had earned for making the shirts, and Mrs. Lander knew it. But Mrs. Lander never liked to pay out money, if she could help it; and as doing so always went against the grain, it was her custom to put off such unpleasant work as long as possible. She liked to encourage the very poor, because she knew they generally worked cheaper than people who were in easier circumstances; but the drawback in their case was, that they always wanted money the moment their work was done.

Badly as she stood in need of the money she had earned, poor Mrs. Walton felt reluctant to ask for it until the whole of the number of shirts she had engaged to make were done; and so after sitting for a little while longer, she got up and went away. It happened that she had expended her last sixpence on that very morning, and nothing was due to her from any one but Mrs. Lander. Two days at least would elapse before she would have any other work ready to take home, and what to do in the mean time she did not know. With her the reward of every day's labour was needed when the labour was done; but now she was unpaid for full four days' work, and her debtor was a lady much interested in the welfare of the poor, who always gave out her plain sewing to those who were in need of encouragement.

By placing in pawn some few articles of dress, and paying a heavy interest upon the little sum of money advanced thereon, the poor widow was able to keep hunger from her door until she could finish some work she had in hand for a lady more considerate than Mrs. Lander. Then she applied herself with renewed industry to the three shirts yet to make, which she finished at the time she promised to have them done. With the money to be received for these, she was to pay six shillings to get her clothes from the pawnbroker's shop, buy her little boy a pair of shoes,—he had been from school a week for want of them,—and get a supply of food for the many mouths she had to feed.

Mrs. Lander received her with that becoming dignity of manner and gravity which certain persons always assume when money has to be paid out. She, as it behoved her to do, thoroughly examined every seam, line of stitching, and hem upon each of the three shirts, and then, after slowly laying the garments upon a table, sighed and looked still graver. Poor Mrs. Walton felt oppressed; she hardly knew why.

'Does the work please you?' she ventured to ask.

'I don't think these are as well made as the others,' said Mrs. Lander.

'I thought they were better made,' returned the woman.

'Oh, no. The stitching on the bosoms, collars, and wristbands isn't nearly so well done.'

Mrs. Walton knew better than this; but she did not feel in any humour to contend for the truth. Mrs. Lander took up the shirts again, and made another examination.

'What is the price of them?' she asked.

'Three shillings.'

'Apiece?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Three shillings apiece?'

'I have never received less than that, and some for whom I sew always pay me four shillings.'

'Three shillings! It is an imposition. I know plenty of poor women who would have been glad of these shirts at half the price—yes, or at a third of the price either. Three shillings, indeed! Oh, no—I will never pay a price like that. I can go to any professed shirt-maker in the city, and get them made for three or four shillings.'

'I know you can, ma'am,' said Mrs. Walton, stung into self-possession by this unexpected language. 'But why should I receive less if my work is as well done?'

'A pretty question, indeed!' retorted Mrs. Lander, thrown off her guard. 'A pretty question for you to ask of me! Oh, yes! You can get such prices if you can, but I never pay them to people like you. When I pay three or four shillings apiece for shirts, I go to regular shirt-makers. But this is what we generally get for trying to encourage the poor. Mrs. Brandon said that you were in needy circumstances, and that it would be a charity to give you work. But this is the way it generally turns out.'

'What are you willing to pay?' asked the poor woman, choking down her feelings.

'I have had shirts as well made as these for one shilling and eightpence many and many a time. There is a poor woman in Southwark, who sews beautifully, who would have caught at the job. She works for the shops, and does not get over one shilling for fine shirts. But as Mrs. Brandon said you were suffering for work, I thought I would throw something in your way. One and eightpence is an abundance; but I had made up my mind, under the circumstances, to make it two, and that is all I will give. So here is your money—twelve shillings.'

And Mrs. Lander took out her purse, and counted out twelve shillings upon the table. Only for a few moments did the poor woman hesitate. Bread she must have for her children; and if her clothes were not taken out of pawn on that day, they would be lost. Slowly did she take up the money while words of stinging rebuke were on her tongue. But she forced herself to keep silence; and even departed, bearing the wrong that had been laid upon her without uttering a word.

'Did you get my shoes as you promised, mother?' eagerly inquired her little boy, as she came in, on returning from the house of Mrs. Lander.

'No, dear,' replied the heart-full mother, in a subdued voice. 'I didn't get as much money as I expected.'

'When will you buy them, mother?' asked the child, as tears filled his eyes. 'I can't go to school in this way.' And he looked down at his bare feet.

'I know you can't, Harry; and I will try and get them for you in a few days.'

The child said no more, but shrunk away with his little heart so full

of disappointment, that he could not keep the tears from gushing over his face. The mother's heart was quite as full. Little Harry sat down in a corner to weep in silence, and Mrs. Walton took her sewing into her hands; but the tears so blinded her eyes, that she could not see where to direct the needle. Before she had recovered herself, there was a knock at the door, which was opened immediately afterwards by a lady who came into the room where the poor widow sat with her little family around her.

More than an hour had passed since the unpleasant interview with the poor widow, and Mrs. Lander had not yet recovered her equanimity of mind, nor lost the feeling of indignation which the attempt to impose upon her by an exorbitant charge had occasioned, when she was favoured with a visit from Mrs. Brandon, who said familiarly, and with a smile as she entered—

'Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Lander? I have just corrected a mistake you made a little while ago.'

'Indeed! what is that?' asked Mrs. Lander, looking a little surprised.

'You only gave poor Mrs. Walton two shillings apiece for the half dozen of shirts she made for you, when the lowest price is three shillings. I always pay four shillings for Mr. Brandon's. The difference is a very important one to her—no less than six shillings. I found her in much trouble about it, and her little boy crying with disappointment at not getting a pair of shoes his mother had promised him as soon as she got the money for the shirts. He has been from school for want of shoes for more than a week. So I took out my purse and gave Mrs. Walton the six shillings to make up the sum she had earned, and told her I would see you about it. I acted right, did I not? Of course it was a mistake on your part?'

Mrs. Lander was never more completely out-generalled in her life. The lady who had corrected her error was one in whose good opinion she had every reason for desiring to stand high. She could grind the faces of the poor without pity or shame, but for the world she would not be thought mean by Mrs. Brandon.

'I am very much obliged to you, indeed,' she said with a bland smile. 'It was altogether a mistake on my part, and I blame the woman exceedingly for not having mentioned it at the time. Heaven knows I am the last person in the world to grind the faces of the poor! Yes, the very last person. Here is the money you paid for me, and I must repeat my thanks for your prompt correction of the error. But I cannot help feeling vexed at the woman.'

'We must make many allowances for the poor, Mrs. Lander. They often bear a great deal of wrong without a word of complaint. Some people take advantage of their need, and because they are poor, make them work for the merest pittance in the world. I know some persons, and they well off in the world, who always employ the poorest class of people, and this under the pretence of favouring them, but, in reality, that they may get their work done at a cheaper rate than it can be made by people who expect to derive from their labour a comfortable support.'

Mrs. Lander was stung to the quick by these words; but she dared not show the least sign of feeling.

'Surely no one professing to be a Christian can do so,' said she.

'Yes, people professing to be Christians do these things,' was replied; 'but of course their profession needs a better practice to prove it of any worth.'

When her visitor retired, after having expressed her opinion on the subject under consideration still more unequivocally, Mrs. Lander did not feel very comfortable, nor was her good opinion of herself quite so firm as it had been earlier in the day. But she took good care, in the future, not to give any more work to Mrs. Walton, and was exceedingly particular afterwards, in employing poor people, to know whether they sewed for Mrs. Brandon. There are a good many people in the world who encourage the poor on Mrs. Lander's principle.

For the Young.

THE MAN IN EARNEST.

In a little nook of the eastern county of Norfolk, a part over which no railway-train has ever yet passed, nor steam-engine nor factory chimney sent up its clouds of blackening smoke to taint the pure country air, there stands a village, or, more properly speaking, a cluster of villages, on which you come one after another as soon as you have left the old-fashioned town of North Walsham.

These villages, without possessing any striking features of beauty, have a general appearance of prettiness—a sweet old English scenery of their own, of which many who have travelled far and wide are sensible.

In bygone days these quiet hamlets, with their simple rural inhabitants, knew of few changes or excitements more remarkable than that of the Squire's family carriage, passing through on its way to or from town, or of the heavy rumbling old stage-coach, which twice a week performed the journey from Norwich to Cromer, now and then (but that *was* an event) dropping a country girl come home from service to visit her friends, or a brown paper parcel for the farmer's wife, curiously sealed, tied, and directed.

Cromer is a pretty little sea-bathing town, standing some nine or ten miles from North Walsham, on the edge of fine cliffs, which overlook the German Ocean. One gets so fastidious about travelling now-a-days, that, except in a few cases, one is disposed to call all places remote, or out of the world, to which one cannot travel at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour; but, indeed, Cromer is quite worth the durance of a twenty miles' coach-ride to see.

Yes, if any one wish to be quiet, healthy, and happy, for a month,

to walk on fine hard sands, smoother than rolled gravel, and pleasanter to the foot than green turf; if he have a taste for picking up agates, or corallines, or sea-weeds, and for breathing the purest air that blows over England, let him go to Cromer. Or if he be weary of the sea, and prefer a country walk, he may roam over the 'Lighthouse hills' (the Alps of my childhood), hills sprinkled o'er with the wild thyme and the delicate blue-bell, or he may saunter through bowery lanes, redolent with honey-suckle and sweet-brier perfume, and may lounge on banks where in early spring the pale primrose and the purple violet bloom. Or if he love to chase butterflies, and with a net be disposed to collect beetles and insects (there is no accounting for taste) in the open country, and have a mind for a breezy heath walk, why, there is Roughton or Felbrigg for him, and a free passage, too. There they lie, blessings on their fragrant memory! skirted by the fine pine wood; and the hares and rabbits, aye, and the pheasants and partridges, too, make a goodly show; if only one could forget the fact that they eat up yon poor farmer's corn, and that, notwithstanding, yon poor farmer may not shoot them through the head. Yes, Cromer is a lovely spot. Tell me not of Yarmouth or Lowestoft, why Londoners and Cambridgemen may well give Norfolk a bad name, as a 'poor, flat, doleful country,' if their travel stop at either of those places. Every desert has its oasis; few spots in creation but have their little bit of garden-ground, and that garden of Norfolk is Cromer.

But I forget—the children to whom, from babyhood, the mother has told tales of Cromer and of Norfolk, will understand and sympathize with all this. Well, and so perhaps will you, if ever you have the happiness to get into the mail-coach one June day, and jog along to Cromer. But I believe the route is altered now; the prettiest road is given up, and the mail travels daily through the town of Aylsham, not that of North Walsham, by which I should like to take you.

I spoke of June—we seldom waited until June for Northrepps. It may be all very well not to go to Cromer until that month, but Northrepps, the last of the cluster of villages, is sheltered from the east winds, for which poor Norfolk has such a bad name; and in its pleasant dells, and amongst its green hills, you would not find April a bad month for a visit. Yes, twice a week the old coach ran through Northrepps, and once a year, some twenty years ago, it bore little town-blanched children, and set them down at the light iron gate of a white residence with lattice windows, called most inappropriately the Hill-house. If they had called it the Hole-house, it would have been a truer, though not a prettier, name; and the Hill-house, and the Hall, and the Cottage, were the principal houses at that end of the long straggling village of Northrepps.

The Hall, as you may suppose, was the principal residence in the place, and a pleasant old hall it was. There was nothing grand about it. I don't recollect ever being impressed with grandeur in anything at Northrepps. There was always a feeling of the beautiful, of the calm and of the peaceful there, but none of the majestic nor imposing.

No! Northrepps Hall was (for I am writing of bygone days) a quiet, old-fashioned, pleasant spot, standing in its own green woodland shade, where wood-pigeons cooed, and rooks cawed, and spring and summer birds sang with never-tiring melody. And to this old hall, on which many a proud rich man would scarcely deign to give a second look, which is never opened to the wondering public on 'show days,' to this hall I would rather go, ah, and I would rather take my children, and all the dear children who read this little sketch, than to Chatsworth, with all its glories of conservatory, park, and fountain.

I will tell you why. Here lived and here died one of the best and greatest men of later times—the friend of liberty, the foe of slavery and oppression in every form; the fond and loving husband and father, and the happy, humble Christian. Yes, Northrepps Hall has pleasant and beautiful associations; gentle, soothing memories. For is it not written, 'The memory of the just is blessed?' It was to Northrepps that Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton,* to whom a baronetcy could add no real honour, used to love to retire from his labours in Parliament, and his steady, onward path of a useful public life. I can scarcely believe that you have never heard of this great man; but I think it very likely that the present generation of children scarcely know for what reason he was so illustrious; and I am sure of this, that many, both of children and grown people, do not rightly estimate the importance of the work in which the best years of his life were passed. I am not going to write you a literal biography of Buxton. There is in one good-sized volume all that you can desire to know of his public, and many pleasant incidents in his private, life; but there is also much there which young persons would not understand, and I will, therefore, briefly describe some points in his character, which I think it will be well for the young to imitate. For this purpose, let me just tell you what sort of a boy he was.

Buxton was a persevering, bold, and determined child. Now, these qualities, well directed, will make a useful, good man; ill-used and ill-applied, a bad, mischievous, and unlovely character. His mother knew that, but she used to say—'He is self-willed now, but you will see it will turn out well in the end.' So it did; but then he was well trained, or it would have turned out very badly. But don't you admire such a boy as this, who, when walking with his uncle in some dirty country lanes in Essex—his native county—and was sent to give a message to a pig-driver who had passed them on the road, ran off with such energy and determination, that although he lost a shoe in the mud, and lost sight of the pig-driver too, he pushed on, following the man, by the track his pigs had left, for nearly three miles of lonely and intricate lanes, nor stopped until he had overtaken the driver, and delivered the message. Mark this little lesson, it is full of instruction. Fowell Buxton might have run off with very good *intentions*, but after

* Mr. Buxton was made a baronet in the year 1840, a spontaneous mark of Her majesty's appreciation of his services in the cause of freedom and philanthropy.

a little while, especially when his shoe came off, he might very naturally have turned back, and said, 'Oh! well, I can't overtake the man, he is out of sight, and the roads are so bad, and I am so tired.' But even as a child, 'I can't' was not a word in Buxton's vocabulary. If you would be as useful as he, when you are men and women, do not let it be in yours.

Then he was a truthful, honest boy. 'I never found the boy tell a lie,' said his master, when he was once accused of a fault, 'and will not disbelieve him now.'

Very early in life the mother of young Buxton implanted in his mind an abhorrence of slavery. It was a good seed to sow, and we little know when we tell the child at our knee such truths as Buxton's mother told him, but that the child may hide our sayings in his heart, and may one day bring forth rich and abundant fruits of active benevolence and goodness.

As a boy, Buxton did not love study. He left his exercises to other lads to prepare at school: and at home he liked better to ride on his pony, and to go through the lanes and fields with Abraham Plaistow, the gamekeeper, on his shooting expeditions, than to apply himself to the hard task of gaining useful knowledge. Now, in this he is not a pattern for you; but still I want you to mark, boys especially, how much we can do, even when conscious that our education has been deficient, by educating ourselves. 'I am very sure,' writes Buxton, on this subject, to one of his own children, in after life, 'a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. I left school, when I had learned little or nothing, at about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to College opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and acted up to them. I gave up all desultory reading; I never looked into a novel nor a newspaper. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment; I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult, and almost impossible, to my idleness, easy enough to my industry.' *

Just at this important period of his life, he derived considerable benefit from his intercourse with the Gurney family, and the friendship he had formed with the eldest son of the house led him to visit there frequently, and for long periods. There was no idleness at Earlham. The family, of eleven children, from the oldest to the youngest, were all engaged, at the time of young Buxton's introduction, in self-education, full of energy and determination, whether in pursuit of amusement or knowledge.

Thus passed Buxton's early years. At the age of twenty-one he married one of the Misses Gurney, and disappointed in his expectation of large Irish property, it became necessary that he should do some-

* Life, p. 15.

thing for his livelihood, and he was glad to accept a situation as clerk in the large brewery of Truman and Hanbury, and with a prospect of partnership after three years' probation. It may be useful to you to remember, that what Sir T. F. Buxton became in circumstances of wealth and property in after years, was the result of his own exertions. Had he been an idle man of business, he would never have been a rich and successful one. The secret of his success in business, as in other more important matters, was a '*wholeness*' of mind, a fixedness of purpose. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with his *might*. There, again, is an example for young persons. An old schoolmaster used to say 'a boy that plays well, works well,' and there is sound truth in this assertion. 'I could brew,' said Sir F. Buxton, 'one hour, do mathematics the next, and shoot the next, and each with my whole soul.' So, if you have a Latin verb to learn, think only of that verb, and hard as it may be, you *will* conquer it. If your time for lessons be over, don't go into the garden or into the play-ground, dreaming and lounging, but in the time for play, jump, leap, run, play ball, and each with your might.

The first subject of philanthropy to which Mr. Buxton's mind was turned, was that of benefiting the poor Spitalfields weavers. The winter of 1816 was a severe one, and the silk trade had sunk to so low an ebb, that many workmen were thrown out of employment, and the misery and starvation in that part of London was extreme. A large meeting was held at the Mansion-house, and the speech which Mr. Buxton made on this occasion was so much admired, that letters of sympathy and congratulation poured in on all sides, and the papers everywhere reported it with high terms of admiration. The spirit of benevolence, once aroused, could not be idle.

Passing by Newgate one day, his heart was touched by the remembrance of the sufferings within its gloomy walls. Mrs. Fry, his sister-in-law, had already made some efforts there, and 'why should not I be doing my part?' said the energetic Buxton. A visit with his sister to four poor creatures about to be executed, brought forth this remark—'The sight was sufficient for that day, and made me long that my life may not pass uselessly away.'

About three years before this time, however, a great change had come over Mr. Buxton: his 'heart was already fixed,' and he walked no longer as a child of the world.

In 1811 he had been induced to attend the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, in Wheeler Chapel, Spitalfields, and to the preaching of that good man he attributed his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity. Thirty years after, in writing to Mr. Pratt, he said, 'Whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in Wheeler-street Chapel.' Soon after this important change, a change which you know the Bible describes as 'passing from death unto life,' he was attacked by so severe an illness as to be brought to the brink of the grave. In reference to his feelings at that time, he wrote to a friend, 'No one action of my life presented itself with any sort of consolation. "I know that my

Redeemer liveth," was the sentiment uppermost in my mind.' In religion, you will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Buxton was, as in all else, a sincere and earnest man. His was a religion which he carried into every-day life.

In 1818, Buxton was chosen member of Parliament for Weymouth, and when you are older, you will be better able to understand, than you are at present, the particulars of his life as a statesman. But I must tell you a little of what he was permitted to achieve, and, above all, the manner in which he pursued his Parliamentary course. His son-in-law, Mr. Johnstone, relates that for some years Mr. Buxton was associated with a select band of members, who made it their habit, on every night when they had to attend the house, to meet together for the enjoyment of confidential intercourse on the subjects before them, and for reading the Scriptures, with prayer. Well might Buxton be 'never weary in well-doing' if he armed himself thus against opposition and discouragement.

The subject of slavery in which, as I have already told you, his young heart was early interested by his mother, was that to which he directed his principal attention at this time, and to abolish which he strove with his accustomed ardour.

He used to relate of his youthful impressions about this matter, that when a thoughtless boy, he had often laughed at a conscientious sister of his, who would never eat slave-grown sugar. 'Yet,' he says, 'her refusal to do so made me *think*.' In 1807, some years before Mr. Buxton had taken his seat in Parliament, the slave-trade had been declared unlawful, after a twenty years' struggle on the part of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and other friends of freedom; but long after the *slave-trade* had been abolished, slavery continued to exist in our British colonies.

Although no fresh slaves had been imported, as in time past, from Africa to Jamaica, Grenada, St. Vincent, and other of the West India Isles, British slavery still remained there, because the blacks already on the islands were still in bondage; and their children being also born in bondage, there seemed to be no end in prospect for this great evil. What is slavery, do you ask?

I wish I could stay to paint some of its horrors, as Buxton or Wilberforce would have done. 'Slavery,' said Mr. Buxton, 'is labour extorted by force; wages are not given, but their place is supplied by the whip.' Thus would he usually point to the injustice, rather than the cruelty of slavery, calling it by its true name, *robbery*, for the slave-holder claims as property that which belongs only to God, and deprives man of the liberty which his Maker has made his birthright. The whip, indeed, was but one of its attendant evils: a scanty supply of food and clothing; a withholding of the rights of education, and, so far as possible, of religious instruction; a Sabbath's rest denied; a day's labour of nineteen hours under a vertical sun, during harvest, and fourteen and a half for the remainder of the year, enforced; and all this under drivers armed with the cruel whip. This is a glance at slavery; and it was to emancipate the Negroes from such a state that Buxton lived and laboured.

There was one circumstance which appears to have been instrumental in quickening his zeal at this time; it was the urgent request of his beloved sister-in-law, Priscilla Gurney. She was lying on her death-bed, at Cromer Hall; and when within a few days of the close of her life, she sent a message to her brother, earnestly desiring to speak with him on a subject of great importance. But as he drew near her bed to listen, power failed; she was convulsed with a violent fit of coughing, and unable to say a word more on the subject so near her heart, than 'the poor dear slaves!'

He understood the earnestness of her almost silent appeal, and the request was not made in vain; but it was a work of cruel discouragement, of toil, and of time. In 1823, the work was begun, but not till 1834 was it perfected. The 1st of August was the day assigned by Parliament for the termination of slavery in the colonies.

It was on this 1st of August, the wedding-day of his eldest daughter, Priscilla, who had been his faithful and sympathizing fellow-labourer for many years, that Buxton wrote thus:—'The bride is gone; everything has passed off to admiration; and there is not a slave in the British colonies.'*

Of course there were many dismal prophecies both from the enemies of emancipation, and even from its half-hearted friends. Riots were predicted, revenge, murder, drunkenness on the part of the freed blacks, on the day when first they should draw the breath of freedom; and you may readily believe, with what anxiety Fowell Buxton awaited the news from the different islands of the manner in which the 1st of August passed.

He was at Northrepps Hall when, on the 10th of the following September, a large packet of letters came in from the colonies. He felt that he must open them alone; so he carried them with him into one of the shady retreats of those solemn and beautiful woods, and, with no other sound in his ear than the melody of the wood birds, and no witness of his emotion than the eye which seeth in secret, he opened his sealed papers and read. It was, indeed, an account to make the good man's heart swell with joy and gratitude.

How do you suppose the black population throughout the colonies spent Friday, the 1st of August, 1834? I will tell you. In the evening of the 31st of July the churches and chapels in the islands were thrown open, and the slaves crowded in to await the hour of midnight. When that hour drew nigh, they fell on their knees, and, hushed in silent prayer, each listened for the stroke of the clock; and when twelve sounded from the church-tower they sprang to their feet, for they were free—all free. No confusion, no intoxication, no bloodshed, and on the following Monday they all returned to work—to work as free men, and to be paid for their labour.

If I were writing you a history of slavery, instead of telling you of the slave's great friend, I might say much more. I could tell you of the clouds and discouragements that came over the prospect, not in consequence of the abolition of that bad system, but from the evil passions

* See Life of Buxton.

and the covetousness of the masters, who still tried to oppress the poor negro, and to subject him to all manner of vexatious regulations and laws. But the abolitionists worked on, and to the very close of life the claims of Africa were uppermost in the constant heart of Fowell Buxton.

Perhaps I have kept you longer than you desire amidst the scenes of his public life—scenes of which, after all, you may read in works already printed. We will look now at the good man at home; for he loved home. How beautifully in his letters from London does he often refer to that spot. How playful and tender are his letters to his children, and his references to their pleasures and their studies.

Yet he had known deep sorrow there. In one of the prettiest little village churchyards that you can picture, a very favourite walk with us children when we lived at Northrepps, I can remember a memorial to a sorrow, which I used to marvel, child though I was, had not broken the great man's heart. It was a quiet summer's evening when I first saw that monument, and I should like to sketch you the church and its surrounding scenery, as it was then. The approach to it through a grassy drive, with high, luxuriantly-clad banks on either side, and skirted by fine plantations, is very beautiful; and there alone —its old grey walls covered with ivy, and half of it standing isolated from the other half in ruin and decay—there was Overstrand church. From almost every little mound you might see the distant ocean, and many beautiful and touching memorials to the simple villagers are inscribed on the old tombstones; but the most touching of all, so expressive in its very simplicity, is the little slab which bears the names of one son, a boy of ten, and of three young daughters, cut off within five weeks, the one of an inflammatory disorder, the others in consequence of measles and hooping-cough. That 'Eheu, Eheu!' (Alas, Alas!) the only expression of the father's grief, has made me weep many a time in my young days. It seemed so like a voice of lament to me sounding amidst the old ivy-covered ruins, that 'Eheu, Eheu!' Ten years after the deaths which nearly made the Buxton nursery vacant, they were called upon to part with the second surviving son, a lad of great promise.

'He was a child,' says Mrs. Fry, 'who in no common degree lived in the love and fear of the Lord, cheerful, industrious, clever, very agreeable, and of a sweet person.' He used to awaken much interest in our minds as he passed us in the low carriage, talking in his particularly sweet and musical voice to his mother or father, who accompanied him; the latter, with his powerful and manly frame, and his deep tones, so tenderly watching and shielding the dying boy; and even then there was that in his father's eye that seemed to express, 'Eheu, Eheu.' Of this son Henry, Mr. Buxton, in writing to a friend, says, 'As a little child leans upon his mother, so our dear Henry leans upon his Saviour. He is truly walking in the valley of the shadow of death, and as truly fears no evil.' He died when the leaves of the old Hall woods had faded and fallen, on the 18th of November, when scarcely seventeen;

and in a retired spot in this same Overstrand church, we used to read his epitaph, written by his fond father—

> 'Here lies the wreck, the spirit wings her flight,
> The ransomed spirit, to the realms above,
> Ranges unfettered through the fields of light,
> Rests in the bosom of eternal love.
> Beholds the unnumbered host of angel powers,
> Who round Jehovah's throne their anthems sing;
> And joins that kindred band, those lovely flowers
> Cut down and withered in their early spring.'

But that church has other associations with Fowell Buxton. It was there that during his sojourn at Northrepps, he was accustomed to attend on the worship of God, Sabbath by Sabbath, and I have no pleasanter remembrances of him than in that little simple village congregation. It was not a handsome edifice certainly, and it was a very small one. The people generally sat in the body of the building; but in a small neat gallery, where was the organ and choir of village-school children all dressed alike, and clean and neat in person, with the rough blue-jacketed sailors, sat the family from the Hall and Cottage, the latter consisting of Mr. Buxton's beloved sister, Sarah, and her cousin, Miss Gurney. The scene is now before me, especially upon one occasion, when I sat near the object of my childish admiration, almost of hero worship—his tall, manly figure, his face of deep, almost painful thought, but of the most compassionate benevolence. I have never seen a portrait that has done that expression justice. It was not so much mere benignity of *feeling* that those lines denoted; it was a look of good will to man, and a determination to *do* kindly as well as to *feel* kindly to his fellow-creatures. It was, I used to fancy, as a child (for I have scarcely seen him in later years), a sad expression, and both there and at the Friends' meeting, where, too, I have occasionally seen him, he sighed often and deeply; but little did I know the weight of cares which oppressed his heart for Africa. I always thought of the 'Eheu, Eheu,' in the chancel below. Then the tones of that voice! as they were heard in the responses of the service! or when reading, as was his custom, the simple hymn of praise which was to be sung. There are certain hymns which to this hour recall that fine voice of Buxton to my remembrance; that voice—to which grey-haired statesmen had listened, and which enemy and friend could never fail to admire when raised in the senate-house on behalf of the sons of Africa—could never have sounded so well as when it read, with reverential awe, such words as these in God's house of prayer,—

> 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
> With angels round the throne.'

No doubt as he read and as he sang he remembered his son Harry, his child Fowell, and his three infant daughters.

I have told you of his sighs and of his solemn air; but, oh! he could smile—and such a smile it was! The little child on whom it rested would never surely forget it; it was like a silent blessing. For Fowell Buxton loved little children—he could not as a good man and Christian

look coldly on the class of beings whom the Saviour had taken in his arms and blessed; and when he looked down on the little ones, the sorrowful air, and the somewhat hard lines, vanished—it was like the light of the sun upon us.

I remember being particularly impressed with the genial kindness of Mr. Buxton, after one of these Sunday-morning services. I had heard the rain pattering on the windows, and I dare say our wet walk home was not pleasant in prospect. Well, we were standing, carefully tucking up our white frocks, in the porch, and preparing, as best we might, to set forth on our homeward walk, when the family vehicle of the Hall drove up. I think even in those days it was called an omnibus; at all events it was very like one, and used to convey the servants and children to and from church on wet days, like the present. Just at the gate, the master's eye rested on the little thinly-shod children, and no doubt on their anxious governess; so, gently, and with one of those silent smiles, were they lifted into the carriage by the good man, and he followed, looking along the road as he went for the least protected wayfarer, and taking up, if I remember right, more than one dripping villager with as much *empressement* as a conductor of a real 'bus looking out for fares might do, and with far more politeness. This is not much, you will say. No, it is not much, but it shows the *spirit* he was of—the warm, unselfish, all-benevolent spirit, which could be kind and good in little as well as in great things. Besides, did *you* often know a great man, to say nothing of a baronet, stop and take you up in his carriage on a wet Sunday, coming from church or chapel? We used to look out for wet Sundays quite hopefully after this, and we were always sure of a ride home.

Fowell Buxton was doubtless one of the heroes of our youth. Most children have their heroes, and he was ours. We used to be quite laughed at for our worship, but we did not mind that. We would turn our donkeys' heads towards the Hall gate quite as a matter of course when the choice of a ride was left to us; and if the horse of the good man did but sweep past us, and we only got a glance, or a kind word, or a nod, it would send us home happy. We would watch on fine September mornings by our garden fence for an hour, rather than lose the chance of seeing Sir Fowell Buxton pass by on his shooting excursions, accompanied by his sons now and then, at that time little fair-haired boys, on trotting, long-tailed ponies; or his brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, who, like himself, was a keen sportsman. But it was seldom that he thought too much of his companions present, or of his game in prospect, to give the smile or the nod to the children over the hedge. It is a pleasant dream, this child-dream of that good man. Little we thought, as we watched for him on the spring-day upon our primrose bank, or rode to meet him on our tiny steeds, that he, our hero, was the friend of the slave, the eloquent member for Weymouth, the rich and powerful gentleman. We saw and knew nothing of all this in Fowell Buxton, but we were sensible of the beauty of his character, and we could see the noble, the good, and the great man in his mien, and hear it in the tones of his voice.

Then there were the Sunday-evening readings in the old Hall, held in the large dining-room, for the country people and visitors; and to these how dearly did we love to go! Besides the invited guests and his own household, there were the Overstrand fishermen, those rough, weather-beaten old men, with long, floating, reverend grey hair. There was the stout ploughman and the farm maiden assembled. It was a simple service as conducted by the master of the Hall; without formality, but with great solemnity; and, after the chapter in the Bible was read, his own well-digested, well-arranged, and homely remarks were made, so well adapted to his village hearers. He never, either in private or in public, as an orator in the House of Commons, or as the chaplain of his domestic service, left his auditors in doubt of his meaning. He spoke from his heart to the hearts of his hearers. He had a deep reverence for God's word himself. You felt sure of this whenever he opened or quoted one of its important truths.

His poor neighbours loved Sir Fowell Buxton, and respected him as not all country gentlemen are loved and respected. He did so many kind, thoughtful, *little* things for them; and, as a poor man once said to me, 'It was the *way* which he had with them that they liked.' It was a free, old English, genial way, not *condescending*, but sympathizing and *true*. It is related in his memoir that he would, when asked by a poor neighbour to buy a joint of his pork, buy two, one for himself and one for the seller. 'It is so cruel a thing,' he would say, 'for the poor labourer to part with *all* his pig.'*

The wonderful activity and zeal which Sir Fowell Buxton always showed in case of danger to which the coast of Norfolk is so peculiarly liable from wrecks, was the great cause of his popularity with the fishermen. The last time I ever remember to have seen him, or certainly the last on which I heard his voice, was amidst the terrific howling of a fierce November tempest, on the beach between Cromer and Overstrand, a few years before his death. His impressive mode of speaking, his commanding figure, his cheerful words of encouragement when the life-boat was put off to a vessel in distress about noon, on that stormy day, I can well recall. He was past his vigour, but the sight of distress in any form aroused him; and never in days of my childish admiration did Sir Fowell appear greater or nobler. It seemed as if he had a brother or a sister on board; and so he had, for his was a large and expansive heart, and to him all men were brothers. On one memorable storm, which I have so often heard described by eye-witnesses, that I seem to fancy that I have witnessed it myself, on the 31st of October, 1823, a collier brig ran on some very dangerous rocks, between Cromer light-house and Overstrand. The sea was so tremendous that not a fisherman would put off in the life-boat, notwithstanding that Mr. Buxton himself jumped in, and shouted to the men to follow. At length the ship went to pieces, and the waves were blackened with the cargo of coal. A moment's silence—when Fowell Buxton sprang forward. He had seen, as he thought, one of the crew

* Life of Buxton, p. 171.

borne on the top of a wave; and without waiting for a rope, dashed into the surf, and caught the mariner, and flinging himself heavily upon him, struggled against the force of the retiring billow, until they were both dragged back to shore in complete exhaustion. He said afterwards, 'that he felt the waves play with him, as he would play with an orange.'

But we must hasten to the close of his life. The close of useful and happy Christians, if not triumphant, is usually peaceful. His was eminently so. Heart and flesh failed, but his faith was strong, even as an anchor to his soul, sure and stedfast. The days drew nigh in which he said, I have no pleasure in them. Even Africa was forgotten, for his memory failed; and day by day the powers of his great mind were less and less; but he could yet believe and pray. He might be said to have entered heaven by prayer.

The walls of his little dressing-room at Northrepps Hall, where the last summer of his life was spent, could bear witness to his earnest supplication; he did, to use his own expression, 'pray vehemently.' As he lay in bed, during the last winter of his life, he brightened up to see the women and children walking to their homes with steaming cans and pitchers of soup, which his own liberality had provided. Benevolence, the ruling passion, was strong in death with him, for as he had lived, so he died, breathing words of peace and love, humility and faith. It was on the 19th of February, 1844, that he fell asleep; and there, in the ruined chancel of the village church at Overstrand, was his simple grave made, a grave which needs no flattering epitaph, for behold his 'record is on high.'

And now will you, in your separate spheres, try and imitate Sir Fowell Buxton in energy, perseverance, but above all in piety? You may not, any of you, be called to fill the prominent situation in life to which his Maker appointed him; but you may all use the talents you have to the utmost; you may all be persevering, stedfast, and in *earnest;* and, above all, you may serve and love the Saviour that he followed. Let your Christianity, like his, be *whole hearted;* pray as he prayed, and success, in some manner or other, will assuredly be yours; for the same God that heard him in the green woods of Northrepps, on the threshold of the senate-house, or in the bustle of business, will hear you—the very youngest and meanest of you, for He is no respecter of persons.

H. R. G.

Poetry.

LINES WRITTEN AT WALMER, JULY 12, 1852.

Owing to an inadvertence, no proof of the following lines, incorrectly printed in our last number, was seen either by the writer or editor, before the work was put to press. They are, therefore, reprinted with corrections.

I SAT upon the shingle strand,
And gazed upon the rippled sea,
Its face by gentle airs was fanned,
As it toiled in its ceaseless ministry.

The noontide sun had clomb on high,
And shot, intense, his fiery beams;
But then he stood in the lower sky,
And feebly sped his parting beams.

Soft gliding shadows now were seen,
That fell, outstretched, upon the sea;
Or, robe-like, dressed the fading scene,
In evening's dusky drapery.

Yet, on the farthest verge in view,
One bark received the solar ray;
Decked with a beauteous rosy hue,
As she sped to a region far away.

Is it not so the Christian dies?
When earthly scenes are wrapt in gloom,
Away, to worlds unknown, he flies;
To seek and find another home.

The light of glory is on his wings,
Ere from earth he is wholly riven;
And reflected hues of unseen things
Give assurance sweet of his rest in heaven.

J. H. H.

Notices of Books.

Practical Suggestions for Reforming the Educational Institutions of Scotland. In Two Letters to the Lord Viscount Melgund, M.P. By the Rev. R. J. Bryce, LL.D., Principal of the Belfast Academy. Edinburgh: Oliphants. Pp. 32.

DR. BRYCE has done the cause of education some little service, by the publication of this pamphlet. Its object is to point out the mischiefs which result from the present sectarian and exclusive character of the universities and parochial schools of Scotland, and to lay down a 'practical and practicable' plan for entirely desectarianizing them. Dr. Bryce need scarcely have told his readers that he is 'every whit a Scot.' The intense, and, sometimes, almost egotistic nationality (we beg our readers pardon), of his countrymen, peeps out on every page. No schools are to be compared with Scottish schools; no schoolmasters with the Scottish schoolmasters! In Dr. Bryce's own words,

'Scotland has, for her very lowest schools, men of high ideas, and men, if not possessing, capable, at least, of forming, refined habits;' while our English schoolmasters, '*creatures* of the type of the English pauper-pedagogue,' he banishes to 'their own proper places, as hewers of wood and drawers of water for society.' We will not quarrel with the Doctor, however, for indulging his prejudices. Much that he says is undoubtedly true. As a rule, there can be no question that the schoolmasters of Scotland are superior, in the most essential qualifications, to the same class in England, and that their social rank and position is higher. Thanks to our Normal schools, however, and to a growing public appreciation of the importance of the schoolmaster's office, this difference is rapidly dwindling away, and we by no means despair of living to see the day when, other things being equal, the profession of schoolmaster will rank with that of the lawyer, the surgeon, or the preacher. Only one thing is necessary to this,—that the standard of qualification for the office be raised. Then, as water 'will always find its own level,' so will the schoolmaster his.

Our English readers may not be aware, that, 'across the border' Government has still a dread of the 'Pretender.' Previous to entering on the duties of his office, every teacher of a parochial school, as well as every professor in a university, is required to take three oaths—one of allegiance, one of assurance, and one of abjuration, all directed against the House of Stuart, notwithstanding that that House has not a representative living! Besides these tests, which very few now will be found to object to, the teacher is required to subscribe to the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, and to a solemn promise of submission to the government and discipline of that Church. Against the whole of these tests, and particularly against the latter, Dr. Bryce has directed the power of an able and well-qualified pen. In the strongest terms he exposes and denounces their essential immorality and injustice, and the evils they inflict on the character of the education of the young. So far we agree with Dr. Bryce, but no farther. His 'Practical Suggestions' approve of every principle he has condemned. What do our readers think he would substitute for the four tests which he denounces? Simply three other tests, ensuring the doctrinal orthodoxy of candidates! He would have them to believe in the existence and governing providence of God; in the genuineness, inspiration, and authority of the Scriptures; and in the doctrine of the fall of man. Dr. Bryce has evidently a suspicion that in proposing these he has upset all his own arguments, and sanctioned the principle which he condemns, for in reply to the possible objection, that he was only substituting one test for another, he urges that these are not tests, but 'qualifications.' The shift, however, is as palpable as it is dishonest. Loyalty to the Crown, and adherence to the Church of Scotland, were but 'qualifications' which the oath simply 'tested.' To propose theological qualifications instead, is not to relieve the body of a burden, but simply to shift the load to another shoulder.

In national establishments of education, if there must be such, any premium thus set upon 'orthodoxy' is but a recognition of the old principle of Church and State. The 'impracticability,' in the present state of public opinion, of doing without such recognition of religion, and safeguard for religious teaching in schools, should warn such as Dr. Bryce, himself a 'voluntary,' of the danger and injustice necessarily involved in any system of education patronized by Government. Desectarianize the schools of Scotland by all means, but with that, loose them for ever from State support and control.

Daily Bible Illustrations. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Evening Series, 'Isaiah and the Prophets.' Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons.

THIS volume of 'Daily Bible Illustrations,' bringing down the work to the end of the Old Testament, is one of the most interesting and attractive of the series. The greater part of it is devoted to the illustration of the Prophecy of Isaiah, prefixed to which, we have a short dissertation on the nature of prophecy, and the character and functions of the prophet. Involving, as this subject does, a

necessity for some allusion to the collateral subject of inspiration, we were curious to see what our author would say on a matter now again becoming one of strife and controversy. In this, as in other cases, however, Dr. Kitto wisely, but guardedly, steers clear of any wordy warfare with schools and theorists, yet without concealing any part of what he deems to be necessary truth. With his observations our readers will mostly be disposed to concur:—

'The great distinction between the ordinary and the extraordinary teachers, the priests and the prophets, was, that the latter were inspired. This naturally suggests the inquiry, what was the nature of this inspiration under which the prophets spoke and acted? To examine this matter fully belongs not to this place, and is, after all, of little real consequence to those who are enabled to believe, what the Scripture itself teaches, that it was complete, and was in all respects fully adequate to the end to be attained. When the end was external action; where it was the instruction of God's people in regard to the present or the future; whether it were given by word, by writing, or both; whether for temporary ends, or with a view to perpetual preservation; the prophets are clearly represented as infallible, which, as regards them, means that they were incapable of erring or deceiving with respect to the matter of their revelation. How far this object was secured by direct suggestion, by negative control, or by an elevating influence upon their natural powers, is a question of little practical importance to those holding the only essential doctrine—that the inspiration was in all respects such as rendered those who received it incapable of error. Any inspiration beyond this could not be needed; any less than this would be worthless.'—Pp. 4, 5.

The 'Illustrations' following are of the character of those in the preceding volumes, conveying much and solid information concerning biblical history and antiquities, gathered from every ancient and modern source. In the compilation of the present volume. the author has availed himself of the results of the recent discoveries of MM. Botta and Layard at Nineveh,—discoveries which throw a remarkable light on the biblical narrative. The prophetical allusions to Cyrus Dr. Kitto has embodied into and illustrated by a graphic and concise sketch of the life of the great conqueror of the East, which lends much interest to this section of the work. Two volumes illustrative of the books of the New Testament will complete the series.

The Canadian Crusoes. A Tale of the Rice Lake Plains. By Catharine Parr Traill. Edited by Agnes Strickland. London: A. Hall, Virtue and Co. Pp. 368.

Books of wild and romantic adventure will always possess a charm for the young mind; and as long as literature lasts, Defoe's narrative will be the most popular of story-books. Perhaps it is because of the remarkable power and undying popularity of this favourite book that so few have attempted to imitate it. With one exception, we know of no similar work for the young which has successfully competed with it. Mrs. Traill, however, in the volume before us, out of few and simple incidents, has wrought a narrative of youthful adventure which will enthral the attention of every boy and girl who once dips into its attractive pages.—The 'Canadian Crusoes' consist of a brother and sister and a French Canadian cousin—children of two farmers living in the neighbourhood of the Rice Lake—who miss their way in the forests bordering on the lake, and for three years are thus lost to their parents. Their solitary life in the back-woods during this long period; the expedients to which necessity compels them to resort to maintain a cheerful existence; their adventures with Indian visitors, and accidental discovery and restoration to their homes; are the burden of the tale. We need not say more to whet the curiosity of our young readers.—Mrs. Traill is already well known in this country as the writer of an anonymous work on the 'Back-woods of Canada,' which went through several editions some years since. A younger sister, Mrs. Moodie, better known as Susanna Strickland, has lately published, under the title of 'Roughing it in the Bush,'

a deeply-interesting account of her early struggles in Canada, in which reference is made to Mrs. Traill. The eldest sister of the family, Miss Agnes Strickland, is well-known to all readers of English literature. Under her auspices the present volume appears. We may confidently state that it will not detract from the literary reputation which the family name has acquired.

Reality; or, Life's Inner Circle. By Mrs. Savile Shepherd (formerly Anne Houlditch). London: J. F. Shaw. Pp. 282.

This is another book for the young, and is designed to expose the danger and inconsistency of Christians, or, rather, weak-minded Christians, mingling in intimate social intercourse with comparatively irreligious persons, yet persons making a Christian profession. The distinction between real Christianity and its mere profession is well drawn, but on the whole we cannot assent to the moral intended to be conveyed by the writer. If personal Christianity be so weak as to lead its possessor into an inconsistent course on every occasion when worldly society is encountered, it is his obvious duty to avoid the temptation; but much better a stronger faith, with power, while mixing with society, to influence others for their good. The writer's principles, if strictly carried out, would teach us to ignore the world outside of the church altogether—a course of conduct which we do not read or believe to be a duty anywhere.

The Bible and the Working Classes; being a Series of Lectures delivered to the Working Classes of Bradford, in 1851. By Alex. Wallace. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. Pp. 298.

We referred in our last number (*ante*, p. 512), to the existence at Bradford of a Town Mission, which for some time past had been successfully conducting a series of special religious services for the working classes. The services were commenced by the delivery of the course of lectures on the Bible, printed in the present volume. Their success was immediately established. Hundreds who could not be got to enter church or chapel door, crowded the theatre of the Mechanics' Institution; and many, who before were sceptics, 'free-thinkers,' or infidels, went away with doubt and unbelief removed. This is the best testimony to the value of these Lectures, and to their suitability for general circulation amongst the working classes. We may add our own that they are an able and faithful defence and exposition of the Bible, characterised by great candour and much kindliness of feeling toward the class addressed by the lecturer.

The Fraternal Memorial; a Memoir of the Rev. Wm. Fernie. By the Rev. John Fernie. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Pp. 220.

Mr. W. Fernie, the subject of this memoir, was pastor of a Congregational church at Frome. He appears to have been, as a man and minister, devoted and faithful in the discharge of his various duties, and much esteemed by his friends. To the latter and the members of his congregation at Frome, this volume will be an acceptable 'memorial.' To the public, such works as this possess but little interest, and for ourselves we must express our doubts of the wisdom of publishing extended lives of comparatively private individuals.

The Lost Sheep; or, Bible Scenes in Verse; with other Poems. By James Whitton. London: J. Blackwood. Pp. 100.

Bible Gleanings. By Matilda Bassett. London: Partridge and Oakey. Pp. 114.

We should not notice either of these works, notwithstanding that they come to us arrayed in blue and gold, but for the sake of uttering our protest against the publication of such collections of mere mechanical versifications of scripture sentiment. The only purpose they serve is to depreciate the average character of our literature. This is a *sin*.

The Poetry of Childhood; a Poem. By Goodwyn Barmby. London: W. Tweedie. Pp. 80.

'GOODWYN BARMBY' is a name little known to the world; yet its bearer has written some of the sweetest of modern fugitive poetry. We believe, however, that hitherto Mr. Barmby has published but little. During the late Anti-papal agitation, his 'still small voice' was heard from his quiet retreat to sound a note of warning against the hollow and intolerant cry then raised. This little volume, however, is written in a milder mood. Its object is to awaken and deepen a loving sympathy with children; for, as our author quaintly says,

'All have been children.'

But it is a book only for children lovers. To others its language would be a mystery; their hearts could not answer it. To all children-lovers we commend it.

Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature, Nos. III. and IV., are before us. No. III. commences with a valuable article on 'Romanism as it is,' based on authorized and current Roman Catholic works. The writer shows from these that as Romanism was in the days of Leo, so is it in the days of Pius. 'Gregory of Nazianzum' is an interesting and able historical sketch, from the pen, we judge, of Dr. Tregelles. The writer of the article 'on the Nature of a Miracle,' occupies and defends ground similar to that advanced in our last number. The 'Epistle to Diognetus' is a translation of a curious historical document, first done into English by Mr. Cooper, in his 'Free Church of Ancient Christendom.' —'The Religion of Geology,' the first article in the fourth number of the new series, is founded on Dr. Hitchcock's recent work, which has already been noticed in these pages. The writer ably handles the application of geology to natural theology, but justly quarrels with the importance assigned in this question to the refutation of the development hypothesis. 'The Nature of our Lord's Resurrection Body' would have been read with greater interest six years ago, when Dr. Bush's work, to which it principally applies, was first published. Of the remaining articles, that on the 'Pulpit of the Church of England' is the most attractive. The writer ably analyzes the cause of the defects in the pulpit ministry of the Establishment, but amongst these two are not set down, to which we should have assigned a first importance—*Mammon* and *Authority*.

---

1. *True Christianity Pure Socialism.*
2. *The Straits of Pure Socialism.*
3. *The Anti-Socialist Warned of God.* By Samuel Martin. London: Ward and Co.

THESE are reprints of lectures delivered by the writer to his congregation at Westminster. They very ably and forcibly exhibit and enforce the social influences and duties of Christianity. We heartily commend them to all who would see the selfish 'Trade Spirit' of modern times exorcised from our churches.

To Think or Not to Think? By W. White (London: R. Theobald),

Is the title of a pamphlet by the father of one of the expelled students of New College. Certainly the father ably handles the cudgels in defence of his son's right, 'To Think.' It is bold, acute, pungent, and sarcastic, and contains food for much thought and hard digestion. But the pamphlet is characterised too greatly by dogmatic assertion, and is by no means free from offensive personalities.

The Principles and Duties of Congregationalists (London: Jackson and Walford), Is a reprint, in a tract form, of Dr. Harris's address at the last annual meeting of the Congregational Union.

Monthly Retrospect.

We write—and probably many of our friends will peruse—these pages, at a distance from that busy centre of observation and activity in which is our accustomed place. We have fled for a brief space from the heat, and din, and unceasing toil, of the great metropolis, to regale ourselves with the tempered brightness, the cooling breezes, and the luxurious leisure of a rural spot. Lifting our eyes from this paper, they are not confronted by the repellant aspect of 'over the way,' but drink in at a glance the beauteous outline of distant hills, arching with a sky of fleece and azure—the intervening plains glowing with the golden hue of ripened corn, the slopes already changing to the deep brown of the fresh-turned earth. Hither, too, comes the news of the world not till the cool of evening; and with but a moderated power to stir the passions. Newspapers and pamphlets seem to cool in their transit thus far. Flaming leaders and startling paragraphs lose here their wonted potency. We see all things in the softened light that falls through interweaving foliage. We cannot be angry, and scarcely eager, in the presence of nature's quietude. We read without indignation, that Lord Derby is shuffling out of his promise to convoke Parliament in the autumn; and could scarcely be excited by the intelligence that Lord John Russell had been called, as once before, from the Highlands to Osborne House.

There is one item of intelligence, however, that strikes us into gravity. The rains, that have here, at worst, frustrated a picnic or put off a harvest-home—have in some parts, we read, seriously impaired the general harvesting, and rendered the average of the crops both deficient and inferior. We hope it will turn out that the ingathering of these precious fruits of the earth has been only delayed, or that the damage is but trifling; for even now that there are no impediments to the equalization, by commerce, of inequalities in production, a rise in the price of corn would seriously retard our social advance, and even complicate political derangements. Not only would the Protectionist section of the Ministerial party become unmanageable, but the contemplated conversion of three into two-and-a-half per cent. annuities—Mr. Disraeli's intended *chef-d'œuvre*, it is believed—would be rendered impracticable. We cannot, therefore, but join in the prayerful ejaculation of a farmer, 'God Almighty send no more rain till the corn all's in.'

Our agriculturists have suffered also, this season, temporary inconvenience from a circumstance redolent of national promise—namely, a scarcity of labour. We observe in the railway trains, bodies of reapers hastening from place to place—their labour this year being so valuable as to make 'tramping' uneconomical. We even hear, from the South of England, of a farmer's obtaining leave for the soldiers of a neighbouring barracks to assist him in getting in his crops. Emigration has so drained the sister isle, that comparatively few Irish have this year come over on their accus-

tomed expedition; and the same cause has even begun to affect our own village population. Four thousand a week are reported to be leaving our shores for Australia alone; and the whole number of departures is set down at one thousand per day. Commercial clerks, skilled artizans, and female servants, are the classes in which already a scarce supply of labour is said to be perceptible. It is impossible that the current can long continue to flow at its present rate, without some marked results ensuing. Reaping machines, and other improvements in agricultural implements, will obviously remedy straitness of manual power in that department of industry. In others, social rather than mechanical alterations will be requisite; and we trust with the necessity, there will be evinced a moral adaptativeness.

Another ugly rumour has penetrated to the quietest spots of England, and has produced considerable uneasiness—namely, that the Governments of Great Britain and the United States had come to a serious difference on what is known as the fisheries question. At the separation of the States from the mother-country, a treaty was entered into as to the right of Americans to fish in the waters of the islands that remained in our possession. As re-settled in 1818, the agreement was — that the fishermen of the United States should not approach within 'three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours, of the British dominions in America.' The sharp-witted Yankees, however, soon put upon these restrictions an interpretation which permitted their fishermen to penetrate the 'bays, creeks, or harbours,' to within three miles of the beech—instead of keeping that distance from the headland. The colonial legislature—unwisely jealous of competition with American fishermen, notwithstanding their own natural advantages—kept appealing to the Imperial Government for power to resist these encroachments. As free-trade notions became more and more influential with our cabinets, these appeals were less and less regarded; and in 1845, Lord Aberdeen conceded to the Americans the right to fish in *one* of the bays—the Bay of Fundy. Our new Colonial Secretary, influenced by opposite views, and strangely indifferent to the courtesies common among governments, ordered, in May last, a force of thirteen armed vessels into the Gulf of St. Lawrence to enforce the original convention. As if to put this country completely in the wrong, the first operations of this fleet were made in the very bay we have named. Intelligence of these proceedings naturally produced a great excitement in the United States. Mr. Webster, the Foreign Secretary, and one of the Whig candidates at the approaching Presidential election, turned it to party account, with more of cleverness than candour or care for peace. Senators and Representatives of all parties inflamed the legislature and country, by speeches based on partial information. Our own Government seems to have recoiled at once from the prospect of actual rupture—so decided on that point was the language of our press, and so marked its reprehension of their blundering administration. It is now announced, that 'an accommodation' has been made in London between the representatives of the two powers; but we must wait for the American mail to learn what has been done in our own capital—and the latest transatlantic intelligence represents an increase of the irritation there, in consequence of our force having fired upon an

American vessel. That the New England fishermen habitually violate the agreement made in their name, there is no doubt—nor is it possible that its observance should be enforced. With a good wind behind them and a shoal of cod in front, sailors will not regard a line of which the sea itself seems to make sport. Why not let the fishermen of either country cast net and reel close as they please to the confronting shores, and compete freely with each other in reaping the harvest which neither sows? And why not rule that no display of force shall be made while negotiations are pending? A 'South Saxon' (Mr. Cobden, we believe) writes in the 'Times'—'Does the interposition of an armed force aid our negotiations? Every one who watched the late proceedings must, on the contrary, have observed, that it was from the first a source of embarrassment and disadvantage to us. It afforded American orators and writers the opportunity of presenting themselves before the world with a grievance:—"Take away that insulting armed force"—"We will not negotiate under *duresse*"—"Americans will never submit to be bullied"—and similar exclamations, formed the chorus of senators and editors, and served as a convenient substitute for a discussion on the real question at issue.'

We observed in our last, that it was not the worst effect of the religious bitternesses lately rekindled in Ireland, that even human life was sacrificed—rankling animosities, permanent antipathies, wide-spread demoralization, remained. The proceedings on the Six-mile Bridge affair are giving a melancholy illustration to this statement. The inquest upon the bodies of the six men killed by the military in self-defence, has been characterised by an enormous mass of perjury, and resulted in a verdict of 'wilful murder' against the magistrate and soldiers. The witnesses for the latter depose that they were conveying to the polling-booth a body of voters in the unpopular interest, when they were attacked by a numerous mob with merciless volleys of stones, and—being forbidden by the officers to use their arms—were personally set upon, and were in danger of being killed in detail; a priest, Father Burke, urging on the rioters. The priest himself, and members of his flock, swear, on the contrary, that there was no mob, no stone-throwing, no rush upon the escort; but that the soldiers, from sheer malignancy, poured upon the spectators of their progress the volley that stretched eight corpses upon the ground. This is too much for human credence; and there is no doubt that the verdict, procured by subornation and extorted by fear, will be reversed by a jury superior to such influences. The prosecution of the clerical ringleaders is said to have been determined upon.

In the ecclesiastical world we notice another of those archiepiscopal charges, in which Dr. Whately from time to time redeems his order from the whimsical imputation of the 'Morning Chronicle'—inability to write except either in milk or lemon-juice, with feebleness or spleen;—an address to the faithful from the Roman Catholic hierarchy assembled at St. Mary's, Oscott, on the subject of education;—and the election, throughout the territorial districts of the Church of England, of proctors for Convocation. We happened, a few days since, to make a visit to one of the three cathedrals which adorn our eastern counties. It turned out to be the day appointed for the election of proctors; and, accordingly, some

hundred and fifty or two hundred clergymen had assembled, after morning service, in the chapter-house attached to the minster, for the despatch of business. We made one in the party, and were much amused—first, by the solemn formality with which the notorious farce was gone through; and secondly, with an indication of what a tragedy the play would prove if the desired reality were imparted to it. One clergyman happened to speak of another as holding 'objectionable principles.' Fierce was the meek, white-vestured minister of peace in demanding an explanation—loud and long the cheers that followed the Evangelical's confession, that he meant 'High Church principles.' Why—thought we for the moment—surely to give these men their Convocation, would be the shortest means of getting rid of them.

It needed but a diversion of the mind from this East-Anglican cathedral, to a convocation then sitting, with plenary powers, in a conventicle at Sheffield, to rebuke the thought of concession. The Wesleyan Conferences—Connexional and Reform—have again been held simultaneously; and have again separated without having advanced a step towards either conciliation or surrender. The preachers were arrogant as ever, notwithstanding many of their body are even in deep poverty from the unpopularity of their ministrations, and paralysis affects every limb of the body. The Reformers re-enacted their resolution to withhold supplies and persist in agitation. It begins to be evident, however, that this agitation, like any other, must either succeed or expire within a definite period. The Reformers must become, in a year or two more, we think, either a separate body or a victorious majority. For simple, perpetual antagonism, there is no room either in natural or moral life.

Intelligence.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

Has held its annual sitting since the issue of our last number. The proceedings commenced on the 28th of July, by the election of the Rev. J. Scott, Principal of the Normal Training School at Westminster, as President. The Conference sat twenty-two days. Its proceedings throughout were characterised by the old spirit of arrogant assumption and priestly intolerance. The overtures of the 'Moderate' party were barely received, and then censured; the 'Reformers' were quietly ignored. In reply to the memorial for a mediation by the Moderate party, the Conference asserted that their meeting itself was illegal and improper, and that, therefore, it could not be sanctioned. It assumed to itself the functions of the 'conservator of the religious body,' and solemnly denounced any irregular courses. In conclusion, it expressed its determination to uphold the Ministry in its present privileges. Mr Horton, the writer, we understand, of the able article on Wesleyan Methodism in a late number of the *British Quarterly Review*, and the present editor of the *Wesleyan Times*, was next expelled, and his conduct denounced as 'deceitful, ungrateful, and faithless.' Mr. Burnett, Mr. Rowland, and Mr. Youngman, were also expelled. On the sixth day of the sitting, it was resolved that any member of the Conference reporting its proceedings to the *Wesleyan Times* should forfeit confidence. In an examination, on the seventh day, of the spiritual state of the circuits, some ugly circumstances were

brought out. It was found that only three circuits required additional ministers, while many, from want of adequate support, were obliged to reduce their number. Nevertheless it was reported to the Conference that the late agitation was subsiding, and very pleasing (?) indications of good were appearing. The *Watchman* newspaper, however, the organ of the Conference, states that every fund is embarrassed to a very painful extent; that the circuits are painfully crippled; and that many ministers are on 'the very verge of starvation.' Are these 'the pleasing indications of good?'

THE REFORM CONFERENCE

Commenced its sittings in the same town on the 13th ult. The report of the committee was very satisfactory. So far as could be ascertained, it was found that there were in direct fellowship with the Reformers, 47,598 members of society, and on trial, 1,547. The number of preaching places returned is 1,481, which are supplied by the services of 2,588 preachers, and 45 paid circuit missionaries. There are 3,139 leaders of classes, and 610 Sunday-schools, containing 11,012 teachers, and 61,734 scholars; and there are also 100 tract societies, with 1,088 distributors, and 59 benevolent societies. It was also reported that the Conference societies had suffered a large decrease, and that the Reform societies had proportionately increased. In regard to the future course of action of the Reform committee, it was unanimously agreed 'That this meeting re-affirms the resolution passed at the last delegate meeting, that the delegates recommend the consistent adherence on the part of the Wesleyan Reformers to their previous decision of "no secession," "no surrender," "no supplies."' The following resolutions declaratory of the Church principles of the Reform Conference indicate a new spirit for Methodism, and one that will commend it to the hearty and Christian sympathy of all our readers:—

'That this meeting does not deem it expedient to adopt any regular system of Church government to be recommended to the various circuits, but earnestly counsels Reformers, in all their church meetings, to carry out the principles contained in the resolutions of the last delegate meeting, held at Newcastle, and in the following declaration of principles, which was published by the general committee in February last:—

'That Christ is head over all things to his Church, and his word the only and sufficient rule both of its faith and practice.

'That no rules or regulations should be adopted, but such as are in accordance with the holy Scriptures, and have received the full concurrence of the Church.

'That the admission of members into the church, the exercise of discipline upon them, and their exclusion from the church, are rights vested solely in the hands of church members, to be exercised by them either directly or representatively; and that it is the right of members to be present at all meetings for the transaction of the general business of the church.

'That the nomination and election of all office-bearers is the inalienable right of the church.

'That, while desirous of maintaining the Connexional principle, we hold that all local courts should be independent, and their decisions affecting internal economy final.

'That any restriction upon discussion and free interchange of opinions on matters affecting the interests of the church, is an unwarranted interference with its liberties, and with the right of private judgment.

'That preachers of the gospel are not "lords over God's heritage," for "one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."'

At a subsequent stage of the proceedings, prior to the passing of a resolution empowering the General Committee to engage the services of Wesleyan ministers, a Mr. Chipchase made some remarks on the danger of introducing into the movement a distinct and elevated order of men, and of the evil of distinctions between clergy and laity. He also condemned the use of the title 'Reverend' by the Reform ministers. He considered it was altogether antagonistic to their great principle, that in the Church of Christ all were brethren. His remarks, the first of the kind heard for many years in a Wesleyan Conference, were received with considerable expressions of approbation.

THE SCOTTISH ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

The Council of the Scottish Anti-state-Church Association held a meeting on Monday week. W. Duncan, Esq., in the chair. The chairman, referring with satisfaction to the return of so many Dissenters at the general election, and the probability of their future success in Edinburgh, said their principle was progressing, and he

had no doubt that the eyes of many had been opened more than they had ever been before in regard to the power which the Dissenters of Scotland possessed as members of the civil community, and as holding the franchise; and he was satisfied that if their secretary and his committee were to address themselves to the duty of ascertaining the number of Dissenters in the various burghs and counties of Scotland who were possessed of the franchise, and would bring them to a sort of common understanding, that the next election would find them in a very triumphant position. It was stated that the Rev. W. Allen, of Newport, had accepted the office of secretary of the society at a salary of £300 a year, exclusive of travelling expenses.

HORTON COLLEGE.

The Anniversary Services of Horton Baptist College were held on the 4th instant. We are glad to see from the report presented, that this institution is in a more prosperous condition than some of its contemporaries. In regard to the number of students there would be a gain of five in the ensuing session, making the whole number twenty-seven. The institution was free from debt, and its financial circumstances generally prosperous.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

BRACKLEY (Congregational church).—The Rev. T. Roberts, from Newport Pagnell College.

EMSWORTH (Congregational church).—Rev. E. Jeffrey, late of Faversham.

HARTLEPOOL (Congregational church).—The Rev. A. Howson, late of Haslington.

HIGH WYCOMBE (Union church).—Mr. G. Blakeman, from Bristol Baptist College.

LOUGHBOROUGH (Congregational church).—Rev. H. Thomas, B.A., late of Sheffield.

READING (Congregational church).—Mr. Kilpin, late of New College.

NEWCASTLE (United Presbyterian church).—The Rev. H. N. Garnett, of African descent.

NEW BROAD STREET, CITY (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. G. Jukes, from Lancashire Independent College.

PEMBROKE (Tabernacle Congregational church).—The Rev. John Cunnick, from Brecon College.

ROCHDALE (Baillies-street Congregational church).—The Rev. H. W. Parkinson, late of Coward College.

ST. NEOT'S (Congregational church).—Rev. P. Turner, late of Evesham.

WALTHAM ABBEY (Baptist chapel).—The Rev. S. Murch, late of Sudbury.

RESIGNATION.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE (Baptist church).—The Rev. W. Allen.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED.

DUNSTABLE (Congregational church), on the 11th ult.

ESPRICK, LANCASHIRE (Congregational church), on the 16th ult.

KINGSLAND (Congregational church), on the 5th ult.

STOW-IN-THE-WOLD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE (Baptist church), on the 10th ult.

FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

HALIFAX (Trinity-road Baptist church), on the 11th ult.

HONITON (Baptist church), on the 28th ult.

KILLAMARSH, DERBYSHIRE (Independent church), on the 27th ult.

LEDBURY (Congregational church), on the 11th ult.

LISTER HILLS, YORKSHIRE (Congregational church), on the 17th ult.

SHIRLEY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON (Union church), on the 14th ult.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

OCTOBER, 1852.

Edward Miall, M.P.

It is a very natural, though somewhat ignoble, instinct of hero-worship to seek out and dwell upon even the minute and trivial investments of its idol—an instinct akin to that of the lover, who 'bows to the shadow of his mistress's shoe-tie,' and 'holds her very silk in dearness.' But there is a mean and spurious affectation of that reverent affection for the illustrious dead to which Carlyle has given a name and cultus. There is a low, base love of the little things that pertain to living greatness; the counterpart, towards the mental aristocracy, of the snobbishness and tuft-hunting so odiously prevalent towards rank and fashion. This intellectual vulgarity seems to find its highest gratification in the persecution of celebrities for autographs and contributions to albums; but when it cannot attain so high, indulges with avidity in the perusal of those pen-and-ink sketches furnished by the imprudent confidence of some, the silly vanity of others, and the downright baseness of a few, literary people. It is only reasonable that when a new man challenges public attention, something should be desired to be known of his private antecedents; and in proportion as he succeeds in filling the public eye, will there be a natural wish to realize his bodily *ensemble*. But to picture out, with coarse fidelity or caricaturing freedom, the pedigree, person, and habits, of an eminent individual—to disinter the peccadilloes of his grandfather, enumerate the warts on his fingers, retail the gossip of his servants, tell how many pipes he smokes and how many hours he sleeps, repeat his bad jokes and print the sweepings of his study—especially to do all this, having got access to a man's house for the

purpose—is a piece of impertinence, and a proof of low-mindedness, from which the sale of any number of editions will not anneal the perpetrator. It is from this feeling that we have resisted the temptation to emulate some of our contemporaries in the 'sketching' of pulpit and other celebrities—from a feeling, that is, of reluctance to come within range of the practice we have described. And it was not without hesitation, that we resolved to furnish our readers with the outline of a career and character peculiarly interesting to them, because identified, beyond those of any other living man, with the principles of earnest Nonconformity and religious Radicalism; and elevated, by a recent event, to a greater conspicuousness and influence than heretofore.

Edward Miall was born at Portsmouth, in 1809. He was the fifth of thirteen children. He received the major part of his early education at home—in more advanced age, in London. From a passage in his recent writings we gather, that he learned French of the eccentric M. Carre, of Islington, the disposition of whose property was the subject of proceedings in the Court of Chancery, about a twelvemonth since. In 1828, Mr. Miall entered Wymondley (Independent) College, with a view to the Christian ministry. Among his fellow-students, was Professor Morell Mackenzie, of Glasgow, who perished in the unfortunate 'Pegasus.' In 1831, though only twenty-two years of age, he was chosen pastor of the Independent Church at Ware. In the following year he married Louisa, daughter of Edward Holmes, Esq., of Clay Hill. It is an indication of the manner in which he ministered at Ware, that twenty years subsequently he has received from a number of his old charge, an address of congratulation and confidence, on his election to Parliament for Rochdale. He was not long confined to this sequestered sphere of labour. In 1834, he removed to Leicester, taking the pastorate of the church and congregation meeting in Bond-street Chapel. In this town he soon formed a close friendship with the Rev. J. P. Mursell, the successor of Robert Hall. Mr. Mursell's vigorous character seems to have exerted a timely influence on the less practical intellect of his friend. Their intercourse turned much on the ecclesiastical and political topics of the day. In and around Leicester was a large population of operatives, whose deep poverty, moral destitution, and political discontents, deepened within the young pastors the thoughts excited by passing events. Five years of a Reform ministry had miserably failed to satisfy the expectations of those who had laboured the most ardently for its establishment. Conservative reaction on the one side, and increasing social distress on the other, were floating away popular support from the Melbourne Government. No section of the Liberal party had such reason for discontent as the Dissenters; but after several threatening manifestations, and the concession of the birth and marriage registration acts, they were fast settling down into acquiescence. Indeed, the more desperate became the condition of the Whigs, the more servile was the fidelity of the Dissenting leaders. But the key-note of a new policy had been sounded. A deputation from the Nottingham Dis-

senters had candidly avowed to Earl Grey in 1834, that with nothing less than the separation of Church and State would they be content; and 'religious liberty meetings' in the largest towns of England and Scotland had ratified the declaration. It was this phase of public affairs that particularly impressed the confrères at Leicester. Both by Mr. Miall and Mr. Mursell the State-Church question, in its relation to New Testament Christianity, the actualities of religion, the polity of nations, the nature of the human mind itself, was deeply pondered. The professional convictions thus enlarged and deepened by reading and thought, they expressed with an unprofessional emphasis. From the pulpits, the platforms, and the press of the town and county —in ordination sermons* and newspaper articles—they put forth their views of the principles and duty of Dissenters; and with a degree of effect that soon gave to Leicester a new reputation. They came to London together, as delegates to the Church-rate Abolition conference of February, 1837. With the operations of the society instituted at that conference, they do not seem to have been well pleased; for we find their names appended to an address from the 'Leicester Voluntary Church Society' (Dec. 1839), in which there is a significant allusion to the abuse of centralized authority and resources; as well as a call to political and unsectarian action, rather for the advancement of Dissenting principles than the removal of Dissenters' grievances.

With the future editor of the 'Nonconformist' the latter years of his residence at Leicester must have been a time of intense thought and large reading, for it is the only period of his life in which he could have armed himself for the part he was, unconsciously, about to assume. His pulpit discourses were usually written—and with how much care, those who have heard their occasional repetition in London and elsewhere can judge. Yet he seems to have found time to familiarize himself with political philosophy and history, to have literally saturated his mind with Shakspere, and to have indulged largely in imaginative literature. Here, too, he seems to have formed those habits of strict mental discipline—of abstracted, unwritten thinking—of rapid perception and disposition—which are remarked by all who enjoy his friendship, and evince themselves in every department of his affairs. He did not restrict his meditations to ecclesiastical subjects. He sent his obedient and vigorous thoughts to the very basis, and into every ramification, of governmental action. He espoused with deliberate ardour the doctrines embodied in free-trade and manhood suffrage. It was unconsciously, we have said, that Mr. Miall prepared himself for editorial labours. The idea of a newspaper such as the 'Nonconformist' did not originate with him; and before it had been determined to make the experiment, he joined in seeking out a gentleman to take the editorship. Unsuccessful in that, the enterprise would have fallen to the ground had he not, on the suggestion, we

* One of these, preached by Mr. Miall, and published under the title, 'Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?' attracted much attention. It is now out of print.

believe, of Mr. Mursell, consented to take the post. But he had to create the country whose government he had accepted. He spent several months in procuring a sufficient number of shareholders and subscribers to give the paper a decent chance of success. It was still a very unhopeful speculation when he resigned his pastorate—which his attached hearers urged him only to suspend for six months, and threw himself, with his family (he had now five children), upon the chances of an untried pursuit. It was not the least trying element of his new position that many reproached him with the desertion of a sacred for a secular vocation, and not a few ascribed his daring step to motives of the lowest character. The latter underrated the sagacity as well as mistook the earnestness of the man.

The first number of the 'Nonconformist' appeared on the 14th of April, 1841. It was a sheet of much humbler dimensions than at present; but the tone of its articles permitted no disrespect. They struck out with a force and boldness which might, and did, give great offence, but left no room for contempt. On its first page, it described and ridiculed, with the help of a quotation from Burke, the circumlocutory policy of Dissenters—going round and round the circle of *their* wrongs; never striking at the central grievance, the wrong done to truth. This error the 'Nonconformist' avowed itself set up to undo; and upon this theme the editor hammered week after week. If additional stimulus was wanted, he had it in the imprisonment for non-payment of church-rates of Mr. W. Baines, one of his late flock. So early as the third number, he wrote, 'We are compelled to proclaim our conviction, that the principal cause of our present weakness and humiliation is, the conduct, on this question, of DISSENTING MINISTERS.' No wonder that he gave deep offence, and incurred much odium—that some in anger and others in alarm regarded him as a reviler of his brethren and a disturber of the churches. We remember to have heard a minister of some note speak of the time when, in his ignorant aversion, he literally kicked the 'Noncon' out of his room.* But among the younger ministry, in the colleges, and with Sunday-school teachers, it excited a furore of enthusiasm. The editor's style was as novel, in a Dissenting periodical, as his views were bold. It was marvellous that a writer should be in earnest, and yet neither dull nor declamatory. The entire sheet bore the impress of one mind. Scarcely a paragraph of ordinary intelligence but seemed to have been touched by the elegant pen of the *redacteur*. The first book reviewed was Carlyle's Hero-worship—presently appeared a notice of Emerson's Essays, written with the acuteness and eloquence of a sympathetic mind. Every week brought an accession of subscribers; and in twelve months the circulation had risen from a few hundreds to two thousand weekly. In his prefatory address to the second volume, the editor

* A similar story is told of the early days of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Sir — — disgusted by an article on the relations of France and England, ceremoniously placed the number on his threshold, and kicked it into the street.—*Jeffrey's Life.*

remarks with pride and gratitude upon the extensive citations from his columns by the London and provincial press, though his Dissenting contemporaries scarcely deigned a mention. The series of articles afterwards republished as the 'Nonconformist's Sketch-book'—which not only exhausted the religious and philosophical aspects of the State-church question, but established the proposition, 'Church revenues, national property'—extended from the first to the fiftieth number of the paper. Contemporaneously appeared the papers in advocacy of the 'five points,' collected under the title 'Reconciliation.' Of that pamphlet some sixty thousand were circulated. The effect of its unsurpassed persuasiveness was seen in the Complete Suffrage movement. Of the conference originating that movement, Mr. Miall was a prominent member; and the confidence which his disinterested advocacy of their right inspired in the working classes, went far to promote the fusion at which he aimed. So strong was his conviction of the justice and necessity of the demand for the suffrage, that he erroneously assailed the position taken by the Anti-corn-law League, with considerable asperity, and temporary damage to his paper—contending that the attainment of Corn-law repeal from a Parliament of landlords, was hopeless.

In May, 1844, the first Anti-state-church Conference assembled. In the opening paper, this great step was acknowledged to have resulted directly from the exhortations of the 'Nonconformist,' and the more private exertions of its editor. How strong a hold he had taken, personally, on the heart of Dissent, was manifested in the enthusiastic acclamation of seven hundred delegates. The committee-room and platform of the association then founded, summoned Mr. Miall to new and onerous labours. His public appearances on its behalf were thenceforth more frequent, probably, than those of any other man; and his attendance at its councils unremitting. The Scottish Disruption and the Maynooth Endowment Bill supplied his pen with topics, and kept the ear of his auditory awake. The Dissenters of Southwark were among the loudest in their protestations against the latter, and had declared, in public meeting, their determination to vote for no candidate at the next Parliamentary election, who had given his support to that measure. The death of Mr. B. Wood, one of the members for that borough, in August, 1845, presented an unexpected opportunity for the fulfilment of these declarations. Mr. Miall resolved to give the Dissenting electors of Southwark the means of proving the genuineness of their professions, and of setting an example for imitation by their fellow-religionists at the next general election. With but little previous conference, he presented himself as a candidate. His rival was Sir William Molesworth—a gentleman unobjectionable, except in the particular on which the Dissenting electors had declared their votes should turn. The contest was an exceedingly animated one, and the Liberal party appeared so irreconcilably divided, that a Conservative candidate—Mr. ex-Sheriff Pilcher—made his appearance. Mr. Miall's position excited considerable attention among all classes of politicians; and though materially damaged by an error on the part of

his own friends, the leaders of the public press were candid enough to admit his claims to the support of the Dissenters. Had that support been faithfully rendered, there is little doubt that he would have been returned. He was unmistakably the popular candidate, and had a majority on the show of hands. At the close of the poll, however, he had received only 852 votes; Mr. Pilcher, 1,182; Sir W. Molesworth, 1,943. The class whose conduct he had indicated five years before as the weakness of Dissent, were on this occasion its dishonour, and, with some exceptions, his personal opponents.

In the first number of the 'Nonconformist' for the year 1846, there appeared an article, entitled, 'The Peacemaker,' commenting with great severity on the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Gathercole, of Chatteris. The admission of that article was certainly an editorial indiscretion, but it was visited by a monstrously disproportionate penalty. On the 16th of March an action for libel was tried at Cambridge, and damages to the amount of £200 were given by the jury. To aid him in warding off so heavy a blow, levelled by such a hand, Mr. Miall had a right to expect the sympathy of the public. Happily for him, the extraordinary direction of the judge changed the case from one of private hardship to public danger. Baron Parke solemnly laid it down, in charging the jury, that the press had no right to comment on a sermon delivered by a parish priest in the ordinary course of his duty; only if he chose to print it would the discourse come within the range of criticism. Dr. Campbell, with generous promptitude and characteristic energy, was the first to invoke, through the columns of the 'Patriot,' subscriptions to defray the verdict against Mr. Miall, and the costs, which were double the amount of the damages. The call was eagerly responded to; the Liberal press, both in town and country, evinced indignation and sympathy; and it was resolved to move the Court of Exchequer for a new trial. The appeal was made, but without success. Nothing remained but to bear the defendant harmless of pecuniary damages. The subscriptions amounted, before the lapse of three months, to 624*l.* 12*s.*, which left a surplus of 177*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* after the discharge of the damages and the lawyers' bills. The surplus was presented to Mr. Miall at a public *soirée* (held at the London Tavern, June the 23rd); when the distinguished persons present evinced, as the subscription list had done, that the editor of the 'Nonconformist' had inspired respect and admiration even in the most Conservative Dissenters, and had fairly taken his place with the leaders of public opinion. The rev. plaintiff, however, was neither abashed nor satisfied. He served upon Mr. Miall notices of a second action for an alleged repetition of the libel in his speech at the *soirée*, and in articles impugning the verdict. Preparations were made for the defence, but the plaintiff did not appear. The Vicar of Chatteris is a man of whom it is dangerous to speak while living; and of whom, when dead, there will be little to say—on the rule, '*de mortuis nil nisi bono.*'

The remaining incidents of Mr. Miall's career are within the memory of all our readers. At the general election of 1847, he stood, on invitation, for Halifax, when his return with, or in place of, the Whig

Chancellor of the Exchequer, seemed almost certain; but a coalition between the Liberal and Conservative candidates prevailed, as it has often done, over an individual majority of votes and the indubitable suffrage of the people. In 1848, the 'Nonconformist' was enlarged, and, by the exertions of a public committee, one thousand names were added to its list of subscribers. The completion of this grateful testimonial to a journalist was celebrated by a *soirée* to Mr. Miall at the London Tavern. Twice in the same year he visited Paris—first, as a deputation from the inhabitants of the English metropolis, to congratulate their French brethren on the Revolution of February; and again, as a member of the Peace Congress. In the latter capacity he went to Frankfort in 1849. In the winter of 1849-50, he delivered a course of lectures on the 'British Churches in relation to the British People,' which, at their completion, were published in the volume thus entitled, and of which, we believe, more than two thousand copies have been sold. In the summer of 1851, he was invited to visit Rochdale, with the view of becoming a candidate for the representation at the retirement of Mr. Sharman Crawford; and at the late general election he was elected for that intelligent constituency by a majority of 155 votes.

We have left ourselves but little space for writing on what we intended to have been the main topic of this paper—the mental and moral characteristics of the man whose public life we have thus briefly sketched. But through that sketch, though imperfect, the mind and heart of the original are visible, and we may be content to bring out more fully the traits already suggested.

Independence of thought—boldness of speech and action—fearlessness of results, either to opinions, systems, or his own person—are universally attributed to Mr. Miall. But these are qualities diversely appreciated by different men, and which may, indeed, have for their basis very different elements; self-conceit, pugnacity, and recklessness—or the modest consciousness of intellectual strength and moral rectitude, with a devout reliance on God and truth. Many, within our own knowledge, have changed from the former to the latter view of Mr. Miall's character. The writer has himself a vivid recollection, at the distance of some ten years, of the feelings with which he went to hear the editor of the 'Nonconformist,' on a Sunday evening, from a suburban pulpit; of the incredulous surprise with which he beheld, instead of the loud-mouthed, fiery-tongued orator, he had expected, a gentleman of the neatest person and quietest demeanour, reading a profound and beautiful composition on the words from which so many have declaimed pompous platitudes, 'God is love.' The constant perusal of that preacher's writings must infallibly convey the impression that the writer has thought out, with pains-taking thoroughness, every sentiment he utters—that the method of his saying it is at once natural and deliberate—that a profound sense of responsibility to God, and a tender regard for the best interests of man, are directing and controlling his pen. Personal contact with the man would confirm this idea of the writer. It would be felt that whatever the defects of his cha-

racter, whatever his mistakes, he is earnest even to the verge of fanaticism; and that this earnestness is based upon a sense of duty, and sustained by the spirit of devotion. 'I dislike political associations for young men,' said an eminent London minister, to one of his disciples; 'but I can trust you with Edward Miall, for I know he is a devout man.' There have been many men as intent as he upon the accomplishment of a given object, but very few men who have combined with their ardour the sobriety which is essential to skilful work. They have not been masters of their own enthusiasm, because they have not felt themselves servants of God. A spectator at the Anti-state-church Conference of 1850—when the movement appeared for a moment in eminent peril of retardation—remarked, 'Miall talks like a fanatic, and works like a statesman; fervently inculcates trust in Providence, yet keeps his eye on every minutiæ of arrangement.'

There is a logical as well as a moral unity about the man. That his opinions are self-formed is evident from their completeness, and the readiness with which he applies them to whatever question may arise. His theological, ecclesiastical, political, and social theories, appear to be all of a piece. They are evidently, in his own phrase, not a manufacture, but a growth. His central doctrine it is hazardous to designate—but we may roughly describe it as, the sufficiency of the individual to all but the highest ends of his creation. His own intense individuality seems to make him jealous of human interference with any other man. 'Nothing but the word between God and the human soul,' is his constant demand. 'Do nothing for a man that he can be made to do for himself,' is his unvarying warning. His hatred of State Churches and his dislike of Congregational Unions, spring from one root. He asks that every man have the suffrage, and objects to the education of the people by the Government, for the homogeneous reason that all may have room for self-development. Thus, in his religion there is nothing traditional, and in his politics no partizanship. He stands up in the world, saying, 'I think'—he is not angry that others do not think with him, but that every one is not as independent a thinker as himself. Whatever objection there may be to this, is expressible in the aphoristic phrase, 'measuring other's corn by his own bushel'—the lack of sympathy with people who were not born to stand alone.

Yet is Mr. Miall not without the lighter attributes of the intellect; and of tender sensibility he has an ample measure. Beneath that clear, calm brow, that self-possessed, taciturn exterior, it might be thought, there is no play of fancy, no vein of humour, little of human softness or passion. It is not necessary to be of the number of his familiars to be undeceived. The style of the writer is a surer index to the nature of the man than his bodily presence. His pages gleam with that mystic light which

> 'Shineth not on shore or sea,
> The vision and the faculty divine.'

He looks on nature with the eye of a poet, and on home with the

heart of a father. The revolutions of the seasons are almost as visible in his writings as on the face of the sky and earth. One might tell the time of year at which any article of his was written without looking at the date. The icicles that fringe his eaves—the frostwork on his windows—the beauty and joyousness of spring—the 'tingling silentness' of a summer day in the woods—the melodious freedom of the autumnal waves—are made visible and audible to his readers. And, as it were, without effort, or even intent. His 'illustrations' are not painted on his page, but seem to breathe out from it. The best proof of their vividness or humour is, that they linger for years on the memory. The 'infant wriggling its unconscious way to manhood's strength'—the baby that is in everybody's way, and everybody is invoked to 'take care of'—the young pugilist with his fellow's head 'in chancery'—the horseguard on duty 'with a parasol'—'the smoky chimney'—are allusions intelligible and mirth-provoking to every 'constant reader' of the 'Nonconformist.'

Hitherto Mr. Edward Miall's career has been straight on. His every successive step has been in one direction. He might take for his motto, 'One thing I do.' To promote the separation of the Church from the State is the object which he has pursued with a remarkable single-mindedness. True, other 'movements' have had his aid, and some of them not even indirectly contributive to that end; but they have all been made subordinate to his high purpose. That he may work the more effectually in this vocation was the professed motive of his undisguised desire to enter Parliament. He now stands upon the threshold of that august assembly, charged with a message from many minds, and the object of affectionate interest to many hearts. From the reputation that precedes him thither—his remarkable power of giving a popular shape to abstract truths—his ready wit and quiet earnestness of manner—even that most difficult of achievements, 'parliamentary success,' may be hoped for him. That he may attain a position in the House of Commons alike honourable to himself and serviceable to his country—that he may long enjoy it, despite the weariness of legislative toils and the fickleness of constituencies—we heartily wish. Many, we know, are of opinion that what has been termed his 'impracticableness' will prevent his doing much more, either in or out of Parliament, for the Anti-state-church cause. Were it even so, we should not be without consolation. Mr. Miall has given lately hints of his eminent fitness for another service to Christianity and to the world. His volume on the relation of the British Churches to the British people is, to our minds, incomplete. It represents, truly enough, the dislocation of that relation, but indicates only a partial amendment. His 'remedial suggestions' deal only with what is exoteric. The disease, we suspect, lies deeper. Faults in the constitution or *modus operandi* of Christian Churches would scarcely account for the growing alienation of the people from Christian truth. The 'separation' of that divine and immortal essence from human admix-

tures, even in the 'dissidence of dissent,' may lead to a 'reconciliation' as yet unattempted. The abolition of State Churches is an object for which Mr. Miall has done more than any other living man —and its completion may be safely trusted to other hands. For that other work, we trust he may yet find a season of devout and philosophic leisure.

The Early Church and its Ministry.

THE great practical utility of historical studies arises solely from the fact, that the course of events is no less regulated by fixed laws, than the changes of seasons and the growth of a tree; that cause and effect are linked together with equal certainty in the spiritual and material worlds; and that, therefore, the same principles, in whatever nation, church, or age they prevail, will, *cæteris paribus*, pass through the same process of development, and lead to the same result. In form and appearance there will be diversities arising from national customs and the spirit of the age, but in essence the process will be the same. Hence we so often find in history a series of events, reappearing in similar order and with the same issue. 'That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been' (Eccl. iii. 15). We are, therefore, able to understand the present, and become the prophets of the future, in proportion as we cultivate a true acquaintance with the past. Such an acquaintance, however, consists not so much in a knowledge of events, as of the general course of things out of which they sprang, and of which they were but culminating points; nor so much of forms and names as of the principles which they represented. As the comparative anatomist must look at something more than mere resemblance of form, or the deer's antlers may be classified with branches of trees; so the student of history must bear in mind that the same names in different ages have frequently stood for different things, and that the same actions are not a proof of the prevalence of the same principles. 'Ye build the tombs of the prophets—wherefore ye be witnesses against yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets.' The chief end, then, in study should be not to heap up facts, but to trace the law which binds the facts together, the principles which they embody. The object of the present paper is to attempt this with regard to the first three or four centuries of the Christian Church. The limited space into which it must be compressed will involve the necessity of its being imperfect, and prevent, what would be most interesting, a comparison of that era with our own. The writer's object, however, will be attained, if the reader is tempted to carry on the investigation, and make the comparison and application for himself. One self-evident remark will be sufficient to

show the utility of such a task at the present time, namely, that if the Church of the apostles grew into the Roman Catholic Church of the middle ages, and if by the same process the Church of the Reformation has borne as the fruit of one of its branches the Puseyism of our day, we cannot exaggerate the importance of searching well to detect any germs of the evil which may exist amongst us, lest, with all our boasted purity, modern churches should become the hotbed of error, whose growth may choke the truth, and make them antichristian in their turn. If we will open our eyes, we may learn much from our neighbours, and much more from our ancestors.

The only acquaintance we have with the churches of the first half-century after the death of Christ is derived from the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, especially of Paul; in fact, so slender are the materials for a description of these churches, that, were it not for their extreme simplicity, it would be impossible to form the least idea of their constitution. A few hints, intended by the apostle to correct abuses, and one or two allusions in the Acts, constitute the whole. Yet these are enough to show that the churches of the first Christians assumed their form rather as the result of the circumstances in which they were placed, than according to any predetermined plan. As officers were wanted they were appointed, as in the case of the deacons, and probably of the elders; the guiding principle in the whole plan being evidently the desire, that each should take the position and perform the duty for which God had fitted him, and that thus, through the unfettered action of 'every man in his place,' the whole, under the guidance of the one Spirit which worked in all, should best work together for the growth of the Church and conversion of the world. But if the formation of the first church was evidently spontaneous, and determined by the circumstances of each church, there were certain principles held fast by all, and constantly enforced by the apostles, with which no arrangements were allowed to interfere; amongst these were the unfettered liberty with which Christ had made all free; the equality of all as ministers of Christ and priests of God; and the claims of Christ upon every member in the church to do the work and fill the post to which God had called him. As liberty is not licentiousness, this did not preclude the forming of plans and laws; and, since universal ministration tends as little to produce monotony in the church as in the woods and fields, it involved diversity. 'The divine life which followed the law of natural development did not destroy mental peculiarities, but purified, sanctified them, and promoted their freer and deeper culture. The high unity of life showed itself in the diversity of individuals, who were animated by one spirit, and supplied each other's deficiencies.'

In all arrangements within the early churches, the principle was maintained untouched, that *every Christian has some ministry in the Church of Christ*—'the Spirit of God is given to every man to do good with.' But there were three kinds of ministry, arising out of special gifts, or natural capacity, or the arrangements of the Church. 1. The first of these, such as 'tongues,' 'healing,' 'miracles,' &c., since we

know so little of their mode of operation, and they soon passed away, cannot be taken into account as helping us to a correct notion of the general arrangements of the early Church. 2. The second ministry, viz., that which was determined by natural capacity, has more importance. This included, amongst others, the gifts, or natural capacity, of teaching, exhorting, preaching, giving, and that which is termed pre-eminently ministry, the relief of the sorrows of others. Of the three former, the teacher was apparently he who studied, that he might instruct; the exhorter, one whose addresses were more spontaneous, as called forth by the feelings or circumstances of the hour; the preacher was one who led a missionary life, and went amongst the heathen from village to village, making known the gospel. The speaking in the first Christian churches was evidently unrestrained, and not confined to any particular individuals. This we may gather from the fact that when this freedom—which, like all freedom, was liable to abuse—had led to disorder and emulation, Paul felt it necessary to make one restriction, viz., 'I suffer not a woman to teach in the Church;' and James tried to check the love of speaking, by saying, 'Be not many teachers (διδάσκαλοι), knowing that we shall receive the greater judgment.' 3. The third ministry, or that arising out of the arrangements of the Church, included the deacons and elders (or bishops), the only official persons connected with the Church. Natural capacity was of course required here; but the great distinction between this and the second, consisted in the fact, that whereas in that the capacity involved the duty to act, in this the duty resulted from the capacity only when the election of the Church had put the opportunity within the reach of him who possessed the gifts of deaconship (ministry? Rom. xii. 7), or government (1 Cor. xii. 28). In this choice the churches were sometimes aided by the apostles, or messengers from them, who helped them to select such as were most fitted for the office. Thus Paul and Barnabas 'had elders elected by show of hands (χειροτονήσαντες) in every church.' (Acts xiv. 23.)

As the two names, bishop (ἐπισκόπος) and elder (πρεσβύτερος), were associated with the great changes which afterwards took place in the Church, it may be well to state the grounds on which we conclude that they were originally the same. Paul uses them synonymously, and never unites them. Thus, in Acts xx., he sends for the *elders* of the Church, and addresses them thus: 'Take heed to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers (ἐπισκόπους, bishops)." To Titus he writes thus: 'Appoint *elders* in every city, if any be blameless, &c.; for a *bishop* must be blameless, &c.' If Paul speaks of the officers of a church, he speaks, as in the Epistle to the Philippians, only of bishops and deacons, or of elders, but never of bishops and elders; from which we may fairly conclude that bishops and elders were the same, and that every church was presided over by more than one. The chief duty of these presiding elders, or bishops, of whose number in each church we have no intimation, was, in addition to the preservation of order, to watch the instruction which the Church received, in order that by stopping the teaching of error, they

might preserve the Church from being led astray. The necessity for this increased so much in the later years of Paul, that he found it necessary to recommend that the elders should be chosen from those who were able to teach, both because from their cast of mind they would more readily detect the error, and be able at the same time to expose and refute it. 'A bishop should be apt to teach.' (1 Tim. ii. 2.) 'Able by sound doctrine, both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers.' (Titus i. 9.) Thus, teaching and superintendence were united in the office of elder, an arrangement, however, which by no means limited the teaching in the Church, or made of the teaching itself a church office, instead of the spontaneous exercise of individual capacity. The duty of pastor devolved not upon the teacher, but the elder. Thus Paul exhorts the elders of Ephesus to 'feed the Church;' and Peter writes, 'The *elders* I exhort . . . . feed the flock of God, taking the oversight (ἐπισκοποῦντες, bishoping it), not by constraint, but willingly;' whilst in the previous chapter, he includes the directions about speaking in the general instructions to the churches—'as every man hath received the gift, so let him minister the same; if any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God.' (1 Pet. iv. 10, 11.)

In everything else connected with the early churches, there are evident the same simplicity, and absence of laboured design. Private houses were their places of assembly; hence the apostles so often speak of 'the church in the house.' The first day of the week was the general day of meeting, yet they met together, when it was practicable, daily. The Lord's Supper was united with the daily meal, and even so late as the period of the Epistle to the Corinthians was connected with some social meal. But that which pre-eminently characterised these early churches, was, that these meetings were regarded by them as forming but a part of their religious acts, and of the worship of God. As they had not yet learned to distinguish the minister from the member, the clergy from the laity, when all were ministers, all God's heritage (κλήροι, clergy), so they had not yet separated their meetings from the rest of life, and given to them alone the name of worship. To them, as priests, the whole of life was worship, and every act, sanctified by the Holy Ghost, an acceptable sacrifice. The Jewish notions of sanctity, with all the efforts made to introduce them, had not yet found entrance, as the strong opposition of Paul prevailed for a time. Hence, the terms 'worship,' 'service,' 'sacrifice,' are never in the New Testament applied to these exclusively; but embrace the whole life. 'Present your body a living sacrifice, which is your reasonable service.' 'Pure worship (θρησκεία) and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' (James i. 27.) 'To do good and communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' (Heb. xiii. 16.)

From this, we fear too lengthy, description of the first church, we pass to the changes which were gradually made during the following two or three centuries. I. The first change which we notice is, that *a distinction begins to be made between bishops and presbyters.* We have

shown that each church was presided over by a body of men, who were called, after the Hebrew, elders, or after the Greek, episcopoi (bishops). Of these there is no evidence that one was superior to the rest; and though certain names are mentioned in the epistles of Paul, no ground is afforded by this for supposing that in official dignity these were higher than the others. Polycarp, a presbyter of the church of Smyrna, and disciple of the Apostle John, who died 168, makes no mention of bishops in his epistle, and heads it 'Polycarp and his fellow presbyters.' There is much uncertainty about the epistles of Ignatius; if their genuineness could be trusted, a passage which occurs in that to the Trallians would show that in some churches already a bishop existed, who was superior to the presbyters; he says there, 'Submit to the bishop as to Jesus Christ; to the presbytery as to the apostles of Jesus Christ.' Yet this distinction was by no means general, and where it was adopted the bishop was still regarded as one of the elders, though elected perpetual president. Thus Hilary (380) says, 'There is one ordination of bishops and elders, for both are priests, but the bishop is the first; so that every bishop is an elder, but not every elder a bishop.' And Jerome (died 420) says, 'The apostle plainly shows that elders are the same as bishops; but as one was afterwards chosen to be above the rest, a remedy was thus provided for schisms, that the Church might not be divided, by each drawing some away to himself.' He says still more strongly in his epistle to Oceanus, 'The elder is the same as the bishop; and before men began, at the instigation of the devil, to vie with each other, and the people said, "I am of Paul, and I of Cephas, &c.," the churches were governed by the council of elders. But when each began to claim those whom he had baptized as his own, it was determined that one of the elders should be placed over the rest, on whom the care of the whole church should devolve.' This distinction once effected, the development of the chief elder into the bishop of the middle ages and modern times, was but a simple process, favoured, as it was, by the circumstances of the times. It is important, in tracing this, that we do not allow the name to lead us to the notion that the bishop, even in the second and third century, bore any resemblance to the bishop of later ages. He was still the president of one society, in the superintendence of which several elders were associated with him. But, as Christianity spread from the towns into the villages round, and churches were formed there, a kind of superintendence was exercised over them by the chief pastor or bishop of the church in the town, who generally appointed their elders and deacons. And even in the few cases in which they chose their own bishop, the authority of the town bishop increased, for in the year 315 the council of Ancyra resolved, 'that it is not right for a country bishop to ordain elders and deacons.'

The synods, which were at first meetings of deputies from different congregations, and may therefore be regarded as the first congregational unions, did more than anything else to increase the importance of the episcopal or pastoral office. They were always pre-

sided over by the bishop of the church in the largest town; and whilst the little consideration given to any but the bishops soon led to their being the only attendants, the superiority of the metropolitan bishop was confirmed by the council of Antioch, 341. Thus we have the pastor of the town no longer presiding over one church, but over all the village churches round; and that of the chief town in each province become president over all the rest. The work thus begun by the synods was completed by the councils, which claimed to represent the whole church, as the former had represented those of each province. The presidency of these was accorded to the bishops of the chief cities of the empire, Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch; and a long contest for the supremacy between these three naturally ensued, which ended in the assumption by the bishop of Rome of the title of universal bishop or pope.

II. The second change we notice is the *distinction between clergy and laity, ministers and people*. The change from the presbytery to the one bishop, from several bishops presiding over one church to one bishop presiding over several, could scarcely have been effected as rapidly as it was but for the growth of this second distinction. We have shown that the early churches recognised a universal ministry, and that teaching and presiding were but parts of this general ministry, devolving upon those whose talents fitted them for them. This principle was speedily forgotten in the idea that the Christian ministry consisted of a few offices, which could only be filled by certain individuals set apart for that purpose. A divine κλῆσις, 'call,' was no longer regarded as pertaining to all, but to a select few. The term κλῆρος,* as meaning men consecrated to the divine service, which Peter applies to all Christians, was limited to a class. Hilary describes the growth of this when he says, 'At first all taught and baptized on every day on which occasion offered; for Philip did not seek time or day for baptizing the eunuch. But when the Church spread over all places, presidents were appointed, and other officers ordained in the churches; so that no one, who was not ordained, presumed to take from the clergy an office which did not belong to him. Thus the church began to be ruled by a separate order, because if all could do these things, they would seem common and contemptible.' 'The church,' says Tertullian, 'has appointed a difference between the "order" (*ordo*) and the people.' The growing worth attached to ordination, and the supposed virtue communicated to the Lord's supper by the prayer of a 'minister,' increased the feeling which led to the idea of peculiar sanctity in the 'order,' and eventually to its elevation into the rank of a priesthood. There was a disposition more and more prevailing to seek in the Christian Church for ceremonies and offices corresponding to those of Judaism. In the Apostolic Constitutions we find this parallel: 'Under the Jewish ritual there were sacrifices, now there are supplications, prayer and praise; then there were first-fruits, tenths and offerings, now in the Lord's Supper oblations are offered by the holy bishops to the Lord.'

* Angl. 'heritage,' the root of our word clergy.

The bishop was called the 'high priest,' the elders the priests, the deacons the Levites of the church. The royal priesthood of all gave place to the priesthood of the ordained, and the step was not long from a sacred clergy to a pope.

III. This distinction points to a still more radical change—*the loss of the fundamental Christian idea of sacredness*. All distinctions of clean and unclean, holy and common, sacred and secular, so characteristic of Judaism, were swept away by Christianity, not because nothing is holy, but because everything is clean, sacred, and holy to the Lord. Sacred places lose their peculiar sanctity, only because it is merged in the higher sanctity of every place in which is found God's noblest temple, a Christian soul. Holy days give up their especial holiness—not because no time is holy, but because to the whole life consecrated to God, belongs the holiness which belonged before to certain days. Acts cease to be especially religious, because to the Christian every act is religious, performed with a right motive, 'as unto the Lord.' The simplest work, the duties of the slave, done to the glory of God, partake of the religious character which once belonged to temple offerings alone. And the sacredness of a limited priesthood ceases, not because God has no priests, but because every Christian is made a royal priest, offering daily sacrifices in the faithful discharge of daily duties. A priestly, or ministerial 'order,' is a fiction of later times. But it soon found its way into the Church. The use by the apostles of Old Testament terms was misunderstood or misapplied. The 'reasonable service' was confined to acts of prayer and praise; the Jewish Sabbath once more kept out of view the holiness of life; sacred places were set apart, and a limited ministry or priesthood assumed the sanctity and importance belonging to all Christians as ministers of Jesus Christ. This appeared very soon in the buildings erected for their meetings. We first meet with special buildings, towards the end of the second century, which Tertullian calls the 'houses of God.' As these increased in splendour, the name of temple was sometimes used, and the temple of Jerusalem became the model, after the fashion of which a 'holy place' was railed off from the rest, which was unapproachable to the unordained. The distinction between sacred and secular became soon so marked, that the ordinary avocations of life were thought unfit for any one who had been ordained. Nor could such a distinction fail to operate upon the Christian member, as well as upon the minister; what the one gained in 'sacredness,' by devoting himself entirely to what were thought exclusively religious duties, the other lost by the amount of time necessarily devoted to those that were 'secular.' Hence, he was less worthy to come immediately to God, and the prayers of the ordained were sought for as more effectual than his own. The 'minister' thus rose to be the mediator; the order became the priesthood, and the sacred caste thus introduced could not fail to expand into the hierarchy, which was incomplete till headed by a pope.

Comment upon this sketch is, we think, unnecessary. *Sapienti verbum sat.* One deduction is certainly a just one, that no departure

from the principles on which a Christian church should be based, can be unimportant, because it is small. In the writer's opinion, the *form* of the early Church was not intended to be a model for all future ages. But any departure, which involves the sacrifice of the great principles which the apostles laid down, must lead, in the end, if not to the same corruptions, yet to corruptions as fearful and anti-christian, as those which, for thirteen centuries, have existed in the Church of Rome.

"The Eclipse of Faith."

SUCH is the title of a recent work,* which must already have attracted the attention of many of the readers of the 'Christian Spectator,' and which is certainly, in many respects, one of the most remarkable books of our time. It proceeds from a profound study of the religious phenomena of the present day, and a lively feeling of the imminence and greatness of the peril with which we are threatened, by the spread of 'a subtle unbelief, which, in various forms, is sapping the religion of our people.' It is possible that the extent to which infidelity is diffused amongst the masses of this country is over-estimated, even by calm and otherwise accurate observers. The very fact that it has taken new forms, and speaks a new language, renders its existence more noticeable, although its amount may not materially have been increased. The old type of infidelity was worn out and powerless; a new development was wanting for that antagonism to Christianity, which had become sullen and silent, but was not less real or determined. A few, indeed, have now gone over from the Christian side to that of disbelief: but the challenge may, without much fear of long dispute or failure, be boldly thrown out—Show, among recent seceders from Faith to Unbelief, *one* man of eminently strong nature, one who unites incontestable force and depth of intellect with a true experience of Christianity. Apart, however, from the few perverts to Infidelity, such as Mr. Newman, Mr. Foxton, and Mr. Greg, the mass of disbelievers would seem to be those who can pretend to no personal trial of Christianity, save in exercises of the intellect upon its surface difficulties and necessary mysteries.

But if this phrase—'The Eclipse of Faith,' *has* a peculiarly deep significance in our day,—if darker shades more entirely than aforetime obscure the brightness of the truths of faith,—it is not with a sensation of danger, or with cries of alarm, that it need be regarded; still less should it excite an angry and vehement spirit, that overflows in general denunciations or personal attacks. Danger there is—to men, not to religion. Alarm is allowable—for souls, not for truth. But it is most

* "The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic." London: Longman and Co. Pp. 450.

necessary that every variety of religious error be met with a full recognition of the right of every man to hold and utter any opinion which rests on his conviction or sincere feeling,—and that it be conceded that perfect freedom of inquiry, and an unlimited right to publish and maintain any results to which such free inquiry, leads, is the fundamental requisite to rational conviction and the discovery and defence of truth, and cannot possibly be the ground of an accusation of moral turpitude against any who thus sincerely forms and proclaims his individual opinion. The tone of Christian controversialists, especially in the journals and reviews of the day, towards those who appear in the ranks of Unbelief, has too frequently violated this principle. There is a warmth and earnestness allowable to men who are engaged in defending all they hold most dear, in securing for their fellows the treasures threatened with loss, and in fighting—in a sense deeply significant to them—the battles of truth and God against the lies and wiles of the devil: but there has been more than this, apparent in a tendency to charge *dishonesty* on those who profess *disbelief*, and to treat as intentional wickedness all forms of false doctrine. Even if this were true, it were best to preserve an assured composure,—perhaps to the length of declining answer at all,—from the certainty that such hollowness and deceit will speedily become so apparent as effectually to refute its own pretensions, or such wickedness will blaze out in destructive fires, that will warn to a safe distance even the most curious observers. But, in truth, unless it be intended to maintain, that immoral and licentious tendencies necessarily underlie all religious error, it is unjust and injurious, in the absence of the proof of personal vices, to assume that there is a want of genuineness and honesty of purpose in disbelief. But, if disbelief be truly sincere, it is a sad and serious tenderness which, chiefly, it should excite in a man full of faith; for how touching to such a mind must the reflection be—'So then, all that is as solid rock to *my* reason, all that is beautiful to my heart, all that is bright to my faith, is an *un*reality, a despair, a deep darkness to this brother-soul! And, perhaps, he is so unconscious of all that the reality or unreality of the objects of faith involves, that he rejoices in his ignorance of them, and is jubilant that they are not!' Scarcely could a higher or more affecting claim be made on our gentleness and patience, candour and friendliness, than that a brother is sincerely and unaffectedly an *Infidel!*

These remarks have succeeded each other almost without premeditation, under the dictate of a feeling, first—that this book may prove to some objectionable, if not even offensive, from its very fairness and general candour,—from its simple use of lawful reasoning, without horror or protestation, where it is the habit of many to bar discussion and to resort to imputations and denunciations,—from its calm and dispassionate handling of questions, which it is deemed by some profanity to propound, impiety to entertain; and secondly—that even this otherwise fair and candid book is not altogether free from an occasional echo of the tone we deprecate, and is sometimes less just to the opinions and dispositions of antagonists than the author's evidently

righteous intention would appear to sanction;—so difficult is it, where our own convictions are firm and intense, and the subject lies out with clearness and certainty before us, to give full effect to our proposed sympathy and impartiality towards those, whose oppositions seem to us to rest on a false basis, and their argument and criticism to be perverted as well as erroneous.

'The Eclipse of Faith' is directed against that 'exquisite thing called modern "spiritualism"' into which Christianity has been sublimed; which teaches that when one has 'ceased to believe all that is specially characteristic of the New Testament—its history, its miracles, its peculiar doctrines—you may still be a genuine Christian;' which holds a 'faith' sufficiently 'diversified when you come to examine individual professors thereof; but always based upon the principle that man is a sufficient light to himself; that his oracle is within; so clear as either to supersede the necessity—some say even the *possibility*—of all external revelation in any ordinary sense of that term; or, when such revelation is in some sense allowed, to constitute man the absolute arbiter of how much or how little of it is worthy to be received.' The aim of the author is to expose the true character and to refute the pretensions of this 'sentimental spiritualism,'—'to convince the youthful reader of the precarious nature of those modern book-revelations which are somewhat inconsistently given us in books which tell us that all book-revelations of religious truth are superfluous or even impossible; to convince him how easily an *impartial* doubter can retort with interest the deistical arguments against Christianity, and how little merely insoluble objections can avail against any thing; to convince him that the differences with which the assailants of the Bible taunt its advocates are neither so numerous nor half so appalling as those which divide its enemies; and, lastly, in some degree to protect those who are being made, or are in danger of being made *sceptical* as to all religious truth, by the religious distractions of the present day.'

The book purposes to be a journal kept by the author when visiting a nephew who had become 'a sceptic in relation to theological and ethical truth,' and to report the conversations which took place between the uncle and nephew, the discussions carried on by them with a college friend of the latter, who was a Newman-spiritualist, together with some papers and essays read occasionally in the course of these controversies. The form chosen is exceedingly favourable to the main design of the author; it imparts vivacity to discussions which otherwise would often have been forbidding to the general reader; it enables him to use the Socratic method, in which he is as nearly perfect as possible, and employs it with wonderful effect; it provides for the introduction of occasional topics not demanding the elaborate treatment of an essay, and but slightly related to his great characteristic themes; and it secures point and directness of remark, brilliancy and copiousness of illustration, as well as gives scope to a grave wit that plays like evening lightning, and an excellent satire that searches like fire, but is never contemptuous or angry. At the same time, the interspersed essays furnish more regular and finished discussions of such

subjects as require to be treated with a strict logic, and ask from the reader more than usual concentration of thought.

Never do we remember to have observed in any modern religious writer, so rare a union of the highest and most precious qualities as exists in this author. The potency and comprehensiveness of his thoughts, and the exceeding subtlety of his reasoning, will be evidenced in the extracts we propose to give. The rich language he has at command, the quite boundless variety of expression which he uses, can be felt only in a continuous communion with the book. The fine and expressive images that here and there occur, the brilliant sayings and felicitous allusions that abound, are scarcely to be represented by isolated examples, but in their proper places and relations have insurpassable effect. And everywhere, be the theme ever so abstruse and difficult, the reasoning ever so close and delicate, or the conversational speech ever so slight or free, the style is immaculately pure and crystal clear. We know, as well as any incredulous reader of these high praises, that our words may seem extravagant. And we know that we shall be told from various quarters, that the book is acute rather than profound, dextrous rather than able, smart rather than forcible; in short, a very clever book, in which are many astonishing feats of logic, and triumphs of word-fence, but wanting in deep and true insight, and in the philosophical spirit! But we repeat, without meaning to convey an entire assent to all its propositions, or an unmixed approval of all its methods, that we think it everyway a wonderful and incomparable book in these days, both for the variousness and value of its contents, and the perfectness of its literary character. Here, perhaps, instead of returning to such matters, we may remark, that some of the *contrivance* on which what may be called the interludes of the book depend, is awkward and unpleasing—as the repeated dreams; that there is also something very unsatisfactory in the frequent imputation of Harrington's scepticism to some unhappy affair of the heart, to the burial of passionate hopes; while there is exceeding weakness in the last scene, where the uncle takes leave of his sleeping nephew, but not without peering into his dream-world, by the aid of some characteristic words on the question of questions, that fall from the lips of the sleeper. But,—unless a slight feeling, rather than distinct impression, that we have, be true—that the temper of the book is not always beautiful,—these small things are the only drawbacks we can allow from its great merits.

The principal persons of the book are, as we have said, three. There is the uncle (who appears as the author), an orthodox believer, learned in all the learning of the theologians, but having the stamp of the modern scientific culture—a gentleman who had no pious prejudices, but thoroughly rational convictions, who did not sanctimoniously avoid 'Infidels,' but held that it was at least as necessary to meet them sincerely on one level of inquiry and argument, as to pray for them in the closet. The nephew, Harrington, is thus described—'He is an *impartial doubter;* he doubts whether Christianity be true; but he also doubts whether it be *false;* and, either from his impatience of the

theories which infidelity proposes in its place, as inspiring yet stronger doubts, or in revenge for the peace of which he has been robbed, he never seems more at home than in ridiculing the confidence and conceit of that internal oracle, which professes to solve the problems which, it seems, Christianity leaves in darkness; and in pushing the principles on which infidelity rejects the New Testament to their legitimate conclusions.' Harrington is certainly an impossible character, or, at least, a barely conceivable one—one uniting the strongest opposites, ever arguing so as to refute all other antagonists of Christianity, vengeful towards the 'spiritualists' especially, yet rejecting the claims of the religion which he assists to demonstrate to be consonant with sound reason, and the only possible religion for mankind. His friend, Fellowes, is a representative of the opinions of Francis Newman, and his characteristics are quietly hit off in Harrington's description—'*He* is far enough from being a sceptic. He has believed more and disbelieved more, and both one and the other for less reason than any other man I know. . . . . If he has rejected almost everything, he has also embraced almost everything; at each point in his career, his versatile faith has found him some system to replace that he has abandoned; and he is now a dogmatist *par excellence*, for he has adopted a theory of religion which formally abjures intellect and logic, and is as sincerely abjured by them. . . . . Poor George! "Sufficient unto the day," with him, is the theology "thereof!" I picture him to myself going out of a morning, with his new theological dress upon him, and chancing to meet with some friend, who protests that there is something or other not quite *comme il faut*, he proceeds with infinite complacency to alter that portion of his attire; the new costume is found equally obnoxious to the criticism of somebody else, and off it goes like the rest.' To this description the uncle adds, that though ludicrous it was not untrue; 'only the "friend" in the image must be supposed to mean his own wayward fancy, for he is not particularly amenable to external influences.' What follows is so true a characterization of what is worst and weakest in the chief of our recent pseudo-spiritualists, that it ought not to be omitted. 'So dominant is *present* feeling and impulse, or so deficient is he in comprehensiveness, that he often takes up with the most trumpery arguments; that is, for a few days at a time. Yet he does not want acuteness. I have known him shine strongly upon an *angle* of a subject; but he never sheds over its whole surface an equable illumination. Where evidence is complicated and serious, and consists of many opposing or modifying elements, he never troubles himself to compute the sum total, and strike a fair balance. He stands aghast in the presence of an objection which he cannot solve, and loses all presence of mind in its contemplation. He seldom considers whether there are not still greater objections on the *other* side, nor how much farther, if a principle be just, it ought to carry him.' . . . . 'But one thing, surely, all must admire in him; I mean his candour. What less than this can prompt him, after abandoning with such extraordinary facility so many creeds, and fragments of creeds, after travelling round the whole circle of theology, to confess with such

charming simplicity the whole history of his mental revolutions, and expose himself to the charge of unimaginable caprice—of theological coquetry? I protest to you, that, *à priori*, I should have thought it impossible that any man could have made so many and such violent turns in so short a time without dislocation of all the joints of his soul—without incurring the danger of a "universal anchylosis."

In the very first conversation, Harrington communicates to Fellowes the fact that he has become a sceptic; and Fellowes undertakes to convert him to 'spiritualism.' What follows is given under the title of 'Puritan Infidelity.' Fellowes couches his sentiments in the words of the New Testament, while entirely rejecting its claim to be a revelation, and maintaining that there is 'an infinity of rubbish in it.' To this Harrington strenuously objects, refusing to allow him to conjure with the phraseology of men who, according to his view, were 'the most miserable fanatics, or the most abominable impostors.' Fellowes replies, that he 'believes them to be eminently holy men—full of spiritual wisdom and of a truly sublime faith, though conjoined with much ignorance and credulity, which it is unworthy of us to tolerate.' In opposition to this view, Harrington maintains that, on the theory, it is doubtful whether it could be ignorance and credulity—'whether any men can thus untruly affirm that they saw and did the things the apostles *say* they saw and did, and yet be sincere fanatics.' And as to the suggestion of Fellowes, that 'we do not know that *they* said so,' for 'the idealizing biographers' may have added to and corrupted the facts, and accumulated disguises of mystical doctrine on the 'simple utterances' of the apostles;—Harrington answers, that 'neither then do we know that they ever uttered these "simple utterances," that *they* may be a part of the "corruptions;" and that it is certainly very odd, considering the mountain-loads of folly, error, fable, fiction, from which their [assumed] spiritual religion did not defend them, and which Fellowes considers himself bound to reject, that *they alone* should possess such *spiritual* advantages'—that *they*, *of all others*, as Mr. Newman says they did, should have entered most profoundly into the truths of spiritual religion, and stand therein almost alone in the history of the world!

The next conversation is headed, 'Lord Herbert and Modern Deism;' in which Harrington affirms that the older Deism is *identical* with modern spiritualism; that they concur in rejecting the supernatural element in the New Testament, and the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, determining to retain only those principles which it has *in common* with *every* religion. Fellowes attempts a distinction between the systems, on the ground that the former connected religion with the intellectual and sensational, the latter with the instinctive and emotional, sides of human nature. Harrington shows that *this* has to do only with the theory of the subject, while the great question in each case, for mankind, is, 'What are the truths to be admitted, and to be influential over the heart and conscience?' In answer to Fellowes's plea for 'insight' and 'intuition,' Harrington closes a forcible refutation with the caustic saying—'In short, the universal light in man's soul flickers and wavers most abominably.' One para-

graph shall be quoted without the modifications we have hitherto felt it necessary to make.

'"Book-faith!" I heard Harrington say, laughing; "why, as to that, I must needs acknowledge that the whole school of Deism, 'rational' or 'spiritual,' have the least reason in the world to indulge in sneers at book-faith; for, upon my word, their faith has consisted in little else. Their systems are parchment religions, my friend, all of them;—books, books, for ever, from Lord Herbert's time downwards, are all they have yet given to the world. They have ever been boastful and loud-tongued, but have done nothing; there are no great social efforts, no organizations, no practical projects, whether successful or futile, to which they can point. The old 'book-faiths' which you venture to ridicule have been *something* at all events; and, in truth, I can find no other 'faith' than what is somehow or other attached to a 'book,' which has been anything influential. The Vedas, the Koran, the Old Testament Scriptures—those of the New—over how many millions have *these* all reigned! Whether their supremacy be right or wrong, their doctrine true or false, is another question; but *your* faith, which has been book-faith and lip-service *par excellence*, has done nothing that I can discover. One after another of your infidel Reformers passes away, and leaves no trace behind, except a quantity of crumbling 'book-faith.' You have always been just on the eve of extinguishing supernatural fables, dogmas, and superstitions—and then regenerating the world! Alas! the meanest superstition that crawls laughs at you, and, false as it may be, is still stronger than you."'

In a subsequent conversation, Harrington having stated some of the questions on which he desired *certainty*, Fellowes gives him counsel to 'look inwards, that he may see, by the direct gaze of the "spiritual faculty," bright and clear, those great "intuitions" of spiritual truth which no *book* can teach,' and further says, 'that Mr. Newman had satisfactorily proved to him that a book-revelation of moral and spiritual truth is *impossible*'—which led to the following dialogue, in which it is distinctly proved that 'That may be possible with man, which is impossible with God!'

'"Pray permit me to ask," said Harrington, "did *you* always believe that a book-revelation was impossible?"

'"How can you ask the question?—you know that I was brought up, like yourself, in the reception of the Bible as the only and infallible revelation of God to mankind."

'"To what do you owe your emancipation from this grievous and universal error, which still infects, in this or some other shape, the myriads of the human race?"

'"I think principally to the work of Mr. Newman on the 'Soul,' and his 'Phases of Faith.'"

'"These have been to you, then, at least, a *human* book-revelation, that a *divine* book-revelation is impossible; a truth which I acknowledge you could not have received by *divine* book-revelation, without a contradiction.—You ought, indeed, to think very highly of Mr. Newman. It is well, when God cannot do a thing, that man can; though I confess, considering the very wide prevalence of this pernicious error, it would have been better, had it been possible, that a man should have had a *divine* book-revelation to tell him that a *divine* book-revelation was impossible. Great as is my admiration of Mr. Newman, I should, myself, have preferred having God's word for it. However, let us lay it down as an axiom, that a human book-revelation showing that 'a divine book revelation is impossible,' is not impossible; and really, considering the almost universal error of man on this subject—now happily exploded—the book-revelation which convinces man of this great truth ought to be reverenced as of the highest value; it is such

that it might not appear unworthy of celestial origin, if it did not imply a contradiction, that God should reveal to us in a *book* that a revelation in a *book* was impossible."

'Fellowes looked very grave, but said nothing.

'"But yet," continued Harrington, very seriously, "I know not whether I ought not, upon your principles, to consider this book-revelation with which you have been favoured, about the impossibility of such a thing, as itself a *divine* revelation; in which case I am afraid we shall be constrained to admit, in *form*, that contradiction which we have been so anxious to avoid, by making 'possible with man what is impossible with God.'"

'"I know not what you mean," said Fellowes, rather offended.

'"Why," said Harrington, quite unmoved, "I have heard you say you do not deny, in some sense, inspiration, but only that inspiration is preternatural; that every 'holy thought,' every 'lofty and sublime conception,' all 'truth and excellence,' in any man, come from the 'Father of lights,' and are to be ascribed to him; that, as Mr. Parker and Mr. Foxton affirm on this point, the inspiration of Paul or Milton, or even of Christ and of Benjamin Franklin, is of the same nature, and in an intelligible sense from the same source,—differing only in degree. Can you deem less, then, of that great conception by which Mr. Newman has released you, and possibly many more, from that bondage to a 'book-revelation' in which you were brought up, and in which, by your own confession, you might have been still enthralled? Can you think less of this than that it is an 'inspired' voice which has proclaimed 'liberty to the captive,' and made known to you 'spiritual freedom?' If anything be divine about Mr. Newman's system, surely it must be this. Ought you not to thank God that he has been thus pleased to 'open your eyes,' and to turn you from 'darkness to light'—to raise up in these last days such an apostle of the truth which had lain so long 'hidden from ages and generations?' Can you do less than admire the divine artifice by which, when it was impossible for God *directly* to tell man that he could *directly* tell him nothing, He raised up his servant Newman to perform the office?"

'"For my part," said Fellowes, "I am not ashamed to say, that I think I ought to thank God for such a boon as Mr. Newman has, in this instance at least, been the instrument of conveying to me. I acknowledge it is a most momentous truth, without which I should still have been in thraldom to the 'letter.'"

'"Very well; then the book-revelation of Mr. Newman is, as I say, in *some* sort to *you*, perhaps to *many*, a divine book-revelation!"

'"Well, in *some* sense, it is so."

'"So that now we have, in *some* sense, a *divine* book-revelation to prove that a *divine* book-revelation is impossible."'

The answer of Fellowes, and which he assumes is complete, of course, is, that 'neither Mr. Newman nor any other spiritualist has *revealed* to him any truth, but only that he has given shape and distinct consciousness to what was, in fact, uttered in the secret oracles of his own bosom before, and is uttered also in the hearts of all other men.' To which he gets the following conclusive reply:—

'It little matters to this argument—to the question of the possibility, value, or utility of an external revelation—whether the truths it is to communicate be absolutely unknown till it reveals them, or only *not* known, which you confess was your own case. If your natural taper of illumination is stuck into a dark lantern, and its light can only flash upon the soul when some Mr. Newman kindly lifts up the slide for you; or if your internal oracle, like a ghost, will not speak till it is spoken to; or, like a dumb demon, awaits to find a voice, and confess itself to be what it is, at the summons of an exorcist;—the same argument precisely will apply for the possibility and utility of a book-revelation from God to men in general. What has been done for you by man, even though

no more were done, might, one would imagine, be done for the rest of mankind, and in a much better manner, by God. If that internal and native revelation which both you and Mr. Newman say has its seat in the human soul, be clear without his aid, why did he write a syllable about it? If, as you say, its utterances were not recognised, and that his statements have first made them familiar to you, the same argument (the Christian will say) will do for the Bible. It is of little use that nature teaches you, if Mr. Newman is to teach nature. . . . . If Mr. Newman, as you *admit*, has written a book which has put you in possession of moral and spiritual truth surely it might be modestly contended that God might dictate a better. Either you were in possession of the truths in question before he announced them, or you were not; if not, Mr. Newman is your infinite benefactor, and God may be at least as great a one; if you were, then Mr. Newman, like Job's comforters, "has plentifully declared the thing as it is." If you say, that you were in possession of them, but only by implication; that you did not see them clearly or vividly till they were propounded—that is, that you saw them, only practically you were blind, and knew them, only virtually you were ignorant; still, whatever Mr. Newman does (and it amounts, in *fact*, to revelation), that *may* the Bible also do. If even that be not possible, and man naturally possesses these truths explicitly as well as implicitly, then indeed the Bible is an impertinence—and so is Mr. Newman.'

We have dwelt thus long on the subject of book-revelation, because it relates to one of the most plausible pretensions of the 'spiritual' system; and because in the author's treatment of it, there are many suggestive hints for those who make no denial of the possibility or the fact of a divine revelation, but appear to have singularly confused and inconsistent views of its relation and worth to the 'intuitional consciousness.' We cannot follow the author through the entire discussion, but deem it valuable exceedingly for pregnant suggestions, although, we think, it has not completeness, nor effects the final settlement of the question.

On another evening, on which Harrington discussed these topics with his friend, he read an elaborate paper, entitled, 'Reasons for declining the Via Media between Revealed Religion and Atheism,—or Scepticism; with special reference to the Theories of Mr. Theodore Parker and Mr. Francis Newman.' An abstract of this paper would scarcely interest the reader; its details are necessary to the appreciation of its closeness and force of reasoning. The chief points established are, first—that there is no evidence that man has an original and universal fountain of spiritual illumination in himself; and secondly—that the 'absolute religion' of Mr. Parker, and the 'spiritual faculty' of Mr. Newman, if they exist, are not of such singular use as to supersede all external revelation, since by the unfortunate 'conceptions' of the one, and the 'degraded types' of the other, it has for ages left man, and does, *in fact*, now leave him to wallow in the lowest depths of the most debasing idolatry and superstition. He says—'Think for a moment of a "spiritual faculty," so bright as to anticipate all essential spiritual verities,—the universal possession of humanity,—which yet terminates in leaving the said humanity to grovel in every form of error, between the extremities of Fetichism, which consecrates a piece of stone, and Pantheism, which consecrates all the bits of stone in the universe, in fact, a sort of comprehensive Feti-

chism;—which leaves man to erect everything into a God, provided it is none,—sun, moon, stars, a cat, a monkey, an onion, uncouth idols, sculptured marble; nay, a shapeless trunk—which the devout idolater does not stay to fashion into the likeness of a *man*, but gives it its apotheosis at once!—If man *has* this *faculty*, it is either the most idle prerogative ever bestowed on a rational creature, or somehow or other, as the Bible affirms, it has been denaturalised and disabled.'

During the visit of his uncle, Harrington drew together a company of his friends,—in fact, got up 'A Sceptic's Select Party.' It was an odd mixture. There was an Italian gentleman—a Roman Catholic of the true Papal school; an English Catholic—of the liberal species; a young surgeon—'a rare specimen of conversion to certain crude atheistical speculations of Mr. Atkinson and Miss Martineau;' a young Englishman fresh from Germany—'five hundred fathoms deep in German philosophy, and who hardly came once to the surface during the whole entertainment;' three Rationalists; a Deist of the old school; a Romish priest, 'an admirer of Father Newman, who therefore *believes everything*;' Harrington himself, who *believed nothing*; the sentimental spiritualist, Fellowes; and the Christian believer, the Uncle, who amongst such guests was regarded pretty much as a '*megatherium*.' It will be at once supposed that the conversation attributed to this gloriously dissorted company is highly interesting and amusing. The scheme is a good one, for playing off against each other the absurdities and contradictions of the various leading parties in the religious controversies of the day,—which the author takes good care to do in the very words of those writers who found representatives in this 'select party.' Their views are not merely exhibited in this strange and suggestive contrast to each other, but the sceptic Harrington is a mouth-piece through which he can reason and comment on them all from a purely scientific and indifferent point of view, and in his own person he is able to furnish such arguments as are proper and peculiar to the Christian believer. For the sake of variety in this paper, and to exhibit more truly the variety of the book itself, we shall call up the young Hegelian from the 'five hundred fathom' depth in which he dwells. It is a rare piece of satire—and yet scarcely a shade exaggerated.

'"I hold that you are right, sir," he said to the last speaker, "in saying that God is not a *Person*; but then it is because, as Hegel says, he is *Personality* itself—the universal personality which realizes itself in each human consciousness, as a separate thought of one eternal mind. Our *idea* of the absolute is the absolute itself; apart from and out of the universe, therefore, there is no God."

'"I think we may grant you that," said Harrington, laughing.

'"Nor," continued the other, "is there any God apart from the universal consciousness of man. He—"

'"Ought you not to say *it*?" said Harrington.

'"*It* then," said our student, "is the entire process of thought combining in itself the objective movement in nature with the logical subjective, and realizing itself in the spiritual totality of humanity. He (or it if you will) is the eternal movement of the universal ever raising itself to a subject, which first of all in the subject comes to objectivity and a real consistence, and accordingly absorbs

the subject in its abstract individuality. God is, therefore, not a person, but personality itself."

'Nobody answered, for nobody understood.

'"Q. E. D.," said Harrington, with the utmost gravity.

'Thus encouraged, our student was going on to show how much more clear Hegel's views are than those of Schelling. "The only real existence," he said, "is the relation; subject and object which seem contradictory are really one—not one in the sense of Schelling, as opposite poles of the same absolute existence, but one as the *relation* itself forms the very *idea*. Not but what in the threefold rhythm of universal existence there are affinities with the three potencies of Schelling; but——"

'"Take a glass of wine," said Harrington to his young acquaintance, "take a glass of wine, as the antiquary said to Sir Arthur Wardour, when he was trying to cough up the barbarous names of his Pictish ancestors, 'and wash down that bead-roll of unbaptized jargon which would choke a dog.'"

'We laughed, for we could not help it.'

And, seeing that in *this* style only he comes to the surface, from his home 'five hundred fathom' deep, we doubt not that the reader cheerfully says to the young gentleman, 'You may go down again, sir!'

We must pass over a very telling paper, read by the uncle to his nephew's party, headed, 'How it was that Infidelity prevented my becoming an Infidel;' and setting forth the mental conflicts through which he passed, and the dilemmas in which the views and counsels of his infidel friends placed him. It is a most powerful essay—answering most of the prominent systems and tendencies of unbelief, with arguments that have been well considered and tested, and that are to us irrefutable. We know not whether it actually contains a living experience; but it is so real and vivid that one might fairly suppose the fact to be so. Again we must hurry on—simply recording that there is given a strange dream, called 'The Blank Bible,' which supposes that, by a terrible miracle, all the Bibles in the world were rendered *blank*, and that every phrase and text quoted in books of devotion and theology, of poetry and fiction, was similarly expunged; and attempts thus to estimate the extent to which the Bible has influenced and entered into human literature, and to show by what means, and in how serious a spirit, men, in such a calamity, would begin the reconstruction of the Scriptures, and how every one according to characteristic tastes and habits might contribute the portions he had best understood and most fully appropriated. The explanations of the supposed event are also made to tell effectively on the treatment the Bible receives from the hands even of those who profess belief in its divine origin and authority. The 'Christian Ethics' also are discussed, and tested by the assumptions of disbelievers. 'A Future Life' is controverted, its evidences investigated, and the difficulties to the reception of the truth 'weighed and found wanting.' Strauss's principles of historical criticism are put on their trial; are shown to involve the most startling paradoxes with reference to the general question of historical credulity; and then, in a clever and witty paper, they are applied to the late Papal Aggression, and it is distinctly proved that such aggression was impossible, and that the generally reported

facts are entirely of a mythical character. We should be glad to quote from this caustic paper, but must deny ourselves the pleasure—and the more, as it is not the first attempt so to apply Strauss's principles to an indisputably historic event. By a similar use of them, Strauss himself has been proved to be *a myth;* here in England, too, we have Archbishop Whately's acute 'Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Buonaparte:' another writer, also, has disproved the historical character of the life and times of Sir Robert Peel—reducing to a myth the agitation and repeal of the Corn-laws. On all these points then, hastily passed over, we had much to quote and to say, which reluctantly but necessarily we forego. Still more unwillingly do we give up our intention of giving some account of another dream of 'The Paradise of Fools'—a supposititious world, in which all the philosophers who have explicitly or impliedly theorized on a new construction of the universe, or have hinted at possibly advantageous modifications of the divine plan and government, or who have complained of the revelation vouchsafed by God to man, have all the conditions of their theories granted them, and are assisted by heaven, so far as their notions are intelligible to omniscience or capable of aid from omnipotence, to realize their conceptions. The vision is strangely well sustained; and it is by no partiality, but under strict necessity, fully made out, that the result of such ardently desired conditions and powers is, to the theorists, only a part of '"the everlasting shame and contempt" which are the heritage of impiety.'

We have reserved one topic for the close of this article—it is 'Miracles.' On this the author has used all his strength and acuteness, and with results which have almost higher value than attaches to any other discussion of this fundamental question. The remarkable subtlety and cleverness with which he works his way through the intricacies of a subject, which philosophical deists and the 'spiritual' school have done so much to perplex—'darkening counsel with words without knowledge'—is one of the rarest achievements of intellect in the book, and perhaps the most valuable service the author has done to the cause of Christian truth. The dialogue, in which the paradox is brought out, 'That Miracles are impossible, but that it is impossible to prove it,' is far too long, and its parts too closely related, for any very satisfactory account of it to be possible here. It is argued on several independent grounds, each of which needs to be exhibited quite as fully as has been done by the author, in order to be intelligible; so that we are shut up to a simple quotation;—and, as everyone knows something of Hume's argument against Miracles, we select the following passage:—

'"Do you know," said Harrington, "I have sometimes thought that Hume, so far from representing his argument from 'Transubstantiation' fairly (there is an obvious fallacy on the very face of it, to which I do not now allude), is himself precisely in the condition in which he represents the believer of miracles?"

'Fellowes smiled incredulously. "First, however," said he, "what is the more *notorious* fallacy to which you allude?"

'"It is so barefaced an assumption that I am surprised that his acuteness did not see it; or, that if he saw it, he could have descended to make a point by appearing *not* to see it. It has been often pointed out, and you will recollect it the moment I name it. You know he commences with the well-known argument of Tillotson against transubstantiation, and flatters himself that he sees a *similar* argument in relation to miracles. Now it certainly requires but a moderate degree of sagacity to see that the very point in which Tillotson's argument *tells*, is that very one in which Hume's is totally unlike it. Tillotson says, that when it is pretended that the bread and wine which are submitted to *his own* senses have been 'transubstantiated into flesh and blood,' the alleged phenomena contradict his senses; and that as the information of his senses as much comes from God as the doctrines of Scripture (and even the miracles appeal to nothing stronger), he must believe his senses in this case in preference to the assertions of the priest. Hume then goes on quietly to take it for granted that the miracles to which consent is asked, in like manner contradict the testimony of the senses of *him to whom the appeal is made;* whereas, in fact, the assertor of the miracle does not pretend that he who denies them has ever seen them, or had the opportunity of seeing them. To make the argument analogous, it ought to be shown that the objector, having been a spectator of the pretended miracles, when and where they were affirmed to have been wrought, had then and there the testimony of his *senses* that no 'such events had taken place. It is mere juggling with words to say that never to have seen a *like* event is the same argument of an event's never having occurred, as never to have seen *that* event when it was alleged to have taken place under our very eyes!'"

'"I give up the reasoning on this point," said Fellowes, "but how, I should like to know, do you retort the argument upon him?"

'"Thus; you see that *we* maintain that a miracle is incredible *per se*, because impossible; not to be believed, therefore, on *any* evidence."

'"Certainly."

'"If then we saw what *seemed* a miracle, we should distrust our senses; we should say that it was most likely that they *deceived* us."

'"I think so, certainly."

'"And Strauss, and Hume, and Voltaire, and you, and I, and all who hold a miracle impossible, would distrust our senses, and fall back upon that *testimony* from the general experience of others, which alone could correct our own halting and ambiguous experience?"

'"Certainly."

'"It appears, then, my good fellow, that the position of those who deny and those who assert miracles is exactly the reverse of Hume's statement. The man who believes 'Transubstantiation' distrusts his senses, and rather believes testimony: and even so would he who has fully made up his mind, on our sublime principles, as to the impossibility of miracles, when anything which has that appearance crosses his path; he is prepared to deny his senses and to trust to testimony—to that general experience of others which comes to him and can come to him only in that shape. It is *we*, therefore, and not our adversaries, who are liable to be reached by this unlucky illustration."

'Fellowes himself seemed much amused by finding the tables turned. For my part, I had difficulty in repressing a chuckle over this display of sceptical candour and subtlety.'

Here, then, we must leave 'The Eclipse of Faith'—a book which *must* exert a powerful and most healthful influence—which will help sincere inquirers, confirm true believers, and, it may be hoped, assist to the solution of many problems those who are 'impartial' doubters. As for the rest—those who care more to establish the *certainty* of universal *uncertainty*, or to fortify the camp of unbelief, than to gain new conviction, or a refuge from the miseries of scepticism—they may affect to consider this work merely sharp and clever, but unsatis-

factory and unconvincing: but between them and the author, between *their* system—if either a blank-like scepticism, or a bundle of incongruities, like 'Spiritualism,' can be called a system—between their system and *ours*, Time and Mankind will decide.

We believe the author of this book is generally known, but as *he* has chosen to be anonymous, we are not justified in tearing off his mask.

Japan and the Japanese.*

WHAT do we know of the Japanese? English people generally will say, 'Nothing;' but Mr. Macfarlane says that we know a great deal. We suspect, however, that the people's confession of their own ignorance is 'according to truth:' if it were not, there would have been little occasion for a work which, though telling them little, tells nearly all that can at present be known of this singular and interesting people. That our information concerning Japan and the Japanese is so scanty, is owing to the circumstance that for more than two hundred years the ports of this country have been closed to the ships of every nation but those of the Dutch, while the restrictions placed by the native Government on the allowed commerce with Holland, are such as to preclude the possibility, while they exist, of our learning anything further of the history, institutions, manners, or customs of the people. The source, therefore, of nearly all the information that we at present possess, is to be found in musty quartos of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of which the 'Travels of Marco Polo' and 'Purchas his Pilgrimes' are most conspicuous. Anything that may have been ascertained of this nation since the year 1637 has been 'gotten by stealth.' To the Dutchman Kämpfer, who resided at Nagasaki for some years, and was allowed, or rather compelled, under escort to visit the interior; to the Russian officer, Golownin, who was kept in captivity in the country for two years, in 1812 and 1813, and who afterwards published a 'narrative' of his imprisonment, 'with observations on the country and people;' to M. Doeff, the Dutch resident for some years at Nagasaki; and to Mr. C. W. King, of New York, who, in 1838, visited these islands on a mission of mercy, which would have secured him admission and welcome from any other people but the Chinese or Japanese, we owe most of our subsequent intelligence. This, however, as we have remarked, is but scanty, and only just sufficient to whet the curiosity and deepen the desire for fuller and more accurate accounts. These we shall doubtless soon receive, for the

* JAPAN: *An Account Geographical and Statistical.* From the earliest period at which the islands composing this empire were known to Europeans, down to the present time. By Charles Macfarlane. Routledge.

American Government has undertaken, foully or fairly, to break the seals that have hitherto shut out from Japan the gaze of any foreign intruder. Meanwhile, we will present our readers with an outline of our present 'advancement of knowledge,' in relation to this virgin land.

The first notice of Japan occurring in any European work is to be found in Marco Polo's Travels. At the close of the thirteenth century this celebrated adventurer was engaged in the service of Kublaï-Khan of Tartary. At his court he obtained the information that about fifteen hundred miles east of the mainland or coast of the Khan's dominions was an island, called by the Tartars Zipangu. At this time, and for some hundreds of years afterwards, the kingdom of Japan was supposed to consist of only one island. Now, it is known, that the Japanese isles are almost innumerable, though only four of them are of any great extent. Zipangu, Marco Polo was informed, was of considerable size; its inhabitants were reported to have fair complexions, to be well made, and civilized in their manners. Their religion was stated to be the worship of idols. The people were independent of every foreign power, and governed only by kings. Their mineral riches were inexhaustible, so vast indeed that the most precious of metals was employed in rich profusion in most articles of furniture in the sovereign's palace; and the narrator adds, that the wealth of the country had excited in the breast of the great Khan a strong desire to make a conquest of the island, and annex it to his own dominions. Marco Polo contented himself with the account he had received, and did not visit the islands. Some three hundred years after he wrote—in the year 1542—a Portuguese ship was driven by a storm on the coast of the still unknown country, and allowed to harbour in Bungo. Here the sailors were treated with great consideration. Their wants were supplied; they were permitted to travel through a part of the island (Kiusqú), and to trade and mix freely with the people. During their visit they saw sufficient to give them a very favourable impression of the beauty, wealth, and fertility of the country, and before they departed an arrangement was made for a regular traffic between Bungo and Portugal. The Japanese were no less pleased with their visitors, and, says Mr. Macfarlane, have preserved portraits of the two foreigners, Antonio Mota and Francesco Zeimoto, who first set foot on their shores.

At this period Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier were striving, with almost superhuman strength and energy, to build anew and extend the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. In a few years the fame of the Japanese islands reached the ears of the great apostle of the Jesuits. He was, at the time, in India, and immediately decided, notwithstanding the danger of the voyage and the warnings of his friends, to visit so promising a field of missionary labour.

'Accordingly,' says Mr. Macfarlane, in a note at the end of the present volume, 'Xavier, with two other Jesuits, three converts, and some other Christians, sailed from India for Malacca, and from thence, in a Chinese junk, to Japan. After a stormy passage of seven weeks, they landed at Kangasima, on the 15th of August, 1549. Here they were very graciously received, the prince

of Satzuma admitted Xavier to an audience, and gave him permission to teach and preach the Gospel.

'At this period the Japanese empire was the scene of frequent commotion and internal strife. The different princes were almost independent sovereigns. Contending with the supreme government, and with each other, they eagerly embraced every opportunity for realizing the objects of their ambition. The few years of intercourse with the Portuguese had sufficed to enlighten them upon the advantages and profits to be gained from their trade. Every encouragement was consequently given to the traders and settlers, and every facility afforded them for carrying on their commercial concerns.

'When Xavier arrived at Kangasima, the prince of Satzuma was not slow in observing the great respect and homage paid him by the merchants. To serve his own interests he, too, paid marked attention to Xavier, and endeavoured by persuasion and kindness to retain him at his court; conceiving that if he could conciliate Xavier, and induce him to reside in his state, the commerce of the Portuguese would also find its seat there, and prove a source of great revenue to him.'

Earnest, zealous, eloquent, benevolent, and charitable, the success of the missionaries was soon established, and before Xavier left, after a residence of nearly two years, the Roman Catholic Church had obtained a firm and strong hold on the hearts of the Japanese. Not, however, that we are disposed to give credence to the statement of the Jesuit fathers, and after travellers, quoted without comment by Mr. Macfarlane, that the immediate successor of Xavier 'founded fifty churches, and baptized with his own hands more than 30,000 converts.' It has been well ascertained that the success of the early Jesuit missions, though considerable and surprising, was not so marvellous as was represented by the imaginative pens of the zealous disciples of Loyola. There can be no question, however, that the Roman Catholic faith made great progress in Japan. The people were blinded and attracted by the pomp and ceremonial of its half Pagan, half Christian, ritualism. In connexion with the first attempts of the Jesuits to plant the Catholic faith in these islands, there is a ludicrous circumstance mentioned by Kämpfer. 'At first,' says this old Dutch writer, 'the fathers, being unacquainted with the policy, customs, manners, and language of the Japanese, were obliged to get their sermons and lessons to the people translated into Japanese by not over-skilful interpreters, and the Japanese words written in Latin characters, which being done, they read out of these papers what they did not understand themselves, and in a manner, as may be easily imagined, which could not but expose them to the laughter of the less serious part of their audience.' But in spite of these drawbacks, Romanism had so far gained on the affections of the people in 1582, that the Japanese Christians sent an embassy of seven persons to Rome, who were presented at the Vatican on the enthronization of Pope Sixtus V. in 1585. Nor was the court altogether unfavourable to the new faith, and monks and friars, native and foreign, were permitted to take up their residence in the principal cities of the empire. These, however, presumed too much upon their strength and influence. All accounts agree in representing that they grew rapacious, sensual, and insolent. They aped the manners of the highest aristocracy; undisguisedly sought for lands and wealth by any and every

means; openly cursed the old religions, and at last refused to the grandees of the nation the common respect due to the rank which they occupied. This brought down the first storm of persecution upon the Roman Catholic Church. The hitherto mild and tolerant character of the native government at once changed. The adherents of the new faith were proscribed, many were impaled upon the cross, the rest were scattered abroad through every quarter of the empire; the crosses were pulled down, schools and churches were razed to the ground, and the Faith itself was declared 'infamous, subversive of all ancient institutions, and of all authority and government.' In this persecution the native professors suffered to a much greater extent than the foreigners. Self-interest prompted a more lenient course to be pursued towards the Portuguese. Their commerce had become valuable, and this was still allowed, but they were confined to one islet, and denied the privilege longer to roam at large through the country. Before this occurred, however, the Dutch had visited the island, and through the influence of one William Adams, an Englishman, who had attained to great favour at court, and whose romantic story, copied from Purchas, forms not the least interesting part of Mr. Macfarlane's volume, obtained permission to trade with the people. At this time the Portuguese and Dutch were at war, and soon after an event occurred which, for its influence on the future fortunes of the strangers, and on the opening political and commercial relations of Japan, may be regarded as the most important in the history of that country. We quote Mr. Macfarlane's account of this event:—

'A Portuguese ship, on its way from the East to Lisbon, was captured by the Dutch near the Cape of Good Hope. Among other matters found on board the prize, were certain treasonable letters to the King of Portugal, written by a native Japanese, styled by the Europeans Captain Moro. This man had long been a principal agent of the Portuguese in the country, a close friend of the Jesuits, and a great zealot for the Roman Church. Whether the Jesuits themselves, or others of the missionaries, were privy to this correspondence, is not clearly proved; but there is reason at least to suspect that the force of circumstances had induced, or compelled, the Jesuits (the real agents of that conversion) to associate themselves with the disaffected native Christians, and with a native political party, in some civil feud which then distracted Japan. Their converts were so numerous, and could be increased with so much facility, that they may have entertained the not very unreasonable hope of being able, with some assistance from Europe, to overturn the old empire, and establish a new and Christian dynasty. In other eyes besides those of the disciples of Loyola, such an end would have gone far to justify the means. The Dutch, rejoicing in so excellent an opportunity of finishing the ruin of the Portuguese, lost no time in laying the intercepted letters before their patron, the Prince of Firando, who communicated them to the governor of Nagasaki, as supreme director and judge in foreign affairs. Poor Captain Moro, the Japanese Christian, was forthwith arrested. He stoutly denied the charge and the letters; but his own hand and seal were against him. His letters laid open the whole plot, which the Japanese Christians, in conjunction with some Portuguese, had laid against the emperor's throne. They also showed that all they wanted was a supply of soldiers and ships, which had been promised them from Portugal; and, unhappily, they revealed the names of the Japanese chiefs who had entered into the conspiracy, the success of which was to be crowned by the benediction of the Pope at Rome. It is also asserted that these discoveries were afterwards confirmed by another letter, written by Moro to the Portuguese

Government at Macao, which was intercepted and brought to Nagasaki by a Japanese vessel. Poor Moro was burned alive at a stake; and in the course of the year (1637) an imperial proclamation was issued, decreeing that "the whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished for ever.'"

'The same proclamation,' continues Mr. Macfarlane, 'set forth that no Japanese ship or boat, or any native of Japan, should henceforth presume to quit the country under pain of forfeiture and death; that any Japanese returning from a foreign country should be put to death; that no nobleman or soldier should be suffered to purchase anything of a foreigner; that any person presuming to bring a letter from abroad, or to return to Japan after he had been banished, should die, with all his family, and that whosoever presumed to intercede for such offender should be put to death, &c.; that all persons who propagated the doctrines of the Christians, or bore that scandalous name, should be seized and immured in the common gaol, &c. A reward was offered for the discovery of every padre, or priest, and a smaller reward for the discovery of every native Christian.

'Some of the Portuguese were scared away at once; but others lingered in their narrow factory or prison at Desima, hoping that the wrath would blow over, and that they might yet be allowed at least a little traffic. But the emperor was resolved to get rid of them entirely; and on the assurance of the Dutch that they would regularly supply the country with the goods and commodities required, he again declared the Portuguese enemies of the empire, and forbade them for ever to import even the goods of their own country.

'Thus the Portuguese lost their profitable trade with Japan; and they were totally expelled the country before the close of the year 1639.'

A cold and horrible massacre of all the native converts to Romanism followed, a massacre in which, to their indelible disgrace, the Dutch openly assisted. Forty thousand are said to have perished in this bloody destruction—a number which places the event on the same platform of infamy with the persecutions of the Diocletian and Vaudois Christians. Political considerations were of course the pretext for the massacre, and with the Japanese it was unquestionably, we think, an honest one, but the help of the Dutch was rendered for the paltriest mercenary consideration. Their conduct admits neither of justification nor apology, but it serves pointedly to illustrate the wretched and hardening influence, on this commercial nation, of their sordid thirst for gold. The Christians were buried in one common heap, where they were slaughtered, and over their yawning grave was placed this blaspheming, but puny inscription:—'So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head.'

Since this period, no nation but the Dutch has been permitted to harbour near any town or village of the Japanese. English, American, and Russian vessels have repeatedly assayed to establish an intercourse

with the people, but the attempt has always failed. The law admits of no exception, and any one who should break it, must either commit suicide to save his family from death and dishonour, and his lands from sequestration, or himself, and all connected with him, be involved in one common ruin. One is glad to know that the Dutch have not reaped much profit from their apostasy from humanity. They are confined to the wretched islet of Desima, which Kämpfer says, is 'more like a prison than a factory,' and within a space of 600 feet in length and 240 in breadth. From this islet they dare not stir; on it they are obliged to live in miserable wooden houses; they are constantly watched by guards, police, and spies; and, moreover, 'are obliged to pay these people for the annoyance they cause them.' No female, native or foreign, is allowed to be with them; while everything is done by the Government and its agents to insult and harass the traders. Probably no other nation but the Dutch would have submitted, for so long a period, to these humiliating conditions of traffic; at any rate, for so small a recompense. The Chinese restrictions on commerce were once galling enough; but 'what can move a Dutchman?'

It is hardly remarkable, that with the very limited sources of information that have been opened to us, our knowledge of the history of Japan should be extremely fragmentary, and, perhaps, incorrect. The Japanese, however, are a literary people, and if once their jealousy of strangers be overcome, it is probable that we shall know more of their history than of any other Eastern nation. According to present accounts, they claim, in common with the Egyptians, Persians, Hindoos, and Chinese, to be descended from the gods. Mr. Macfarlane adopts the conclusions of modern ethnologists, that the race is of Tartar origin, and belongs to the great Mongolian family; and he supposes, in common with Dr. Pickering, that they may once have peopled a great part of the American continent. If so, they should bear some resemblance to the present race of Red Indians, and we doubt not any ethnologist, always excepting Dr. Knox, would not be long in detecting a number of incidents in tradition, language, and formation, common to both people. As it is, they trace their monarchy to the year 660 B.C.—a date just upon one hundred years later than that now established as the year of the foundation of Rome. At this period, their emperors appear to have had an uncommon tenacity of life, and one of them is said to have attained the age of 156 years. Their government then was strictly theocratical, the same person uniting in himself the offices of priest and king. Subsequently the duties were divided, and until the present time there are two reigning sovereigns, one, the Dairi, discharging the duties of the spiritual, and the other, the Mikado, of the secular government.

As far as our present information extends, the course of Japanese history has been unusually smooth. Civil wars appear to have been their greatest curse. Of invasions they have known but little—a circumstance owing as much to their insular position as to the fact that they have

no conquering people resident near them. Kublai Khan, to whom we have before referred, after he had subjected the whole of the Chinese empire to his dominion, twice attempted an invasion of Japan. The first invasion failed. On the second occasion, it is said—we apprehend with the usual accuracy of Japanese historians—that the fleet of the Tartar despot consisted of not fewer than 4,000 vessels, and that the number of men embarked amounted to 240,000. This is stated in the true spirit of national vanity, common to all Eastern annalists. If their nation ever gains a victory, it is always over an immense force, for the greater the power of the enemy, the greater is their prowess in withstanding, and their glory in overcoming it. A second time the 'gods of the country' fought for Japan; a storm scattered the fleet, and those who escaped the storm fell by the hands of the enemy. After this we hear of no invasion of the sacred empire.

Every nation has its hero, and the hero of the Japanese is *Taiko Samo*, 'Most High and Sovereign Lord,' *alias* 'The Ape,' who governed Japan during the latter part of the sixteenth century. Taiko Samo is stated to have commenced his career as a hewer and carrier of wood.

'From this menial occupation he was taken into the service of an officer attached to the court of Nobounanga, the Ziogun. In the capacity of a private soldier, he attracted the attention of the Ziogun, who had the reputation of being a shrewd judge of men. His advancement was rapid. At length he obtained a separate command, and in a short space of time was recognised as one of the most skilful generals of the empire. His patron the Ziogun, now reaped the fruits of his discernment; and Taiko zealously strove to repay to his sovereign the favours he had received from him. It was owing to his skill and valour, that the cause of Nobounanga was maintained against a host of powerful opponents. But, though powerful against hosts, Taiko was unable to restrain private malice. Nobounanga fell beneath the sabre or dagger of an assassin; leaving, as his successor, a grandson, a youth possessed of little influence or talent.

'Presently, on the death of Nobounanga, the most disaffected, turbulent, and ambitious of the princes and nobles of the land, flew to arms, contending among themselves for the seat of power. For a time, anarchy reigned; but, at length, Taiko, who had been fighting the battles of his late sovereign in a distant part of the land, arrived, by a succession of rapid marches, at the scene of action; and, falling suddenly on the contending parties, put their forces to the rout. The leader of a numerous and well-disciplined army, Taiko felt his power, and installed himself the successor of Nobounanga.

'The superiority of the Micado was at first acknowledged by the new Ziogun. After a few months, he declared himself independent and absolute. Irresistible in might and skill, he crushed every attempt at opposition; and, ruling the princes and nobles with a rod of iron, he reduced them to a state of abject submission. Adding policy to force, he declared war against Corea, which, in the lapse of ages, had regained its independence, and despatched a force of 200,000 men for the conquest of that country.'

After the successful termination of the expedition, Taiko distinguished himself no less as a legislator than he had before as a warrior. He was evidently a man of great powers of mind, strong will, indomitable courage, and a perfect master of the most difficult of all arts—the art of ruling. His laws are represented to be extremely severe and inflexible, but just, and well adapted to circumstance and time. He

governed with magnificence, taxing enormously the rich, but, remembering perhaps his own origin, letting the poor go free. His renown extended to Europe, and his power was done deference to even by the Celestial emperor. There is extant a characteristic speech of this man made to the ambassador of the Spanish Indies:—

'"The kingdom of Japan," he said, "containeth above sixty states, or jurisdictions, which, from long time, had been sorely afflicted with internal broils and civil wars; by reason that wicked men, traitors to their country, did conspire to deny obedience to their sovereign lord. Even in my youth did this matter grieve my spirit, and from early days I took counsel with myself how this people might best be made subject to order, and how peace might be restored to the kingdom. That so mighty a work might be brought about, I especially essayed to practise these three virtues which follow:—Therefore I strove to render myself affable to all men, thereby to gain their good will: I spared no pains to judge all things with prudence, and to comport myself with discretion: nothing did I omit to do that might make men esteem me for valour of heart and fortitude of mind. Now, by these means, have I gained the end I sought. All the kingdom is become as one, and is subject to my sole rule. I govern with mildness, that yields only to my energy as a conqueror. Most especially do I view with favour the tillers of the ground; they it is by whom my kingdom is filled with abundance.

'"Severe as I may be deemed, my severity is visited alone on those who stray into the ways of wickedness. Thus hath it come to pass, that at this present time, peace universal reigns in the empire; and in this tranquillity consisteth the strength of the realm. Like to a rock, which may not be shaken by any power of the adversary, is the condition of this vast monarchy under my rule."'

From the connexion of the Japanese with the Mongolian race, and the proximity of their country to the Chinese empire, it might naturally be supposed that their religion would partake of the character of that most common in these countries. This, however, is not altogether the case. Buddhism prevails to a great extent, and tinctures every other form of worship; but it is by no means predominant. We believe there are some thirty different kinds of religion in Japan, all of which are equally tolerated. The national and original faith of the people is, however, peculiar to Japanese, and like all the ancient heathen faiths, it is mythological. In a certain sense, also, it is historical. It may be interesting to Mr. Parker and Mr. Newman to be told that 'spiritualism' has not yet found its way to this remote country. The national religion of Japan is denominated *Sinsyn*, Mr. Macfarlane tells us, 'from the words *Sin* (the gods) and *Syn* (faith).' Its votaries are called Sintoos. According to this religion, the Supreme Deity is self-existent and self-created, 'sprung from primeval chaos.' After him, from the same source, arose two 'creative gods,' who from chaos framed the earth.

'The universe,' says this wild and curious superstition, 'was then governed for myriads of years, by seven gods in succession. They are called the Celestial Gods. The last of them was the only one that had a wife, and to him the earth we inhabit owes its existence. Once upon a time he said to his wife, "There should be, somewhere, a habitable earth. Let us seek it under the waters that are seething beneath us." He plunged his spear into the water, and as he withdrew it, the turbid drops that trickled from the weapon congealed and formed a great island. This island was Kewsew, the largest of the eight which then constituted the world—for Japan was then all the world. Eight millions of gods

were then called into existence, and the ten thousand things necessary to mankind were created. The plastic divinity then committed the government of the whole to his favourite daughter, Ten-sio-dai-zin, the Sun Goddess, whose reign was shortened to the space of 250,000 years. She was succeeded by four other gods, who altogether reigned two million and odd years. These are the Terrestrial Gods. The last of them, having married a terrestrial wife, left a mortal son upon earth, named Zin-mu-ten-wou, the ancestor and progenitor of every Daïri or Mikado that has ruled in Japan. Of all these gods of Sintoo mythology, none seem to be objects of great worship except the Sun Goddess; and she is too great to be addressed in prayer, except through the mediation of the inferior Kami, or of her lineal descendant, the Mikado. The Kami consist of 492 born gods, and 2,640 canonized or deified mortals. All these are mediatory spirits, and have temples dedicated to them.'

Mr. Macfarlane adds, that he writes 'doubtingly' of this ancient and weird faith, on account of the evident admixture with it of other forms of belief. Dr. Siebold, from whom Mr. Macfarlane has evidently derived most of his information, writes that the Sintoos believe in the immortality of the soul, in a future state of rewards and punishments, in heaven and in hell. The primary duties of this religion consist in the constant preservation of pure fire, as the emblem of purity; in purity of soul, heart, and body; an exact observance of festival days; pilgrimage; and the worship of the 'Kami' or gods both in the temples and at home. It is a remarkable fact in these and minor regulations that they bear an exact resemblance to the institutions of Moses. The first four that we have enumerated are identical with the laws of the Jews, and like those laws have all reference to an inward purification symbolized by the outward rites. The fifth may be regarded as, doubtless, having been once symbolical of the duty to 'worship God alway,' at home as well as in His peculiar abode, but like the institution of images in the Roman Catholic Church, the worship of the thing signified degenerated into the worship of the thing by which it was signified. In many other instances, particularly in the law of defilement by contact with the dead, and the consequent necessity of a 'seven days' purification,' and in the custom of 'annual' pilgrimages to the Sun goddess, a near resemblance to the Jewish faith may be recognised. As the universal tradition amongst all nations of the great Deluge seems to confirm the accuracy of the Scripture history, and the theory of the common origin of mankind, so does this barbaric religion of the truth of the Mosaic narrative in Leviticus and Deuteronomy; confirming also the fact that the parent religion was a thing of no recent origin, or a nation which dates its existence as a people united under one government from a time anterior to the birth of Christ more than six centuries, could not have had it incorporated into their national life and belief.

We have mentioned that Buddhism also prevails in Japan, but of its uses or rites our reader need not be informed. The third chief religion of the empire is Suto, or doctrine of the philosophers. It is the creed of the higher classes, and consists of a refined mysticism, which may be denominated the worship of the Spirit of Nature. The other religions are various, and none of them is punished excepting the Christian. All are on an equality, both as to public honour and emoluments,

and dissensions amongst their professors are scarcely ever known. Indeed, so accommodating are the Japanese, in regard to the faith of their brethren, that one writer states that they will occasionally worship each other's gods, out of mere politeness and courtesy! At a certain time, when religious disputes ran higher than recently, the Government, we are told, 'decided them in a summary manner, whipping, and even beheading some of the fiercest of the controversialists.' 'Summary' indeed! and a course, we are afraid, that would have put a stop even to the Arminian and Pelagian controversies.

It is a remarkable circumstance in connexion with the religious professions of the Japanese, that at the time when the Portuguese discovered the isles, there existed a sect whose doctrines bore the strongest resemblance to those of the purest Christianity. They comprised, according to Mr. Meylan, 'the existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour, born of a virgin, with almost every other essential dogma of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity.' This form of religion was said to be introduced in the reign of the Chinese emperor, Minti, who ascended the Celestial throne about A.D. 50. Mr. Macfarlane, and an able anonymous writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' suppose from these statements, that one of the apostles or early Christians may have visited India and Japan immediately after the death of Christ; but until the evidence is more conclusive than that founded upon the mere tradition of a people, of whom we still know almost next to nothing, compared with what doubtless might be known on greater intimacy being established with them, we must refuse our assent to this hypothesis.

We have left ourselves little space to sum up the remaining characteristics of this remarkable country. Of its physical features we can here say nothing. Its extent has been calculated at 160,000 square miles; its population is assumed by Mr. Macculloch, always a careful writer, at not less than 50,000,000, but Mr. Macfarlane estimates it at only half that number. Certain it is that the country is everywhere densely peopled. Its principal city, Yedo, or Jeddo, was more than a century ago supposed, by observers, to contain nearly two millions of inhabitants; while Miaco, the residence of the ecclesiastical emperor, contained, at the same time, according to census, 500,000 inhabitants. The description by the Spaniard, Don Rodrigo de Velassio, of the way in which village joins to village and town to town for miles together, reminds us of our impression of the 'large town of Kirkaldy.'

Life in these cities does not differ materially from life in our own or any European towns. The Japanese are 'essentially a sociable, pleasure-seeking people.' They work hard, and, as somebody once said, 'play hard.' Theatres flourish all over the country, and 'buy a bill of the play,' we are told, is as often heard in Jeddo as in London. Ladies amuse themselves with painting, drawing, and ornamental working. Their love of flowers is remarkable. The people are fond of reading, and, Mr. Macfarlane says, have plenty of all kinds to read. Popular festivals are as common as once they were with ourselves, and at them

music and the dance are largely encouraged. Indeed, says Kämpfer, 'joy, mirth, and hospitality are universal.' Their customs and amusements, in fine, correspond with the character universally ascribed to the people, of whom Xavier said, 'I know not when to have done when I speak of the Japanese. They are truly the delight of my heart.' The narrative of the pilot Adams shows them to be grateful, affectionate, and liberal to a high degree. Kämpfen speaks of their 'busy and industrious' habits. The Jesuit missionary, Froes, describes them of an 'excellent natural disposition.' Sir Edward Belcher, who had a brief interview with some of the people in 1843, says that 'the gentlemen of Japan were most polite and courteous, conducting themselves with refined and polished urbanity, and exhibiting in their actions a dignified and respectful demeanour, that put to shame the ill-breeding of the seamen who ventured to laugh at them.' They are frank, open-hearted, truthful and courageous. On the other hand, they are licentious, rash, and, says Mr. Rundall, 'haughty and vindictive.' That they are a highly civilized people cannot now be questioned. They are acquainted with every art of working in metals; their silk and cotton manufactures are said to excel the productions of most Eastern countries; their art of lacquering in wood is well known; they make glass coloured and uncoloured; looking-glasses, telescopes, and watches. Paper is 'manufactured in great abundance,' and printing is said to have been known more than two hundred years previous to its invention by Faust and Guttenberg in Germany. In working of steel they excel most people, and their tempering is admirable. Carving and dye-sinking they also know, and they have a stamped copper coinage. They also understand the art of casting statues in metal. Guns and cannons of superior workmanship are used in warfare. Their great manufacturers are literally 'merchant princes,' but the customs and castes of society prevent their moving from their circle. Schools are established all over the country, and all are taught to read and write. But the best proof of the real civilization of the Japanese is to be found in their treatment of the female sex. Their condition is unquestionably superior to that of the women in any other Oriental country. 'They are subjected to no seclusion, and hold a fair station in society.' Their manners are kind, polite, and chaste, and their purity is proverbial. 'A faithless wife,' says a well-informed writer, 'is, we are universally assured, a phenomenon unknown in Japan.'

It is deeply to be regretted that a people so amiable, intelligent, and civilized, should be shut out by the arbitrary laws of a jealous and arbitrary government from intercourse with the nations of the world. Our readers know that the American Government has sent an expedition to break through the barrier of these laws. That they will eventually succeed we have no doubt, but perhaps not until they have gone through the bloody ordeal of war. They will not have patience to wait and persevere, till the prejudices of the Government give way to reason and the argument of interest. Their *right* to *force* an intercourse with an unwilling people we seriously question. It is, we know, said, and we are not surprised to see that Mr. Macfarlane gives his

assent to the proposition, that the Japanese law is contrary to the established law of civilized nations, and that no government has a right so to place itself out of the pale of nationality. But we deny the morality of the doctrine; and the United States would be the first and loudest to protest against its application to itself. Was the consent of Japan asked to the 'established law of nations?' Did she ever do a positive injustice or injury to any other people? Who can charge *her* with such a gigantic crime as now exists in the United States? Slavery truly exists in Japan, but the slave is a man, and protected by every law that protects his master. The truth of the matter is, that Japan lies in the course from the State of California to the Chinese Empire, and it would be convenient and profitable to secure a harbourage and commerce with her. She has coal, in which California and the Pacific states are deficient. But are law and morality to be outraged that the United States may reap a few more thousand dollars from the gains of commerce and navigation?

The Teachers of Popular Infidelity.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

Most intelligent Christian people have an impression—warned to that effect by Dr. Whately some five-and-twenty years ago—that the infidelity of the nineteenth, is not that of the seventeenth or eighteenth century; and that its popular living exponents are more decorous, if not better, men than the Carlile and Taylor of the last generation. But the notion of the *thing* is a vague one, with all but the observant few; and the general sentiment towards the *men* is, that the less they shock the more they are to be feared. The precise relation of this infidelity and its teachers to the mass of the people—or to that 'intelligent artizan class' which statesmen and religionists agree in regarding as the colouring matter of English society—is likewise unknown: it is only known that that class is not Christian in any satisfactory sense of the term. I am glad to have obtained leave to exhibit, through the 'Christian Spectator,' some views of the subject that may contribute to its better understanding. If I succeed in my own purpose, I shall serve Christianity without displeasing its impugners.

I am anxious, in the first place, to say, that it is with much reluctance I use the term 'infidelity' in the superscription of these papers. I have carefully cast about for a word that should be at once equally indicative and less objectionable—but cannot find it. The thing I mean is—hostility to Christianity as a revealed religion; including Atheism and Deism—disbelief in God, and rejection of Christ as a supernaturally authorized teacher. I should be glad to see the epithet 'infidel,' restricted to its strict significance—one who is 'unfaithful.'

The denier and the doubter would then be released from a stigma—to the practical unbeliever would be transferred the odium that justly attaches to embodied falsehood. The people of whom I am about to write would object, some of them, to being styled 'unbelievers'—others of them, to being styled 'Anti-christians.' 'Rationalism' I do not concede. To avoid periphrasis, therefore, I must apply a conventional term with a disclaimer of offensive intentions.

One cannot walk about London open-eyed, without observing announcements of Sunday evening lectures on various topics, not infrequently religious; and sometimes in a coffee-house window may be read the notice, 'A Theological Discussion here on Sunday evenings.' In the larger advertisements, the name of Mr. G. Jacob Holyoake will pretty regularly appear. Perhaps in the same connexion will be found a list of publications by that gentleman. Inquiry would elicit the fact that Mr. Holyoake is the most popular of these lecturers—is also the editor of a periodical (the 'Reasoner'), which may be regarded as the organ of his party—is the founder of one or two organizations avowedly antagonistic to Christianity—and has the reputation, among Christians themselves, of superior ability, purity of life, and invincible courtesy in discussion. I may add, of my own knowledge, that among political and social reformers, Mr. Holyoake is a self-appointed but unassuming moderator: no less decided in opinion and bold in speech than any, he is ever chiding the violent, counselling the ardent, and stimulating the sluggish.

With the reputation alluded to, the Rev. H. Townley did himself no dishonour in consenting to publicly discuss with Mr. Holyoake, on a recent occasion, the fundamental thesis—'Is there sufficient proof of the existence of a God?' That discussion originated, I believe, at the instance of a gentleman of Islington, who had frequently engaged in personal controversies with Mr. Holyoake's disciples in that neighbourhood. A verbatim report of the discussion has been printed,* and is attracting considerable attention. The controvertialists appear to have conducted their respective cases, through two nights' debate, with admirable temper. For myself, I could wish that Mr. Townley had abstained, in his opening speech, from reading a letter from a Mr. Henry Knight, avowing his conversion from Atheism to orthodox Christianity; and, adding an expression of the joy it would give him to see his present opponent likewise renouncing *his* opinions. It is the vice of theologians that they suffer anxiety to proselytize to disturb the passionless pursuit of truth; and it is not a likely method to convert a man, that of audibly praying over him. Mr. Holyoake's response to this part of his opponent's address, and to the citation

* Report of a Public Discussion, carried on by Henry Townley, formerly Missionary to Calcutta, and late Minister of Bishopsgate Chapel, London, and George Jacob Holyoake, Editor of the 'Reasoner,' &c. &c., in the Scientific Institution, John-street, Fitzroy-square, London, on the Question—'Is there sufficient Proof of the Existence of a God; that is, of a Being distinct from Nature?' Edited, with Notes and an Appendix, by Henry Townley; and a Preface, by James Bennett, D.D. London: Ward and Co.

of some lofty names on the side of Theism, was in these solemn sentences :—

'I am as much concerned as this reverend gentleman can be, as to what shall be the issue of my own condition in the future; I am as much concerned in the solution of this question as he is himself; and I believe that the views I entertain, or that any of us may entertain, conscientiously, will be our justification in that issue, if we should come to want justification. When we pass through the inexorable gates of the future; when we pass through that vestibule where Death stands opening his everlasting gates as widely to the pauper as to the king; when we pass out here into the dim mysteries of the future, to confront, it may be the interrogations of the Eternal—I apprehend every man's responsibility will go with him, and no second-hand opinions will answer for us. Nothing can justify us, nothing can give us confidence, but the conscientious nature of our own conclusions; nothing can give us courage but innocence; nothing can serve our turn but having believed according to the best of our judgment, and having followed those principles which seem to us to be the truth.'

The course of the argument was this :—Mr. Townley appealed to the evidences of design in nature as proving the existence of a designer. This Mr. Holyoake seemed to admit, but pushed the argument *ad absurdam*, by asking, Who contrived the Contriver? Mr. Townley retorted, You are confounding the inductive and analogical processes; your mind is occupied about experience, which leads to certainty, and not about analogy, of which probability is the result. Mr. Holyoake insisted that nature presents no phenomena which may not be explicable from itself—Mr. Townley, that it is more probable they are the work of an independent intelligence; and that prudence dictates acceptance of the probability. Very impressive is Mr. Holyoake's rejoinder :—

'Now I think *that* the demoralization of reasoning. I know, on the part of my friend, this is said in the utmost purity—this is said in kindness, to warn us against what he supposes may be a precipice: but I submit, in human affairs we never so act; a man never asks himself, whether it is safe and proper to be a patriot, or to take the side of truth—he only asks, not whether it is prudent, but whether it is his duty to do so—whether it be right and proper. I confess, I believe in this matter we ought to disregard the question of prudence, and cleave closely to the reasons of our conduct, and to the righteousness of our actions.

'I cannot say, with my friend, I am in search of happiness. I think, happiness ought to be a secondary thing. Our first thing is to make sure we are right; the next thing, is to make sure we do our duty. It is our business to walk in the right path, and leave our happiness to take care of itself. Harm can never happen to any who believe only that which seems to be true, who do only that which seems to them to be right, and who walk uprightly among men. Such people do not require prudence; prudence is best answered by that course, and happiness will come in the end.'

My conviction is, that every reader of the 'Discussion,' however much he may admire the ability and temper with which Mr. Holyoake conducted his side of the controversy, will come to the conclusion that Mr. Townley fairly and logically established the truth of his position. Mr. Holyoake repeatedly, in the course of the discussion, expresses himself as abashed at the presumption of dogmatism on either side of this great question. For my part, I do not say—is the substance of his language—There is no God; I only say, I *know* of none. The facts to which you point me do not warrant so positive a conclusion as you build upon them. It is but a sublime conjecture which you present, and I cannot consent to repose upon that. The opening path of knowledge may conduct us to God, or to a satis-

factory resting-place in nature. Of either result I shall be glad; but I will snatch at neither. 'I explain nothing'—are his actual words —'I do not explain how matter came to be, nor do I think any man can. Nature no man can fathom—we can only suppose, and all that is given to us is, not to suppose contradiction. Suppose we what we will, we still stand like children on the shores of eternity, who must look forward with wistful and unsatisfactory curiosity; but let the profound sense of our own littleness, which here creeps in upon us, check the dogmatic spirit, and arrest the presumptuous word—we stand in the great presence of Nature, whose inspiration should be that of modesty, humility, and love.'

To the same effect is the preface to the first volume of the 'Reasoner:'—

'Locke wrote, a century and a half ago, the objects this periodical essays to realize, in words to this effect:—"Were the capacities of our understandings well considered—the extent of our knowledge once discovered—and the horizon found which sets bounds between the enlightened and the dark parts of things—between what is and what is not comprehensible by us—men would acquiesce in leaving the unknown alone, and employing their thoughts and discussions with more advantage and satisfaction on the affairs of this life." This is what the "Reasoner" aims at in Theology. It treats it as a speculation—interesting, but still undetermined—and regards religion as a premature result, as an unfounded practice, as fealty sworn to an unknown king, as the obeyance of dubious and conjectural mandates.'

And in the 'exposition of the principles of the Society of Theological Utilitarians,' we are told:—

'It is not denied that God exists. It is not said that God cannot exist. The argument is, that the fact is not made out.'

This, no doubt, is Atheism; but it is not so certainly the Atheism on which David fixed the eternal stigma of folly—nor that which John Foster characterised as the 'portentous heroism' of impiety. It does not sound like the self-congratulation of the coward heart that dares to deny because it fears to believe. It does not look like the last of a series of 'proud triumphs over religious faith'—the premature exultation of guilt 'that the grand Foe is retiring.' It has the air of dignified submission to a sorrowful necessity—of the intellectual conscientiousness that will not grasp at a conclusion, however inviting, fairly beyond the reach of reason. It is a position which entitles the man who occupies it, to something more respectful than compassion; and renders the imputation of wilful unbelief a dishonour to religion, and an offence against free speech. It is, therefore, with indignant regret —though, from my acquaintance with our religious literature, not with surprise—that I have read a notice of this discussion in the 'Evangelical Magazine,' replete with loose statement and contemptuous bitterness. The reproduction of such notices in the 'Reasoner,' is infinitely more harmful, in my humble judgment, to the evangelical cause, than the ability and zeal of its editor. The intolerance of Christians is the feather that wings and the steel that arms the arrows that are shot from the 'temples of free thought' against Christianity itself. You can seldom listen to Mr. Holyoake for an hour, without being reminded that he has suffered six months' imprisonment for the avowal of his

Atheism—that Carlile and Hetherington were the martyrs of their free-thinking—that the laws under which their persecution took place are still upon the statute-book—that every now and then some conscientious unbeliever is insulted, and perhaps made to suffer, in a court of justice, for his inability to take an oath—that a Christian suitor can, and sometimes does, nonsuit his infidel opponent by informing against his opinions—that large properties have been perverted from the end to which they were bequeathed, because that end being anti-Christian, was held to be immoral—and at each of these reminiscences the applause will wax louder, and the cries of 'shame' more fierce. If, as a blushing Dissenter, I venture to remark, that it is the State Church that is responsible for all this—I am confounded by the unanswerable retort—What have you Dissenters done, then, to relieve us from legal disabilities? and do you not sanction them by your social intolerance? Do you not refuse our co-operation in politics—evade, or rudely interrupt, discussion—insinuate that our labours are sordid, our lives licentious, our auditories the 'depraved and deluded masses?' We are Dissenters equally with you—and the liberties you claim for yourselves, you cannot withhold from us; but you *love* us as the Jew loved the Samaritan, as the mediæval Papist loved the Jew.

Yet Atheism is so wretched, so gloomy, so dark a theory, that one can hardly always wonder at the intolerance it excites. The most difficult thing, to my mind, to see, the most difficult thought for my imagination to conceive, is that there is 'no God.'

I do not wish to represent, however, that Mr. Holyoake's Atheism is exclusively intellectual disability to accept the argument from design; or that he rejects Christianity merely because Christians are intolerant and the Church corrupt. The former explanation his speeches and writings do not permit—the latter, he scornfully denies. In the discussion with Mr. Townley, he takes pains to impress his hearers with the practical gravity of the question before them. In his opening speech he says:—

'Neither of us would take an interest in a controversy on this point, if it were not for the foregone conclusions upon it—that this Being, distinct from nature, is in possession of certain attributes which are of immense consequence to us, if established. It is because there is more mixed up with the question than the mere fact as to whether some Being exists independently of nature; for instance, if any man would debate whether there existed a Divine Being—whether a Providence, who was the father of his creatures, whom we could propitiate by prayer in our danger, from whom we could obtain light in darkness, and help in distress—if any man debated a proposition like this, I should say there was much of great practical utility about it; I presume, the only value of debating it in this form is that afterwards that might come out of it.'

It is impossible to avoid feeling, that it is a foresight of the attributes which would be ascribed to a God, did he admit his existence—a knowledge of the doctrines that would be deduced from the proposition if consented to—that inspires Mr. Holyoake's advocacy of a negation with the ardour of positive belief, and the eloquence of anxiety to persuade. But if this be the case, it is *moral cowardice* that deters Mr. Holyoake from believing. A slight acquaintance with the history of his mind, will suffice to confirm and account for this impression.

Five years of his life were spent in the Sunday-school of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham. Twice every Sunday, for nearly the whole of that period, he sat beneath the pulpit of the Rev. J. Angell James. The author of the 'Anxious Inquirer' seems to have poured all the influence of that celebrated book upon the head of his young disciple. An imaginative and sensitive youth was inflamed by presentations of truth that alternately attracted and repelled him—inspired by turns the raptures of adoring love, and an anguish less selfish but not less poignant than despair. Such, at least, is my interpretation, in the light of my own heart-memories, of this terrible fragment of autobiography:—

'My youth was sacrificed at the shrine of piety. My days were given to toil and to prayer. After the day's task was done, I was lured into the prayer-meeting. When the seventh day of rest came, I was immured in a Sunday-school, and it brought no rest to me. The should-have-been buoyancy of youth was absorbed by the gloom of religion. Premature cares weighed on my young spirit. Supernatural fears destroyed my peace, and I was degraded by an artificial sense of depravity. I looked on nature not as inherently glorious, but as the unintelligent tool of God—regarded the world only as a sublunary trial—my friends, but as brands of an eternal burning: pleasure was a temptation, joy a crime, and death a horrid foreboding. I knew no cheerfulness, no utility. Now these were with me, as they are at this hour with millions, but the religious additions to the natural calamities of my birth. I was reared in want, and was more familiar with desolation than with the rising sun. With indignation I look back on the direction given to my aims. Instead of being encouraged to rely upon my own energies, and calculate my own resources, I was sent to the throne of grace, and cruel was the mockery of my petitions. No God ever had a truer suppliant or more devout worshipper, yet those near and dear to me perished unheeded around me.'

I cannot trace the connecting links between this and the next succeeding phase of Mr. Holyoake's career with which I am acquainted. I know not whether it was at one leap he emerged from this gulf of darkness mingled with lurid fire, and gained the bold but dreary eminence from which he now looks back with 'devout thankfulness' on the 'gins and pitfalls of evangelical religion;' or whether, as is more probable, he fought his way through the tangled thicket of metaphysics to a standing-place in materialism. Surely, the face that was averted in anguish more akin to perplexity than fear, from an Almighty Terror, did not, when uplifted, look at once into a vacant universe, and accept escape instead of victory? Surely, with slow and laborious demonstration the problem was wrought out, and a result contrary to universal belief attained?—When next Mr. Holyoake is met with, it is at the bar of a tribunal which is sentencing him to punishment for his new belief. He emerges from prison the consecrated apostle of his persecuted faith—for *it is a faith* that he has taken up with. There is a positive side to the negation for which he has suffered—and for that positive side he is preparing to work. No longer a believer in God and his providence, in Christ and his salvation, he preaches nature and science, art and morality—nature, the only subject of knowledge; science, 'the providence of life;' morality, the harmony of action; art, the culture of the individual and of society. In January, 1846, appears the first number of 'The Reasoner'—which promises to 'restrict itself to the known and the

present,' and to 'seek to realize in its fulness the life that *is*.' Our Birmingham youth has taken refuge from the 'tyrants' of his childhood in the belief that the world is fatherless; but he will make it, as much as he can, a pure, pleasant, and honourable home—he will strive to diffuse the utility and cheerfulness lacking in his mother's house.

I have mentioned a society of 'Theological Utilitarians.' Of that association Mr. Holyoake was the founder; and I believe the following exposition of its objects is by his hand:—

'I. The extirpation of the grosser religions and the refutation of the refined ones. II. The registering of Theological arguments—distinguishing such as remain unanswered from such as have been refuted. III. The reduction of the authority of the Bible to the level of profane history—Moses to the level of Mahomet, David to Milton, Paul to Cicero. IV. The promulgation of systematic morality, founded on the nature of man, and his harmonious relation to external things—a morality independent of religion, and which, instead of showing men to heaven, shows them to themselves, and as Bishop Butler expresses it, "deduces their course of life and behaviour from that which their real natures point out."'

The first clause excites at once a smile and a shudder, by the simplicity of its avowal. 'The extirpation of the grosser religions, and the refutation of the refined'—the bloody rites of Juggernaut, and the sweet words of Jesus, alike to be trodden out by the iron foot of utility!—But some will not be displeased to see that Mr. Holyoake has no mercy for semi-Christianity—makes no advances to those who would sacrifice all that is substantial in the religion of the New Testament, for the sake of extending its merely nominal dominion.

The 'Society of Theological Utilitarians' has, I believe, come to a natural end. But, its leader has recently founded another, and a more elaborate organization, entitled the 'Society of Seculars.' He appears to think that his mission has accomplished its first stage—that having won for free-thinking, even for Atheism, the right of free speech, it should now enter the field of constructive effort. The creed of the association—for a creed is not disavowed—I take to be identical with that of the Utilitarians; but its object is of a more practical character. 'One public purpose is,' we are told, 'to obtain the repeal of all Acts of Parliament that interfere with secular practices, by forcing religious compliances of speech or conduct, and to obtain the abrogation of so much of the common law as may be applied to the same purposes. The first branch of this object will be to obtain the passing of an Act of Parliament which shall enable persons to make affirmations, who object to the terms and ceremonies of oaths.' This society will have branches wherever two or three of its adherents are resident. The number already attached to the society I know not. Mr. Holyoake has somewhere said that his (*i. e.* infidel—not exclusively atheistic) views, have a hundred thousand sympathizers in the United Kingdom, and are held, as deliberate convictions, by twenty or thirty thousand. In another place he speaks of the wide field open between 'the dilettante scepticism of gentlemen, and the undisciplined rationalism of the poor.' The estimate I deem moderate—the sphere, a wide one. Popular infidelity will, therefore, soon become an organized and distinct thing

in the capital of Christendom. I doubt, however, whether organization can long exist where there is so little that is positive in belief. Yet I long to see Christians take their right place. It may be a step towards that, to get them to understand the man who is the impersonation of this element. One more quotation from his writings—the closing paragraph of a little volume on Discussion * will show, better than further words of mine, how eloquent and earnest a man is he, and how false to the spirit of their faith have some Christians been:—

'False is the tongue which tells us that we implore debate in vanity. Let our lives bear witness whether we have idly entreated the privilege of controversy. We sought it for light, we coveted it for direction, and we maintain it for self-defence. We have won the privilege dearly, and shall not resign it. We appealed to the clergy, and they would not heed us. Standing on the dim and shadowy verge of the future, where every man must tread for himself and alone the vestibule of the eternal labyrinth, we appealed to our brother traveller for light and help. We trusted to his Christian profession of love and truth, of service and gentle speech, and he turned from us in contempt, bestowed no word upon us, but went and denounced us to those who had influence—and abandoned us to the fury of the bigot and the vulgarity of the rabble—and *we were driven away like a plague ship to carry our agony into the loneliness of the sea.*'

This is not the *true* way to treat Infidelity. Mr. Townley has met it in the right spirit. So have others whom we could name. Is not the infidel—infidel though he be—a man and a brother? He may not know the Father of All, but *is he not* one of his children?

Δ

Jessie Hampton.

By T. S. Arthur.†

'What are you doing here, miss?'

The young girl thus addressed was sitting by a centre-table, upon which stood a lamp, in a handsomely furnished drawing-room. She laid aside the book she was reading, and, without making any reply, rose up quickly and retired. Two or three persons, members of the family, were present. All observed the effect of Mrs. Freeman's words, yet no one had heard what was said; nor would they have been aware that more than a request for some service had been made, but for the lady's remark as the girl left the room.

'I might as well begin at once, and let Jessie know her place.'

'What did you say to her, ma?' asked a young lady who sat swinging herself in a large rocking-chair.

'I simply asked her what she was doing here.'

'What did she answer?'

* Why do the Clergy avoid Discussion, and the Philosophers discountenance it? By G. J. Holyoake. London: J. Watson.

† 'Woman's Trials.' By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia, U.S.: Lippincott and Co.

'Nothing. The way in which I put the question fully explained my meaning. I am sorry that there should have arisen a necessity for hurting her feelings; but if the girl doesn't know her place, she must be told where it is.'

'I don't see that she was doing any great harm,' remarked an old gentleman, who sat in front of the grate.

'She was not in her place, brother,' said Mrs. Freeman, with an air of dignity. 'We employ her as a teacher in the family, not as a companion. Her own good sense should have taught her this.'

'You wouldn't have us make an equal of Jessie Hampton, would you, uncle Edward?' inquired the young lady who sat in the rocking-chair.

'You cannot make her your equal, Fanny, in point of worldly blessings, for, in this matter, Providence has dealt more hardly with her than with you. As to companionship, I do not see that she is less worthy now than she was a year ago.'

'You talk strangely, Edward,' said Mrs. Freeman, in a tone of dissent.

'In what way, sister?'

'There has been a very great change in a year. Jessie's family no longer moves in our circle.'

'True; but is Jessie any the less worthy to sit in your parlour than she was then?'

'*I* think so, and that must decide the matter,' returned Mrs. Freeman, evincing some temper.

The old gentleman said no more; but Fanny remarked—'I was not in favour of taking Jessie, for I knew how it would be; but Mrs. Carlton recommended her so highly, and said so much in her favour, that no room was left for a refusal. As for Jessie herself, I have no particular objection to her; but the fact of her once having moved in the circle we are in is against her; for it leaves room for her to step beyond her place, as she has already done, and puts upon us the unpleasant necessity of reminding her of her error.'

'It don't seem to me,' remarked Mr. Freeman, who had till now said nothing, 'that Miss Hampton was doing anything worthy of reproof. She has been well brought up, we know; is an educated, refined, and intelligent girl, and, therefore, has nothing about her to create repugnance or to make her presence disagreeable. It would be better, perhaps, if we looked more to what persons are, than to things merely external.'

'It is all very well to talk in that way,' said Mrs. Freeman; 'but Miss Hampton is governess in our family, and it is only right that she should hold to us that relation, and keep her place. What she has been, or what she is, beyond the fact of her present position here, is nothing to us.'

Mr. Freeman knew from experience, that no particular good would grow out of a prolonged argument on this subject, and so said nothing further, although he could not force from his mind the image of the young girl as she rose up hastily and left the room, nor help thinking

how sad a change it would be for one of his own children, if reduced suddenly to her condition.

A good deal more was said by Mrs. Freeman, who did not feel very comfortable, although she fully justified herself for what she had done.

The young girl, who had been reminded so harshly of the error into which she had fallen, went quickly up into her cold chamber, and there, with a burning cheek, sat down to think as calmly as her disturbed feelings would permit. The weakness of tears she did not indulge; self-respect, rather than pride, sustained her. Had she acted from the first impulse, she would have left the house immediately, never again to re-enter it; but reason soon told her that, however strong her impulses might be, duties and considerations far beyond mere feeling must come in to restrain them.

'Whatever I have been,' she said to herself, as she sat and reflected, 'I am now simply a governess, and must steadily bear that in mind. In this house I am to receive no more consideration than a mere stranger. Have I a right to complain of this? Have I cause to be offended at Mrs. Freeman for reminding me of the fact? Her reproof was unkindly given; but false pride has in it no gentleness, no regard for another's feelings. Ah, me! this is one more lesson of the many I have to learn; but let me bear up with a brave heart. There is One who knows my path, and who will see that nothing therein need cause my feet to stumble. From this moment I will think of all here as strangers. I will faithfully do what I have engaged to do, and expect therefore only the compensation agreed upon when I came. Have I a right to expect more?'

The bright colour faded gradually from the flushed cheeks of Jessie Hampton, and with a calm, yet pensive face, she arose and went down into the room which had been set apart for her use when giving instruction to the children. It was warmed and lighted, and had in it a small library. Here she sat alone, reading and thinking, for a couple of hours, and then retired to her chamber for the night.

As was intimated in the conversation that arose upon her leaving the drawing-room, Jessie Hampton's circumstances had suffered, in a very short period, a great change. A year before she was the equal and companion of Fanny Freeman, and more beloved and respected by those who knew her than Fanny was or ever could be; but unexpected reverses came. The relative who had been to her as a father for many years was suddenly deprived of all his worldly goods, and reduced so low as to be in want of the comforts of life. So soon as Jessie saw this, she saw plainly her duty.

'I cannot burden my uncle,' said she resolutely to herself. 'He has enough, and more than enough, to bear up under, without the addition of my weight. Thoughtfully she looked around her; but still in doubt what to do, she called upon a lady named Mrs. Carlton, who was among the few whose manner towards her had not changed with altered fortune, and frankly opened to her what was in her mind.

'What does your uncle say?' inquired Mrs. Carlton. 'Does he approve the step?'

'He knows nothing of my purpose,' returned Jessie.

'Then had you not better consult him?'

'He will not hear of it, I am certain; but, for all that, I am resolved to do as I propose. He has lost his property, and is now in great trouble. He is, in fact, struggling hard to keep his head above water: my weight might sink him. But, even if there were no danger of this, so long as I am able to sustain myself, I will not cling to him while he is tossed on the waves of adversity.'

'I cannot but highly approve your decision,' said Mrs. Carlton, her heart warm with admiration for the right-minded girl. 'The fact that your uncle has been compelled to give up his elegant house, and retire with you to a boarding-house, shows the extremity to which he has been reduced. I understand that his fine business is entirely broken up, and that, burdened with debts, he has commenced the world again, a few pounds all his capital in trade, resolved, if health and a sound mind be continued to him, to rise above all his present difficulties.'

'And shall I,' replied Jessie, 'sit an idle witness of the honourable struggle, content to burden him with my support? No! Were I of such a spirit, I would be unworthy the relation I bear him. Much rather would I aid him, were it in my power, by any sacrifice.'

'If I understand you aright,' said Mrs. Carlton, after thinking for a few moments, 'you would prefer a situation as governess in a private family.'

'Yes; that would suit me best.'

'How would you like to take charge of Mrs. Freeman's younger children? She mentioned to me, only yesterday, her wish to obtain a suitable instructor for them, and said she was willing to pay a liberal salary to a person who gave entire satisfaction.'

Jessie's face became thoughtful.

'Mrs. Freeman is not the most agreeable person to be found, I know, Jessie,' said her friend; 'but the step you propose involves sacrifices from the beginning.'

'It does, I know, and I must not forget this. Had I a choice, I certainly should not select the family of Mrs. Freeman as the one in which to begin the new life I am about entering upon. She and Fanny are among the few who have ceased to notice me, except with great coldness, since my uncle's misfortunes. But I will not think of this. If they will take me, I will go even into their house, and assume the humble duties of a governess.'

Mrs. Carlton immediately called upon Mrs. Freeman, and mentioned Jessie. Some objection was made on the score of her being an old acquaintance, who would expect more notice than one in her position was entitled to receive. This, however, was overruled by Mrs. Carlton, and, after an interview with Jessie, an engagement was entered into for a year, at a salary of 80*l*.

When Jessie mentioned the subject to her uncle, Mr. Hartman, he became a good deal excited, and said that she should do no such thing. But Jessie remained firm, and her uncle was at last compelled, though

with great reluctance, to consent to what she proposed, regarding it only as a temporary measure.

The first day's experience of Jessie under the roof of Mrs. Freeman is known to the reader. It was a painful experience, but she bore it in the right spirit. After that, she was careful to confine herself to the part of the house assigned her as a servant and inferior, and never ventured upon the least familiarity with any one. Her duty to the children who were committed to her charge was faithfully performed, and she received, regularly, her wages, according to contract, and there the relation between her and this family ceased. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, did Jessie Hampton, uncheered by an approving smile or friendly word, discharge her duties. But she had within, to sustain her, a consciousness that she was doing right, and a firm trust in an all-wise and merciful Providence.

Mrs. Carlton remained her steady friend, and Jessie spent an evening at her house almost every week, and frequently met there many of her old acquaintances. Of her treatment in the house of Mrs. Freeman she never spoke, and when questioned on the subject avoided giving a direct answer.

Mr. Hartman's struggle proved to be a hard one. Harassed by claims that he could not pay off at once, his credit almost entirely gone, and the capital upon which he was doing business limited to a few score pounds, he found it almost impossible to make any headway. In a year from the time Jessie had relieved him from the burden of her support, so far from being encouraged by the result of his efforts, he felt like abandoning all as hopeless. There are always those who are ready to give small credits to a man whom they believe to be honest, even though once unfortunate in business; but for such favours Mr. Hartman could not have kept up thus far. Now the difficulty was to pay the few notes given as they became due.

A note of 100*l.* was to fall due on the next day, and Mr. Hartman found himself with but 20*l.* to meet it. The firm from which he had bought the goods for which the note was given had trusted him when others refused credit to the amount of a single pound, and had it in their power to forward his interests very greatly if he was punctual in his payments. It was the first bill of goods they had sold him, and Hartman could not go to them for assistance in taking up the note, for that would effectually cut off all hope of further credit. He could not borrow, for there was no one to lend him money. There was a time when he could have borrowed thousands on his word; but now he knew that it would be folly to ask for even hundreds.

In a state of deep discouragement, he left his store in the evening and went home. After tea, while sitting alone, Jessie, who came to see him often, tapped at his door.

'Are you not well?' she asked, with much concern, as soon as the smile with which he greeted her faded from his face, and she saw its drooping expression.

'Yes, dear,' he replied, trying to arouse himself and appear cheerful; but the effort was in vain.

'Indeed, uncle, you are not well,' remarked Jessie, breaking in upon a longer period of silent abstraction into which Mr. Hartman had fallen, after in vain trying to converse cheerfully with his niece.

'I am well enough in body, Jessie; but my mind is a little anxious just now,' he replied.

'Isn't your business going on as well as you expected?' inquired the affectionate girl.

'I am sorry to say that it is not,' returned Mr. Hartman. 'In fact, I see but little hope of succeeding. I have no capital, and the little credit I possess is likely to be destroyed through my inability to sustain it. I certainly did anticipate a better reward for my efforts, and am the more disappointed at this result. To think that, for the want of 60*l.* or 70*l.*, the struggle of a whole year must prove in vain! As yet, even that small sum I cannot command.'

The face of Jessie flushed instantly, as her uncle uttered the last two sentences.

'And will so small an amount as 60*l.* or 70*l.* save you from what you fear?' she asked, in a trembling voice.

'Yes, even so small an amount as that. But the sum might as well be thousands. I cannot command it.'

'You can, uncle!' replied Jessie, with a glow of exultation on her cheek, and a spirit of joy in her voice. '*I* have the money. Oh! it is the happiest hour of my life!'

And sinking forward, she laid her now weeping face upon the breast of her uncle. Her tears were the outgushing waters of gladness.

'*You* have the money, child?' said Mr. Hartman, after the lapse of a few moments. 'Where did you get it?'

'I have had no need to spend my salary.'

'Your salary! Have you saved it all?'

'Every pound. I had clothing sufficient, and there was no other want to take it from me. Dear uncle, how happy it makes me to think that I have it in my power to aid you! Would that the sum was tens of thousands!'

Mr. Hartman, as soon as the first surprise was over, said, with evident emotion—

'Jessie, I cannot express how much this incident has affected me. But, deeply grateful to you as I feel for such an evidence of your love, I must push back the hand that would force this aid upon me. I will not be unjust to you. I will not take your hard earnings to run the risk of losing them.'

A shadow passed over the face of Jessie, and her voice was touched with something like grief as she replied—

'How can you speak to me thus, uncle? How can you push back my hand when, in love, it seeks to smooth the pillow upon which your troubled head is resting? Would you deny me a higher gratification than I have ever known? No—no—you cannot!'

Mr. Hartman was bewildered. He felt as if it would be a kind of sacrilege to take the money of his niece, yet how could he positively refuse to do so? Apart from the necessity of his circumstances, there

was the cruelty of doing violence to the generous love that had so freely tendered relief. In the end, all objections had to yield, and Mr. Hartman was saved from a second disaster, which would have entirely prostrated him, by the money that Jessie had earned and saved.

A short time after the occurrence of this circumstance, the Freemans gave a large party. Mrs. Carlton, who was present, said to Mrs. Freeman, an hour after the company had assembled—

'Where is Miss Hampton? I've been looking for her all the evening. Isn't she well?'

'What Miss Hampton do you mean?' asked Mrs. Freeman, drawing herself up with an air cold and dignified.

'Miss Jessie Hampton,' replied Mrs. Carlton.

'Sure enough!' said a young man, who was sitting by, and who had been attentive to Fanny Freeman; 'where is Miss Hampton? I haven't seen her for a long time. What can have become of her? Is she dead, or is she married?'

'Her uncle, I suppose you know, failed in business, and has become poor,' replied Mrs Carlton.

'True. I was perfectly aware of that, but didn't reflect that poverty was a social crime. And is it possible that so lovely a girl as Jessie Hampton has been excluded from the circle she so graced with her presence, because of this change in her uncle's circumstances?'

'It is true to a very great extent, Mr. Edgar,' returned Mrs. Carlton, 'though I am glad to say that there are a few who can appreciate the real gold of her character, and who love her as truly and esteem her as highly as ever they did.'

'A worthy few, and if I were only so fortunate as to fall in company with her, I would be one of the number. Is she here to-night?'

The young man looked at Mrs. Freeman, and became aware, from the expression of her face, that the subject was disagreeable to her. With easy politeness he changed the theme of conversation; but as soon as opportunity offered, sought out Mrs. Carlton, and asked a question or two more about Jessie.

'What has become of Miss Hampton? I should really like to know,' he said.

Mrs. Carlton could only reply direct, and she answered,

'She is living in this family in the capacity of governess.'

'Indeed! I have been visiting here, off and on, for a twelvemonth, but have neither seen her nor heard her name mentioned. Are you sure?'

'Oh, yes. I procured her the situation more than a year ago, and see her almost every week.'

'This being the case, and it also being plain that her worth is not appreciated here, our remarks a little while ago could not have been very pleasant to the ears of Mrs. Freeman.'

'I presume not,' was returned.

The young man became thoughtful, and, in a little while, withdrew from the crowded rooms and left the house. He was the son of a wealthy merchant, and had recently come into his father's business as

a partner. It was to the firm of Edgar and Son that the note of Mr. Hartman, which Jessie had aided him to take up, had been due.

On the day succeeding the party at Mrs. Freeman's, Mr. Hartman came in to purchase some goods, and, after selecting them, asked if he could have the usual credit.

'Certainly,' replied old Mr. Edgar; 'and to double the amount of the bill.'

Hartman thanked the merchant, and retired.

'You know the 100*l.* note that he paid last week?' said Mr. Edgar, speaking to his son, and alluding to Hartman, who had just left.

'I do.'

'Well, I heard something about that note this morning that really touched my feelings. Hartman spoke of the circumstances to a friend, and that friend—betraying, I think, the confidence reposed in him—related it to me, not knowing that we were the parties to which the note had been paid. On that note he was near failing again.'

'Indeed! And yet you have just sold to him freely.'

'I have. But such are my feelings that I would risk 1,000*l.* to keep him up. I know him to be a man of strict honesty.'

'There is no doubt of that,' replied the son.

'You remember his niece, I suppose?' said old Mr. Edgar.

'Oh, very well.'

'When Mr. Hartman's circumstances became reduced, she, of her own free choice, relieved him of the burden of her support, and assumed the arduous and toilsome duties of a governess in one of our wealthy families, where she has ever since been. On the evening before the note of which I spoke was due, she called to see her uncle, and found him in trouble. For some time he concealed the cause, but so earnest was she in her affectionate entreaties to know why he was unhappy, that he told her the reason. He was again embarrassed in his business, and, for want of a few pounds, which one circumstanced as he was could not borrow, was in danger of being again broken up. To his astonishment, Jessie announced the fact that she had the sum he wanted, saved from her salary as governess. He at first refused to take it, but she would listen to no denial.'

'Noble girl!' exclaimed the young man.

'She must be one in a thousand,' said Mr. Edgar.

'She is one in ten thousand!' replied the son, enthusiastically. 'And yet worth like hers is passed over for the tinsel of wealth. Do you know in whose family she is governess?'

'I do not.'

'I can tell you. She is in the family of Mr. Freeman.'

'Ah!'

'Yes. You know they gave a party last night?'

'I do.'

'Miss Hampton was not present.'

'As much as might have been inferred.'

'And yet there was no young lady in the room her equal in all that goes to make up the character of a lovely woman.'

'Well, my son,' replied the old gentleman, 'all I have to say is, that I look upon this young lady as possessing excellences of character far outweighing all the endowments of wealth. Money! It may take to itself wings in a day; but virtue like hers is as abiding as eternity. If your heart is not otherwise interested, and you feel so inclined, win her if you can. Another like her may never cross your path. With such a woman as your wife, you need not tremble at the word adversity.'

The young man did not reply. What his thoughts were, his actions subsequently attested.

After the party, to the distant coldness with which Mrs. Freeman had treated Jessie since she came into her house, were added certain signs of dislike, quickly perceived by the maiden. In addressing her Mrs. Freeman exhibited, at times, a superciliousness that was particularly offensive. But Jessie checked the indignant feelings that arose in her bosom, and, in conscious rectitude of character, went on faithfully discharging her duties. Since the timely aid she had been able to bring her uncle, she had a new motive for effort, and went through her daily task with a more cheerful spirit.

One day, about six months after the occurrence of the party which has been mentioned, Jessie, a little to the surprise of Mrs. Freeman, gave that lady notice that, at a certain time not far off, she would terminate her engagement with her. The only reason she gave was, that the necessity which took her from home no longer remained. At the time mentioned, Jessie left, although Mrs. Freeman, urged by other members of the family, who could better appreciate the young lady's worth, offered a considerable increase of salary as an inducement to remain.

'What do you think?' exclaimed Fanny, about three weeks subsequently, throwing open the parlour door, where the family had assembled just before tea. 'Jessie Hampton's married!'

'What!' ejaculated Mrs. Freeman. 'Married?'

'Oh, yes, sure enough,' said Mr. Freeman. 'I heard of it a little while before I left my counting-house. And more surprising still, she is married to young Edgar.'

'Oh, no!' responded Mrs. Freeman, incredulously. 'It's some mistake. Never! It cannot be.'

'Oh but it is a fact, mother,' said Fanny, with ill-concealed chagrin. 'Lizzy Martin was her bridesmaid. They were married at Mrs. Carlton's this morning, and the whole bridal party has gone off to Saratoga.'

'He's got a good wife,' remarked the brother of Mrs. Freeman, in his quiet way. 'I always liked that young man, and like him better than ever now. I knew he was a fellow of good sense; but he has showed himself to possess more of that sterling material than I thought.'

Mr. Freeman also gave his opinion, and in doing so, expressed himself pretty freely in regard to the treatment Jessie had received while in the house. As for his wife, when the truth assumed an

undoubted form, she sunk into mortified silence, and Fanny felt even worse than her mother, and for reasons that lay nearer her heart.

In a little while the bride took her old place in society, and many who, in her seclusion, passed her coldly, or all unnoticed, met her now with smiles and with congratulations. Of all the changes that followed as a consequence of her marriage, there was none that filled her with so much delight as the improved prospects of her uncle, Mr. Hartman. Her husband became his fast friend, and sustained him through every difficulty. One home held them both. How purely and brightly the stream of Jessie's happiness flowed on, need not be told. Virtue and integrity had met their just reward. In adversity she was not cast down; and when prosperity again smiled she was not unduly elated. In either relation to society, she was a dispenser of blessings to those she loved.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that those who looked down upon Jessie, and passed her unnoticed while she was only a governess, now referred to the noble, self-sacrificing spirit that prompted her to act as she had done, and spoke of her conduct with admiration.

Aphorisms.

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF JOHN ROBINSON.

He that giveth or doeth good readily, giveth twice; he scarce once or at all that doth it slackly: he rather, in truth, suffers a good turn to be drawn from him. Living springs send out streams of water; dead pits must have all that they afford drawn out with buckets. We should therefore have the mind, though we want the ability, of Theodosius the emperor, who did much good upon request, but none of his own accord and unasked; and so meet, as one saith, a just request in the teeth, and grant it before it be made, as God many times doth ours. Above all, beware of that agueish goodness, which comes by fits only, and when men are pleased, for so, they say, the devil is good.

He that hath not all Christian graces in their measure hath none; and he that hath any one truly, hath all. For as in the first birth the whole person is born, so is it in the work of regeneration, the whole person is born again, though not wholly.

Neither, indeed, can we be safe from being drawn away from God otherwise than by continual drawing near to him. For, our way to heaven is up a hill, and we drag a cart-load of our corruptions after us, which, except we keep going, will pull us backward, ere we be aware.

Religion is the best thing and the corruption of it the worst; neither hath greater mischief and villany ever been found amongst men, Jews, Gentiles, or Christians, than that which hath marched under the flag of religion, either intended by the seduced, or pretended by the hypocrites. God is not pleased with good intentions exercised in evil actions; much less either pleased, or deceived with the vizards of impiety and inhumanity; but as he will repay unto the wicked according to their evil works of all kinds; so will he render double vengeance unto them, who, under the livery of religion, seek countenance for impiety and wickedness.

Poetry.

'And in the garden (there was) a sepulchre.'—*John* xix. 41.

Nor only when Death is our fondest hope blighting,
Are we summoned to think of our own certain doom;
There's no vision so gay, and no scene so inviting,
But there's something which silently points to the tomb!

In life's crowded way, children's voices behind us
Seem to hurry us on with the turbulent wave;
And the white hair of some should not fail to remind us
How far they've advanced in the march to the grave.

When the sun quits the sky, though it may be in splendour,
We should think of the time when our day will be gone;
Whilst the darkening landscape that mourns his surrender
Is the sign of a darker night hastening on.

E'en the town with its glittering spires presages
Our doom, nor can we the warning distrust;
For they stand in their pride, and have stood for ages,
Whilst the hands that upreared them have crumbled to dust!

The Spring also warns, by the gifts it doth bear us,
That man, like the flower, must blossom and die;
That disease, like a bleak hostile wind, will not spare us;
That old age, like the chill frost of winter, is nigh.

Let not pleasure and mirth our spirits so harden,
That we mark not the tokens of death which abound,
And which, like a grave in a fresh-budding garden,
Look so dark 'mid the light and the beauty around.

But why should the grave be a sad expectation?
Though the careless see nothing but horror and gloom,
Yet the thoughtful may gaze with a glad resignation,
For Christ by his presence hath hallowed the tomb!

To die is to sleep! and the Christian shall waken
To rejoice in a lasting and more brilliant day,
To inherit a bliss which can never be shaken,
Where sorrow and sighing shall flee far away.

Let the grave then be dug where sweet flowers allure us!
Which tell when the reign of the winter is o'er;
Sweet flowers! which each blossoming spring may assure us
That the winter of death shall soon be no more!

Univ. Coll., Lond. F. L.

Monthly Retrospect.

THE office of the journalist, we have sometimes thought, resembles that of the delicate artist who takes portraits by the solar beams. The photographer has but to prepare his material and adjust his apparatus—the sun strikes the image on the silvered surface with a fidelity the pencil cannot attain. So, the chronicler of current events does best his work when he permits them to paint themselves, in due proportion, on his page.

To-day we spread once more this narrow sheet, and turn it towards the social firmament—instantly the invisible finger writes, in colossal, sombre characters, that the typographer can faintly imitate,

Death of the Duke of Wellington.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 14th of September—(we must repeat the story, though it will soon be known widely as the English tongue)—the Duke's servant went to rouse his venerable master, at the usual early hour, from the hardy couch on which he slept. The old man refused to rise, and desired that an apothecary might be sent for. The medical gentleman quickly attended, and found no symptoms of death. An hour or two later speechlessness and insensibility seized the Duke. Twice or thrice he regained consciousness, but not speech; and finally sank beneath the stroke that had missed him in a hundred fields of death, and had been evaded to the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Universal was the sensation created by the announcement of an event thus sudden, though long anticipated. The Queen, it is announced by the First Minister of the Crown, received the intelligence with profound grief. Perhaps none but those in immediate contact with, or close relationship to, the illustrious deceased, can be said with sincerity to have experienced deep emotion. For it is one of the privileges of old age to excite, at its extinction, only chastened and decorous sorrow. To the public, the Duke was the most eminent of living men — an object of unbounded pride and gratitude. But his glory was a reflection from the past—his services were believed to have ended. The news of his death, therefore, unlike that of Sir Robert Peel, did not strike with consternation and grief—as at the falling of a pillar of the state, the irreparable loss of a private friend. The Duke's services were inestimable, but they were remote—Peel's were but just rendered; himself was suffering, Prometheus-like, for the boon he had won for his country; and the blessings he had bestowed were in every hand. Nevertheless, more honourable to the departed than his countless titles, his galaxy of decorations, his statues, palaces, and vast estate, is the effect of the announcement of his decease. The expression of feeling is everywhere the same—not, as we have said, bewildering surprise or poignant grief; but kindly regret, and anxiety to do the highest honour to his ashes. In commanding a public funeral, at St. Paul's cathedral, the Queen has but anticipated the wishes of the whole community.

Very remarkable is the unanimity of opinion on the character and career

of the Duke—and very illustrative of the secrets of popularity. A vast amount of thoughtful and eloquent writing has been expended within the past fortnight upon this theme, but very slight is the diversity of judgment. The eminently practical character of his intellect is universally remarked as at once the strength and defect of the whole man. Clear-sighted, but not far-looking—intent upon the completion of the thing immediately before him, without much thought of the next—inflexible in the execution of independent resolutions, but readily adapting himself to unforeseen circumstances—he did to perfection the work of a soldier, and of a ruler so long as men were content merely to be ruled. It was in applying the maxims of the camp to a world of discordant opinions and antagonistic interests that he failed. But, even then, his native humanity and good sense came to the rescue. His heart revolted from settling by the sword conflicts of opinion, as soon as his understanding perceived that it was only *opinions* that were in conflict. In military and civil life alike, the motive power of his deeds was the selfsame—not ambition nor vanity, not theories or speculations, but simple loyalty. 'The service of his Majesty'—the 'conduct of the Queen's Government'—were the considerations which overruled in an instant every rebellious instinct, every factious prompting. But his loyalty was not the chivalrous fidelity of personal attachment to a sovereign or a dynasty—or not that alone. It was the synonyme of *duty*—of obedience to the public authority—of devotion to his country's weal. When the sovereign superseded him at Lisbon, two deep, by flagrantly incompetent officials, he submitted without a murmur to the mistaken censure of the public, as well as to the private slight. When the same sovereign appointed him with twenty thousand men to fight fifty thousand, he accepted the commission, and resolved to do his best. Certainly, this is not what a man is made for—and Wellington would have been greater had loyalty been modified by a higher estimate of his own personal importance in the state. The one blemish on his escutcheon—refusing to interfere for the life of Ney—would then have been avoided; and diffidence of giving advice unasked, would not have permitted his Peninsular soldiers to go unrewarded for forty years. The grandeur of his military achievements made him great—the turn of his intellect, and the habits of his life, so essentially English, made him popular—his kindnesses made him widely beloved. It was pleasant to see the white-haired warrior saluted at every step of his daily ride, by rich and poor alike—still more so, to read of his winning the hearts of little children and young maidens. His was the picturesque old age, so finely described by Hartley Coleridge:—

'Hast thou not seen an aged rifted tower,
Meet habitation for the Ghost of Time,
Where fearful ravage makes decay sublime,
And destitution wears the face of power?
Yet is the fabric deck'd with many a flower
Of fragrance wild and many dappled hue,
Gold-streak'd with iron-brown and nodding blue,
Making each ruinous chink a fairy bower.
E'en such a thing methinks I fain would be
Should heaven appoint me to a lengthen'd age;
So old in look, that young and old may see
The record of my closing pilgrimage:
Yet, to the last, a rugged wrinkled thing
To which young sweetness may delight to cling?'

We are unwilling to mingle with our praises and regrets, one word of ungenerous depreciation; but we will not suppress a reflection natural under the circumstances, and demanded by the use that is threatened to be made of the prevailing sentiment. How terrible is the perversion of human power occasioned by war! We ask not, now, whose was the guilt of our ambitious wars in India, and our unnecessary wars with France; but we sigh, with irrepressible emotion, as we close the record of Arthur Wellesley's career. Had the victor of Assaye been permitted thenceforth to employ his extraordinary energies on works of peace, how sublime might have been the result! Cleared of jungle and delivered from extortioners, India might never have given birth to the cholera, suffer no more periodical famine, feed her hundred millions with a plenty unknown there since the time of Tamerlane, and blend the strength of Western with the luxury of Oriental civilization. It is vain, we know, to regret, and unjust to censure, the inevitable. But we remember, that the complexion of the future is determined by the contemplation of the past.

Lord Derby has addressed to the Home Secretary, by the Queen's command, a letter declaring that 'her Majesty received with the deepest grief the afflicting intelligence of the sudden death of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington;' and communicating her Majesty's wish that 'the mortal remains of the illustrious deceased' should remain, till the meeting of Parliament, at Walmer Castle; and the interment take place, at the public expense, and with all due solemnity, in the cathedral church of St. Paul's.' —Lord Hardinge has been appointed to discharge the duties of commander-in-chief. In the general order to the army communicating the event, and prescribing the mourning to be observed, it is said of the late Duke—'In him her Majesty has to deplore a firm supporter of her throne, a faithful, wise, and devoted counsellor, and a valued and honoured friend.'—High among the posts of honour filled by the Duke was that of the Chancellorship of Oxford. A number of the heads of that learned and religious body have already set about the election of Lord Derby to the vacant eminence. The motive to this indecent haste is indicated and contemned in an article of the *Times* of Friday last. 'The maxim, "Blessed be each man possessed of aught to give," is nowhere more cordially recognised than in our ancient seats of learning. The man who can make the head of a college into a bishop, a tutor into the head of a hall, or a master of arts into a fat rector, has more virtues than meet the eye—more capabilities than a superficial observer can detect, and is the object of a hero-worship more sincere and unfaltering than that which waits on mere virtue and merit. The dead may bury the dead; the living, especially those that live by patronage, must look to the living.'

The domestic occurrences that remain to be noticed are few, and with one exception, unimportant. The exceptional event is, the opening of a Manchester Free Library. Two or three sessions since, it will be remembered, Mr. W. Ewart gained the sanction of Parliament for a measure authorizing the rate-paying inhabitants of cities and boroughs to tax themselves for the erection of public buildings, to be used as libraries or museums; the contents being contributed, or purchased by subscription. The capital of the cotton district—in which, by the way, unexampled activity prevails,

and a scarcity of labour is complained of—was among the first to avail itself of the legislative permission. By an overwhelming majority of votes, it was resolved to purchase and fit up the premises formerly occupied as a Socialist Hall; and by munificent subscriptions, a library of 20,000 volumes —for reference and circulation—has been formed. The opening of this magnificent institution was attended by the Earls of Shaftesbury and Wilton, the Bishop of Manchester and Dr. Vaughan, Sir James Stephens and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Dickens and Thackeray, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Bright, M.P., and Mr. Brotherton, M.P. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the scene was, the heartiness with which the employers and operatives seemed united in regarding the place and its inestimable treasure as common property.—A number of banquets to local celebrities, serve, like the gas bubbles on stagnant water, to show there is still political life, though, in England, no political action. South Northumberland has feasted its young Hector of Conservatism, Mr. Liddell, famous only as the victor of Sir G. Grey; Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr. Ord, a very respectable gentleman, who has represented for fifty years northern constituencies, and has been the trusted counsellor of two generations of Whigs; and Kidderminster, Mr. Robert Lowe, whose university and colonial reputation is amply justified by his vigorous and comprehensive speeches to his new constituents. The burgesses of Stirling and Perth have taken advantage of Lord John Russell's presence in the Highlands to do him honour; and the Whig chief to descant, with sententious eloquence, on abstract topics.—The Agricultural Society of Cumberland has entertained Earl Carlisle and Sir James Graham, and been repaid with fine speaking and good advice. The farmers of Bucks would have been only too happy to entertain *their* county member, but the preparation of a budget leaves him no time even to dine: what if he should only be inditing a sequel to Coningsby? Sir F. Kelly has assured the farmers of England, however, through those of Suffolk, 'All the best energies of some of the best intellects in this country are now devoted to your service and to your interests;'—so that Disraeli cannot have relapsed into novel-writing.

From, or rather through, Ireland, comes a call from Mr. Cobden to the Liberal party in Parliament to organize themselves on the basis of a pledge to support no Government that will not concede the ballot. The letter containing this proposition was addressed by the secretary of a county Down banquet to Mr. Sharman Crawford.—Out of a conference of the supporters of Tenant Right, has arisen the appointment of a committee, to communicate with the prominent friends, in England, of religious equality, in order to a combined movement against the Protestant Establishment in Ireland.

Probably, as the conqueror of Napoleon the Great is borne to his grave, trumpets and cannon from across the water will announce the re-establishment of the Empire in the person of 'Napoleon the Little.' While Victor Hugo's pamphlet, so entitled, is passing privily from hand to hand through the educated classes of France, the subject of its withering recital and denunciation is receiving in the South adulatory entreaties to assume the purple and diadem, and gives a coy consent in a speech on the inauguration of his uncle's statue at Lyons—a speech that demonstrates how little he understands wherein consisted that uncle's strength and glory.

Intelligence.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The Evangelical Alliance having held its meeting this year at Dublin, we were prevented from receiving any report of its proceedings in time for our last number. The members met at the famous Rotundo, and numbered not quite 200—a large falling off, we may remark, from the attendance at some of its previous meetings. The Alliance sat four days, from the 25th to the 28th of August inclusive. Very little, however, appears to have been done at any of the meetings. The first business of any importance was the reading of the Annual Report by the Secretary, Mr. Dobson. The Report alluded to a meeting held in March last in London, at the suggestion of Dr. Townshend, with a view to promoting a better union among Christians, the conversion of Papists, the removal of unnecessary dissent, and the more perfect reformation of the Episcopal Churches of England and America. As a result of that meeting, a work was now in preparation by the Rev. Dr. Townshend, to be entitled, 'Primitive Christianity the only Bond of Union.' The Council had considered the question of a possible alteration in the basis of the Alliance, and had come to the conclusion, that they could not effect such an alteration, seeing that the British Organization was not the Evangelical Alliance, and had no power, therefore, to alter its rules or its documents.

On the succeeding days discussions took place on various topics—American Slavery, Protection of Protestants Abroad, &c., &c. Dr. Steane, on the second day, read an interesting paper on the progress of Protestantism in France, Switzerland, and Germany, during the last year. On the whole, the report was encouraging. Mr. Krutze, of Berlin, followed on the third day with an account of the state of religion in Germany. In the evening of this day, Dr. Steane submitted the following resolutions:—'[1] A better attendance of members at the yearly Conferences; [2] the holding of frequent periodical meetings throughout the country; [3] the holding of a Conference of Christians from all parts of the world, similar to that held last year in London; [4] and the appointment of a travelling secretary to arrange for public meetings, &c.'

Resolutions were subsequently passed for holding a Missionary Conference in London next year, and the members separated, not having *done* much, we are afraid, for the promotion of Christian love in the world.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL SOCIETY.

It is known to most of our readers, that in order to accommodate the 'prejudices' of Dissenters, the Church Catechism is not taught at many of the National Schools. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, prompted, we presume, by the late action of Mr. Keble, has undertaken to correct this laxity, and has, therefore, addressed, as diocesan inspector, the following queries to every teacher in his diocese:—

'1. Do you make it a rule to teach all the children in your school the whole of the Catechism?

'2. In so doing, do you ever vary the method and order of teaching?

'3. Explain the cause and amount of such variation, if it exist in any instance; *e. g.*, in the case of *unbaptized* children, if any; *or*, of those who were baptized *out of the Church of England*; *or*, of those who, however baptized, were *never formally presented in the Church by sponsors*; *or*, of those concerning whom *there is a doubt* regarding any of the above circumstances.

'Mention any other case, if there be any other, and state how you deal with it.'

The end of this is apparent, and doubtless the example of 'Bath and Wells' will be followed by less courageous bishops. Perhaps it is as well that it should be so.

NEW COLLEGE AND THE EXPELLED STUDENTS.

Mr. W. White, of Bedford, has addressed the following to the Editor of the 'Nonconformist' newspaper:—

'SIR,—In the Report of New College, just issued, I find the following sentence: "To prevent misapprehension, it may be proper to state that the removal of the students was not on account of the rejection of any particular view or theory of *Inspiration*, but for the rejection of the *Divine authority* of the Bible; inspiration and authority being attributed to the Scriptures only in the sense in which they may

belong to the writings of other good men, and, therefore, not in the sense in which these words are generally used, nor in any sense that would allow the Bible to exhibit the testimony of God to be believed because it is from Him."

'This is a strange sentence, especially the latter part of it. To talk of "a sense that would allow the Bible to exhibit" is, to my mind, to talk nonsense. However, the meaning of the whole sentence is plain enough, and I unhesitatingly say that it is untrue.'

We also are enabled to state that the paragraph quoted from the Report is totally untrue.

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Homerton Normal Schools in connexion with this Board, were formally opened on the 8th of September. The room was filled with a good audience. Mr. Morley occupied the chair at the meeting, and Mr. Unwin delivered the inaugural address. As this will shortly be printed we abstain from any quotations. After Mr. Unwin had sat down the meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, T. James, J. Curwen, J. Thompson, A. Good, T. G. Williams, and Henry Child, Esq.

THE YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Held a meeting at the Mission Rooms, Moorgate-street, on the previous evening. Some two hundred young men, principally Sunday-school teachers, attended. We are glad to learn, from the several reports read, that the success of the society has been very encouraging. One of its objects is to support Mission Schools abroad, within the sphere of the Parent Society's operations. Eighteen schools are thus supported in India and Ceylon, at which 764 children were being educated. The winter lectures will shortly be commenced.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF STEPNEY COLLEGE

Was held on the 8th. The institution, it was reported, had never been in a more healthy condition than it was at present. There were twenty-one ministerial and three lay students. The financial position of the College was very gratifying.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

CHORLEY, LANCASHIRE (Congregational church). — The Rev. J. Baker from Lozells.

SHREWSBURY (Baptist church).—The Rev. Thos. Howe from Cheltenham.

SHIPTON MALLET (Congregational church).—The Rev. John Young from Chumleigh, North Devon.

CHESTER (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. R. Smith from Clayton West.

SOUTH OCKENDON AND AVERLEY, ESSEX (Congregational churches).—The Rev. J. Morison, late of Romford.

NEW CHURCH OPENED.

WOOLWICH (second Congregational church).—On the 7th September.

FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

SLOUGH (Congregational church) August 17th.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

Christianity—its Internal Evidence.

We have intimated in a preceding paper,* that the evidence of the divine origin of Christianity is of two kinds, the one external and the other internal; the former being derived from without, and consisting in miraculous deeds and accomplished prophecies—the latter being derived from within, and consisting in the matter and aspect of Christianity itself. Having sufficiently treated of the external evidence, we proceed now to speak of the internal.

Fully aware are we of the magnitude and extent of the subject on which we are entering, and of the slender character of the view we can now take of it. The adequate treatment of it demands rather a volume than a paper, and so condensed and superficial a notice of it as is now possible to us cannot but convey a very imperfect impression of its force and importance; we will try, however, to give such a sketch of it as shall do it no willing injustice, and shall serve at once to direct and stimulate the further thoughtfulness of our readers.

We take up the Bible, then—which contains the record of Christianity, and the fortunes of which Christianity necessarily shares—we take up the Bible as we would take up any other book, forgetting altogether, or putting out of our thoughts for the purpose of the present argument, that it either narrates miraculous transactions, or contains announcements of future events. We purposely shut our eyes to the exterior splendour which the accomplishment of the one and the execution of the other throw around it, in order that it may be to us

* Vol. i. p. 658.

in this respect nothing more than an ordinary literary production—a book of history, of poetry, of philosophy. We assume ourselves to be ignorant of its author, and we ask, Who wrote it? We shall endeavour to answer this question exclusively by a consideration of the contents of the book itself, which we shall open freely, and examine candidly, in order to ascertain whether there is anything in it which may serve as a clue to its origin.

Not far do we proceed in the examination of the Bible before we perceive that it is a book, at all events, of many peculiarities, and very dissimilar to books in general; but that we may not be confused by the number of objects at once presenting themselves to us, it will be better to throw them into groups, and arrange them under several heads.

I. First, then, some very obvious peculiarities of the Bible relate to its form and aspect. In its general structure it is not single, but multiform, and yet there is about it a strongly marked unity also.

1. There are many books, and yet but one subject. The Bible is now commonly put into our hands as *one* book; but this is owing merely to the directions given to the binder. It is in point of fact many books rather than one, and so many that their number is to be reckoned, not by tens, but by scores. Their actual number is sixty-six. The Bible, therefore, is not so much a volume as a library. And so distinct are the books of which it is composed, that, for the most part, you might rend them asunder, and scatter them on your bookshelves as so many independent pamphlets. Were you, however, in such a state to give them an attentive perusal, you would find in them so entire an identity of subject, that you would soon be impelled to restore them to a common binding again, as being, though many, one. They all treat of the one great theme, the ways of God to man, more especially in the redemption of the world by his beloved Son; and they are as remarkable for avoiding everything which does not relate to it, as for gathering up every thing that does so.

2. In the Bible are not only many books, but many kinds of books. The composition is far from being all of one class. There are books of history, national and individual, or history proper, and biography. There are also books of poetry, the lyric, the epic, the dramatic. There are sage maxims of life and morals. There are splendid allegories, in which the writers were rapt into invisible worlds; and there are familiar letters, the writers of which breathe out confidentially their tenderest feelings. All these various kinds of writing, however, have one and the same object, and are tributary to the illustration, more or less directly, of the one great subject to which the volume is devoted. If there be history, it is not a universal history, but is confined to nations more or less intimately connected with the antecedents of the Messiah; whether given in connected records of the sacred people, as in the books of Chronicles, or in detached scenes from profane history, as in the book of Esther. If there is biography, it is either in the line of his ancestry, as in that of Abraham and David, or of himself. If there be poetry, the bard, in his varying moods, sings of the

Redeemer to come. If there be utterances of proverbial wisdom, redemption is the theme of the sage. The vision of the seer exhibits in gorgeous pictures of the imagination only the same subject; while all the familiar letters breathe of it, from the commencement to the close. As a whole, the illustration which the great subject derives from this mode of treating it, is incomparably more ample and splendid than that which could have been conferred upon it in any other method.

3. In the Bible we find not only many books, and many kinds of books, but many writers. Not less than about fifty persons employed themselves in the production of the materials which are here brought together. Very far indeed were they, therefore, from being the fruit of one man's mind and pen. Here was a wide opening for diversity of sentiment and representation. Could it possibly happen that fifty men, in writing about the same subject, and that subject so grand and vast, should write the same thing? What diversities of constitution, of education, of habit, of character, of external influences, must be supposed in them; and these giving birth to corresponding diversities of opinion. Yet what seems impossible did happen. They did all write the same thing. They all saw the state of the world in the same light, and described its redemption in similar terms and in a similar spirit. Whether Moses the lawgiver, or David the 'sweet singer,' or Solomon the philosopher and the sage, or Isaiah the seer, or Luke the historian, or Paul the rabbinical student, all—strange to say!—from him that was 'learned in all the wisdom of Egypt' to him that sat at Gamaliel's footstool, wrote the same things.

4. In the Bible we observe not only many books, many kinds of books, and many writers, but a long course of years during which these writings were in process of composition. The Bible was not the production of a year, nor of an age. No less than sixteen hundred years passed away between the composition of the Pentateuch and that of the Apocalypse; and at various periods throughout the whole of this extended interval the sixty other books were produced. Nor have we to observe only the length of this period, but also the great changes which took place in the course of it. When the earliest books of the Bible were written, the descendants of Jacob were yet bondsmen in Egypt, and had not been numbered among the nations. Five hundred years witnessed the arrival of the Israelitish people at the zenith of their glory, under David and Solomon; about five hundred more saw their utmost depression in the lands of their captivity; another five hundred beheld the advent of the Messiah, and the presence in his own temple of 'the desire of all nations;' and before one century more had passed, the captured Jerusalem was in ruins, and the temple blazing like a sepulchral pyre. During the occurrence of all these changes within the separated people themselves, and amidst changes in the nations around them of the greatest magnitude which the world had ever seen, the composition of the Bible went tranquilly on. Legislators and kings, poets and sages, biographers and epistolists, much too widely separated in time to know anything of one another, and in circumstance to have any natural community of feeling,

conspired to write this one book, and to illustrate in a beautiful harmony its magnificent theme. Is not this wonderful? Is it not supernatural?

II. Secondly, some further peculiarities of the Bible are to be found in its tone and manner.

1. This is not artificial. The book, on the contrary, is characterised by an obvious and striking simplicity. Its histories are not elaborate statements, or highly-wrought pictures of society; but have all the nature and ease of contemporaneous narrative. Its grandest statements of truth are neither ushered in, nor followed, by any notes of admiration. Its sublimest effusions of poetry are never overwrought, or as if oppressed with the majesty even of the highest themes. Its descriptions of the most touching sorrows, or of the most criminal machinations, are connected with no appeals to the feelings. Its great system of redeeming mercy is brought out without any epithets of wonder. All is simplicity, not only unsurpassed, but unapproached. There is no use made of the *art* of composition, no study for effect. Each writer, indeed, contributes his quota to a whole of which he was ignorant, and he could not be artful. He must either execute in simplicity the part allotted to him, or he could do nothing. If there was any one exercising artistic skill, it could only be the Divine Artist who had employed so many hands in the execution of his picture.

2. The tone and manner of the Bible is not speculative. In no respect is the Bible more peculiar than in this. The researches of the human mind are characterised by nothing more strongly than by unbridled inquisitiveness. Man, in his desire to know, desires to know every thing; and, indeed, insists upon knowing everything, chafing against the impassable limitations of his knowledge, and fretting himself often into depression, and sometimes into insanity. Man also desires to know for the sake of knowing, and for the pleasure of knowledge in itself, rather than for its useful applications. Not so the writers of the Bible. They do not raise curious questions, or strive to fathom profound depths. They make no approaches to the vast abyss of the unknowable: on the contrary, they write as if there were no such thing in existence. Having no object but to throw light upon man's character and destiny for practical purposes, they speak of nothing but what is at once within the compass of his knowledge, and useful to the direction of his life. They meddle with no difficulties, but abide unhesitatingly by a rule which human philosophy has always found too galling, 'Secret things belong to God, but things that are revealed belong to us and to our children.' All that man in relation to his spiritual welfare can be the better for knowing, the Bible teaches him, not as philosophy, but as wisdom; his irrepressible but undefined longings after other knowledge, it does not so much rebuke, as ignore.

3. The tone and manner of the Bible is not argumentative. This is, more or less, the character of all human productions which have truth for their object. They commence with an assumed ignorance, and pursue a course of investigation. They institute inquiries, and conduct processes of reasoning to their results. They arrive at con-

clusions, which they confirm by proofs, and fortify against objections. The sacred writers pursue for the most part a strikingly different method. Their style, instead of being argumentative, is dogmatical. They do not inquire, but explain; they do not prove, but assert. They settle everything by authority—'thus saith the Lord.' They do not lead the reader into an argument, and reason with him as if in equal uncertainty with himself; but, as knowing all that he wants to learn, they tell him what it is, not waiting to dispute with him, but leaving him to act upon it. If there are a few exceptions to this observation, as in the Epistle to the Romans, they confirm the rule. Even where the sacred writers argue, it is with a brevity and authority which strikingly distinguish them.

4. The tone and manner of the Bible is not dubious. The assertions are all positive. It speaks with no hesitation. It treats, indeed, of subjects, on which to speak with hesitation might be deemed a virtue, if not a necessity; a becoming modesty, if not a confession of at least some measure of uncertainty. Mere men could not well have avoided this, but among the sacred writers there is nothing of the kind. None of their great principles are laid down with this exordium, 'It is probable it may be so;' or, 'I do not think I am mistaken.' The most profound and anxious questions that have ever exercised or racked the human mind are before them; yet their tone is one, not only of deep conviction, but of unwavering confidence. It never falters. They pass through the midst of the most magnificent objects with a step of familiar recognition, and describe them with as much ease and precision as though they presented the most ordinary phenomena. How, we ask, is all this? How, in this one book, can men, mere men, have written so unlike themselves?

III. Let us now advert to such peculiarities of the Bible as are to be found in its matter and substance. What we shall be struck with here is its verisimilitude, or likeness to truth. We are not speaking now of the absolute truth of the Bible, of which we do not assume our faculties to constitute us adequate judges; but of the remarkable degree in which it is true to human nature and to known fact, to the laws of human thought, and the dictates of human consciousness.

1. Remark, for example, what it tells us of God; the great mysterious Being whose existence all nature proclaims, and man's universal heart confesses, but of whose real nature and character there have been formed the most erroneous, diverse, and incompatible conceptions. Upon this primary point, how clear, and how true is the Bible! Without any attempt at definition, or formal description, it presents to us God as a spirit, infinite, self-existent, eternal, omniscient, and omnipotent; of perfect wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth. How such a conception of the Deity compares with the various notions which the human heart has generated of him—or rather, with those into which the human heart has itself degenerated—we need scarcely say; or point to the African worshipping his fetish, the Egyptian his river and its crocodiles, the Greek his sculptured marble, or the Persian the celestial orb. What we have more particularly to observe, is, that in

none of these conceptions of the Deity has the heart of man found rest. That there have been so many gods—the Hindoo has three and thirty millions of them—is a proof that no ONE has been found able to satisfy the human craving for divinity; while from all these, which are but distorted reflections of man himself to his own eyes, the more thoughtful of our race have turned in disgust, and found a fearful refuge from the manifest chimeras of idolatry in the philosophic systems—pantheism, or atheism. The scriptural conception of the Deity, on the other hand, is, as we have said, true to nature. Man's heart accepts it as corresponding with all its requirements of the divine, and pronounces it to be true. While the Bible says, on the one hand, 'God is this,' the human consciousness responds on the other, 'this is God.' Man's heart seeks no farther. And having such a God, it is now for the first time content with ONE. The sage and the savage—those who 'changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things,' and those who took refuge from these degrading follies in the deification of their own intellect—all, and equally, are satisfied that here their search after God has found its goal.

2. Remark what the Bible tells us of the world. We have all heard something of the various speculations in which philosophers have indulged respecting its origin, of the supposed fortuitous concurrence of the atoms which compose it, the eternity of matter, and such like; and we know how different a tale the Bible tells. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' 'Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands.' Now, inconceivable to created beings as the act of creation is, and must necessarily be, it is certain that in the statement of the creation of the universe by a being uncreated, the mind of man finds a repose which, in relation to the origin of things, it has never found elsewhere. The doctrine is at once bold and satisfactory. Perhaps the boldest aspect of it is its ascribing the creation of the world to *one* God, since the marvellous and astounding mixture of physical good and evil in it has always been a stumbling-block in the way of this conclusion, and has led mere philosophy itself to admit the probable existence of at least one divinity for the phenomena of each class; but even here man's heart sides with the Bible against philosophy, and has more rest in the belief of mysteries in the proceedings of one God, than in referring the world to the more mysterious production of two.

3. Remark what the Bible tells us of man.

One of the most striking features of the scripture history in this respect is its tracing up the human species to a single pair. The declaration that God 'hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of all the earth,' is, no doubt, very familiar to us; but in affirming the original unity of human races and human languages, the earlier sacred writers took a course which, in later days, by the extraordinary development of diversity in both, has exposed them to eager charges of misstatement. It is modern philosophers, however, who

find themselves led into too hasty conclusions, and thus betrayed into mistakes. The farther scientific investigations are pursued, and the more patiently they are carried out, the nearer do they continually come to the scriptural view, and they thus show the Bible to be as true to historic fact as to human consciousness. Races and languages, with all their diversities, have already resolved themselves into so few groups, that doubts of their primary unity easily disappear, while the causes of their diversity exactly correspond with the scriptural representation. Differences of race may be conceived of as resulting from the long-continued operation of natural causes; differences of language necessitate the supposition of a supernatural cause.

The moral condition of man has presented a still greater difficulty to investigation than his physical condition, and the acknowledged impossibility of accounting for it may be said to be the great opprobrium of philosophy. Why, with such moral powers, is man universally wicked, still, according to the Roman poet, approving the better and doing the worse? The question perplexed the ancients, and it equally perplexes the moderns. A distinguished continental philosopher is said to have confessed, that the irregular and abnormal character of man's moral action deranged all his attempts to frame a systematic view of human nature. But what says the Bible of this mystery? 'God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions.' Yes, it is true. Man is now but the wreck of a once nobler nature. He is a splendid piece of machinery with a derangement of the moving power; and investigators who are ignorant of this, or who will not take account of it, can form no true estimate of his condition. With this information, however, all is plain—so plain, that there can be no doubt of the truth of the statement which solves the enigma.

4. Remark what the Bible tells us of the scope of human life and destiny.

Man's heart seizes upon this world as his allotted sphere, and goes forth among its various attractions, resolved to find somewhere among them an object for its worship and consecration. When he finds the search vain, crossed, disappointed, chagrined, and sometimes maddened, he seems to have no refuge but to curse the system of which he has been made an element, and the blind, if not cruel, despotism to which he has become a victim. No one can explain this to him but the Bible. He thought the world was given to him, and his vehement passions implanted in him, for the purpose to which he has applied them; but there he hears the voice of eternal wisdom—'My son, GIVE ME thine heart;' and he listens to the breathings of one who has learned the lesson,—'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.' This his heart feels to be the truth concerning the real happiness of man.

His revelling in the present is not less solemnly rebuked than his creature idolatry. To be happy to-day, and like to-day to make to-morrow, is man's practical philosophy. But the Bible opens to man a future and an endless existence, with an element of retribution

attaching to it a solemn, and even a terrific character. 'God will bring every work into judgment.' Nothing would man's heart more willingly consider false, and against no sentiment does it sometimes more fearfully contend; but life and judgment to come still take their place as truths, however neglected, in the conscience of mankind.

A similar remark may be made respecting the nature of future happiness and misery, as constituting the retributive element of the divine dispensation in the world to come. It is in the Bible alone, for example, that we find the conception of a spiritual and holy heaven. From the mythological imagination of the Greeks, the Elysian Fields, we go through the gross conception of the Koran paradise and its houris, to the notion of the Indian, his hunting-grounds and his dog, and in all we find but a reproduction in the future of the sensual pleasures of the present; while the Indian philosophers, escaping from these, fly but to an opposite error, in the idea of supreme felicity consisting of absorption into the Deity. The idea that a good man is still to have an independent existence, and that his pleasures are not to be sensual; that he is to be holy, like God, and to be happy in the communion and service of God, these are statements of the Bible, and they are true to man's nature. Man's heart says, If there be a heaven, it is, it must be this.

5. Remark what the Bible tells us of God's method of mercy to mankind.

Our readers know 'the gospel of the grace of God.' It sets out with representing mankind universally as chargeable with a deeply criminal rebellion against their Maker, and as liable to a condign infliction of retributive wrath. It exhibits a spontaneous interposition of mercy, of a kind altogether extraordinary. 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' His obedience unto death, even the death of the cross, constituted an all-sufficient expiatory sacrifice, available for every sinner on his acceptance of it; while out of this proceeding arise various and powerful motives, leading men to repentance and reconciliation, to purity and devotedness. It is not our business here to enforce these statements, or to adduce any argument in support of them. What we have to say is, that when they find their way to the conscience and the heart, they approve themselves to man as true. Long as he may strive against it, in proportion as he acquires a just knowledge of himself he feels that he is what the Bible has represented him to be; and the grace of the gospel is so fitted to his case, the fulness of mercy so like a God, the reconciliation of grace and justice so glorious and so complete, the humbling and purifying tendency of the system so powerful, and the whole mass of motive at once so gentle and so grand, that the heart accepts it as true because of its own glory and adaptation. Nowhere else is a scheme which, like this, ventures to contemplate man in the real depth of his misery and guilt; which, like this, comprehends in its wide embrace all the difficulties of his position; which, like this, provides a complete remedy for his sorrows; which, like this, exhibits

'a just God, and a Saviour.' Can such a system be fallacious? And if true, whence but from heaven?

A striking peculiarity of the evangelical system is to be found in the delineation of the Saviour. Even infidels have felt the singular loveliness of the character of Jesus Christ, and have acknowledged the impossibility of accounting for such a portrait, especially as drawn by several hands, except by supposing the reality and divinity of the original.

We may here, perhaps, be allowed to quote the well-known words of two distinguished men of this class, which may serve the purpose of our argument better than our own:—

'Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction. On the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without obviating it; since it is more inconceiveable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.'—*Rousseau.*

'Is it possible that the sacred person whose history it contains should be a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast, or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation?' —*Chubb.*

So true to human nature, and its highest conceptions of moral beauty, is the character of Jesus Christ, as to extort from infidels themselves, those instructive and significant acknowledgments.

6. Remark, finally, what the Bible tells us of man's obligations and duty.

Nothing in the Bible is more peculiar than its moral system. Without any attempt to define goodness, or entering at all into the controversy, begun so long ago and not terminated yet, respecting the nature of virtue, its precepts embody virtue in its noblest forms. Its tracing external actions back to the heart, and laying the foundation of right conduct in right principles; its making morality to consist essentially in love, and taking as the primary aspect of morals a supreme love to God; its placing at the basis of the most exalted virtues, the unesteemed—the too lowly—grace of humility; its rejection of all conventional morality, and contempt of the most established worldly maxims; its requirement of not merely an outward, but an inward self-government, and purity of heart; its intolerance of human frailty, and its perpetual injunction of perfection—these, and other features which might be enumerated, place the preceptive parts of the Bible quite apart from any other moral code. The corrupt heart, no doubt, is alien from so much purity, and resents so much strictness; but both are approved by the uncorrupted conscience. Laxer systems

of morals are more agreeable, but the conscience, if enlightened, rebukes the laxity which the heart revels in; and, even a profligate will acknowledge that a practical Christian—one embodying in his life the precepts of Christianity—is 'the highest style of man.'

If then—to comprehend in one observation all these particulars—the matter and substance of the Bible is thus true to human nature, and the laws of human thought and feeling; if its various contents at once meet man's deepest necessities (a task which has never been attempted by any book besides), and embody his noblest imaginings; if what is told us only by the Bible, and could not have been known without it, is so congruous with the mind as to approve itself as true as soon as known, and to make a lodgment in it by which contrary views are permanently displaced; whence is the Bible itself, but from the Author of our nature? Why have other men not written as the sacred writers did, but because divine wisdom was not in them?

IV. In addition to the peculiarities of the Bible already noticed, we advert to those which appear in its aptitude and adaptation. The singular adaptation of the sacred volume to its purpose, is as remarkable as any aspect in which it can be contemplated.

1. It is adapted to the human faculties in general—the understanding, the conscience, and the heart.

To the understanding it presents its copious and sublime materials with a majestic simplicity. All its writers 'use great plainness of speech.' They neither commence with definitions, nor lay down axioms; they neither resort to refined distinctions, nor indulge themselves in abstract thought; they neither cultivate a philosophical style, nor employ scientific terms. They wrote for man, and they use, in its widest sense, man's words, the language of common life. Their style contrasts strikingly with that employed by philosophical writers of every age, whether ancient or modern, from the Greeks to the Germans. The Bible delivers to us a philosophy more sublime than any of them, in a dialect incomparably more intelligible.

To the conscience the Bible speaks in a manner which no other book has ever attempted. We do not know, indeed, that any other book has ever attempted to speak to the conscience at all, except to seduce it from its integrity, or to lull it to slumber. To enlighten and awaken it is an object which the Bible alone has embraced, and which it has well understood how to accomplish. Its statements of duty are so clear as to be fully understood, and so consciously just as to be immediately appropriated. Its accusations penetrate the most secret recesses, and come with an irresistible force of conviction. Its reproofs and directions are given with an authority which the conscience owns without reserve, and before which, in its more awful aspects, it quails with terror. The thunder and the lightning are not more piercing or more solemn to the bodily organs, than the Bible is to this faculty of the mind.

And in what inimitable tones does the Bible speak to the heart! What passion is not appealed to? What motive is not employed? And every one of them with surpassing power. Speak we of fear?

'Who knoweth the power of His anger,' whose wrath 'is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men?' Speak we of hope? What benefits can be so rich and glorious as those presented to us in the salvation of God? Speak we of love—the master motive of man's heart, and the grand persuasive of the sacred word? What display of it can compare with the love of God to a guilty world, in the redeeming work of his Son, Jesus Christ? Ah! man's heart was never besought after this manner, or moved by persuasives like these—except in the Bible. There are thrilling and touching scenes in human life; there are thrilling and touching scenes in the region of romance; but the Bible unutterably surpasses alike reality and fiction, as indeed it should do, if, as is alleged, it brings man himself into contact with the eternal and the divine.

2. The Bible is adapted to the faculties of man in their various degrees and forms of development. How much there is of it that may be understood by a child! The first lessons of an infant may be drawn from it. How nobly it occupies the expanded and vigorous intellect of the man! It may be the partner of his severest studies. With how mellow a light it shines on the ripened judgment of the old! As if gently guiding the steps of age to a region of more brilliant illumination. Its truths did not lose their lustre amidst the lights of ancient philosophy—at Athens, at Corinth, and at Rome, 'the foolishness of God' was 'wiser than men;' and they can make themselves effectively visible amidst the greatest darkness of heathenism—the Bushman and the Greenlander have been guided to heaven by them. None are too wise to learn from it, and none too foolish to be taught by it.

3. The Bible is adapted to man in the various circumstances and conditions of life. It supplies ample materials for occupation to the student, and of contemplation to the sage; but it is also fitted to mingle with the active world. It was necessary it should be so, if it was to be a book for mankind; for the world is mainly active, and not contemplative. Man is almost always the busy, the anxious, the tried, the tempted; found amidst responsible duties, onerous cares, or touching griefs. To do him much good, the words that are spoken to him must be few and powerful; easily understood, and coming home to him in a moment. Such words the Bible speaks, and the Bible only. And it speaks them so as to suit all classes. To the peasant they are so plain that 'he that runs may read; and the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.' To the prince they open a source of royal wisdom, and they teach kings to do judgment. They can find room, with a sturdy strength, amidst the most crowded cares of business, and insinuate themselves with a winning gentleness into scenes of overwhelming sorrow. The Bible is emphatically the practical book for human life; and the one book for every condition.

4. The Bible, in fine, is adapted to man in every nation, and in every age. National characteristics are diverse, and impress themselves strongly upon national literature, so that, to a great extent, the productions of one country are not generally acceptable to those of another. The Bible had a national origin, and bears, undoubtedly, the

impress of some national characteristics, yet it is pre-eminently a book for all nations. With matter which commands the attention of all, it has a form which is gratifying to all, and repulsive to none. Long wrapped up in the simple, primitive, and narrow vocabulary of the Jew, its wisdom was at length transfused into the rich and glorious language of Greece, the language of all history, poetry, and philosophy, except the biblical, the spoken language of the civilized world in that age, and the destined study of ages long to come. Its style is too largely mixed to be peculiar anywhere, and it has no nationality; less like the Swiss, who retains the characteristics of his country to the last, than the Anglo-Saxon, in whom the blood of so many races is mingled, that he has the virtues of all without the singularities of any. It is descriptive, didactic, poetical, dramatic, allegorical, pathetic, philosophical—it is everything that man is, and man everywhere feels it his own.

And thus it belongs to every age. There are many things which ages alter. They witness changes of government, the rise and fall of dynasties, the advent of new masters and new principles of administration. They witness the advance of knowledge, and the revolutions of science; the extension of commerce, and the abandonment of its ancient channels; the development of practical genius, and the triumphs of art; and sometimes the total change of habits, customs, and manners; but man is the same, and for the purposes of his highest welfare, the same book suits him. He never gets beyond the lessons of scriptural wisdom, and if he thinks he does, and throws them aside, he is sure to relapse into darkness. Aristotle and Seneca are old books, and this age does not heed them; but the sacred book never gets old. On the contrary, the Bible is always new, not only because every new comer into the world wants it for himself, but because it is always presenting new phases of truth, and new applications to the heart and life. To the end of the world it will be new, and it will be as fresh and earnest in its application to the conscience of the last sinner, and the heart of the last sufferer, as it was to those of the first who perused it.

Such is the Bible. It is passing marvellous that all this can be said of one book, and of only one. It must be obvious from whence such a book has come.

From the very ground we have occupied, however, objections to the divine origin of the Scriptures have been drawn, and objections which have been urged with much tenacity. The Bible has been condemned, for example, because its statements do not agree with facts, as in geology; because its doctrines are contrary to reason, as in the Trinity; and because its morals are impure, as in some Old Testament narratives. Now, without attempting to go into this class of objections in detail, which is here neither opportune nor necessary, we may make on them, as a whole, two or three brief observations. In the first place, they are evidently made in a spirit of hostility, so that they are greatly exaggerated, and, to a great extent, unworthy of regard. In the second place, these objections are capable of being, in great part, removed by patient investigation and candid judgment; so

that there remain only what may fairly be called difficulties rather than objections. Thirdly, the existence of difficulties in the Bible ought to create no surprise if it be the book of God, since there are difficulties in all his works. This does but place the Bible on a level with the works of nature—the stones, the trees, the stars. Were it wholly free from difficulty, the presumption against its divine origin would certainly be more strong. Fourthly, the existence of difficulties in the Bible is the rather to be expected, because it is of the nature of moral evidence to be complicated with them, as a test to the disposition of the inquirer. It seems to be a divine rule to supply evidence enough for the conviction of the candid, and to leave difficulties enough for the uncandid to stumble over. Fifthly, the difficulties in the Bible do not annihilate the positive evidence of its divine origin. This—all this—is still there, and if our decision is to be arrived at by a comparison of the force of evidence on the one side, and the weight of difficulties on the other, there can be no doubt of its character.

To us, indeed, asking who made the Bible, is very much like asking who made the sun. To such a question—which, amidst his glorious rays, could scarcely be deemed less than impertinent—one might well content one's-self with saying, 'Look, and see.' Mark how his intense and burning beams fall on the eye with so extreme a gentleness as to be a source only of pleasure to that sensitive organ, and spread themselves over the face of nature like a transparent mantle, bringing out from their hidden treasures the beauteous hues with which they adorn her. Mark how the light of day guides man to his labour, and furnishes to him the medium by which he successfully pursues the minutest investigation, while the influence of the celestial orb warms the cold clods of the earth, and impregnates her kind bosom with a thousand benefits. Who made the sun? Why, God, who made the earth and man upon it, he made the sun too, as is evident from its fitness for both.

Judge, then, by the same method, who made the Bible. Whence could a volume come, so fitted to man's mind, so suited to man's wants, so adapted to man universally, but from the Author of man's being? There are, indeed, difficulties in the Bible, as there are spots in the sun; but not all the spots that were ever seen in it have induced mankind to ascribe it to a different origin, or to forego the advantage of its illumination.

By evidence of the class which we have now adduced, and of which, as we set out with saying we should, we have given an extremely slight and imperfect sketch, there has been extorted from an infidel, to whom the external evidences were as naught, the following confession of the supernatural origin of the Bible. 'I confess to you,' says Mr. Chubb, 'that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man?' And if not of man, then of God. Reader, listen to it as the voice of God TO THEE.

Words for the Wise.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'—SOLOMON.

'Ego autem neminem nomino; quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui ante de se voluerit confiteri.'—CICERO.

XII. CHAPEL EXTENSION.

POPERY has many foster-fathers beside the old man on the Seven Hills. The child of human nature itself, it will not be allowed to die at present for the want of parental care; and it may even chance to survive for a time, though Mazzini should be again summoned from London to govern Rome.

For not only by the 'English Church,' which is thought to have been devised expressly with a view to its maintenance, but by communities also which have neither stalls to shelter it, nor mitres to reward it, is it rocked and dandled into unnatural strength; prophets, hired to curse it, murmur over its cradle an unlooked-for blessing; and the Magnates of Methodism itself diligently feed it into size and power, as the queen-bee is stuffed into pre-eminence by the joint labours of the hive.

Pity that the Dissenters of England should not have been above this weakness! Why should they have stooped, as they have done in so many ways, to ignore the 'painful' testimony of their fathers? What have they to do—they, of all men—with reports and speeches which discourse in Popish fashion on 'the wants of the age,' which take up with mechanism and call it life, and which go far to show that the straitest sects of modern times, like the strict religionists of the Saviour's age, are greatly more concerned to know what they should *do* than to grow to what they should *be*.

Amongst the nostrums and specifics which this tendency has evoked, I remark with some astonishment that the most popular at present is 'Chapel Extension.'

It used to be held that churches, like constitutions, must *grow*, and could not be extemporized; but we have got beyond all that. We can secure a site, and look out an architect, and run up a building, and establish a 'cause,' at the shortest possible notice; and what this may lead to, now that the duty is off bricks, I own myself at a loss to imagine. For consider with what facility the love of novelty sways the bulk of mankind; consider what charms the offer of power must ever have for all the restless spirits of a neighbourhood; and say what class of persons will be the first to flock to the new centres of attraction. Who, in short, on this extemporaneous system, will be the founders and first constituents of the infant Church?—*that* is the question.

This novel method of 'Church Extension' is pursued at present, however, upon system. Societies are established to undertake it;

large sums are collected from all quarters to pay for it; secretaries are engaged to advocate its claims; the pious are reminded of the 'form of bequest' by which they may promote its interests; considerable moneys are invested in the Three per Cents in the name of its treasurers; and sundries, including rent of committee-room, advertisements, postages, collector's poundage, &c., duly figure in the annual reports: whilst the rule which is to determine the application of all this wealth, is couched in such terms as these, 'That to individuals, churches, or associations of churches, who shall provide one-fourth of the cost of a proposed chapel, the committee may advance the remaining three-fourths, partly by grant, partly by loan, the grant usually being within one-third of the entire cost, and never exceeding one-half.' 'A handsome chapel, going, my friends, at one-fourth of its value! The building is quite new, and the style of it is Gothic, of the transition period. The first applicants to be the purchasers.' To be sure the purchasers may be holy men, as well as those who have reared the building; and it is possible, moreover, that the patrons of the new living *may* bestow it upon one who shall both live and promulgate the very truth of Christ. But who does not see, that the persons undertaking the responsibility of the purchase, must be sorely tempted to relieve themselves of a portion of it as soon as possible. And what means so certain as the speedy selection of a preacher, who shall cause the pews to let? Holy the new incumbent may be; learned, moreover, and wise he may be: but he must at all hazards be *attractive*. That is the one indispensable qualification, and upon our modern system, whatever be the deficiencies of the model minister, you may reckon with confidence upon this, that he will at least be popular.

It is one consequence, moreover, of the importance attached at present to this 'Chapel Extension,' that a Dissenting capitalist can now-a-days, with the gains of a week, go far to palliate the misdeeds of a lifetime. Let him set up in some conspicuous place a showy church-like structure, and the religious newspapers will hasten to hang garlands about his name; Heavyside will smile on him benignantly from the pages of the 'Windbag;' and at the opening of the new building Tritissimus will exhaust for the twentieth time the well-known text, 'For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.' What if some heart-burnings ensue? What if the first incumbent of the new benefice should be popular, and should thin the neighbouring congregations? What if Tritissimus himself should discover that some of his own flock have been stolen from him? *Les fous font les modes, et les sages les suivant;* and even our sagacious friend cannot help himself. He must go with the stream, and will have to preach at the first anniversary, or the 'Windbag' will hint that he has but a cold zeal for the salvation of the world.

For in this miserable entanglement of gain and godliness, it should not surprise us that the poor people cannot always make their way out of the meshes, so industriously woven for them. They hear on all sides the cool assumption that he who rears these ambitious structures 'is doing

God service.' They find their 'denominational literature' saturated with the doctrine. Nay, they have more than once been present at some 'opening,' and have looked round upon the ornaments of wood and plaster, whilst Dr. Pliable has read, and the genteel congregation has sung, the familiar verse—

'What though the gates of Hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.'

Surely the inference is irresistible. The 'wondrous work' before them is the *wondrous work* indeed. In the construction of such edifices is to be found the true *edification;* and the metaphorical meaning of that word may henceforth be laid aside.

That was not a lovely spectacle which the world used to see, when poor Dissenting ministers, with dusty boots and cravats of whitey-brown, hawked their 'chapel-cases' up and down the country in quest of money; but there is a tradition amongst us, that some of the men who did that, might 'have done better for themselves,' had they been so minded; and I for one, if chapels *must* always initiate religion, would rather have these unhappy 'cases' obtruded on me again, and be mulcted on the behalf of each in the sum of one guinea, than I would be charged a shilling as Quidnunc was, at the door of one of these modern temples, to hear an organ 'opened,' amidst the unsavoury odours of the Bermondsey tan-yards.

But what astonishes me beyond measure is the singular architecture to which this novel passion has given birth. I have seen some specimens of it, and have eyed them, I confess, in speechless amazement. There was a meaning once in those old cathedrals, which, for all *religious* purposes, are abandoned now to deans and singing-boys; and even to this day they show us that our fathers meant what they said, and had no more thought of cheapening the offerings of their veneration and love, than had she who broke the alabaster box of 'very precious ointment' over her Saviour's feet. One knows likewise how to respect the brick meeting-house of the hunted Puritan; for does it not remind us of times when the brotherhood of Christ must meet by stealth, and when discovery meant imprisonment, exile, mutilation, death! All honour, then, to the noble piles with which the piety of our Catholic forefathers studded the land; and all honour to the homely structures of that 'Ebenezer-pattern' which excites the abhorrence of George Brummagem; but for these 'gay masquerade representations of all the mediæval styles,' got up at the smallest possible expense, verily, they fill me with amazement.

Oh! George, George, you are a clever man, and a ready speaker; but I wish you had let that stern old 'Ebenezer-pattern' alone. For, albeit it represents not Brummagem ideas, it is the symbol, sacred for ever in the estimation of the pious, of a service that was once 'salted with fire.' Its very plainness should have commanded your respect; and its honest simplicity should have taught you, that the men who offered it to God would as readily, in earlier ages, have lavished time

and money on the old pile at Westminster, or the majestic towers of Lincoln. Pity you meddled with that 'Ebenezer-pattern,' George Brummagem.

For what have we got in its place? Not the best of our own time, nor the best of any time, but only the Brummagem-best of past times; mediæval chapels built by contract, and mediæval ornaments multiplied by casting. Did our fathers serve God so? Read the following paragraph and see. It is taken (since you will ask the authority) from the 'Companion to the Almanac' for the current year, pp. 232-4; and I suppress the indignation of Discipulus to make room for it.

'It is forgotten,' says our critic, 'that our fathers, in a state of rising civilization, might as easily have multiplied ornament by casting, &c., as we can; but then it never occurred to them to do so. Now why does it occur to us? Simply because the *use of ornament* now is totally different from its use then: and this betrays the whole difference. In its beginning and progress all ornament is a "free-will offering," added to the necessary part of a man's work, or, rather, incorporated therein, as a distinction from the work of brutes (which would otherwise be *superior* to ours, being without botching or bungling), and a source of satisfaction in our work by rendering it such that we may love it, and when finished, may in a measure see that it is good, and bless God for it. Such ornament it never occurs to any one to *cheapen*, whether it be offered to Heaven in the house of prayer, to our guest in our own house, or our neighbours outside. It is of the nature of an offering, and must be sweet savoured, costing its full price, the best of its kind. No man cheapens it, but if poor brings *cheaper*, not *the same cheapened;* wrought zigzags, not cast foliage; a choice ram, not a cheap inferior heifer; a choice pigeon, not a lean pretentious ram. In the times of "Early English" (or early anything else), such is the nature of all unnecessary finish, neatness, or decoration. It has nothing in common with modern ornament, which is best typified by the stamps on an Albata fork.'

* * * * * *

Redtape receives this extract with one long-drawn 'Phew!' For as his studies had been mostly confined to 'our denominational literature,' this 'Albata fork' strikes home, with all the point of novelty; but *naturam expellas* furcâ *tamen usque recurret*—and it recurs, sure enough, in such questions as follow.

'Is not the new steeple 127 feet high? And are we to make no account of that?' etc., etc., etc. 'And have we not been advised to build showy chapels at watering-places, the better to attract the giddy and the frivolous? And do they not answer well?' etc., etc., etc. 'And do you esteem it nothing that a handsome structure, intended for the Papists, having fallen into the hands of the speculator, should be generously conceded to "our own denomination?" Have you no sympathy, again, with the loud pæan of victory which is chanted when the wealthy shipowner, after long wavering between the cost of consecration and "the claims of the Dissenters," allows a Dissenting teacher to read himself into the new benefice? And if, at a moderate cost,

we can ourselves build places, that may be mistaken for churches, are we to deny ourselves the waifs and strays of episcopacy which these may bring us?'

Red-tape, my friend, time would fail me to answer all your questions; but in the last of them you have, I suspect, in the strangest way, blurted out the truth. And certainly, as I myself saw, of two such 'catches' has your imitative architecture already to boast. Perched all proudly on the iron cross at the summit of a modern Wesleyan chapel, they seemed to be making themselves quite at home, and their loud 'caw-cawing' from such a 'steeple' had begun, I own, somewhat to astonish me, when a friend at my elbow suggested that the silly jackdaws had surely mistaken the conventicle for a *church!*

'Do you not see,' says Veridicus, 'that this style of chapel-building is the effect of competition? Cotton-tape must have a new shop front, not because his soul delights in glass, but because his rival, Linen-tape, has had one; and perhaps when he has got the same, some thrifty housewife may confound his modern trade with the business up the street, "established in the reign of Queen Anne." Besides, if he should be driven to a mortgage, it will be greatly facilitated by the magnificent appearance of that unbroken surface of glass. One must go with the times, you know, or be content to be "nowhere" in the great race.'

Enough, then. *Quocunque trahunt fata, sequamur;* and I fear the Dissenters must receive with resignation the kicks administered to them in the following passage. It is from that wicked almanac again, p. 231. 'Dissenters in their imitation of mediæval art seem hitherto many years behind us in the character and spirit of the decoration, which as yet seems purely exhibitory, as on shops or shows, or the churches (whether Pancras-Greek or Chelsea-Gothic) of George IV.'s time. They still, therefore, as heretofore, simply follow in the steps of the National Church architecture, at a respectful distance, varying in each sect, from the Congregational, &c., to the Society of Friends, who bring up the rear with their singular fancy for being at the top of the most genteel fashion of fifty years ago.'

Much might be added; and of pew-rents and free sittings something will yet have to be said, but not to-day. It is written, however, that 'Where there is no vision the people perish.' The poor people! My heart bleeds for them when I think of it. What with your 'specific adaptation to the wants of the age,' they have some singular visions at present. For they demand a Christianity which shall be seen, and you point them to your new steeple; they cry out for the light, and you cause it to stream on them through windows of stained glass, emblazoned with the 'cardinal doctrines of the gospel;' amidst the 'shaking of the nations' they would feel some solid ground beneath their feet, and lo! there are aisles laid for them with blue and red quarries; they implore you to grant them some tokens of a living Christianity, and you answer them with foliage and blossoms done in 'compo;' they ask you for *the bread of life*, and you have not even the grace to give them solid unostentatious STONE.

But, stone or stucco, the work of the chisel or the work of the mould, what but mockery could either be, apart from the enkindling life? And I would give the new steeple itself, to hear Tritissimus ring the changes on the forgotten text of Habakkuk, 'Woe unto him that saith unto the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach! Behold it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is NO BREATH AT ALL in the midst of it.'

X. Y. Z.

Palissy the Potter.

WHEN, in an after age, the literary history of the nineteenth century shall be written, one characteristic of it will stand out in bold and honourable relief,—'It was an age,' the historian will say, 'of the resurrection of great men.' Many, indeed, since the birth of the year 1800, have been exhumed from their forgotten graves. The gathered dust of centuries which had obscured their features, and almost filled up the very writing on the grave-stones that alone told of their existence, has been wiped away. The 'antiquary' has been among the tombs of the departed; the sculptor, the painter, and the writer, have united to do tardy justice to their memories; and they who once walked the earth 'kings among men,' live over again in another generation those deeds of virtue and glory which rendered their names 'familiar as household words' to the ears of other times. Their 'Lives' stand on our book-shelves, their portraits hang upon our walls, their statues adorn our galleries. The only fear amongst those who truly love their memories now is, that it may become fashionable to praise them, for then they are sure of dying a second death. But meantime, the seeds of their forgotten wisdom, like the corn found in the sarcophagi of ancient Egyptian nobles, has found its way into new earth, and proved its never-dying virtue by springing up and bringing forth fresh fruit. So true is it that 'the good and virtuous never die.' The iniquities of the wicked 'find them out' generally in their own life; not so is it always with the virtues of the righteous; but of this they may be sure—they shall live again in posterity, and be known, honoured, and beloved by thousands who shall rise to call them 'blessed.'

Last of those great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who have again risen to life, is Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot potter of Saintes. Mr. Henry Morley, in two volumes now lying before us,* has, with great fidelity and much power, written the life of this remarkable man; and although in many respects this task might have fallen

* The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes; his Labours and Discoveries in Art and Science, &c. And a translation of Illustrative Selections from his Works. By Henry Morley. Two vols. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

into much better hands, none can read this deeply-interesting memoir, and not feel under a weighty obligation to the author for the care with which he has collected its materials, the faithfulness with which he has sketched the character of its subject, and the boldness with which he has struck at the ecclesiastical and political abuses of the times in which the potter lived. In other respects, the work is not very creditable to the literary talents of the author. It is wretchedly constructed, disjointed and fragmentary to the last degree of the reader's pleasure and patience, and occupies twice as much space as was really necessary. Stripped of all the extraneous, and much of the quoted, matter, it would be twice as readable, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose in these days, being only half as bulky, it would be twice as cheap.

Bernard Palissy, son, probably, of a glass painter in the fertile district of Agenois, was born somewhere in the first decade of the sixteenth century. The precise spot and date of his birth are equally matters of doubt, but it is generally supposed that he was born at Chapelle Biron, in this district. Mr. Morley fixes the date of his birth at 1509, acknowledging, however, that he may be in error fully six years on either side of this date. After weighing the evidence, we feel disposed to accept Mr. Morley's hypothesis, and, for convenience sake, shall continue to adopt it in the course of this sketch. Of the early life of Palissy, almost as little is known as of his birth and birthplace. We are only acquainted with the fact that for a trade he was taught the art of glass-painting, and that after he had made himself sufficiently acquainted with his business to earn at it a temporary competency, he made a tour of his native country, living, as he journeyed, by his art. In this he was undoubtedly well skilled, as he could always return to it in after life, when other resources failed him. 'People,' he says, with that charming simplicity which ever marked his character, 'thought him a better painter than he was,' but that he was a good one we may infer from his fertile imagination, his love of nature, his delicate powers of observation, and the brilliancy and novelty of his after designs. His wanderings probably extended over the greater part of France, and through many years of his life. They served to develop and call forth his strong native powers of endurance and observation, and we may assume that it was in the course of his travels that he received his first impressions in favour of the Reformed religion. It could not have cost Palissy much pain to have abandoned, if ever he firmly held them, the orthodox notions. What he saw of the oppression, dishonesty, greed, and license of the Catholic clergy of those times, would have been sufficient to awaken and convince him, as they were afterwards to move his pen and tongue to words of warning and indignation. This unknown period of Palissy's life Mr. Morley has filled up by an imaginary sketch, extending over ninety pages, of what the future potter must have seen, heard, and said—a sketch ill-conceived, ill-executed, and out of place, and which would be altogether valueless but for the author's occasionally graphic sketches of the state of French society in the years under review. The only

authentic fact about Palissy's early travels is, that he concluded them at the town of Saintes, where he settled down a married man, aged about twenty-nine or thirty, and where his real history begins.

Palissy had resided apparently some time in Saintes, supporting himself by glass-painting, and 'drawing plans for use in courts of law,' when an event occurred which brought out the strength and energy of his character, and the variety of his talents, changed the whole current of his future life, and served to lift him out of the mean obscurity of a provincial town to a place of rare eminence, amongst the philosophers and artists of his country and age. It was about 1540, then, when Palissy was thirty-one years old, that 'there was shown to me,' he says, 'an earthern cup turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into a controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthern vessels and other things very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing.' To understand these words of Palissy, and the significancy of the determination he came to, the reader must endeavour to place himself in the position then occupied by the painter. Enamelling was a secret art utterly unknown in France. The only specimens of enamelled ware known at the time were produced in China, and at a single manufactory in Italy. These were, for the age, very beautiful, and a monopoly being enjoyed, extremely costly. None but the noble in station and wealth could purchase them—to the common people they were altogether unattainable. From the presence of household cares and responsibilities, and the distance of the only European manufactory, it was utterly impossible for Palissy to acquire this secret in any other way than by experiment. He could not journey to Italy, for what was to become of his family? And, even if he could go there, it was very improbable that Luca della Robia would give possession of his secret to an intending rival. Palissy, therefore, little conscious of the heat of that fiery furnace into which he was about to cast himself, 'began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark,' his only helps being a smattering of chemistry, and some considerable knowledge of colours, and how to mix them.

He began as an empiric, for he could not do otherwise;—the history of his labours, and their first results, we shall condense from the graphic account happily left us by himself. 'Without having heard,' says Palissy, 'of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded, in those days, all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and having broken them in pieces, I put some materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum: then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake.' As might have been expected, and

doubtless as Palissy feared, this first experiment failed. The little capital he had sunk in the 'quantity of earthen pots' was lost; and the time and labour which might have added thereto, were also lost, and all he had gained was, a knowledge that the 'materials' he had used were *not* the right ones. He had hoped that some one of the drugs or mixtures would produce some 'whitish colour,' 'for I sought,' he says, 'only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others.' The mixtures were wrong, and he found afterwards that his whole process of working had been wrong. In fact, he wrought in utter ignorance of clays, fires, furnaces, and every other appliance of the undiscovered art. His trial pieces were ill-arranged; his furnaces were ill-adapted to bake them; his fires now too hot, and now too cold, sometimes spoilt his pieces before the trial was complete. But so he wrought for months, 'blundering' several times, at a great expense and through much labour, every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, 'which cost,' he says, 'much money, and consumed my wood and my time.' A man—a poor man—with a grumbling wife and crying children, must be made of rich and strong material to do *that*, but this was but the beginning. Again, chemicals were mixed, pots broken, the fire anxiously watched, and again came loss and disappointment. So the furnace was another time taken down and another time rebuilt. Day after day, month after month, year after year, Palissy worked—how many years we do not know—he himself says 'several,' probably it was not less than seven or eight. At the end of them he was as far from his intention as at the beginning, and full, he says, of 'sorrow and sighs,' while his wife upbraided him for a fool, sickness and death were scarcely ever out of his house, and he was beginning to feel the gripings of poverty. After this he adopted another method, and covering three or four hundred fragments of pottery with still different mixtures, sent them to a potter's to be baked. This was done 'several times,' but each time came fresh loss, worse confusion, and greater sorrow.

It is good for a man, whom anxiety and misfortune have been pursuing in all his labours, to rest for a while. Palissy had been in a fever of excitement for years. Brain and sinew could not many months longer have maintained their natural strength and tension. Perhaps he felt this; perhaps, too, the last loaf was in the cupboard, the last wood on the fire, the last livre in the pocket, and that was why he suddenly brought the labour of years to a stop. But in this act lay the most manifest signs of his strength. It must have cost him more to take this 'relaxation for a time,' than to have wrought on for years. The Potter could work night and day, but he could not idle. So, after many years of breaking pots and building furnaces, he betook himself again to portrait and glass-painting, and surveying, 'comporting himself,' he says, 'as though he were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels.' In a short time he had saved a little money, and with renewed energy he recommenced his experiments by breaking 'three dozen earthen pots—all of them new,' into

some three hundred pieces, and sending them to a glass-house; but it was the old story; and nothing came of it, excepting that one of his compositions began to melt. This, however, was enough for Palissy, and encouraged him to *two years'* further labour, during which 'I did nothing,' he says, 'but go and come between my house and the adjacent glass-house, aiming to succeed in my intentions.' How many years further he would have gone on, we cannot tell, but now the sun broke suddenly through the clouds. Believing it possible had rendered it possible. With devout thankfulness, Bernard thus narrates the first successful issue of his labours:—'God willed, then, when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass furnace, having a man with me carrying three hundred kinds of trial pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished, in a way that caused me such joy, as made me think I was become a new creature.' The said enamel, he afterwards says, was 'singularly beautiful.' To the weary eyes of Bernard, who, for nearly ten long years, had been looking for it in every piece of pottery baked in his own furnaces, at the potter's, and at the glass-house, it must have been 'singularly beautiful' indeed. What waking and sleeping dreams had not Palissy that day! But the reward for his labour was as yet but small, and this 'beautiful' bit of his own enamelling was all that he had for many months on which to feast the eyes of his mind and imagination, for a greater trial than any he had yet passed through awaited him.

The secret of enamelling was discovered. What next? To think was to do, and Palissy at once began to make pots. First, taught only by his own genius, he spent eight months in making vessels; next, with unassisted hand, he erected a furnace like that of the glass-workers. In this work he was his own mason; he tempered his own mortar; himself drew the water with which it was tempered; and himself went up and down for the bricks, because he had 'no means' to pay for even one man's aid. At last the furnace was built, but the work was not yet done. Night and day, for more than a month, the potter slaved to grind the materials for the enamel, and then the vessels were placed. Alas! the whole year's labour was in vain. Six days and nights the potter watched the furnace, feeding it with wood, and grinding fresh enamel. The enamel would not melt. Now, 'stupified with labour,' and 'like a man in desperation,' he spent his last money in buying fresh pots, on which fresh enamel was placed. The furnace fire was now going out, and he had no wood to keep it alive. There was no alternative. First, the palings of his garden were torn down; still the enamel did not melt. There was no alternative. The chairs and tables of his house were broken up and sacrificed to the insatiable element. Still the enamel did not melt. There was no alternative. Mad with despair, at midnight, he entered his house, tore up its flooring, and consigned it to the flames,—and the enamel was melted. One does not wonder to read after this the following:—'I suffered now an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and

dried up by the heat of the furnace — it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me.' Worse than this, his wife — her from whom 'solace was due,' ran crying through the town that he was burning up his floors; neighbours came and taunted him; he was in debt; his credit was taken from him; none gave him consolation; and, scorned as a fool and a madman, he was told that he 'ought to die of hunger and perish.' More than all, the brave and generous heart of the despised workman was pained, because some said he was labouring to make false money, and at this he 'pined away,' with only little hope, because the last trials had turned out 'tolerably well.' The little hope buoyed him up, and for his next trials he contrived to secure the assistance of a labouring potter, who made vessels from his designs, but he was compelled to part with him at the end of six months; and, having no money, to give him his own clothes for wages. He built another furnace for this trial, and again spent days and nights in grinding the enamel. If at this time his wife complained of the want of his society, can we wonder? Unhappily, the result of this third baking was worse than any previous. The enamel was perfect, but the pots were spoiled by flints from the oven. Palissy might, however, have sold them for a trifle, but, although himself, his wife, and children were starving, this he could not do. He would not sell such labour for a paltry price. With his own hands he resolutely broke the entire pieces of the batch, and then — 'lay down in melancholy,' and while he lay in his own house, reproaches and maledictions were showered upon him from every side.

Our space will not allow us to follow minutely the further steps of the Potter. Our readers will have found that he was not a man to give way to disappointment or despair, and he soon recovered from his last failure, and henceforth his difficulties were fewer. Year by year he improved his method and style of manufacture, spending the whole of the money realized by the increasing sale of his ware either in erecting new furnaces, or making new experiments. One of his most celebrated inventions was that of 'rustic figulines,' or figures in pottery, in imitation of wild animals, reptiles, &c. In this he was remarkably successful; and so exact, we are told, were his copies from nature, that the 'astonished dogs' of Saintes would come and bark at the canine figures he would place at his door. In a short time Palissy's fame had extended through France, and he received orders for ornamental pottery* and figulines from Catherine de Medici, the queen-mother, and the Constable de Montmorenci downwards; and had he not been a Huguenot, whom neither bribes nor threats could turn from his faith, his course henceforward would have been without a shadow or a cloud.

Religious troubles, however, broke out in Saintes. The Reformed

* Palissy's art died with him. Of the estimation in which his ware is now held, the reader may form some opinion, when told that a Palissy vase sold lately in London for £57 15s., and a candlestick for £20.

religion was proscribed; its adherents were hunted down, seized, imprisoned, and at once beheaded. Palissy had been one of the most active teachers and professors of the new faith. He helped to form the first church in Saintes, the six members of which met once a week in an upper room to read and expound the new-found Word together. When the troubles, of which he has himself given us the history, broke out, he remained quietly at home, reading, he says, when ever temptation assailed him, the seventy-ninth Psalm, which begins, 'O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance.' But he had been too prominent an actor in the religious sedition to be long overlooked, and before three months had elapsed from the burning of the first heretic in Saintes, Palissy found himself in a dungeon at Bordeaux, hurried thither at dead of night, and there awaiting sentence of execution.

It was here that his Art stood him in need. He was working for great patrons, and Montmorenci at once exerted himself to bring about his release. An edict procured by Catherine, and issued in the name of the king, appointed Palissy Inventor of rustic figulines to the King and the Constable, and as a servant of the Crown he was at once set at liberty.

It is strikingly characteristic of the fearless mind of Palissy, that one of his first acts on his release from custody, was to publish a collection of four treatises, dedicated to his patrons, the constable and his son, the queen-mother and the people. This was his second published work—the first, a medical treatise, is lost. The essays were respectively, on the Improvement of Agriculture; on certain Discoveries he had made in Natural History; on a plan of a Delectable Garden; and on a New Plan for a Fortified Town. In the dedications to these treatises he boldly avows his religious principles and ecclesiastical leanings. 'I would like,' he says to the reader, 'to beg of the nobility of France, that after I shall have occupied my time to do them service, it will please them not to return me evil for good, as the Roman ecclesiastics of this town have done, who have desired to get me hung, for having sought, on their behalf, the greatest good that could accrue to them, which is, for having wished to incite them to feed their flocks, following God's commandment. And no man can say, that ever I have done them any wrong; but, because I urged upon them their perdition, according to the eighteenth of the Apocalypse, seeking thus to amend them; and because many times also I had shown them a text written in the prophet Jeremiah, where he says, "Woe unto you, pastors, who drink the milk and wear the wool, and leave my sheep scattered upon the mountains! I will demand them again of your hands." They, seeing such a thing, instead of amending, hardened themselves, and banded themselves together against the light.' The simple potter adds, 'I never would have thought that for that cause they would have wished to take occasion to put me to death!'

While the above treatises were passing through the press, in the year 1564, Palissy, at fifty-five years of age, removed from Saintes to Paris, there personally to superintend his works at the Tuileries, to ornament which he had been engaged by Catherine de Medici, for whom

this celebrated palace was then being erected. Here, in the precincts of the Tuileries, the potter lived for many years. We find him in 1570, still working in the garden of the palace. In 1575, he commenced a course of philosophical lectures in Paris, in which he explained and defended his discoveries in various branches of science, before the most learned audiences of the time. In 1584, being then seventy-five years of ages, he was still delivering these lectures. In a contemporary publication of that time, he is described as 'a man of remarkably ready and acute wit, who was flourishing at Paris, giving lessons in his science and profession.' Some of these lectures were printed in Palissy's third and last book in 1580, and bore the following title, at which one would smile, did we not know from what a simple and unaffected heart the title came :—

'ADMIRABLE DISCOURSES on the Nature of Water Fountains, as well Natural as Artificial; on Metals, on Salts, and Salt Springs, on Stones, on Earths, on Fire, and on Enamels. With many and other excellent Results on Natural Things. Also, a Treatise on Marl, very useful and necessary for those who are concerned in Agriculture. The whole drawn up in Dialogues, wherein are introduced, Theory and Practice. By M. Bernard Palissy, Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King and to the Queen, his Mother.'

We now draw near the last days of the Huguenot Potter. In the year following the date last mentioned, in 1585, the young king, Henri III., 'finding,' says Mr. Morley, 'no other way of saving himself from the imminent danger in which he was placed by the extreme Catholic party, put himself at the head of their league, and issued a decree, prohibiting the future exercise of the Reformed worship on pain of death, and banishing all those who had previously adhered to it.' From such a decree, Bernard, though he had served the Crown now for more than forty years, could not hope to escape. True, he was seventy-six years of age, and one would have thought that the grey hairs of the venerable man would have saved him from the common doom; but in the times of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew neither young men nor maidens, old men nor children, found mercy. The State knew as little of *that* as of tolerance, and Palissy was dragged to the Bastile. Here, that Church which is 'filled with the blood of the saints' clamoured for his immediate execution, but the influence of powerful friends was interposed, and sentence was deferred.

Palissy had been three years shut up within the walls of his prison, when he received one day a visit from the king, the particulars of which have been handed down to us by two contemporary writers, De Sancy and the Admiral D'Aubigne. Mr. Morley has given it in the words of the former authority :—

'My good man,' said the king, 'you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party, and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women [fellow-sufferers with

Palissy] and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted.'

We know of nothing finer in the history of the whole army of martyrs than the royal answer of Palissy to this speech:—

'Sire,' answered the old man, 'the Count de Maulverier came yesterday, on your part, promising life to these two sisters if they would each give you a night. They replied that they would now be martyrs for their own honour, as well as for the honour of God. You have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, "I am compelled." That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a Potter to bow down to images of clay.'

The girls were burnt, and a few months afterwards, at eighty years of age, Palissy died in the Bastile.

We need add little concerning the character and attainments of the remarkable man whose eventful history we have thus imperfectly sketched. Palissy *lived himself*. Everything therefore that he did was an illustration of his character. Never did the outer and inner man in any representative of mere humanity more perfectly correspond each to the other. He could not live a lie. He was always in harmony with himself. Nothing falsified him to the world. Nothing misrepresented him. Next to his wonderful perseverance this is the most prominent stamp set upon his history. To deceive was unnatural to him,—as unnatural as it was to conceal. The whole truth, therefore, always came out. And his clear and scrupulous sense of duty never appears to have forsaken him. Whether in prosperity or adversity, he followed it without deviation. Like the sun-flower, which turns its face to the god of day, whether clouds obscure the rays of its countenance, or it shines in undimmed brightness upon its servant, Palissy faithfully trod in the way and commandment of Him whom he devoutly recognised as his God and Saviour. A simple and earnest piety characterised all his acts. He was a steward of God, and this idea seemed to be, as Mr. Morley remarks, the 'mainspring of all his actions.' He was constantly recurring to the duty of every one, 'according as he had received gifts, to distribute them to others.' Mr. Morley, with that just appreciation and affectionate faithfulness with which he ever speaks of the Potter, has very beautifully brought out this feature of Palissy's character:—

'The Parable of the Talents—the duty of every man placed in the world to see how he might turn all his powers to account, and do the utmost good of which his mind was capable—was the touchstone by which Bernard tried the temper of his industry. This religious feeling, aiding and strengthening his natural activity of mind, forced Palissy to pursue with energy every path by which he thought he could arrive at truth. He never remained satisfied with what was done, for there was always more to do. He laboured ever forward in art; he studied nature, not as a recluse, but as a man ready to seek every opportunity of turning his discoveries in science to the practical advantage of his race. He saw that if men kept honest local records, history would be

more correct, and therefore he narrated the events of his own town. He saw errors in church discipline, which caused misery and strife, and he proclaimed honestly all that he saw. Having finally acquired much knowledge, and eliminated what he thought to be some valuable practical ideas, from the spreading of which over the country good would follow, it became his duty to spread them if he could.'—Vol. ii. p. 13.

Palissy's love of Nature was hardly less remarkable than his unswerving obedience to his moral sense. To it, indeed, he owed much of his elevation and simplicity. At her feet he was delighted to sit. He never wearied of her praises. In the striking and beautiful dialogue, entitled, 'The Naturalist looking out on Evil Days,' after characterising in language such as only a painter-poet could use, all the plants and animals of the woods and fields through which he would roam when the trials of life beset him on every hand, he says, 'All these things have made me such a lover of the fields, that it seems to me there are no treasures in the world so precious, or which ought to be held in such great esteem, as the little branches of trees and plants, although they are most despised. I hold them in more esteem than mines of gold and silver. And, when I consider the value of the very smallest branch of tree or thorn, I am filled with wonder at the great ignorance of men who seem in our day to study only how to break through, cut down, and destroy the beautiful forests, which their predecessors had been guarding as so precious.' Such a lover of nature would learn much of such a mistress, and many lessons in morals and science did Palissy learn of her. She taught him not to idle, for, in his own expressive language, 'the stars and planets are not idle, the sea wanders from one place to another, and labours to bring forth profitable things; the earth, likewise, is never idle; that which decays naturally in her she renews, she forms over again—if not in one shape, she will reproduce in another.' When in the crowded city, we may imagine Palissy saying, with the Gipsy Count in the 'Spanish Student:'—

> 'I hate the crowded town!
> I cannot breathe shut up within its gates—
> Air—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
> The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
> The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
> And no walls but the far off mountain-tops.
> Then I am free and strong.'

We have not left ourselves room for more than a word on Palissy the writer. His books, as we have already intimated, were three. The first, which is lost or unidentified, was published in opposition to the notion then very prevalent among doctors, that gold, as a medicine, had restorative virtues. The contents of his second work, published in 1564, we have already indicated, as also those of the third, published in 1580. With one or two exceptions, the treatises they contain relate to those scientific matters which were so often uppermost in his thoughts. They all display a keen and inquiring observation; much originality of thought; thorough honesty of purpose and intention; and are written in a manly and straightforward style. On these, his

reputation as a philosopher rests. They fairly establish his claim to many discoveries in natural history, in what has since been called geology, and in chemistry and its kindred sciences. Had he lived longer, doubtless something more would have issued from his pen, but the air of a prison was too corrupt for the already ripened corn, and he died, a martyr in whom the Church might well rejoice, and whom Death itself might be proud to receive.

The Teachers of Popular Infidelity.

THOMAS COOPER.

My personal knowledge of the subject of this article dates from September, 1845. On the evening of one day in that month, an entertainment was given in a long room in the neighbourhood of Snow-hill to Mr. Thomas Cooper, who had recently been released from Stafford gaol, after a confinement of two years and ten months, and had just published 'The Purgatory of Suicides, a Prison Rhyme, in ten books.' A principal feature in the proceedings was the reading, by a working man, of an address to Mr. Cooper—a glowing, warm-hearted, but not adulatory composition; so elevated in sentiment and style, and so felicitously interwoven with lines from the 'Prison Rhyme,' as to excite the astonishment of one who did not then know the commonness of the literary faculty among journeymen tailors and shoemakers. Mr. Cooper's reply was brief and simple. There was no lack of self-estimation, certainly, either in his words or manner; but neither was there any apparent disposition to magnify what he had done and suffered. The little he said was chiefly in acknowledgment of the feeling manifested towards him by his 'own order,' and the generous appreciation of his book by the critics; an expression of unabated devotion to the Charter; and a hint, if I remember rightly, at his adoption of the views afterwards embodied in the 'Two Orations against taking away Human Life under any Circumstances.' It required no little moral courage at that time to make an avowal of this doctrine; for working men were then neither so averse to physical force, nor so tolerant of differences in opinion, as they now are—Thomas Cooper had been the boldest of 'the fighting men' in the conventions previous to his arrest—and we do not usually respect the repentance wrought out under chastisement.

The second anniversary of Mr. Cooper's liberation was celebrated, in May 1847, at the National Hall, Holborn. Mr. William Howitt presided, and a very complimentary letter from Mr. W. J. Fox was read. Several of the speakers were gentlemen not identified with Chartism. It was evident that 'the Chartist Poet,' as Mr. Cooper

loves to write himself, had gained new friends. On rising to respond to the sentiment of the evening, he said :—

'I have just been thinking of a little boy of five years old, and a woman, who, somewhat more than thirty, but not forty years ago, were passing over Gainsborough bridge. The boy clung to a gate as a master chimney-sweeper went past. He wished to have the boy for an apprentice; and I remember the reply the mother made. I remember what that boy said—"Mother, mother, do not let that ugly man take me!" That boy has become a man, and he now stands before you. If Thomas Cooper has done anything worth remembering—if, by any endurance of suffering, he has deserved this meed of approbation from his fellow-men, he owes it all to his hard-working mother, who had to work, and pine, and starve—and often gave her last penny to get him bread. I have heard her despair as her last shilling was taken from her by the tax-gatherer, and by that bitter example Thomas Cooper came to be a Chartist before Chartism was known. I hope I am true to my order. I was reared among the people, and I cannot forget the sufferings of my poor mother. When in more advanced life—I think I see her now sitting in her old chair—I had frequently to rise from my weary task to help her. I think I see her now, weak and faint, sitting smoking her pipe, and listening to me while I recited pieces to her from Shakspere or from Milton. But it is all over now, and she lies in Gainsborough churchyard. No stone is there to mark the humble spot—but near her lies the tax-gatherer, and he has gilded letters on his stone. "Why do you not send this lad to work?" the neighbours would say, when they came in and saw me trying to write. "Because I wish him to learn," replied my mother; "it will all come to something some day." I want to impress this upon mothers—to care for their children's education. Set them all the same example of honesty and uprightness—let them all set such an example as my mother set me, and I think you will have children with, at all events, some degree of talent.'

On a very different occasion, and to a less sympathetic audience, Mr. Cooper related the aftercourse of a life thus painfully, though not inauspiciously, commenced. On his trial at Stafford, before a special commission, in the autumn of 1842, a large part of his defence was autobiographical. He was born at Leicester, in March 1805. His widowed mother removed, while he was an infant, to Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, her native place. A feeble, sickly constitution, indisposed him for the sports by which robust children evade the goads of poverty. He became, while yet a boy, devoted to reading, drawing, and music. This latter taste the poor mother encouraged by purchasing for her son, with great self-denial, 'one of the old-fashioned, but sweet-toned instruments, call a dulcimer.' At fifteen—'after many promises of patronage had been broken'—his mother reluctantly apprenticed him to a shoemaker. At this humble craft, he laboured till his twenty-third year. He found, as Gifford, Drew, and Carey, had done before him, that the mechanical monotony of his occupation was compensated by the freedom it permitted to his thoughts. A memoir of Samuel Lee, the Cambridge Hebraist, gave a new direction and fresh ardour to his mental ambition. He set himself to the acquisition of languages and mathematics, as well as to the pursuit of historical and poetical knowledge, while bending over the last and plying the awl. He wrought at his double task with self-consuming energy. During his apprenticeship, he learned to read in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and

French, went through a course of geometry and algebra, and committed to memory three books of 'Paradise Lost,' and the whole of 'Hamlet.' Throughout a great part of this time he suffered much from penury, for he earned but ten shillings a week, although he wrought twelve and fourteen hours a day; and his mother, growing old and feeble, could do little for her own support. 'In the winter,' he says, 'because poverty prevented my enjoyment of a fire, I used to place a stool upon a stand to rest my book, and a lamp upon it; and with a bit of old rug under my feet, and my mother's old red cloak over my shoulders, I used to keep up a kind of motion, so as to keep off cold and sleep at the same time. In this mode I used to pass the winter hours from nine or ten to twelve at night; and from three or four till seven in the morning, my mind being too enfevered after learning, to permit my sleeping long, even if I had remained in bed.' In the summer he rose with the dawn, and walked miles over the hills and among the woods above Gainsborough—but, still with the book in his hand. No wonder that he often swooned off his seat, and at last incurred a long and severe illness—during which, he records, the 'truly evangelical curate of Gainsborough,' Mr. Hensley, 'visited my bedside, and poured the consolation of truth into my ear.'

On recovering from this illness, he was persuaded to forsake shoemaking for the profession of a schoolmaster. He made the attempt with success. At thirty years of age, he removed to Lincoln, to conduct a school there. His volunteered report of a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute of that city, led to his connexion, first as reporter, and subsequently as assistant editor, with the 'Stamford Mercury.' Owing to 'family circumstances of a disagreeable nature,' he relinquished that engagement, and came to London, as many a provincial genius has done, to seek literary employment. He obtained only casual engagements; had to sell his books, and even pawn his cloak; and at the end of a twelvemonth, accepted the editorship of an expiring Kentish newspaper. In November, 1840, he returned to his birthplace, having been offered a situation on the 'Leicestershire Mercury.' That occupation brought him into contact, for the first time, with Chartism; and disclosed to him scenes of distress of which his own hard experience had given him no conception. He found stockingers struggling with existence on four shillings a week—he saw them sinking under the unequal conflict into bitter privation—and he had no answer to their fiercely or sadly urged complaints, that exclusion from political power lay at the root of their suffering. With men of poetic temperament, opinions are quickly formed and ardently acted upon. Thomas Cooper was, therefore, no sooner a Chartist in sympathy, than he proclaimed himself one in conviction, and connected himself with methods of agitation which neither his judgment nor taste could approve. He was invited, in August 1842, by the Hanley Chartists, to lecture in the Staffordshire potteries. He went thither, and addressed immense meetings of the colliers, then on strike. He avers—and it is not contradicted by direct evidence—that all his speeches were of a pacific tendency; that at one of the meetings, on a Sunday, he took for a text, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' and that 30,000 colliers held up their hands for

a resolution, pledging them to keep the peace. At all events, one of these assemblages and harangues was followed by a riot, including the demolition and burning of the parsonage and other houses. Cooper and others were arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting in these disturbances. He proved, on his trial, that he was on his way to Manchester, at the time of the outbreak; and was, therefore, acquitted, but was remanded for trial on a second and third indictment—for 'sedition,' and 'seditious conspiracy.' To the charge of sedition he offered to plead guilty, if the judge would say that it was sedition to advise men to cease labour until the People's Charter became the law of the land. Sir Nicholas Tyndal declined to say so, and Cooper was tried on the charge of 'seditious conspiracy.' On this indictment he was convicted, after a trial protracted, by the conduct of his own defence, through ten days; and was sentenced by the Court of Queen's Bench to three years' imprisonment.

The 'Purgatory of Suicides' was the work of these three years. It is dedicated, in a sonnet, to Thomas Carlyle—and the implied friendship of that great writer is not, I believe, an assumption. The Conservative 'Britannia' was the first to make generous recognition of the new poet, in an article attributed to Dr. Croly. The 'Eclectic Review' followed. Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and Howitt, procured for the work laudatory reviews, and extended to the author the hand of friendship. It is incontestably a great poem—the production of a man of native genius and laborious culture. It is essential to an understanding of *his* character, opinions, and influence, that we should understand *it*.

The opening stanzas embody the sentiments of the luckless speech for which the author was then suffering. In his first night on a prison bed, brooding over the fate he has incurred, he cries:—

'Is life worth having? Or, is he most wise
Who, with death-potion, its fierce fever slakes,
And ends, self drugged, his mortal miseries?
Can he be guilty who at once forsakes
The agony which, sure as death, o'ertakes,
Early or late, all who with wrong contend?
Since Power this earth a clime of misery makes
For him who will not to its godhead bend,
Why to the enfranchised grave with sluggish footsteps wend?'

Sleep 'took its tinct from the mind's waking throes.' There came —the reader of this 'prison rhyme' is required to suppose, as we have all believed, in right earnest, when, in the happy susceptibility of childhood to poetic impression, we read it of Bunyan in Bedford gaol—there came to the sleeper, though 'on uneasy pallet stretching him,' a vision—a vision renewable with the nightly return of sleep. He voyaged in 'the bark of death' upon 'a skyless sea'—a 'dismal sea,' athwart which a myriad monsters their 'hideous hugeness' rolled. He landed with his fellow-voyagers upon a soil of sullen barrenness or dank fertility, with a climate of parching heat and poisonous perfumes—

'A crude excess
Of all things dim and doleful, dark and drear.'

A painful march conducted them to a subterranean aisle—in which, at last,—

'A sense of unearthly light,
Dawned with a thrill of ease upon their anxious sight,'

and revealed at every step wonders of natural architecture unspeakable. This aisle terminated in a vast domed cavern, whence the travellers departed to their several homes. The dreamer, himself exempt from the laws which coerced his fellows, now discovers that he is in the company of suicides, condemned to dwell in 'clime apportioned to their gloom or hate or pride.' In a hall of more gorgeous imagery than even that of Eblis, are the crowned and uncrowned kings, the rulers by hereditary and the rulers by innate power, who made unbidden exit from this world. With a taunt addressed by Sardanapalus to Lycurgus, they begin

'pregnant descant on their earthly fall,
On fate, and mortal change, and being spiritual'—

which continues through the remaining hundred stanzas of the first book. In his next visit to this lower world, the poet is guided by the spirit of Milton—an unconscious adoption, he affirms, of a Dantean example. Their 'flying travel' ends upon a grove, where sages, true to the habits of earth, hold converse on truths that still elude their grasp. Again the dreamer is with the invisible, but this time alone, and upon 'the brink of a wild lake,' where he encounters Judas Iscariot, and—Lord Castlereagh! an association accounted for by the general supposition that remorse for treachery, stimulated by an apparition, drove the latter to self-murder—but scarcely justified, so isolated and unapproachable in enormity does the crime of Judas appear to all who love the immaculate Betrayed. This, nevertheless, exceeds in impressiveness any other portion of the poem. The fourth book is devoted to the discussions of Sappho and Lucretius—the fifth, to a group represented by Condorcet and Roland—the sixth, resumes the debate in the 'rainbow-roofed and column-girt expanse,' in which Saul and Ahithopel take part—the seventh, accompanies a mission from these lofty spirits to those mean souls who leaped the future in impatience of trivial ill fortune—the eighth, shows the abode of a host of nameless heroes, who, like the Jews of York, turned their last refuge from persecution into a funereal pyre; and to these, too, comes a messenger of hope—the ninth, celebrates the virgins, wives, and widows, who fled for the safety of their honour or the love of their lords into the arms of death—the tenth, and last, describes

'A gladsome dream;
A dream of portents beatifical;
A dream where the prophetic brain did teem
With glorious visions of high festival
In sculptured aisle, and dome, and rainbowed hall:
A festival of Brotherhood and Mind
By suicidal spirits held, from thrall
Of Evil freed; and mystically designed
To adumbrate future bliss for Earth and human kind.'

By what agency this result is accomplished, I cannot describe—on what philosophic theory (not to speak of revealed truth), this representation is justified, I will not discuss. My object here is simply and strictly expository—not controversial.

The most truly poetic portions of the poem, however—those in which the writer lays himself open to love, as well as to admiration, and wins it even from dissentient critics—are the exordia to the successive chapters of the supposed dream. These introductory stanzas appear to have been prompted by, as they usually turn upon, the incidents that cheered or deepened the gloom of three years' imprisonment—a burst of sunshine, the perching of a robin on the barred window, a momentary glimpse of night as it looked to the great world without, the sound of the 'Sicilian Mariners' or the Evening Hymn, the parting of a convict from his wife and babe, the execution of a fellow-prisoner. Here the interest is all human and individual. The structure of the poem itself may be objected to—its tendencies deprecated—the genius which, in my judgment, it evinces, pared down to the exercise of a marvellous memory and a musical ear. But against these prologues neither objection nor deprecation will prevail. The varied tenderness and fire of the lines in which Cooper recalls the image of his buried mother and lorn wife, his childhood's rambles beside the Trent, the sorrow he had witnessed in the homes of the poor, the profligacy of rich and the falsehood of gifted men, amply vindicate the genuineness of his poetic powers. I will quote the second and third stanzas of his third book (the first is an apostrophe to the sun):—

'Aye, once more, mirrored in the silver Trent,
Thy noontide majesty I think I view
With boyish wonder; or, till drowsed and spent
With eagerness, peer up the vaulted blue
With shaded eyes, watching the lark pursue
Her dizzy flight; then, on a fragrant bed
Of meadow sweets still sprent with morning dew,
Dream how *the heavenly chambers overhead*
With steps of grace and joy the holy angels tread.

'Of voices sweet, and harps with golden wires
Touched by the fingers of the seraph throng;
Of radiant vision which the cherub choirs
Witness, with jubilee of rapturous song,
And without weariness their joy prolong,
I lie and dream, till, with a start, I wake,
Thinking *my mother's home is still among*
Earth's children, and her yearning heart will ache
If for those angel joys her smile I should forsake.'

In addition to this poem, Mr. Cooper is the author of 'The Baron's Yule Feast,' 'Old Saws and Modern Instances,' and 'Captain Cobbler,' an historical romance, &c.; has made also considerable contributions, both in prose and poetry, to newspapers and periodical literature; and conducted, through two or three years, the 'Plain-Speaker,' and 'Cooper's Journal'—weekly penny publications. He has published, in a separate form, a series of 'Letters to Young Men,' which first

appeared in those magazines—an intellectually trustworthy auxiliary to self-education. He is engaged, as largely, I believe, as his health will permit, in lecturing, chiefly on historical and biographical subjects.

I have said nothing as yet of Mr. Cooper's theology. He told his judges, in the speech from which I gather the materials of his early history, that in addition to his systematic studies, he had read largely; and instanced Cudworth, Stillingfleet, and Warburton, as his favourites. Volney's 'Ruins of Empires,' and Voltaire's 'Philosophical Dictionary,' left upon his mind impressions which deepened into a rejection of revelation. The 'Memoirs of Henry Martyn,' and Paley's 'Evidences'—which he 'read thrice, and analyzed, till he could repeat the whole substance of the book'—re-established his belief in the historical evidence of Christianity. He added, 'I have never doubted that evidence up to the present moment.' This voluntary declaration, when compared with a passage in the third book of his poem, is another indication of the unsteadiness of convictions in men whose emotional faculties predominate over the intellectual. He has been recalling the notions of divinity attributed to the sun, and goes on to express suspicion that the crowning miracle of the Christian history is but a form of faith and hope in the revivifying power of light:—

'Though thousand lights converge
To deck with loveliness the Nazarene,
I hesitate, demur, surmise, and glean,
Daily, new grounds to doubt the Mythic dress—
Phœnician woof, once more!—through which is seen,
I fear, thy ancient face—bright Comeliness!—
Fabling with future life poor grave-doomed worms to bless!'

Within four or five years later, suspicion had again become conviction—Strauss had supplanted Paley. In the winter of 1848, Mr. Cooper commenced a course of lectures at the halls in John-street and the City-road, entitled, 'A Critical Exegesis of Gospel History, on the Basis of Strauss's "Leben Jesu."' These lectures attracted crowded audiences, and were printed weekly in 'Cooper's Journal.' The report was prefaced by the following note:—

'All who are afraid of thinking, and who dread that the people should think, on the most important of all subjects, will censure me for the publication of these discourses. Let none of these, however, misrepresent my motives. I yield to none in fervent admiration and love for the character of Christ. Under all changes of opinion, his moral beauty has ever kept its throne in my heart and mind, as the most worshipful of all portraitures of goodness. I seek to multiply, not to lessen, the number of his true disciples. Deeply convinced that the rapid growth of inquiry, and the spread of scientific information, among the great body of the people, are destroying all belief in what is evidently legendary, I am anxious to aid the preservation, in some minds at least, of continued and purified attachment to the substance of Christianity, while its shadows are being dispelled. I know no higher teaching than Christ's—I acknowledge none. But his religion no longer commends itself to me by mysterious or miraculous sanctions. I hold it to be the most perfect version of the religion of humanity; and for that reason, desire to see it divested of all legendary incrustations that may prevent its reception with sincere and earnest thinkers. The great work of Strauss assisted me much in coming to a clear and

determinate conclusion respecting the source of the corruptions in the real history of Christ; and with a view to help others who might experience similar difficulties to mine, I delivered these discourses.'

Of this faith Mr. Cooper, by his great popularity with his 'own order,' as a lecturer and writer, rather than as a direct propagandist, is a very influential preacher. And in this faith it is probable Mr. Cooper will rest. It is one eminently adapted to a mind such as is exhibited in his life and works. It satisfies his devotional faculty, while it imposes but an easy yoke upon an intellect that is impatient alike of authority and logic. It sanctions the hope of immortality,* while it permits a disbelief in the eternity of the consequences of sin. It eludes those deductions from the doctrine of the divine existence which appear to fright Mr. Holyoake from assenting to that proposition. It gives to the imagination and the heart an object of worship and an ideal of humanity,* divested of the terrors and perplexities which are supposed to attend the evangelic theory. It countenances a claim to the name of Christian, and places its disciple in the relation to other religionists rather of an innovator than a destroyer. It is, I know, very extensively received among intelligent working men. The books which directly inculcate it, are largely read by them—it pervades their periodical literature—it gleams through the political discussions of their favourite newspapers—it is evidently the creed of their popular lecturers—by supposed approximation to it, they estimate the liberality and talent of evangelical preachers. It is, therefore, I would suggest, the definite field of controversy between the Christianity and the Infidelity of to-day. Arguments on 'the existence of God,' or on the 'Inspiration of the Scriptures,' will not cover this ground. It must be demonstrated that the gospel account of the life and teachings of Christ is a veritable history—leaving it an open question *what* he taught—or little advantage will be gained. It is a favourite expression of Mr. Holyoake's, 'I make you a present of prophecy and miracle —neither can make me believe what my reason and heart reject.'

---

* Mr. Cooper has given strong and beautiful expression, in several passages of his poem, to his admiration of the character of Jesus, and his yearning for the assurance of immortality. Thus:—

'I love the Galilean; Lord and Christ,
Such goodness I could own; and, though enshrined
In flesh, could worship: If emparadised
Beyond the grave, no Eden I could find
Restored, though all the good of human kind
Were there, and not that yearning One, the poor
Who healed, and fed, and bless'd! Nay, to my mind,
Hell would be Heaven with him! Horror no more
Could fright, if such benignant beauty trod the shore!
* * * * * * *
Oh! I could brook
The dungeon, though eterne!—the priest's own hell,
Ay, or a thousand hells, in thought, unshook,
Rather than Nothingness! And yet—the knell
I fear is near, that sounds—*To consciousness farewell!*'

Mr. Cooper does not say the former, though he concentrates the force of the latter sentiment in one impressive line—

'I cannot worship what I cannot love!'

From the pains he has taken to disprove prophecy and miracle, it is clear he feels their argumentative weight. He appeals to history for a truthful version of what Christ did and spake. Let those who have faith in the Gospels as no less a human history than a divine revelation demonstrate to him that the Christ of the Bible is the Christ of fact, and they may then claim his acceptance of the words of Jesus as the surely-certificated 'Words of Eternal Life.' Δ

Cease from Man.

A PAPER FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Cease to expect happiness from merely human sources.

Cease to trust for the world's cure and prosperity to unaided human intelligence and power.

Cease to fear man's frown and opposition when engaged in any really divine work.

Cease anxiously to calculate on so much human aid to be rendered before a good work can be done; or confidently to expect success because of the human support offered.

Cease to over-estimate the *necessary* human agents and implements in divine works.

Cease to be confident of the permanence and purity of churches and societies, unmindful of the human elements of frailty and error that are working in them.

Our necessity will still ask a human assistance; our heart still be athirst for a human friendship. Our heart 'crieth out' for *man*. Is it, indeed, only some that put their trust in horses and chariots, in gold and silver, in eloquence and skill? Is it not nearly all of us that are respecters of persons and property, of the prince's favour and that of his train? Or, better than this, at least do not we all want a human bosom for our rest, a human hand for our support, the light of a human countenance to disperse the shadow of our days? Man blesses himself in the honour, the aid, the love of man. And wherefore should he not? He can cease from man only then justifiably when man hath ceased from God. But if only so, let man unite again with God in a true communion of dependence, and man with man may re-unite in the mutual confidence of brotherhood. We may commence, then, an orderly meditation by remarking—That as it is natural for man to seek to man, the lesson 'cease from man' is one hard to learn. There are many of whose youth trust was the instinct, and of whose manhood distrust has been the lesson. And among these are not a few who have become sour, suspicious, and separatists. Poor revenge for dis-

appointment to become ourselves disappointers! We will do as it hath been done unto us! We have leaned on what we thought a staff, finding it a reed to pierce our hand, so we will pierce and betray the hand that seeks to us. We have expected a smile and been received with a frown, so we will frown upon those that come to us in their hope. We have joined ourselves to associates, and they have shaken us off, or lifted the foot and gone away from us, or laughing with us in the first time of our success, have reproached us in the after time of our trial; so we will at least be separatists—no man's neighbour, no man's brother. All this is sad, but not rare. But all the disappointed are not such. Some of them are but greatly surprised and perplexed. They went forth, and the honoured and wealthy World, as they thought it, met them, as it were, with a friendly Good-morrow, inviting them to an entertainment, offering them association with itself in a business. They felt abashed, yet flattered and expectant. They bowed and blushed before the World, but then felt new dignity from his notice. But the entertainment has not been so bright and satisfying as they hoped, and it has made them feverish and weary. The business, too, has not yielded the promised advantages, and what they have gained has brought with it strange anxieties for its security. Yet they are rather perplexed and surprised. Where *are* aid, honour, and love? Can man live without these as his portion? Did he not naturally, did he not, as he needs must do, seek them among his fellows? To this it must be replied, Yes. And if he has found them not, it is not because they exist for him nowhere, but because he has looked round without looking up—because he has gone thirsty to the broken cistern instead of to the fountain. The cistern, though broken, yet keeping enough of its form to show that for containing water it was made, enough also to hide the fractures that make it useless, till a near survey discovers them.

We next remark, then, that if we learn the lesson, 'Cease from man,' for our good, it is because with it we also learn the lesson, 'Turn to God.' Can God, the distant and dreadful, be to man a substitute for those in his likeness? Not God remaining the distant and dreadful — He must come nigh us, even to our heart, if he is to be our confidence. Yet if we be made to work with man, and to joy in his favour — though God shall be more to us than a thousand brothers, He shall not be this to us in such way as to remove all pain we feel because of our deprivation of man and our proper good in man; and to take away all wish to have faithful, sufficient, and lasting human associates. The presence of God may comfort us in the sorrow of our lonely testimony delivered in the midst of the hostile or indifferent, the sorrow yet remaining a real, though a restrained and moderated one. Yet is there a valid, serene exultation of mind in that the God of heaven and earth, who never changeth his friendship, who wearieth not in mercy, who cannot fail in counsel, is our friend. We may delight ourselves in God, when yet we desire greatly that our grief, because of man's fickleness, coldness, and poverty of resource, may cease. We will remember that when Christ

rejoiced in spirit, it was at the affectionate trust and obedient open-heartedness of the little flock of humble persons that believed on him. Though he knew that the Father heard him always, though He and the Father were one, yet felt he peculiar joy, and in the presence of that Father, that a first lowly few were now given him as brothers. How wretched is it to be made to cease from a human confidence and expectancy, the longing of man for man, without a divine confidence and expectancy to take their place—to have for our thirst neither water-springs on earth, nor rains from heaven. Such a one travels and travels, and at last, perhaps, finds some water. But then having ceased to trust men, he now ceases to labour for them, and is only for himself in the world. And at last he learns the bitter lesson, that as he could not trust men, but must needs cease from them, so neither could he trust himself, but has proved insufficient for his own peace, and for the abiding of his place and joy.

Of those that have learned to stay themselves in God, to seek Him and his face evermore, to trust the everlasting strength, we may now remark: That gradually they find they may truly, though in a new manner, and with new measures of confidence, look to man also. That which is divine in man we, perhaps, did not before seek to and appreciate. Till we had learned the vanity of what had finest outward aspect, the error and prejudice of the seeming wise, we did not turn to God; but turning to Him, and considering his power and goodness, soon we recognise and value what is likest to Him, the pure, true hearts, that are jewels of great price, the yearning, ever-praying souls, that are as altars on which the fire never goeth out. There is very much, as it were, still native in the wild, unweeded garden of the world's natural character, that is very excellent. If there are great trees to which we rather first go, and there the lightning strikes them and us, there are retired places, where, on lowly bushes, fruits hang. There is ever enough in the wild garden of the world to show a rich soil. And, leaving the figure, we may say, that there is ever much in the love and labouring fidelity of man for man, though, according to the wisdom of God, it shall be found often where least expected, to witness that man is for man, his heart divinely touched with the promptings and the zeal of pure love. There is ever enough to inspire the hope of man that he is redeemable, and to suggest large thoughts of what he may become as redeemed. But it is the way of God, if we will court princes for their state rather than their worth, to show us how little state without worth can serve us, and to display for us, and give us the worth apart from the state, that we may know its power and blessing, in the persons of men mean and despised. But, not only, if we have ceased from man and turned to God do we find human aid and love, where before we did not seek them,—among men naturally, as native growths; but we find, too, that where the truth is loved by godly hearts, where it rules, enlightening and enlivening there specially we may confide. God shall not let a man have his own improved heart as his only witness of the power of a valid faith—that were dangerous for him. He shall have, and—both for the sake of the truth

that is in him, and for the sake of the truth itself, as that which God is and loves—the confidence and affection of men. Surely, if we find none in whom God has so wrought, that now there is fidelity and continuing sweetness of character, we are not ourselves divinely touched—our eye opened by Him, our foot following his leading hand—or, at least, we have been but yet a very short while in our right mind, and on the right way. We must recognise, then, in man, the dependency of his good, its continuance and success, upon the great and ever-willing Giver. Only may we depend on man when he depends on God. When he returns to his Maker, we may return to him. This will be not only possible for us, but to do so will be our happiness. It will behove us to join ourselves to those men, and to those forms of human activity, that are in a conscious dependent relationship to God.

But yet again, we must now remark, that, when most divine, man is still human, and as human he is mortal. Man that may be trusted as to character, cannot yet receive our safe confidence as to his power, and his continued relation to us. If, while he is here, he is ours, yet how long will he be here? If he will surely be willing while he is able, how long will he be able? If, while he has a purse, the truth shall have a coin; and while he has a tongue, the truth shall have a word—how soon may the mischance of the world diminish or carry off his store, and his tongue be silent in darkness, himself having entered the inheritance of light! Alas for mortality! The prophets, they, too, are mortal. They touched here for us their immortal harps with mortal fingers. The harps—theirs still, theirs ever—with another touch, are sounding in other ears. They have left us their music, but themselves and their instruments are gone. The sage and the saint have their breath in their nostrils, even as the foolish and the sinner. Death that hath no victory over love's power, what wounds may it inflict on love's joy! The dearest and truest, they, too, are mortal. How could we love God the bereaver, if he were not the uniter also? But we would that we might all take our heavenly wings at one time. The long united of the earth, the much loving, making one journey. Would that all the lovely in life were undivided in their departure—so we say. And art thou, O Lord God, jealous of a creature's love?—dost thou not delight that we taste the sweetness of its joy, seeing thou didst make it sweet? Will it not please thee that we drink of thy filled cup, even if we sometimes think more of the wine than of thee? Will not the mother at her nursery-door please herself with viewing her children's gladness, though they see not that she sees them—and shalt not thou, O Father of worlds, look on at our home happiness, rejoicing, though unperceived? There is, indeed, no jealousy in God. He taketh not away to grieve, though grieve in taking he must. But, doubtless, our true affection is more than any particular exercise thereof; and, doubtless, the reference of all other love to God, and the love of him perfected, are essential to happiest creature unions; and, doubtless, the griefs of mortality are purity and preparation for the immortal, untroubled relationships. So, let the prophet, let the friend, the parent, child, wife, husband, depart at the

call of death, when divine wisdom gives death its commission. And let us use the hours, and let us put immortality into all our doing and desire, by purifying all with the incorruptible, and, therefore, everlasting divine word. And, if with the short times, and uncertain conditions of mortality, there are too much associated the waywardness and fear, the fainting and longings, of the natural man—let our 'ceasing from man' have made us more and more independent of these, that they do not too much dispirit and surprise us. And, then retreating to our rest in the Lord God, who must be our lonely as well as our strong tower, we shall, erewhile, return again to our rest, with man also, abiding with him, in our mutual confidence, as alike dependent upon heaven.

But the remarks already made suggest others, which we may usefully append. The young, how specially they need to learn that they must 'cease from man.' Experience will not in its own impressive teaching be superseded, but it allows itself to be in part anticipated. That men are not so complete, so manageable, so friendly as we supposed them, we may be taught to expect, before the time when experience will rudely and painfully show it. That, again, they are not so necessary, so unapproachable, or so terrible, as we might at first think—we may be taught. The young need, if they are to be prepared for a strong life, to be warned against setting either their hope or their fear on man. They are to work upon man and with him; to have their eye directed to places where the worthiest if the lowliest are—to be assured of the power and blessing of friendship. But early should they seek God—not ask, Have the rulers and Pharisees believed? but, Is it true? Not. Will it pay? but, Is it right? Not, What is easy and applauded? but, What is just and honourable? There is a divine honour, and aid, and loving-kindness. The young man may in the time of his want have to say—the man that I looked to hath forgotten me. What comfort, then, if he can say or sing to himself, 'But the Lord is mindful of his own; he remembereth his children.'

Again, Christians need also peculiarly to learn this lesson. They may, and do often, depend more on combination than on principle; on show in the world's eyes than on sincerity before God; on the influence of a reputation than on the force of right reason and love. They guard more carefully the human element than the divine one of their churches—and crave more the alliance of the world, and to borrow its untried, or if tried, unhallowed implements, than they seek the strength that cometh of equitable, uncovetous, patient simplicity of soul and life. And on another view of Christian life, we say, it will be sorrow and danger if we expect ever strong and impeccable saints. The saint shall surely have on him the mark of old sin—within him its still unruly force. And we must not deny goodness because of its stains—still less doubt God because a professed brother has proved a wanderer or traitor. The saints that are weak, or are indeed only hypocrites disguised with a name, will be to the truly sincere the sorest trial. Yet saith Scripture, God is true, if all men lie. Because there may be the new name without the new heart, is there no new

heart? Because some sheep prefer the wilderness at risk of the wolf to the fold—since it limits while it shelters them—is not the fold good, warm, necessary, sufficient? Even if the Church revolt as an army, God can raise his single champion or gather a select band, and win the day. We must cease from man, fear not his envy, his clamour: turn not for his folly and his fault.

And again: they who well learn to 'cease from man,' learn to cease from themselves, and learn, too, to try for a community in which confidence in man may be the rule. The distrust of our neighbour, whilst it should make us seek for confirmed principles in our self, seek for inward sources of help and hope, yet should lead us to examine ourselves, whether we, too, have not an inward enemy; whether our vessel have not a place of ready leakage; whether our strength, indeed, is sufficient for possible and likely trials, as it has been for experienced ones. *He* has been proved and found wanting—the enemy has appeared and prevailed, the leak has been sprung, and there is damage or wreck—the new trial has been too much for the old strength.

What of self? And, if we have confirmed self, let us then especially labour to be part of and make increase for a society that may be trusted, so far as mortal man may. Death cannot be barred away, nor change defied; sorrows will come, nay, will abound. But the human communion in its intimacy and indissolubleness, should come to resemble the communion of man with his divine Friend. If all the earth were in its wealth, order, love, divine—then every man would be a ray of God's brightness; and the more we were in perpetually increasing association with man, the more should we be with God and his Christ. It is not so—yet may we make part of a true and trustworthy company. And it is the duty and honour of the Church, in all it is and does religiously and generally, to make the angry and disappointed feel, that in 'ceasing from the world,' they need not cease hope of a human rest and aid. These should be able, in turning to the Church, to feel, because of its other and higher humanity, that God is indeed with it—and so by man be taught to turn to God.

How many are the occasions when we all, whether pious or merely outside worldly persons, feel the want of a friend or a friend's presence; or feel a wish that our friend's means were commensurate with his heart. Let the Church learn to trust the heavenly friend. She shall not less value, though she shall less depend on earthly ones. And then, having her hope in God, yet her sympathy with men, the Church shall attract to her some at least of the necessitous and disappointed, who with her shall enter into both friendships, the divine and the human, and complainings shall be hushed in hope, and mortal want and deficiency sanctified to heavenly preparation. Let us trust God, and we then shall, and may wisely, trust men. Let us be persons sincere and faithful, then shall we be ourselves trusted, and God in Christ will be trusted and honoured through us.

T. T. L.

English Editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,' to which, we believe, we were the first, some months ago, to call attention, is now before the book-buying public, dressed in every livery that the genius of the artist, the taste of the publisher, or the invention of the binder, can suggest. It is to be had at any price, from sixpence to seven-and-sixpence. Ten different editions at a shilling are now in the market, and jostle each other in every bookseller's window, from Cornhill, we might almost say, 'to Cairo.' It is stated that more than three hundred thousand copies of the work have already been disposed of, and that it will contribute no mean item to building up the fortunes of at least two or three publishing houses. The publishers of the first shilling edition expect to realize 10,000*l.* by its sale; while the publishers of the sixpenny edition calculate, with equal confidence, and doubtless on good grounds, on gaining 4,000*l.* as their share of realized profits. When the history of the bookselling trade shall be written, some curious facts will have to be told concerning the extraordinary demand for this greatest modern work of Christian genius and sanctified humanity. At one time we are told sixteen steam presses could not supply the orders received by one house alone. Mr. Bohn's meagrely illustrated edition of 5,000 was sold out on the first day of publication. We know of one railway station on the Great Western line where, for a time, the average sale of the book per diem was a hundred and sixty copies. These facts will serve to indicate the gratifying extent to which this book has been read—an extent exceeding, we should say, anything known of any other book but the Bible itself. And it has been read by thousands unaccustomed to see or hear of that volume, and may we not hope that it has awakened or deepened their personal interest in that only Book of Life?

We have before us now one edition of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'* which possesses peculiar claims to our notice. It is the only one of the series now flooding the market from which the author will derive any pecuniary profit. Prefixed to it is a letter to Mr. Bosworth, the publisher, from Mrs. Stowe, from which, and from a recent correspondence in the 'New York Tribune,' we gather that Mr. Bosworth, previously to printing it, had honourably asked the permission of the author, and stated his willingness to allow her a 'royalty' of threepence on every copy sold. Mrs. Stowe replies, 'I most cheerfully accede to your very liberal proposal, and I derive much more pleasure from the generous and honourable state of feeling which it indicates, than from any amount of pecuniary remuneration which it proffers.' Mrs. Stowe subsequently addressed the following letter to the editor of the 'New York Tribune:'—

* Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. With a Preface by the Author, written expressly for this Edition. T. Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

'Brunswick, Maine, Sept. 12, 1852.

'Mr. Greeley,—I have received the subjoined [Mr. Bosworth's] letter from an English publisher, and it struck me as so truly noble in its spirit that I have enclosed it for publication. I wish very much that you would make some remarks upon it, in answer to the following questions:—

'1. Have any American publishers shown a similar liberality with regard to English authors?

'2. Is there, or is there not, a truth in the sentiment of the author of this letter, that the imperfect state of our copyright law does not alter the right of the thing, nor make it just for a publisher to avail himself of an author's talents for his own purposes without offering him a fair remuneration?

'3. Might a man honourably and justly seize on another's estate, because some legal imperfection in the title allowed him to do so? and is it any better to seize on the avails of his talents?

'It has seemed to me that a spontaneous adherence to simple honour and justice on both sides of the water might go far towards revoking the national injustice of copyright laws.—Yours, very truly, H. B. Stowe.'

We fear that Mrs. Stowe's hope of a 'spontaneous adherence to simple honour and justice,' will be anything but realized here. *Her* book—*hers*, as Mr. Bosworth forcibly remarks, 'by the highest possible title to possession, that of creation'—has been sold by the hundred thousand, and from only one comparatively small edition will she derive any profit. We learn from inquiry made of Mr. Bosworth that the sale of this edition has reached to 12,000 copies, the author's proportion of profit from which will be 200*l*. In America, Mrs. Stowe informs us, 120,000 copies have been sold, from which her profit will be rather more than 2,000*l*. From the sale therefore in the two countries, she will receive little more than a fifth of what one publisher in Fleet-street will have realized. Whether this *should be so*—and what to term the conduct which thus withholds from genius its undoubted and honest moral right,* we leave our readers to determine.

Mrs. Stowe, in a preface written for the present edition of her work, after expressing her 'gratification at the feeling and generous response it has awakened in that old and noble nation from which her country derives her birth,' replies to some strictures on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which have appeared in several of the English newspapers. One of these is, on the comparison drawn between the condition of the English labourer and the American slave, and as this appeared in the columns of the 'leading journal' of Europe, we feel bound to give the author's reply, which will doubtless *not* appear in the same journal:—

'It must be borne in mind that these ideas occur in the dramatic part of the book, and are placed in the mouth of an honourable and high-minded slaveholder. It was impossible to give a dramatic representation of such a character without the introduction of this parallel. Every Southern print, every Southern politician, makes it a stereotyped apology for slavery, that the slave is better off than the labouring class of any other part of the world—with the exception, perhaps, of the Free States of America; and statistics with regard to the condition of the English poor are more eagerly seized upon by them than those of any

* One publishing house, in the true spirit of giving 'robbery for a burnt-offering,' advertise their intention of devoting the profits of *their* shilling edition to the agitation for the relief of the Madiais.

other nation, because England's national example and public sentiment with regard to slavery would otherwise be a weight too intolerable to be borne.'

In reply to certain strictures on the character of Uncle Tom, which has been objected to as an exaggeration and improbability, the author quotes the subjoined extract from the published will of Judge Upshur, late Secretary of State under President Tyler. We request the attention of our readers to it, not only that the author's description may be justified, but that the class to which Uncle Tom and David Rice belong may receive the just mede of reverence and respect to which the existence within it of such characters fairly and honourably entitle it:—

'I emancipate and set free my servant, David Rice, and direct my executors to give him *one hundred dollars*; I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem, and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent, and in every respect; my confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an unintentional breach of the decorum of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form; it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear to him. In the uninterrupted confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give him, one unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he.'

Of the hideous system itself, the features of which Mrs. Stowe has so fearfully and graphically portrayed, the author once more says, 'It cannot be overdrawn; the half is not told, and *cannot be told* —it could neither be believed nor read if it were. It can only be expressed in the eloquent words of the Hon. Horace Mann, in a late debate on the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law:—'As the complex and infinite meaning of the word God cannot be adequately understood, until you analyze it, and divide and subdivide it, and give to it the thousand names of omnipotence, and omniscience, and omnipresence, of infinite justice, and holiness, and benevolence, of all sanctities, and verities, and benignities, of all energies and beauties, of all wisdom and all law; so when you penetrate and lay open the infinite meaning of the word Slavery, it resolves itself into all crimes and all cruelties, all debasements and all horrors. The telescope of the astronomer resolves the star-dust of the universe into refulgent systems that glorify their Maker; the telescope of the moralist resolves the Tartarean cloud of Slavery into all the impieties and wickednesses that deform humanity.'

Once more, therefore, we briefly commend 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'— 'The book is an appeal to the public sentiment of a common humanity. It presents in this last high court the cause of an injured and helpless race, who cannot speak for themselves.' Let the public sentiment of nations, roused by it, give voice to its great displeasure, and the Slave race of America will be known of only through the information of history, or the pages of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

For the Young.

THE TEMPTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPINNSTUBE OF 1852.*

'WHEREVER man has erected a church to God, there the devil is sure to have a tavern close at hand.' So says one of our ancient proverbs, the truth of which the following simple story will illustrate in a sad but striking manner.

In a village not far from the Rhine there was at one time—*no* tavern. 'Really?' you ask, in astonishment. I repeat—indeed there was none, and the very wonder you express proves the more clearly the general truth of the adage. No, a tavern was not needful in that place; for no high road led through the solitary hamlet, embosomed in the thick forest. Travellers seldom passed that way, and the simple inhabitants exercised the rites of primitive hospitality to all strangers, who were freely received and welcomed to the lowly roof; and many an itinerant knife-grinder, petty tradesman, mechanic, and poor wanderer, was there offered the comforts of a shelter and a couch for the night, a place at the board, and a share in the humble meal, for God's sake, as the saying is, or, in other words, without payment, and from motives of pure benevolence.

They were an industrious, simple race. Men and boys worked in the evening as well as in the daytime, and either sat at home, or carried their employment into a neighbour's house—into the spinning-room, in fact.†

'What could they work at in winter?' some may ask, who often find that dreary time to pass heavily away. I can tell you, for it happens that I am well acquainted with the village and the people of the neighbourhood, and know their habits intimately. First, then, men, apprentices, and boys, all knew how to knit or net, and prepare the web for the stockings which were to supply whole families in the village. These pursuits furnished work for many hands during the winter months, especially to children and girls, who all knew how to spin and knit. Some made rakes, flails, and pitchforks, broom-handles, and various agricultural implements; and for such things as they did not want for home use they found a ready sale. A few men had their employment in the manufacture of brooms out of birchen sprays; beehives out of straw, and large strong hampers and baskets from the willow or hazel twigs.

---

* Die Spinnstübe ein Volksbuch für, 1852. Edited by W. Von Horn. Published at Frankfürt aur Main.

† The spinning-room (or Spinnstübe) is a place where the social Germans meet to converse whilst they work, and not unfrequently to hear and relate stories like the present.

The village, too, had its turners and joiners, who made many useful articles, such as tubs, pails, and small casks; but the best trade was undoubtedly that of cutting oak palings for the vineyards, which never failed to find purchasers. Altogether, owing to their constant employment, the circumstances of the people were as flourishing in the winter as in the summer season. They were, moreover, a frugal, simple race, baking their own bread at home, and practising strict economy and care in all things, whilst their only emulation seemed to be that of industry and activity.

Thus the village flourished and prospered, and for the space of a hundred years not a single beggar had been seen in its streets. It was not of great extent certainly, for it consisted but of forty houses, but in this isolated and busy little world, harmony and peace reigned, and it was an almost unheard-of circumstance for any dispute to be brought before a magistrate. If any difference arose between them, it was generally laid before a conclave of neighbours to settle, who were usually successful in bringing matters to an amicable conclusion. The church was at a distance of half an hour's walk, but the inhabitants of the hamlet were the most punctual attendants in the parish, and both on Sundays and other days of festival their conduct was uniformly quiet and orderly, as became Christian men.

No one could contemplate the condition of the people without pleasure. If any of the inhabitants were in pecuniary difficulties, there was not a person but was willing to lend the required aid, whether he were quite sure of receiving his interest the very hour it was due, or were, indeed, persuaded he should find his capital so much diminished at the year's end.

Thus time passed peacefully on, both agriculture and the cattle-trade flourished, and the dealers were loud in their praise of the fine fat beasts of this thriving hamlet. At present the simple people had abstained from following any new fashions either in dress or manners, for they still preferred the old plans and customs of their forefathers, wearing the leathern buckskins and the blue jerkin during the week, and on Sundays the home-made coat of ancient cut; while the women were equally plain in their attire. There were no smart coifs or bonnets in those days; the maidens went with their heads uncovered, and the matrons wore neat white caps.

It happened in process of time that a certain master of a family dying, and his children all being minors, it was necessary to dispose of his house and effects. The purchaser of the property was a young man from a distant village, whose trade was that of a baker. Scarcely was he settled in the place, than he remarked, 'There is no tavern here. I must make an effort to establish one at all events.'

An idle, unprincipled fellow he was, given up to card-playing, and all things calculated to lead honest and industrious men out of the right path. His next discovery was, that there was no dancing-room in his house, nor, indeed, in the whole hamlet. This want must be supplied. So he turned two tolerably large chambers into one, laid down new flooring for the accommodation of the dancers, and one fine

morning in November, he hung out a green fir bough at his house door, over which he placed a board, bearing on its black ground, in large white characters, the information, that 'Here good brandy is sold by John Peter Bisser.' He then sate himself down by the window, and called out to all the passers by, 'Here Jack, Peter, Jacob, or whatever your names may be, only give me a trial. I must bring a new life to the slow behindhand folk here, that they may indeed learn to live and enjoy the world like other jovial people.' Talk like this pleased some, and they entered. This was on the Saturday. On Sunday morning some beautiful loaves were arranged on a new board outside the window, the hot steaming smell of which attracted the attention of all who passed. How nice, thought some, these rolls would be at the noonday meal; others considered how they could toast them in the evening, and eat them with their eggs; and a few thought, how good they would be to dip in their coffee. So they went in and tried. 'How delicious they are,' said they; 'and, after all, not dear!'

The news spread, and on the Sunday evening, a group of lads said one to the other, 'Let us go to the new baker's, and buy something.' The baker was very civil; he seated them all at a table, and then came the question, 'Don't you feel to want a little glass of brandy now?' They could scarcely refuse, they thought, but 'what would the cost be?' 'Only a trifle, but sixpence, flavoured with aniseed too, and sweet as sugar. Indeed, it was uncommonly good.' So they yielded, and from one glass they proceeded to two; and now, how they chattered! 'Oh, the baker was a capital fellow. What a tale he could tell, too! It would make one almost die with laughter.' Thus the evening passed away—yes, the Sunday evening—and when the watchmen cried 'ten o'clock,' they went home, declaring they had never enjoyed an evening so much in their lives. On the Monday night, as they sate together in the spinning-room, they could not sufficiently extol the good liquor and bread that the baker sold.

'Your account is very tempting,' said the women, 'but we have only your report. Be so obliging as to fetch us a little to taste, that we may judge for ourselves. It was now quite a point of honour with the men; so running off together they soon brought in a pint of the sweet liquor, of which young and old willingly partook.

But, alas! in the following week the absence of more than one of the regular attendants might be observed in the spinning-room. And when they resumed attendance, and the question was asked, 'Where have you been?' the answer was usually, 'Oh, to the baker's, for one can knit there as well as here you know. Besides, there is always such good company, and a cheerful glass into the bargain.'

On Sunday evenings, the baker's room was always quite crowded, and what with mixing the sweet aniseed and spirits, and supplying his customers with fresh loaves, he had his hands more than full. 'So little it cost,' the customers would reason. 'A glass of brandy for sixpence, and only threepence for a roll! What was that for men who had worked hard and lived sparingly all the week?'

There were old people, indeed, who shook their heads thoughtfully,

and said, 'This baker may be no blessing to our village after all, for some men only want opportunity to become thieves.' 'Old grumblers,' thought the rest, 'who are so accustomed to go on in one beaten track, that if one do but attempt to draw the waggon out of the ruts, there is nothing more certain in their eyes than that it will be upset. But that does not follow either. 'Old people will have their whims, which one must leave them to enjoy, but whether we are to be ruled by them is another question; and certainly in our times young men become much sooner acquainted with the world than in their early days. The proverb, that "experience goes before knowledge," is obsolete. We won't trouble our heads about that.' So thought those clever peasants, and forthwith they went to the baker's and drank the sweet liquor which was so cheap and so good.

From that time they frequented the house every weekday, but as often happens, they wanted fresh excitement; they sometimes talked themselves quite out, and the baker even was no assistance to them. Indeed, the company was so quiet on those occasions, that you could only hear the clink of empty glasses upon the table as you passed, and the words, 'Just another!' So it behoved the baker to adopt some new means for the continued entertainment of his guests, and he seemed to understand very well how to go to work. One evening, therefore, laying a pack of cards on the table, he said, 'Come, let me teach you how to while away the time at my house.' Accordingly they sat down and played one game after another. Whoever lost had to pay a glass of spirits and a loaf; or, if he were a person of substance, half-a-pint of spirits and four loaves. All the winnings, even if they played till ten o'clock, were devoted to the eating and drinking of the company.

'Capital!' would the new comers say. And then they would place themselves around to watch the game that was going on. But there was nothing very amusing in all this after all. There could be no conversation, and they might not even listen to the baker's old tales which, it must be confessed, had by this time become wonderfully tedious. So they most of them joined in the play. This plan succeeded on the whole so well, that in the following week, bread and liquor were gambled for on every working evening. 'Winter would still last some time,' they said, 'and there would be plenty of leisure for the knitting and weaving. One must rest and be joyful once in a while.' This went on for a short time, but these amusements, without change, became wearisome, and now one glass of spirits and four rolls was not enough for four people, so they went on to half, and from half to a whole pint.

By and by, it was no uncommon occurrence for the peasants, young and old, to be obliged to obtain assistance to their homes, for the liquor having mounted into their heads, they could not walk steadily. Then the poor wives got abused, and came in for angry words, and even blows. Old men scolded, sons went angrily to their chamber, and came down the next day with evil, sullen thoughts in their hearts. Labour was no longer a pleasure, but a burden, and ere long this playing for a glass of spirits and a roll was not sufficient excitement; people

might still do that if they pleased, but the greater part began to play for *money*. If a man won and were merry, he must drink once and again; and if his gain made his opponent angry, then he, too, must drink, for disappointment, as such persons say, needs the stimulating draught. When the baker saw one of his customers losing his money, he would call him into a back room, and say, 'My fine fellow, you must play away; the tables will turn. You will soon win back all you have lost.'

'But,' said the poor loser, 'I have no more money to venture with.'

'What of that!' the baker would reply, taking his hand; 'what of that, simpleton! As long as I have money, so hast thou. I will lend thee all thou likest. Thou canst pay me in some fortunate time, and no man need interfere with that.'

'Well, lend me a dollar then,' said the dupe, and their play would begin afresh.

If he won, the baker got his money back; if he lost, he e'en lent him another dollar. Before Easter came round, the baker was rarely alone. His house was not only crowded in the evening, but early in the morning many a man would drop in for a small glass. Others spent the whole noon-hour there, and a house, alas, was scarcely to be found, where hatred and discontent did not dwell, where strife, and even fighting, did not at times prevail.

The evil was wide-spreading, for the temptation seemed irresistible. The work-room was deserted. Only maidens and wives, and a few aged men, sate there; and instead of cheerful conversation and the reading of good books, nothing was heard in the Spinnstübe but story after story of household quarrelling and misery. One man would tell how a son robbed his father of fruit from his stores, which he sold to the baker at a reduced price, in order to enable him to go on drinking and gambling; and others would add much more of the same kind. Many a young wife shed quiet tears at these narrations; some sighed, and one or two of the more impetuous would rush, with haste and indignation, to the baker's house, and load him with the bitterest reproaches for their loss of domestic peace and prosperity. In short, the blessing was departed from the village, and joy from almost every home and heart.

Had it been summer, one might have seen the grass grow on the pathway leading to church, for how was it possible for a man to rise at half-past eight on Sunday mornings, when he had not left the baker's till past one o'clock? The time, you must know, was gone by when the people prepared to go home at ten. And then it was so dreadfully cold, they said—the snow was not melted, and such headaches as they had. In short, it could not be expected that they should cross the mountain so early, to go to church. When children asked innocently, 'Mother, how is it that father no longer prays with us in the evening?' the poor mother would answer, with deep sighs, 'He is not yet returned home, my dears.' And when they said, 'Why not, then, of a morning?' she would answer bitterly, '*I* will pray with you, my children.' And so indeed she did, whilst the idle husband was sleeping off the drunkenness of the preceding day. Or if they

asked, 'How is it that our father is not so kind to us as he used to be?' she would hide the grief of her aching heart, and say to the poor children, with affected carelessness, 'Oh, you are mistaken.'

And now the housewife found that money failed for salt, oil, coffee, and many a little domestic comfort and luxury to which she had been accustomed. When the tax-gatherer came there was no payment ready, and then the thought would cross many a mind that the baker's money, which seemed as plentiful as water, and which he so freely lent for gambling purposes, was never forthcoming for such matters as these in time of need. All this while no one was so well off as this baker; he was, to all appearances, a rich man, but the whole hamlet was undoubtedly poor.

Before Easter he was obliged to buy a new ledger, the old one being full, and little did the poor wives think how deeply many of their husbands were in his debt. But when spring came, bringing its increased employment, and his trade somewhat slackened, he found it necessary to make some efforts for the amusement of the village.

He had a garden which adjoined his house, extending a considerable way behind his barn. Now, a tavern without a skittle-ground he had always felt to be a very trumpery affair, and a village without dancing and music, every fortnight or month at least, was an unheard-of thing. Still more miserable was one without its annual wake or festival. In the approaching winter, indeed, it would be quite requisite, and he would contrive it. He, therefore, levelled the beautiful garden, removed the fruit-trees, and made a fine long skittle-ground, which he laid down with tiles, that it might be kept dry and neat. He built a summer-house, where tables and benches could stand, and it was so hidden with shrubs that it was impossible for passers-by in the road to see those who sat therein. On Sunday afternoon the skittle-ground was sure to be full until nightfall. Playing made the guests warm, so that here was another occasion for drinking. In the week, indeed, the ground was usually empty; but if a couple of days passed, and there was no out-of-door work in the fields, there was no better employment than a game at skittles.

Then, for the young people, the first two days in Easter and Whitsuntide were devoted to music and dancing. This reconciled the maidens entirely to the baker. They thought that since he had come into the village, their life had certainly been merrier and more diversified; so after this it became an established custom to hold them every three weeks, which event was sure to bring abundance of life into the place, and thus every day the village became more lively. For the autumn amusement there was to be the wake.* All neighbouring villages had their church feasts, and should this hamlet be

* The 'Kirch-weih,' or wake, amongst the Germans, was formerly a religious ceremony, in celebration of the opening of a village church; but, as in many other things, the origin of which was good, its religious character is now lost sight of, and the villagers meet together only for feasting and dissipation, and these wakes are productive of great evil.

behind others? So, a *consecration tree** was erected, and three days of rejoicing, dancing, and feasting, followed.

By this time old people and women were tired of anger and reproaches. They were unable to stem the torrent, and, therefore, many of them went with it in silence.

Harvest was over, and the baker found it expedient to call on this and the other family for payment. 'My friend,' he would say, 'we will have a settlement if you please. The time is up; I cannot lose the interest of my money, and you know I must live and pay my way as well as you.' Well, when the reckoning came, they found, with terror, a long account, such as this—a loaf one day, another loaf the next, then, the loan of a dollar, then a quarter, a half, and a whole pint of spirits, amounting in the end to a large sum.

'Come,' said the baker, in reply to their grave looks, 'bring me fruit, give me labour, or if not, at least, a promissory note.' So they were obliged to sell him fruit, not at the market price, indeed; the baker was not quite so simple as that, for then he would have demanded ready money, and bought for himself in the market; he bought it at a rate far below its value. Another debtor would labour three, four, and eight days together, for his creditor, and sad was the loss of regular work which this caused. A third would give him a note of hand for the amount of his debt, at six per cent. interest, and thus they settled accounts. One would think that by this time they would have learned wisdom, and proved the truth of the proverb, that a burnt child dreads the fire; but no, a downward course is swift, and they were now arrested.

Ah! how much easier is it to form a bad and sinful habit than to lay it aside. Gambling is one of the most dangerous forms of dissipation, and has so much the greater power over the human heart, that the hope of gain always stifles all prudential or careful thought, and too often all principles of justice or honour. Yet a gambler is sooner cured than a *drunkard*. The temptations of the palate are always the most enticing. Drink makes man so thoroughly its slave, that in process of time all volition seems lost, and for the indulgence of his unhallowed desires, he will lie, deceive, cheat, and even rob. Honour is abandoned, self-respect destroyed, the dignity of human nature sacrificed, ungodliness established, and man is reduced almost to the level of the beasts of the field. Careless alike of his duty to God and man, the wretched drunkard sinks, step by step, until his degradation and ruin are complete. It is the same with all kinds of dissipation. Once give vice the rein, and misery is inevitable. In many a household in the unhappy village matters stood thus.

The training of children was wretched. Instead of well-ordered families, they were become reckless, undisciplined, and wild. The mothers were deeply sunk in slovenliness and indifference; for they were not free from the curse of drunkenness. They, in their turn,

* The 'Kirmesbaum,' or Consecration Tree, from Kirch-mess Baum, is a tree erected on the occasion of opening a new church.

spent their money in the purchase of luxurious articles of food, and would enjoy them secretly. If the husband drank spirits, they either helped him, or took their dram in private. More than one family had actually to sell their household goods in order to pay the baker; as for their little ones, they were sent out to beg, and it was very evident that the number of such would soon increase.

'And had they all become so wicked?' you ask, dear reader. I can reply with joy, amidst much compassion for the many victims of drunkenness, gambling, and crime, 'No, not all.' More than one man had by his side a true, loving, pious wife, who opened his eyes in time, and was like his guardian angel amidst the perils of life. The pastor of the parish had been a true shepherd to his flock, and, in many cases, had restored the prodigal son to his father's house. There were, indeed, some families on whom God's blessing seemed to rest in an especial manner, and earnestly did such weep and pray that the curse of the destroyer might be removed, and wanderers rescued from the abyss which opened wide at their feet.

'And is the baker become a prosperous man?' you ask. I reply, 'Can the ruin of the honest and industrious, the broken heart of the miserable mother, of the injured wife, or of sorrowful old parents, bring a blessing?' No, indeed, it is contrary to the word of God to expect that a blessing would rest on such a man.

Is it possible that he who brought desolation to so many hearts and homes, who sowed tares with sinful diligence in the furrows, that he who had the tears and sighs of so many an unhappy one on his conscience, is it possible, I say, that he himself should have been happy or prosperous? Ask your own hearts and your own experience, and they will answer, and so must I—No, assuredly not.

By degrees the baker grew idle and gave up work, for he must play cards with his guests. Yes, he must teach them the games which they did not understand, and then, perhaps, there was a little liquor left in this and that glass which was not worth saving—he could not save it—so either he or his wife drank it. If he played at cards with the company it was of course needful that, as their host, he should drink with them; and moderation was not a law at his table. It was the same with him as with the rest; it tasted good and better every day, and he became a drunkard, as well as his wife. She was often intoxicated before night, and he always in the evening. I need scarcely tell you how his household affairs went on.

Crime is sure to bring its evil consequences. All his loans and the long credit he gave entangled him in a law-suit; this law-suit he lost. Misfortune after misfortune pursued him. His wretched wife died early; for such a life as she had led is seldom a long one.

He fell into worse and more dissipated habits, and every day sank lower in degradation. The spirits which he had drawn so freely, were obtained on borrowed money; for although he had money in hand, he did with it as I have already told you. He gathered in his debts in every possible manner, and the distiller in the town, who was his greatest creditor, had long patience with him, in consideration of his

late excellent custom, keeping, however, a sharp eye on his house and property; for he was acquainted with some respectable persons in the village who were well aware of the value of the baker's possessions, and until he exceeded that value he did not stop him. One morning, however, the bellman went through the village, announcing the sale of the baker's house and goods. Some people shook their heads, and said, 'Is it possible?' But others replied, 'It is only wonderful to us that the matter was not brought to an end before.'

The notary came on the same day, and the whole concern was offered at a very low price. 'Why will not you become a purchaser?' was asked of more than one man of substance and respectability. 'We dare not,' was the reply, 'for God's curse rests upon it.'

The baker returned with his family to his native town, where, in a short time, he died, in miserable poverty, of the dropsy, a common disease with great drunkards.

The children, but for the compassion of some relations, who took charge of them, would have been beggars and vagrants, or, perhaps, something worse. Another public house was established in the same place, but it did not succeed very well. The owner did not understand the business as his predecessor had done. The drinkers, indeed, remained faithful to the house, but poverty, misery, and sickness, had carried off a great many of the peasants, and the new owner had so overrated the value of his customers, that he was unable to obtain even a livelihood. The hamlet was going down in all ways, and almost every family was distracted; crimes multiplied daily, as the old men had foreseen, and their own homes were too often the nurseries of vice. Still, as I was considering the state of the village to-day, of which, indeed, I frequently receive correct information, my burdened heart seemed somewhat relieved.

Things are a little improved there, and, perhaps, it may please God that a certain watchman of whom I spoke in the 'Spinnstübe' of 1850 may go thither, but it must be *soon*. One cannot see, as yet, any signs of the resurrection to a new life in the village. The wound is still unhealed, and the real balm of Gilead, the word of God, is not, at present, to be found in every house. Both in the middle of the week and on Saturday, too many beggars are seen in the village and its outskirts.

The house of God is still too far away for the villagers to attend, though it stands where it did in days of yore; in winter it is too cold, they say, in summer too hot, and in autumn and spring the roads are too muddy for the peasants to walk to the house of peace and prayer.

Constables and magistrate are still too often to be seen in the village. The children yet go dirty, neglected, and barefoot, and too often the sound of contention and strife is heard in the lowly dwellings, and too seldom, alas, the song of praise, or the voice of prayer.

As yet, the cattle are far from having redeemed their character of a fine, fat, and valuable breed; and many an acre, once flourishing and productive, is now lying waste; but, worst of all, the distiller in the neighbouring town yet boasts of the villagers as good customers.

God grant that the hamlet may arouse itself, and shake off the chains which fetter it, ere deeper sorrows visit its hearts and homes!

*** The foregoing narrative is somewhat shortened from the original, and is asserted by the author to be strictly true of a small village near the Rhine, of which, for obvious reasons, he forbears to give the name. He says, very truly, at the commencement, that which we will quote as a moral at the close of the narrative, that no man can live unto himself; that the influence of a single individual's conduct upon his fellow-creatures must work either for *good* or *evil*. A man cannot, according to a popular notion, 'be no one's enemy but his own;' being a social being, he must, in the different relations of life, affect his fellow-man, and his sins cannot be sins against his own soul alone, but against that of his *brother* and his *sister*.

It is a grave and solemn thought, and carries with it many an important lesson. We shall do well to ponder it, and to carry away with us from this little narrative the moral it is calculated to convey.

Poetry.

DEATH.

She faded as a star will fade
  Before the orb of night;
She drooped as evening flowers will droop
  In the full blaze of light.

We sorrowed not; no burning tears
  Fell on her cold, cold face,
For there shone a halo round her brow
  From the heavenly resting-place.

And even when we closed her eyes,
  There seemed an upward gaze,
As though body and spirit together heard
  The angel's songs of praise.

Oh death! Oh mystery, sad and strange
  The weak one feared not thee;
For her heart was above in the blessed land
  With the Father's family.

J. D.

Notices of Books.

The Treasure-Seeker's Daughter. A Tale of the Days of James the First. By Hannah Lawrance. London: A. Cockshaw. Pp. 256.

Of the uses of fiction for the inculcation of morality, the illustration of history, or the development and exhibition of human character and passion, we have a high esteem. By it only can we always adequately represent, alike to the old and the young, the ignorant and the learned, the thoughtful and the careless, the many vices and failings of past and present humanity; and we think it one of the most prominent features of our past blindness and narrow-mindedness that, as Dissenters, we have hitherto availed ourselves so little of this potent instrument for the leavening of popular opinion and judgment on past questions of our ecclesiastical history.

The promoters of the 'Library for the Times' have, therefore, we think, done well to take advantage of this medium for the purpose of illustrating and enforcing their hitherto inadequately represented views of English history. Dissenting literature *has* been too unattractive, and it has, therefore, repelled both the unlettered man and the scholar from reading it. We trust that the present, and some other recent works, may be taken as fair indications of an improving taste, judgment, and cultivation on our part, and that they may serve to attract the outside world into, at least, an occasional visit to the fairer domains of Nonconformist scholarship and learning.

'To place before the reader a picture of the general characteristics of society in the reign of James the First,' is the design of this tale. These characteristics were,—superstition almost everywhere abounding, with fawning flattery at court; savage persecution in the clergy, and religious dissensions amongst the people. Miss Lawrance has, with remarkable faithfulness and much discrimination, drawn this varied portrait of the times. Her sketches, minute and careful as a description by Wordsworth, or a miniature by Mayall, place one at once in familiar acquaintance with all the springs of thought and action which then moved society. Her knowledge of the literature of the age is as extensive as it is accurate, and her use of it, while free from all affectation or pedantry, is informing and to the purpose. The general literary characteristics of the book, therefore, are extremely creditable, and will add materially to the reputation of the series of works of which it is certainly one of the most instructive, interesting, and able. It has, however, as a work of fiction, many faults and defects in both its execution and design. The author dwells at too great a length on, and recurs too frequently to, the absurd superstitions of the times. True, these were shared in by even such a philosopher as Bacon—who firmly believed in witchcraft—and they permeated through all society, but they were not *constantly* uppermost in people's thoughts, nor did they take precedence of every other class of feeling. Another defect in the work is the want of warmth and colouring in the life-portraits. In this respect, we need hardly say, the book suffers greatly in comparison with the well-known novel of Sir Walter Scott, illustrative of the same period and many of the same characters. There is a want of this life-power even in its most critical scenes, while the author never once succeeds in touching our chords of deepest feeling. Looking at the book as a work of art, these are grave defects, but in more essential particulars it must be pronounced as successful. It is, besides, well adapted to accomplish its mission, and fully answers to its own promises. We shall be glad again to meet Miss Lawrance in her new-chosen field of literary labour.

The Israel of the Alps. A History of the Persecutions of the Waldenses. Translated from the French of Dr. Alexis Muston. London: 227, Strand. Pp. 312.

This is one of the volumes of the 'National Illustrated Library,' and one of its best and most instructive. The history of the Vaudois has been often written, but has never been so completely and succinctly placed before us as in this work. Dr. Muston writes faithfully, vigorously, and with a strong and generous sympathy for this brave people. The whole of this work, however, is not Dr. Muston's. Mr. Hazlitt has added to the original text of the French author several not unimportant particulars, compiled from Dr. Gilly's narrative. The two connected form a history copious and well constructed, and one which, to our readers, will possess an unusual degree of interest. We are glad to notice that Dr. Muston rejects the opinion so dogmatically maintained by some writers, that the Vaudois derive their origin from Valdo of Lyons, commonly known as Peter Waldo, who lived in the latter half of the twelfth century. His own view, in opposition to this, is probably the correct one. 'The Vaudois of the Alps are, in our view, primitive Christians, or inheritors of the primitive church, who have been preserved in these valleys from the alterations successively introduced by the Church of Rome into the evangelical churches' (p. 1). On no other theory than this can we in any way satisfactorily account for the existence of this people in the place and character now rendered so famous in ecclesiastical history by the horrors of their persecutions and the heroism of their struggles. He who can read of these, and not feel that the dreadful curse of the great Father of the human race must rest upon that connexion of the Civil with the Ecclesiastical power which rendered possible such fiendish cruelties, must be possessed of a heart sadly warped, or an intellect perversely crooked.

An Analysis and Summary of New Testament History. By the Author of 'An Analysis and Summary of Herodotus,' &c. Oxford and Cambridge: Wheelers. London: Bagster and Sons.

Those of our readers who have made themselves acquainted with the previous works of the author of 'An Analysis and Summary of Herodotus,' will, we are sure, thank us for bringing under their notice the present volume. The literary success of Mr. Wheeler, in these skilful historical summaries, must be acknowledged by every scholar. The present work, however, as the author informs us, materially differs from the former volumes of the series. Instead of merely abridging the historical portion of the New Testament, Mr. Wheeler has chosen to incorporate with it facts and suggestions, historical, biographical, geographical, antiquarian, and chronological, so that the text, in most instances, carries with it its own explanation. In addition to this are notes conveying a variety of every kind of information tending to illustrate the narrative. In the Introduction we have a very useful summary of the geography of New Testament history, intelligent and able outlines of its critical history, and of the arguments in proof of the authenticity, credibility, and inspiration of its books. To complete the narrative, there are added sketches of the subsequent lives of the apostles after the last references to them in the sacred books. These sketches are, of course, to be taken for what they are worth, and in one or two instances their worth is not much, but this arises not from the author's negligence, but from the paucity of credible materials. Still an intelligent and critical scholar should hesitate before he stated it as an absolute historical fact, that Peter at Rome guided Mark in writing his Gospel, and that the apostle was afterwards crucified in that city with Paul, and buried in the Vatican. There is nothing but the vaguest tradition to support such statements.—The manner, however, in which this work, as a whole, is executed, is worthy of high praise. Every page indicates the pen of an acute critic, a learned scholar, and an intelligent thinker. The book, therefore, has our honest and hearty commendation. We know none of its size that may be made so great a help to the understanding of the evangelical and apostolical narratives.

The People's Palace and the Religious World; or, Thoughts on Public Agitation against the promised Charter to the New Crystal Palace Company, and on 'Sabbath Desecration.' By a Layman. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Whoever the writer of this pamphlet may be, we cordially thank him for his 'Thoughts.' The attempt to interfere with the promised charter of the New Crystal Palace, simply because it allows of a portion of the grounds being opened on Sunday to the visits of such as may wish or prefer then to wander in this new Hesperides, we look upon as a very mistaken act, prompted by a very mistaken zeal. Perhaps, however, a greater mistake was committed by the company in bringing the Sabbath question at all before the Premier or the public. As a private corporation, like every other private corporation, the company had and has an undoubted right to open its grounds on the Sabbath. We may lament that it should do so, and deeply regret that the institutions of religious worship should not be found sufficiently attractive to prevent the multitude from availing themselves of the liberty to visit its grounds; but we apprehend that no doubt can exist, in any right-thinking mind, as to the liberty the company would enjoy in this respect. Much and angry declamation has been used in condemnation of the company's intentions, and to prevent their obtaining the promised charter, and Dissenters, amongst others, have joined in the outcry. If these parties clamoured as loudly for the interference of law to compel the observance by the multitude of other religious institutions—if they demanded a new Act of Uniformity, a new Test Act, and the repeal of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, we could understand their principles, and appreciate their consistency. At present we are at a loss to know how they can reconcile their demands with their present position, as Christian freemen and Protestant Dissenters. But the author of this pamphlet has so clearly stated and convincingly argued the question at issue, that we may safely leave our readers with him. We are glad that this task has been undertaken by one whose reverence for Christian truth appears on every page, and whose sympathy with real religion cannot be questioned.

Emigration, in its Moral and Religious Aspects. A Sermon. By W. G. Barrett. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co. Pp. 16.

We owe an apology to the author of this sermon, and to our readers, for allowing it to remain so long unnoticed. It is an earnest and thoughtful discourse, not merely in the cant terms of the day, 'adapted to the times,' but altogether *for* the times. Mr. Barrett is not content with recognising the existence, and assenting to the importance, of the present emigration movement; he would, as a Christian preacher, *influence* it. We wish such subjects as these were more frequently brought forward in the Christian pulpit. Mr. Barrett has well and forcibly expressed the duty of the public teacher of Christianity in relation to this and kindred topics:—

'Can it be right for us in the pulpit to ignore the existence of these things, and to go on preaching in the regular routine, and upon the old topics, while a new state of things is growing up around us, which we do not hesitate to recognise as one of the instrumentalities of the mediatorial dispensation—a state of things that will, in many parts of England, completely change the character and circumstances of towns, villages, and congregations? If the Christian Church is wise, if the Church of Christ is as wise as the men of this generation, it will avail itself of this resistless current, this onward flowing tide of human mind and purpose; and, like the monks that accompanied the Crusaders to the Holy Land, priest and warrior both, so will the Church send out its energetic, its intelligent men, its men of vital heat and of common sense, imbued with Christian prudence as well as Christian principle, men of tact as well as zeal, men that know human nature as well as the Bible; men that are men, and not simply ministers; and by them will be realized for God, for Christ, for the Church, and for humanity, the splendid vision of our text, and Christ's everlasting Gospel be heard, on quiet Sabbaths, amidst the hush and beauty of Colonial wildernesses.'

Moral Portraits; or, Tests of Character. By Rev. W. Leask. London: J. Blackwood. Pp. 102.

THESE are graphic and truthful sketches of several classes in the world and the Church—the Proud, the Humble, the Sluggard, the Diligent, &c. Mr. Leask always writes fluently, and very frequently with much force and elegance. These characteristics of his other writings will be found to attach to the present work.

Monthly Retrospect.

'FRANCE is content.' That is the reigning fact—or, at least, phrase—of the day. She whose name among the nations is, Inconstancy—who has adored and trampled on in turns every form of conventional and personal greatness—who has passed, within the memory of one generation, through more frequent and violent changes than can be paralleled in the whole lifetime of any other nation—this unhappy victim of impulse, or restless votary of progress, is proclaimed at length 'content.' Wherefore this phenomenal satisfaction? Because Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has consented to add the titles of Emperor and King to his despotic power—to give the lie to history by calling himself Napoleon the Third—and to promise, though childless, a repetition of the Twelve Cæsars. Marseilles, whose republican memories are perpetuated in a national song, and Bordeaux, the first, in 1814, to hoist the white flag, have pronounced, decidedly as public *fêtes* and official voices can pronounce, for his assumption of the people; and Paris has given her assent by these same organs. If the unanimous concurrence of all things which, in a free country, express the will of the people, be trustworthy, France is certainly in a state of rapturous self-satisfaction. But that condition—the freedom of the people—is just the little circumstance that is awanting. Such demonstrations in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, as have been made in Paris, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, would be compatible with a considerable popular dissent—for the votes of our municipalities are not the voice of the nation, and the class who illuminate and make triumphal arches are not the people. Here, however, the dissentients would find representation through the press and public meetings. But neither of these exist in France—not only are the functionaries all flunkeys, the right of meeting is traditional, and the newspapers are mere Government gazettes. Yet must it be admitted, we fear, that the majority of Frenchmen have given themselves up to that 'pagod thing of sabre sway' who is about to crown himself their emperor, as a saviour from imaginary terrors, notwithstanding the frightful cruelties and worser insults he has inflicted on the country.

The Derbyites evidently hope to prolong their tenancy of Downing-street by a device similar to that which has gained Louis Napoleon the Elysée. They, too, set up for the saviours of society. 'Resistance to the

encroaching current of democracy,' is the last card left to them, of the handful with which they opened the game; but they appear resolved to make much of that. Sir James Graham and Lord John Russell having, in their speeches at Carlisle and Perth, applied themselves to the defence of democratic concessions, the Government organs set up a cry of conspiracy between these chiefs—a conspiracy for the regaining of power at the expense of the constitution. Mr. Henley, President of the Board of Trade, has proved to his Oxford constituents, by historical induction, that the conservatism of our institutions is the definite principle and policy of his colleagues. Mr. Milnes has formally renounced, in Somersetshire, the hope of restored Protection—in the defence of which he enjoyed a ludicrous odium. And Mr. Hume having written one or two letters expressing distrust of Lord John, and urging to independent union among the Radicals, the aforesaid Government organs congratulate themselves on the salvation of society as already a *fait accompli*.

The election of Lord Derby to the Chancellorship of Oxford—effected without opposition, but not without a vigorous personal protest—is probably considered a quiet *coup d'etat* for the salvation of ecclesiastical society. Certainly the Church is increasingly in need of some such interposition. From within and from without, her perils multiply. Dissension and scandal threaten her hourly with destruction. Week by week, the gap between Puseyite and Evangelical yawns more widely; and every now and then, some flagrant case of capitular corruption or episcopal nepotism is disinterred and blazoned forth to an indignant world. The Tractarians have lately made an addition to the sacraments of the English Church, and, consequently, the Evangelicals have a new cause of quarrel. The Rev. G. R. Prynne, of the diocese of Exeter, has thought proper to set up a confessional—or, at any rate, to practise confession—in his church. The operation of this system seems very early to have developed some of those revolting circumstances which are believed to be its ordinary results in Roman Catholic communities. An inquiry instituted and conducted by the bishop, ended in Mr. Prynne's acquittal of these incidental charges, and a virtual approval of the thing itself. Public excitement was consequently rather aggravated than quelled. A very influential and numerous meeting was held, to declare the practice of confession by Mr. Prynne contrary to the spirit and laws of his Church, and to invoke the interference of the Queen, Parliament, and Primate. One of the principal speakers at this meeting—the Rev. H. A. Greaves—has been called upon by his bishop to prosecute Mr. Prynne for his alleged offence, either before a diocesan commission or in the Court of Arches—an alternative that is respectfully declined. The malcontents are bent upon appealing to Cæsar. Victorious in the person of Mr. Gorham, they determine to reach the authority that decided in his favour by a shorter and cheaper route than the ecclesiastical courts. These good Churchmen, that is, repudiate the tribunals which the Church has provided, and cry for redress to a mixed assembly, like the House of Commons, or a board of lawyers, such as the Committee of Privy Council. Disruption from the State is the goal to which this path inevitably leads. Sooner or later, the vanquished party must go out; but neither is strong enough to gain acceptance with the nation as *the Church*.—A month or two

since, it was discovered that a Mr. Moore, son of a late Archbishop of Canterbury, had long been in the receipt of ten thousand per annum from an important public office, the business of which he did not even profess to perform. Within the last fortnight it has come out, that the Revs. G. and R. Pretyman, sons of a Bishop of Lincoln, have absorbed between them three hundred thousand pounds of public property—chiefly, of course, from offices absolutely sinecure. Still more recently, Mr. Whiston, the public-spirited and faithful master of Rochester School, has been restored to his office; but his celebrated pamphlet is pronounced libellous, he is precluded from compensation, and forbidden to interfere again in the appropriation of the capitular revenues—an obvious admission of his damning charges, and of a desire, without the power, to crush him into silence. It wanted but the revival of Convocation to granulate and interpenetrate, so to speak, these sulphurous elements; and that the world has believed for a week Lord Derby intended. The 'Times' announced on Monday, the 19th, that it had been informed on good authority of the Premier's intention to advise that Convocation sit for business. The 'Chronicle' added, that its functions were to be limited to its own reconstruction. Not till Friday was the allegation distinctly denied by the ministerial journal, and then with the blundering admission that even the Primate credited the rumour. It is still believed that such was Lord Derby's intention, and that he has only thrown over his High Church friends in consequence of intended demonstrations, by clergy and laity, against the project. There is no exaggeration in the 'Examiner's' comparison of a constituent convocation to the setting up of a smithy at the gate of a powder-magazine for the repair of its hinges.

The proposed alliance of Irish Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, for the overthrow of the Establishment in that country, remains only a proposition. While we write, the Religious Equality Conference announced for the inauguration of the movement, is sitting at Dublin. We know not that any English Dissenter of note has accepted the invitation, and it is believed that the Roman Catholic bishops will hold aloof. Mr. Bright, in a comprehensive and forcible speech, delivered at Belfast, has pledged the sympathy and help of the English people for the realization of genuine equality among the different sects of religionists; but it is suspected, with too much reason, that the redistribution, rather than the secularization, of the Church revenues is the real design of the new agitation. Sir Culling Eardley has contrived to place the thing at a still greater disadvantage. As Chairman of the Protestant Alliance, he wrote from Geneva to Mr. Lucas—a conspicuous member of the new movement—requesting an expression of his concurrence in the object of a deputation about to intercede with the Arch-Duke of Tuscany for the Madiais, who are suffering imprisonment solely for the offence of Bible-reading. Mr. Lucas's reply showed more of the rancour of the bigot than the cunning of the polemic. It frankly avowed that were he an absolute monarch, he would 'repress,' by the most likely means, the beginnings of heresy in his dominions. Co-operation among men of different opinions for a common practical object, is possible, and indirectly beneficial; but not for the realization of a *principle* about which there is antipodal disagreement.

The autumnal sitting of the Congregational Union has been held during

the third week of the past month, at Bradford. Of the resolutions adopted, we need notice, in this place, only one—that relating to the opening of the new Crystal Palace on Sunday. Had the Union contented itself with the adoption of a remonstrance with the public, or the directors of the company, it would have done nothing inconsistent with its denominational principles. But the resolution to memorialize the Government, we deem a very grave inconsistency, and a very mischievous act. It either denies the religious character of the day, or it invokes the enforcement by law of a religious duty. It is a feeble evasion to say that it is a governmental desecration of the day which is deprecated. Government will have no agency in the matter. It is simply asked to afford to a great public enterprise the facility of a charter. The Congregational Union objects, because that enterprise involves a violation of what *it* calls 'the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath'—clearly a religious objection, taken by a religious body, and pressed upon a third party which has no religious character. This inconsistency was perceived by, and pressed by, Dr. Massie, Mr. Morley, and some other members of the Union; and the resolution was, therefore, not a unanimous one. Nevertheless, it has all the weight which the character of the body from which it emanates can give it; and will infallibly tend to deepen the popular conception of Dissenters and Churchmen as alike resolute in imposing their notions of Sabbath observance upon the nation—as alike hostile to the mental independence, and even personal freedom of the masses.

The committee of the Sunday School Union, we regret to find, have also taken this objectionable course. The Evangelical portion of the Church clergy have been sometime in motion. We are probably, therefore, about to have another religious agitation. It can hardly be expected, that the non-religious public will remain quiescent. The place for consistent Nonconformists to take in the controversy is, to our minds, clear, though not congenial. We must continue to affirm that it is the duty of rulers to disregard differences of religious opinion among subjects; and that those have a civil right to Sunday recreations who see no harm in them. We can take that course with cheerfulness as well as decision. We have no apprehensions that the opening of a pleasure-ground on a Sunday will cause religion and morality to perish from the land—for we believe that to the religious the allurement will be feeble; and that to the irreligious, it will minister less of evil than of good.

P.S.—Since the above has been in type, we have read a long and elaborate letter by Mr. John Bright, M.P., to the editor of the 'Freeman's Journal,' enunciating a scheme for the settlement of the Irish Church question. He proposes that the whole of the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland lapse to a commission, who shall be authorized to divide one-third among the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics; the other two-thirds to be applied to education, or other secular purposes. As all parliamentary grants would cease, the Presbyterians, he says, would have little more than they now receive—the Episcopalians as much as they could fairly employ—and the Catholics sufficient to set up in every parish a home for the priest. This, he thinks, would deliver the State from further embarrassment, and society from perpetual animosities. We have neither space nor time to comment on so grave a proposition.

Intelligence.

CATHEDRAL CHAPTERS.

The *Morning Chronicle* states it to be the intention of the Government to issue a commission to inquire into the condition of Cathedral Chapters. Thanks to Mr. Whiston.

THE MADIAIS.

The deputation to the Grand Duke of Tuscany to request the liberation of the Madiais, who, as our readers are aware, have been sentenced to the galleys for five years for privately reading the Bible and Common-Prayer Book, was to have assembled at Genoa on the 23rd ult. It is expected that the several States will be represented by the following gentlemen:—Prussia—Count Albert de Pourtalis, late Prussian Ambassador at Constantinople. France—Count Agenor de Gasparin. England—Earl of Roden, Earl of Cavan, and Captain Trotter. The Netherlands—Count de St. George. Switzerland—Colonel Tronchin.

THE BRITISH ANTI-STATE CHURCH ASSOCIATION

Will commence its winter campaign, which *should* be an active one, by holding a service at the London Tavern a few days after the issue of our present number, November 11.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION JUBILEE.

Meetings in promotion of this scheme—alluded to and briefly urged upon the attention of our readers in September—have been held during the past month at Surrey Chapel, at Manchester, and at the Tabernacle, Moorfields. At each of these meetings large, excited, and apparently earnest audiences have been ably addressed on the claims of Sunday-schools. At the meeting held at Surrey Chapel, Mr. J. H. Tresidder submitted a brief statement of the labours of the Union during the past forty-nine years:—

'It explained that the Sunday-school Union was formed in the school-room of Surrey Chapel, on the 13th July, 1803. It pursued its onward course for nine years without holding any public meeting in its behalf; at the end of this period the first meeting was held, which attracted great public attention to the institution; and, since that time, a large amount of success had attended its operations. The principles on which the Union was founded were eminently catholic; and on the same basis all its operations had been conducted up to the present time. Special reference was made to the labours of the committee, with a view to the improvement of periodical literature, which have been eminently successful; the three magazines published by the Union command a large sale. In the furnishing of libraries, the committee have selected more than 600 volumes as suitable, and, to encourage the habit of reading good books by the scholars, they have been supplied to schools upon recommendations of Unions, and recently at one-third of the retail price. In this way, 2,507 libraries have been placed in schools, and probably not less than 150,000 volumes have been put in circulation amongst the scholars and their friends. In addition to the large sums thus granted out of the funds of the Union, the committee have made 306 grants in aid of the expenses of erecting school-rooms, amounting to £6,819. The labours, moreover, of the Union in our colonies are rapidly increasing, and funds are wanted to make this department equal to the large demand now made consequent upon the large amount of emigration now going on.'

DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES BY THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting of the members of the above Society, it was stated, that during the past year the Society had issued no fewer than one million one hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and forty-two Bibles and Testaments; and since the formation of the society, in 1804, 25,402,309 copies of the Sacred Scriptures, in 148 various languages, have been scattered by it over the face of the globe.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

The Fourteenth Autumnal Session of this body was commenced at Bradford on October the 19th, and concluded on the 23rd. We are indebted for a knowledge of its proceedings principally to the report in the *Patriot* newspaper. The first day's session was opened by an address from Dr. Harris, on the requisites for ministerial efficiency. This address will be printed. It was followed by a short discussion on the subject, and by the reading of the commencement of a paper by the Rev. E. Jones, on the principles of Nonconformity. This paper was not proceeded with. At an evening meeting on the same day, Dr. Vaughan delivered an address on the history of the Congregational principle. Others following in support, defence, and explana-

tion of Congregationalism.—On the second day, the proceedings consisted chiefly of the appointment of a committee on ministers' salaries, to report to the Union in May next and the discussion and adoption of two resolutions, on the observance of the Sabbath, prompted by the circumstances in which the Sydenham Crystal Palace Company is now placed. The first resolution, proposed by the Rev. John Angell James, and seconded by Mr. Morley, expressed its high sense of the value of the Sabbath; protested against the intentions of the Crystal Palace Company; and called on 'all the friends of Sabbath observance, in the employment of all Christian means, to use their best endeavours to prevent' such intentions being carried into effect. Mr. Edward Baines then rose and proposed, as an addition to the above resolution, a sentence to the effect, that a memorial, embodying its sentiments, should be addressed to the Company, and that another memorial should be sent to the Queen, 'entreating her Majesty to withhold her royal sanction from that part of the charter which provides for the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's Day.' This resolution, proposed by a Congregational Dissenter, for the adoption of a meeting of some of the most intelligent of Congregational gentlemen, calling for legislative interference and compulsion in religious matters, was adopted. Previous to adoption, however, Dr. Massie, the Rev. Henry Toller, and the Rev. Baldwin Brown, spoke in opposition to it. Other gentlemen also spoke, but on which side the reports fail to tell.—On the third day, the subjects of 'Chapel Extension,' the Dissenters' Marriages Act, and American Slavery, came up for discussion, on each of which resolutions were adopted—1st, in favour of a scheme for Chapel Extension under the auspices of the General Assembly—we mean 'Union;' 2ndly, on certain defects in the Marriage Act; and 3rdly, protesting against American slavery. In this resolution, congratulations were offered to Mrs. Stowe for her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but at the suggestion of the Rev. R. Macbeth, this was withdrawn. A resolution of thanks to the Rev. A. Reed and the Rev. Brewin Grant, for lectures delivered to the working classes, and one of sympathy with the Madiais, closed the business of this day.—On the morning of the fourth day a public meeting was held on behalf of the Congregational Board of Education, at which Mr. Morley entered into a detailed statement concerning the present very satisfactory position of the board and its operations. A subscription in behalf of the Homerton Training School, amounting to nearly 1,600*l.*, was then made, and the proceedings of the Union terminated.—Our readers will find some remarks on certain of its doings in our 'Monthly Retrospect.'

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

ASTON TIRROLD, BERKS.—The Rev. H. Pawling.
BELTON.—The Rev. P. G. Johnson, late of Llandago.
BRIGG.—The Rev. Richard Miles, late of Abbotsford, Canada East.
CORK.—The Rev. A. M. Henderson, formerly a Wesleyan minister.
NEW BROAD STREET.—The Rev. J. G. Jukes, from Lancashire.
STROUD, NEAR MANCHESTER.—Mr. A. Anderson.

RESIGNATION.

The Rev. WILLIAM JAY, the venerable minister of Argyle church, Bath, has resigned his pastorate, which he has held for more than sixty-two years On the occasion of the resignation being accepted, the following resolution was adopted by the church:—

'That this church, in receiving the intended resignation, on the 30th of January next, of its revered and beloved pastor, devoutly acknowledges the goodness of God in permitting it the distinguished privilege of enjoying a ministry so faithful, valued, and eminently useful, for the lengthened period of sixty-three years; and, while it deeply sympathizes with him in his present affliction, prays with submission he may yet be restored occasionally to preach the "Gospel of the Grace of God," and that, when his labours shall close, an entrance may be "ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour."

'That it also traces with gratitude to the same Divine source, the unanimity and peace which have hitherto marked its history; and, while it would seek to maintain "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," prays that the great Head of the Church may afford it wisdom and guidance in the appointment of a successor to the venerable William Jay.'

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

CLAPHAM (Congregational church).—September 30th.
LOWESTOFT (Congregational church).—September 16th.

FOUNDATION STONES LAID.

KIMBOLTON (Union church).—October 13th.
NORTHWICH (Congregational church).—October 6th.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

DECEMBER, 1852.

The Power of the Pulpit.

WHATEVER its warrant or its origin, the pulpit is, and has long been, an established institution in connexion with Christianity, and is recognised as one of the most powerful instruments by which the designs of Christianity are to be accomplished. By a vast multitude of Christians it is, no doubt, regarded as indispensable to the spread, or even the existence of their faith, and any proposition to suspend the functions or materially to modify the office of the preacher, is viewed with the utmost alarm. Indeed, by not a few it is held in estimation somewhat beyond its due, and to the neglect or depreciation of the other great purpose for which our weekly assemblies are convened—viz., worship and prayer. By common consent the ministerial office (which, as we shall see, includes more than preaching) is allowed to be the highest and most honourable which can be held by man amongst his fellow-men. In some communities, where the preacher is all but lost in the priest, he is looked at with veneration and awe; his touch has virtue in it to bless and sanctify; his words are as oracles of truth; his behests are as divinely sanctioned laws. In others, where no such extravagant reverence is felt, there is nevertheless a most singular halo of sacredness present to the eye, about the person of the minister. Even when you come to those bodies which altogether repudiate the notion of priesthood in its most harmless form, you find still the same pre-eminence accorded to the 'sacred office,' as it is often called. Nor are even those portions of the Church which distinctly repudiate the 'one man ministry,' and which seek to realize the equality and brotherhood of all, able to prevent the same kind of influence from

surrounding the persons of those who, by their power to speak, and habit of thought, and inward impulse of utterance, become their recognised preachers. If a man in any of these various sects should forsake absolutely and entirely the work of a Christian teacher for that of a statesman, or any of less importance and note, it would be almost universally deemed a stepping down; perhaps a criminal thing; at all events, one demanding a very clear and strong necessity to be shown for the act before it can claim at all to be excused. Not a little curious is this jealousy in some quarters. The doctrine of 'once a priest always a priest,' is most earnestly disallowed and denied, and felt to be either an absurdity or an impiety, by those to whom we refer. And yet if one of their own ministers should happen to do what they would not scruple to do themselves, viz., marry a lady of property, or inherit a legacy, they begin most maliciously to predict that he will soon break a blood-vessel, or get an incurable sore throat. And should any misfortune of the kind happen to him afterwards, no amount of assurance or proof would convince them that it was other than an excuse for doing what, in their opinion, no circumstance short of paralysis or death would make it right for him to do. Now, believing, as we do, in the rightness and expediency of the institution (and for which faith we shall presently offer a reason or two), we are not altogether sorry that public opinion in the Christian world should have entertained so high an estimate of it. Although some forms of it are, no doubt, pernicious, and some absurd, on the whole it must have tended to health; and it cannot but have contributed to the stability and the present solidity of the institution itself. It will not be easy to uproot a thing so venerated; to disprove to the conviction of all the rightness of so "sacred" an office; nor with charges of abuse, or inefficiency, or effeteness, or inaptness, to overthrow it, so long as it can show such trophies of its power in the past, and lean upon such honours as the present so readily affords.

There is one indirect result of the British pulpit which has not often been exhibited as a claim to honour and respect on its behalf, but which may most reasonably be so presented: it is the fact that it has been a centre of intellectual attraction and a power to quicken thoughtfulness in a vast number of minds, which, without that, would never have found their way into the circles of literature and thought, but who, when there, and without neglect of their other work, have done eminent service, and added not lightly to the national renown. With a view to the office of a Christian teacher, men have made efforts to attain education, which no merely literary consideration could have produced. In this way latent powers have found their true nourishment and their proper sphere, and as authors, or as orators on subjects of national or world-wide interest, their possessors have done most eminent service, and helped to give its character of intelligence to their nation and their age; whilst the fact that these men of thought and power have been Christian men, has prevented the disaster from befalling us of having a national literature utterly godless and irreligious, and a national advocacy of the cause of humanity based only upon some of

the ever-shifting ephemeral expediencies of the age, and not upon the changeless principle of Christian religion—'thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' If there be anything to be proud of in the history of British intelligence and literary achievement, we claim for the pulpit of our land the honour of having indirectly contributed more than any other single influence to that worthy source of national pride.

It would be the sheerest folly to expect that such an institution, so revered by the mass of men, so liable, therefore, to abuse of various kinds—to be made into a throne of self-glorification by some; or an engine of despotism by others; or a cloak of hypocrisy, and a mansion of selfishness by more; or a bed of laziness by others again—should pass unchallenged in every age, and present the strange anomaly of being a cherished institution without an assailant. If there were no other reason, many people would question its value, because other people so much revere it. The stragglers, who not merely dare to go out of the world's high road when it leads to the devil, but who always walk at the side and never with the vulgar crowd, be their path ever so right and good—these men would be sure to have a doubt or two, a stray arrow or two to stick into the world's idol. It ought to be expected, too, that each separate form of abuse would give rise to doubts, serious doubts, of its authority and expediency. Moreover, since it is of human material, if not of human device, like every other thing of the kind, it will want adapting and adjusting to the mutations of mankind, the ever-changing cycles of human development and progress. And when the time of change comes, and the contrast of new and old is very strong, and perhaps, through the infirmity of both, the contest betwixt them sharp, there are sure to be some who will point to the old and say—see, it is effete, it is going to pieces; and turning to the young, will warn them not to 'stick by a sinking ship.' There is always a class of people in the world whose philosophy is, that nothing will mend or change for the better, and who say, whenever you attempt a reformation—'you had better break it up and throw it away.' From one or other, or it may be all of these sources, we are hearing mutterings and grumblings about the cessation of the power of the pulpit; its want of adaptation *as an institution* to the age; its unchristian character, and the like. It, therefore, behoves all who have any faith in it, as an ordination of Divine Providence, and an important agency in connexion with the gospel, to listen; to weigh; to admit, where truth is on the side of their opponents; to combat and argue where their case cannot be sustained. And, above all, it behoves those whose office and function is thus challenged to look well to themselves, that they afford no ground in their own conduct on which such charges may be based.

Some may possibly deem it the misfortune of the Church, that Christianity lacks that divine prescription, and authoritative regulation of its externals and its agency, which so distinguished the dispensation which preceded it. We deem it the peculiar glory of Christianity *not* to have them. It marks it as spirit, and not letter. Having given the Truth, the Substance, having planted the Life, God trusts it to

find its own appropriate agencies, superintending by his providence, and aiding by the perpetual gift of the Holy Ghost, those agencies as they arise. We are, therefore, thrown back upon the simple question of suitableness and expediency in discussing the authority of this institution. We are willing to allow that the command of Jesus to his disciples—'Go ye out into all the world and *preach* the gospel to every creature,' may and does mean something much wider than the office of the minister; that it *may* not mean that at all. We protest against its being exclusively applied to the apostles, or to their official successors, if it could be proved that they have any. We rest our defence of it on its naturalness, and fitness, and necessity. It will be granted that it is necessary to *preach* the gospel, *i.e.* in some way or other to attract men's attention to the Christian truth, and even to force that truth on their attention. But what is included in that hackneyed sentence, 'to preach the gospel?' Is it not a great deal more than to get up and tell men that they are sinners, and need a saviour, and that Jesus Christ *is* that Saviour? Have we not need of 'edification' after we are converted? Is there not a superstructure of religious truth built upon that one only 'foundation?' And must not that be expounded and enforced? Does not that process of edification (to say nothing about the vast variety of truth there is to present, whose immediate end is 'conversion'), require the continuous reiterated exposition of duty, incessant appeal and exhortation; successive exhibitions of the various aspects of a Christian's relation to God and to men? We contend, then, that this is a work not to be efficiently performed by mere extempore impulsive effusions of men, speaking simply from the heart; but one demanding careful thought, preparation, study. And if so, there must be men whose *business* it shall be, who shall 'give' themselves '*wholly* to it;' who shall be prepared for it, as men are prepared for every other life-work in which they are desired to succeed. It is quite true, that even with such a class of men, the work may be badly, inefficiently done, or partially neglected. But will the absence of such a provision ensure its being done better? In our judgment it would rather portend its not being done at all. And what so fitting time and circumstance for the preaching of the gospel in its various aspects, as when multitudes are gathered together, their sympathies quickened by their fellowship, and their minds prepared by leisure, and by the solemnities of prayer and praise, for seriously listening to the truth so preached? Let it be proved to us, that the great end can be reached in a better, more natural, more rational way, and we will then more seriously entertain the question of abandoning an agency, which for many centuries has been the means of incalculable good. Till then, we will content ourselves with trying to render that as efficient as it can be expected to become.

Aiming, then, at this, it is our present purpose to call our readers' attention to the power which the pulpit is calculated to exert, and to the requisite elements in the preacher for the exertion of that power.

In the midst of assembled hundreds of quiet and orderly persons, who have but just ceased the utterance of lofty praise, or solemn

prayer to God, there rises one man, the conductor of their previous devotions, their teacher and spokesman to the Majesty of heaven: their faces are turned towards him—their glances meet in his lips; he opens a book, a copy of which is in the hands of each, and turns their attention to some particular passage which he has chosen beforehand. They follow his direction; not turning wherever they will in the pages of that book—but obeying him, and waiting for his words. Whatever his message, or his errand, or his aim, his position at that moment is grand. For a moment, at least, he has those hundreds of human minds, keenly, delicately susceptible to the touch of another mind, aye, even to its very tones, to the silent speech of the gestures, as so many quivering needles waiting for his electric touch: as so many living germs waiting for the expanding, developing, fructifying power of his words. They hand up to him at that instant the reins of their several spirits for him to guide at his own will. What an opportunity if he have truth, wit, and strength to seize it! If with master-hand he grasp those reins, and assume irresistibly that offered control! If, from a mind well-charged with thought, with thought fired with ardour and longing to impart itself, he touch those thousand magnets, and make them vibrate with kindred intensity! How he may multiply his own thought and ardour! Has he been on some lofty height of contemplation, and discovered some broad landscape, some sublime and everlasting hill of truth? How gladly may he lead them up the same path, which his own loving labour has prepared and smoothed for their ascent. Has he been bending over some refreshing rivulet, sparkling, clear, gushing from 'the river that makes glad the city of God?' How joyously and cheeringly may he call all the weary to follow him, and receive renewal of strength. Has he on some solemn height of contemplation heard a trumpet call to do God's battle in the world? With what tender strength may he re-echo the call, and stir those thousand souls to move, a mighty host animated by one strong impulse. Has he in his lonely watch-tower seen the night-fire of a crouching foe? With what intensity of warning may he portray the danger, and turn them away! But oh! if he let it slip, what a miserable, pitiable man! Those magnets pointed by an inward impulse for a moment to him, through lack of power in him, swing back upon their pivots, and turn to their various earthly poles; this one to his ledger, that one to his love; another to his vacancy, another to her vanity. Those reins of being drop down again upon the hands that upheld them, and he preaches to the air.

What, too, is the book before him, and what his purpose in rising? He believes it to be God's book—the storehouse of religious truth for the world: that he has there the bread of life, and the water of life, and the cordial of life, and the medicine of life, and the light of life, and the armour of life, and the staff of life, and the solace of life, and the refuge of life, and the directory of life, and the charter of immortality. And his object is to dispense all these things to souls intensely needing them. He views the men before him as immortal souls, some in the trance of sin; some in the chains of lust; some in the sloughs

of despair; some in the vortex of giddy joy; some in the dungeon of the flesh; some in the soft grasp of seductive fiends; some groping in utter darkness; some hatching in their own breasts the devil's egg of doubt; some hungering and thirsting after truth; some longing for peace; some waiting for a comforter, a leader, a monitor, a captain, a quickener. And he believes that he has in the book what they all want, and is to be to one or other of them the medium of its conveyance. It is no mere curious speculation that he comes to expound, at which some may wonder and some laugh. It is no mere wonder of the world that he comes to describe in words that glow with the hues of reality. It is no mere scientific error of a past age that he comes to explode. It is no mere earthly El Dorado whose wealth he comes to explain, that he may send them on a mission after golden good. It is no imperial despotism he comes to denounce, that he may raise a spirit whose indignant throb shall overthrow the tyrant. It is no huge earthly imposture that he comes to unmask, with tones of withering contempt and scorching hate. It is no grand emancipation of a million swarthy slaves that he asks to have accomplished. His aim is greater, more intensely solemn, more deeply moving, more agonizing in sublimity than any and all of these. He stands over a fathomless abyss, where men are perpetually falling, and his mission is to snatch them as they fall: to turn the crowd away. He gazes upwards at glories ineffable, at countless starry crowns, and sapphire thrones, and he is to communicate the inspiration which shall start men on the path that leads to them. *And he has God's word for it all.* He may use the language of certainty. He may *rebuke* doubt. He may say to every man, I come not only as your brother, but as God's ambassador. I come to you from God. Spurn *me* if you will, but not my message: for that is God's.

Moreover, the majority of his hearers are ready to allow his claim; they admit the authority and the unparalleled importance of the truth he preaches to them; they do not need first to be convinced of its truth, and afterwards impressed by it. His work is, therefore, very simple and direct. Amid circumstances the most favourable, with truth the most indubitable, the most moving to others and inspiring to himself, the preacher rises to discharge himself of an almost dreadful responsibility. And he knows that he stands not alone, but that his own faithful effort *will* be accompanied by an energy subtler and mightier than his, in order that men may not 'receive the grace of God in vain.'

This brief and rapid sketch of the position of the preacher cannot fail to convey the impression that it is one of the most commanding that the world affords. The position of a general haranguing his legions in sight of the hostile array, and on the eve of a battle which must decide the contest and terminate the campaign; or of the philanthropist-orator, fresh from scenes of tyranny and cruelty, perpetrated over a million brother-men, cannot compare in advantage, both as respects his own inspiration and the easy excitement of his hearers,

with that of the Christian teacher, who calls to daily certain victory over self and the world, and to a mission of emancipation from a thraldom in which THE WORLD is held, and is the mighty cause of all its monster woe.

There is another side to the picture. The preacher is but a man; perhaps an ordinary man, compassed with infirmities; not necessarily a perfect man in morals or in mind, because he is a preacher. Few men are perfect till the varied discipline of earth has ripened them for heaven. It is enough that the preacher be somewhat raised above the average of actual Christian life, and above the average intelligence of those around him. The higher he is above them the better, provided he can stoop to their capacity and infirmity, and gently lift them up to the standard which is before his own eye. And God, in his providence, has never seen fit to make his instruments perfect before He has used them for his glory. Subject, then, to infirmities, both mental and moral, as other men are; furnished by Heaven with no amulet against temptation, no immunity from 'ills the *flesh* is heir to;' having to work their way to truth and holiness as other men have; and if, on the one hand, free from some dangers by the seclusion of their work, from the same cause exposed to others; one must not expect in the preacher the regularity and intensity of impression and expression which you might have in a machine. *His* heart may be heavy within him; darkness may for awhile encompass him about; he may have to stand before others to solace, to convince, to arouse, to guide, himself most needing comfort, or fresh from some perplexity of doubt, or with the scars of recent personal conflict, or feeling himself a wanderer in a trackless waste. And amongst his hearers there is no lack of obstacles to success. If they are not sceptical about what he utters, they are often what is worse—careless hearers; men who, from long familiarity, and habitual neglect of warning and appeal, have to listen to sermons as if they were all about the concerns of some other world; who hear appeals to men to do battle with the flesh, as if they were uttered to the hosts which Gabriel leads, urging them to exterminate the devil and all his angels; who smile most complacently and applaud most condescendingly the 'power of thought,' or 'felicity of description,' or 'happy illustration,' whilst the preacher is warning *them* to 'flee from the wrath to come,' as if they had been auditors of an address to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, or of the farthest fixed star; who praise the delineation of virtues which they never mean to practise; and most meekly, with admirable patience, receive the condemnation of sins and practices which they never dream of ceasing to commit. These hearers are the great mountains of mud which make the preacher's progress so toilsome. These are the huge rocky boulders in the path of the Gospel's spread, which seem as if the flood of a forgotten age had launched them from a world where the type of man is, to be a living contradiction to himself. The absence of any mental life, too, in many of his hearers, makes his task a difficult one, whatever the loftiness or attraction of his theme. There are some regions of thought in which alone some of the most glorious and brightest aspects of truth are seen, into which he can never lead

them. To say some of the most beautiful of his own thoughts to them would be to 'cast pearls before swine.' His instrument is truth —a spiritual thing; their susceptibilities are carnal. They are in all the stages of moral imperfection; some will have their faith staggered by the loftier truths; some will shrink away from the higher, nobler duties; some will misunderstand and misapply the purest and most perfect principles. On the other hand, others will be up to his own mark, and will not be content to hear him merely echoing their own thoughts and experiences; they will want (at least, if they are wise) to be elevated and taught. Physical infirmities encompass many of them; and the preacher must exert a power to cope with these. The terrible and sinless drowsiness which overcomes some whose life of perpetual activity in the week all but irresistibly disposes them to sleep when they are at rest, must, if he be earnest, find a counteractive in the preacher's style and thoughts. Where it is not a real disease, I suppose it is possible for awhile to keep the sleepiest man awake; and the watcher for souls must at least attempt it. Others, whose world of daily life is intensely practical as well as active, and whose habits of thought and mental susceptibilities are completely formed and ruled by it, will need some studious effort at adaptation to their case, or they will, spite of themselves, be sent to sleep. The prose of their life is so terse, and telling, and stirring, that the preacher's poetry must have something more than tame beauty, and his prose something more than dry truthfulness, if they are to be moved. But making every allowance for these drawbacks, we reassert the truth of our former inference, that his position is one of tremendous advantage for the exertion of power. The relation he sustains to his fellows, will be but a stimulus to him to overcome his own personal infirmities; he will aim to do it for others' sake, as well as his own; whilst the difficulties presented by his hearers will but fan the flame of his earnestness to touch them, by increasing his impression of the danger in which they stand.

The ideal of the pulpit, then, which we have given above, would lead us to expect that no other agency for moving men is at all equal to this in present power and success. That the press must be quite second to it, and walk far behind it. That the secular press especially, whatever its attractions in the eyes of some from the absence of religious topics, should be exerting *much less power* upon the thinkings and ways of the world, than the pulpit. Other things being equal, the living voice must be more forceful than a silent book.

What does the *actual* of the pulpit say then to our expectations? Is it the power of powers in the world? And, seeing that Christianity has the instrumentality almost to itself, is Christianity unequivocally the ruling power over opinion and habit in our midst? Let us see! We will leave now the region of the ideal altogether, and draw a few sketches from *fact*.

It is a fine summer's Sunday afternoon, and we have entered a neat chapel, in the midst of an agricultural district, where are now seated some 350 living souls. The singing ended, which by the way makes

up in screaming what it lacks in science, and is more like a street ballad as to tune, or a drawled madrigal, than like high solemn praise of God, or jublilant expression of Christian faith and hope—that ended, Mr. Orthodox Heavytongue, the minister, rose and gave out his text, we forget what it was, but no matter, the substance would have done for a thousand texts, and had fitted a good many in the hearing of his own congregation. Sincerely believing that his great mission was to 'preach the *gospel*,' and that metaphysics and philosophy could have nothing to do with such a thing, he began by asserting, for the thousand and first time, the great leading facts on which the gospel is founded, and which all his hearers had learnt in catechisms before they re-learnt it from him, and then plunged deep into the 'nature,' 'the reasons,' 'the consequences,' and the like, delightfully unconscious that he was dabbling with the things he had so often denounced. A few practical remarks at the close told the congregation that if they did this and that they would be happy for ever, and if not, damned eternally! This, too, for the thousand and first time. We had looked round occasionally, having in vain tried to be interested, or instructed, or moved, to see if any one else was so. A fine youth next to us was snoring so loud as to cause great merriment, and efforts to suppress it on the part of three young women in the next seat. Many heads were bent forward, but were very securely attached to the ledge of the pew. Dozens were turning over the leaves of their hymn-books. The clock seemed to have stopped. And when the 'Amen' came, there flashed across the face of the entire people, sleepers and wakeful, a beam of thankfulness, as of relief from an hour of pain. Drop in when you will, reader, you will find it the same, and there are more Mr. Heavytongues than one!

It was once our lot, too, to listen to Mr. Criticus Dry, M.A. He was minister of a chapel in a good-sized country town, which *would* seat 800 persons, but never did except on anniversaries. The first thing that struck us was the absence of young men; there was a painful lack of that most interesting feature of all congregations. *His* text too we forget—but not his sermon. That consisted introductorily of a dissertation on Greek MSS., firstly, of 'an analysis of the text in its various members and words;' secondly, of 'a putting it together again, and turning it inside out;' thirdly and lastly, of turning it outside in again, with a recapitulation of the heads of discourse, by way of practical application. It was a most ingenious piece of intellectual mechanism. What a watch-maker he would have been, had his call led him that way! His congregation were to some extent interested, but not *moved*, not instructed on any material point. As a small portion of some entire discourse, such material might have been useful and necessary; but as a discourse of itself, we felt it to be a miserable loss of an opportunity of power.

The same evening, we heard Mr. Earnest Thumpdesk. There was neither critic nor philosopher about him. He was almost all heart. With good common-sense matter, rather common place, but uttered with a terrible vehemence. He was so choked with tremendousness of

solemnity, and responsibility and eagerness, that his words could scarcely contain his feeling. His sentences were *ground* out. They irresistibly reminded us of the slow strokes of some huge steam-piston, that was lifting every time its hundred tons. His body writhed with his emotion. The place shook with his energy. His arms described enormous circles with marvellous rapidity, and now and then his hand came down with such clenched force upon the Bible, that no one could sleep long 'under' him. We felt that we ought to be moved, but somehow were not, at least not long. At first, we could not resist the influence, but it soon palled. What was a little less fervid than the rest of the matter, was dreadfully weak and tame. And the fervour was such an over-dose, and so overdone and uneasy, that we were thankful when it was spent, as also many of our fellow-listeners unmistakably were. Coming away, we mused upon the singular phenomenon of so much power spent, but so little response and sympathy excited by it; and our conclusions were, that energy of manner ought always to be accompanied and sustained by energy of thought; and that floods often do more damage and far less good, than quiet, silent, mighty dews and rain. On inquiry, we found that Mr. Thumpdesk was very popular with a certain class; had a very respectable congregation, as to size and social standing; received many additions to his church. But beyond that circle, if known was not felt; and within it, aimed at and reached a yet narrower circle of results.

Far more unfortunate was our lot in our next visit, which was to a large crowded place, where not less than a dozen carriages drew up, and where the service was much more 'Jewish' than was exactly to our taste. The minister was the Rev. Ore Rotundo, D.D. Our sole recollection is of the general impression, which was more vexatious than painful. There was no lack of words; the sentences dovetailed beautifully; the stream of sound flowed on like musical oil from a golden-lipped urn. Occasionally there was a moment's awful hush; and then a burst of eloquent words. Words were flying about us like feathery snow; words were floating round us in harmonious waves; we were in a fragrant atmosphere of words; and occasionally words were shot at us as from a sixty-four-pounder. But we sought in vain, we listened painfully, we gasped and panted for *thoughts*. If we dared have spoken, if we had been alone, we should have exclaimed with eagerness, 'Do tell me *something*. If I know it, make me feel it; if I know it not, make me grasp and possess it. But oh, when I want bread, don't give me a song. When I want to be saved, to be strengthened, to be waked from a death-sleep, to be lifted up into the heavens, don't give me *mere* eloquence; don't bury me in words; don't shroud me in rhetoric, and on glassy lake of sound, with silver oar of polished frosted words row me back again to the world's vortex, or, perhaps, to the harbour of black woe.'

The saddest thought was that this man was one of the most 'popular' of his day, and was more thronged by hearers than any man around him, though there were dozens of men of thought and real power within the circuit of a mile.

Enough! Though the catalogue be not half exhausted, can we wonder at the remark that the pulpit is giving up its influence to the press when such terrible mistakes are made in it? A man who writes a book must *think*, though his thought may not be worth much; he must prepare, though his preparation may be but the prelude to a failure. The men who write newspaper articles must think well, and wisely, and feel about the matters they write on, or nobody will read them. Vigorous thought, indubitable earnestness, good composition—readableness, perpetual variety, are the elements of this great newspaper power. The same qualities in a more eminent degree mark the contributors to our leading reviews; they are 'the pick' of our literary men. Our lighter magazines, which have so immense a circulation, and are happily of sufficient interest to supplant many sad and vicious occupations of their leisure by the young, are characterised by great and careful adaptation of style and matter to their habits and tastes. They are not interesting by accident, but are made so by care and pains. And unless the pulpit, without in the least accommodating *the truth* to men's tastes, be marked by the same qualities, it must succumb to the press, and die deservedly neglected or despised. The age is eminently a thinking one; sermons must therefore be thoughtful. Preachers must be *thinkers;* not mere showmen of their little menagerie of other people's thoughts; not mere conjurors with texts, reversing the trick of 'the inexhaustible bottle,' and showing how many texts will 'fit' to one set of sentences; or how dexterously they can perform sleight of hand with any verse you please. The mental influences around hearers in the world are evolved with great care and pains. Those they come into contact with in the preacher, must be at least as high. The proper product of thoughtless talking, which is what some men boast of, is—twaddle; and twaddle is not the food on which the Church can be fed, so as to fit it for the battle of the age. But thinking, good thinking, careful studious thinking, is not all. There must accompany the thought, or rather precede it, a consciousness of the sublimity of the preacher's position, of the mightiness of the instrument he wields, of the awfulness, the blessedness of the ends at which he aims, of the power he is delegated and expected to exert. Without this his thoughts may be beautiful and great as stars, but as distant and as cold. He must himself glow with the fire he would enkindle. He must *be* where he would lead others, and not merely point them there. And lastly, he must be *free* as other thinkers are. The Bible alone must be his centre, and no *man* must dare to draw his circumference. He must make his own radius, and elongate it as his convictions impel him. No man or church, not even Christendom, must take the measuring-tape of any 'doxy' and draw a circle of thought around his mind. If he see any connexion betwixt the ends of Christ's atonement and resurrection, and the science or beauty of the material world; or betwixt the same glorious gospel and the tendencies of social life or any of its phases, he must be free to exhibit it, and not be shot at with the malice-tipped slander-winged arrow of

'unevangelical' or 'unsound.' He must claim this freedom and use it. He must take it, or it will not be granted him. He must feel the cross to be the true centre of all mundane interests, and must be the conductor of its influence, the reflector of its light, the prophet of its oracles about every earthly thing: be they social, mercantile, or political, as well as strictly religious.

If, in any degree, the charge of powerlessness brought against the pulpit be true, as we must confess to some degree it is, we have no doubt that it is to be ascribed to the absence of these things. In some cases to the want of thought, in others to the want of care and pains, in others to the want of earnestness and practicalness, in others to the want of freedom, in all, perhaps to some extent, to the want of a moving impression of the work that has to be done, and of the earthly as well as the heavenly aspects of the office. We all want to feel and habitually to recognise that it may be the mightiest force at work to mould the shape and destiny of the world that now is, as well as of that which is to come.

The Teachers of Popular Infidelity.

ROBERT COOPER AND CHARLES SOUTHWELL.

THE *dii minores* of popular disbelief must not be omitted from this review; for the lesser gods of a mythology are in fact more truly representative of its character, and more influential upon the mob of worshippers, than are the greater divinities. Messrs. Holyoake and Thomas Cooper have personal attributes, which not only give them pre-eminence among the teachers of infidelity, but also give an elevation of sentiment and language to infidelity itself. It will be only fair to see whether other men, rivalling these in popularity with the masses, give a similar representation of the system they hold in common.

The first of the two names heading this article is that of a man who is yet young, but has been fourteen or fifteen years before the public. He was bred a Manchester operative or clerk, and 'came out,' I believe, about 1838. I have before me the fourth edition of a pamphlet, first published in 1839—'"The Holy Scriptures" Analysed; or, Extracts from the Bible, showing its Contradictions, Absurdities, and Immoralities. By Robert Cooper.' It consists simply of a classification of texts under these various heads, and shows nothing on the part of the compiler but industry and purblind ingenuity. Many good Christians may be startled at the light which their own book is made to cast upon itself; but an intelligent and honest sceptic can have little respect for the man who gravely adduces, as an instance of biblical contradiction, under the head 'Omnipotence,' these two texts—

'"But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible, but with God ALL *things are possible;*"

'"And the Lord was with Judah, and he (Judah) drove out the inhabitants of the mountain, *but* COULD NOT *drive out the inhabitants of the valley*, because they had chariots of iron;—"'

who places in juxtaposition the declarations that 'God is a spirit,' and that he 'dwelleth not in temples made with hands'—who quotes as examples of scriptural immorality David's sin with Bathsheba, and Peter's denial of his Master, but omits the recorded punishment of the one and penitence of the other. A book thus silly and mendacious could scarcely have found acceptance even with the rudest class of sceptics, but for its mention by the Bishop of Exeter, in his famous speech on Socialism, in the session of 1840. His lordship denounced the 'Analysis,' with his characteristic preference of strong to precise epithets, as blasphemous and irreligious; and demanded its suppression. The author hastened to put forth a second edition, prefixing a magniloquent 'vindication.' In his first preface the writer was not content to say, with the modesty becoming his youth, 'I am compelled to conclude, against the established opinions of society, that the Bible cannot be of Divine origin, cannot be the word of God;'—he must go on to express his 'humble but decided opinion,' that—

'It is nothing more than a mere imposition; an imposition which was palmed upon mankind by the Christian priesthood, for the purpose of deluding, or enslaving them—leading them from the open and cheering paths of knowledge and improvement, into the nauseous and gloomy quagmires of ignorance and superstition. The priesthood of every sect of religion, in every country of the habitable globe, have instituted and perpetuated certain impositions, by means of which they have conceived they would be enabled to maintain and increase their influence over the minds of their followers; so that thereby they might still continue to luxuriate in ease and enjoyment, while their poor deluded victims repined in ignorance and woe. And such an imposition is this now established and supported by the Christian priesthood,—an imposition which is the corner stone of their power—the fountain of their influence. It has been the tool which they have invariably used in the accomplishment of their objects, however selfish; and in the consummation of their machinations, however odious. Whenever they have massacred, immolated, or incarcerated those who have dared to dispute their vicegerency, or who have presumed to expose their doctrines, or denounce their practices, they have quoted this imposition as their authority. Whenever they have defended, or connived at the extortions of the tyrants who have flattered, or supported them, they have quoted this imposition as their authority. Whenever they have opposed any system, or any measure, which they considered would be inimical to their interests, or subversive of their power, they have quoted this imposition as their authority. And the sooner this imposture is removed—the sooner the few good seeds which it may contain are extracted from it, and the immense mass of chaff cast into oblivion, the better will it be for the amelioration and progression of man.'

Of course the Lord Bishop's denunciation did not improve Mr. Robert Cooper's opinion of 'the Christian priesthood.' He naturally enough concludes his 'vindication' in this exultant strain:—

'SHALL THE IMPOSTORS TRIUMPH? Shall the demon of bigotry and cant any longer devour the moral and intellectual vitals of man? Truth, justice, humanity, cry, No; and every honest and independent mind must respond to the determination. Delightful and cheering is the thought, that the career of this

nuisance is coming to a termination. A mighty movement is commencing in society, which will speedily stultify so foul and deleterious a pestilence. Already has the bright star of reason and free inquiry dawned upon humanity, and soon, by its illuminating influence, will the world be converted from a slaughter-house of intolerance, persecution, and domination, into an arena of equity, enlightenment, and peace.'

These being fair specimens of Mr. Robert Cooper's written argumentation and eloquence, the feebleness and frothiness of his oral discourses need scarcely be exemplified. Nevertheless, I have felt it right to acquaint myself with these, as he has, within the last two or three years, settled in London, occupies the same platforms as Messrs. Holyoake and T. Cooper, and receives his proportionate share of applause. He is known chiefly by 'Lectures on the Bible,' and 'Lectures on Immortality.' I hold myself excused from listening, on the former theme, to a man who deliberately pronounces the Old and New Testaments—the Jewish Scriptures, a part of the common treasures of antiquity, and guarded by that singular people with such jealous care; and even those of the Evangelic books that are of undisputed genuineness—'an imposition palmed upon mankind by the *Christian* priesthood.' But on a question, the facts of which are within and around us—in the decision of which the poet has an equal voice with the philosopher, and the boor with the scholar—we will hear even the effeminate and affected-looking man that steps to the front of the John-street rostrum.

He propounds, as the subject of this evening's inquiry, What is the soul? Its immortality, he says, is the most popular of all religious dogmas; but he pronounces the vanity of mankind capable of its origination, and the cause of its popularity. That every man conceives of heaven according to his own prevailing tastes, he puts forward as the strongest proof that there is no heaven but in imagination. Heathen and Christian notions of the soul he recites and dismisses with self-complacent ease. 'Spirit,' he concludes from this review, 'is only a convenient word for nothing.' He amuses himself, and tickles the sillier portion of his audience, with such questions as, In what portion of the human frame does the soul reside? Where does it come from? When does it enter the body? Where does it go at death, and how long is it in getting there? He lets out, in winding up, that 'some excellent [and judicious] friends' have counselled him that these subjects are better 'let alone.' But he tells them, 'It is these delusions that keep the masses in the mud.' And so he perorates on priestcraft and despotism, the march of enlightenment, and the dawning of that 'glorious age when'—men shall be content to live without dignity and die without hope.

Mr. Charles Southwell is a person whom I regret to have to introduce to the readers of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR. For his abilities I have little respect—with his career, no sympathy. If I were an infidel, I should be anxious to disclaim his advocacy and his connexion—as a Christian, I cannot be concerned at his antagonism; I can only

compassionate his position and regret his influence. He has, however, made too much noise to be overlooked, and his power for mischief may perhaps be abated by an exposure of his unworthiness to teach.

For my knowledge of Mr. Southwell and of his opinions, I am indebted almost exclusively to his own publications. It is, therefore, from no private dislike that I speak of him thus disparagingly. But for the investigation which the writing of these articles necessitated, I should have continued to feel towards him the respect it is my disposition to accord the assailants of established opinions. I regret, as one born and reared in the class with whom Mr. Southwell is influential, that I can form no better estimate of him than that now expressed. He has thought proper to give to the world his autobiography, under the title, 'Confessions of a Free-thinker.' It is one of that numerous class of books of which J. J. Rousseau's 'Confessions' are the prototype, and that rival the offensiveness of their original without a gleam of its gilding genius. It is precisely of the character which Foster summarily ascribes to such productions—it 'narrates the course of a contaminated life with ingenuous hardihood.' It is the story of a licentious, at least, of a frivolous, rather than of an inquiring spirit. It runs over thirty or forty years of a human existence, chequered by many and some remarkable incidents, without the nobility of sober conviction, or the tenderness of genuine feeling. The writer shows himself to have been actuated by no single serious persuasion, and to have been faithful to scarce one of the better instincts of our nature. It represents him as sporting with the sublimest topics of human thought, and attitudinizing in the saddest moments of human life. It tells us that he entered the world of action with a lie—that he discarded a religion which he had never seriously believed at the first difficulty which came in his way—that he deliberately cast off the restraints of home for the easier indulgence of youthful lusts—that his first marriage was one of shame and misery—that he became a political agitator and a public assailant of religion rather to better his fortune than to relieve his conscience—and that he incurred, by intentional outrage upon the faith of the community, the penalty of imprisonment. It represents him, after having twice watched the death-bed of a wife, and himself been within the grasp of the grave, full of levity as at the outset. It shocks scarcely less by its want of respect for man than by its offhand denial of God. It almost justifies, in short, the hardest things that Christians are reproached, and sometimes justly, with having said against unbelievers, and only finds extenuation in the unhappy circumstances of the writer's origin, and the misdirected indignation of which he has been the subject. Perhaps, too, his own excess of candour and affectation of honesty have made him unjust to himself: it is not 'the saints' alone that are guilty of self-depreciation.

The father of Charles Southwell was a musical instrument maker. He, the youngest of thirty-three (!) children, was apprenticed, at the Messrs. Broadwood's, to the trade of a 'finisher,' evading his friends' intention by a gratuitous falsehood. In the workshop he met with a

pious man, who lent him, among other religious books, a volume of Timothy Dwight's sermons. 'To a single passage of that remarkable book,' he says, 'I owe my first sceptical thought.' He had hitherto 'used the term God, as all children do, without attaching to it any definite signification.' His father was a clever mechanic, and a generally intelligent man; but the only indication his family ever received of his religious views was, his fierce hostility to all 'priests.' It was thus that Timothy Dwight proved a stumbling-block and an offence:—

'After enlarging upon the magnificence of Nature, and the power of Deity as manifested in its creation and preservation, he exclaims with startling earnestness:—"*How vain then must be all resistance to God! But the very power, the will, the wish to resist cannot rise into being unless supplied and supported by Him.*"

'On coming to these words, so deeply significant, I paused, and in terrified astonishment literally gasped for breath. The shock was so great that for a time reason seemed to have abandoned her seat, leaving me a prey to conflicting and most painful emotions. "What," thought I, after recovering my presence of mind, "is it indeed true that the power, the will, the wish to resist God is supplied and supported by himself? And can it be true that he will eternally punish for a resistance himself has caused?" Reason at once rejected the monstrous supposition, but with fear and trembling I went to my Mentor, in the hope that he would put in a truthful light what appeared to me so outrageously blasphemous. But vain hope! he could only make visible the darkness in which my soul was plunged. He talked, to be sure, about the incomprehensibility of God—his right to do what he liked without regard to principles we in our ignorance call just—his desire to save sinners through Christ and him crucified, in whom all might believe if so disposed. For an hour, by the shop clock, he enlarged on the efficacy of prayer and Presbyterian chapel-going, as a surest cure for that desolating scepticism he shrewdly suspected had taken possession of me. But he wasted breath. As well might Mahommed have expected to talk the mountain out of its place as he to talk me out of my sudden but profound conviction, that a God who caused men to sin could not consistently be angry with or punish them for their sinfulness. Though only twelve years old, ... it seemed to me most wickedly blasphemous to assume that divine justice is based upon principles diametrically opposed to human justice, and flying to the incomprehensibility of deity as a sort of refuge for destitute logic, appeared a decent way of retreating from the whole question.'

The progress from this critical point in one's mental history, to blank unbelief, is not distinctly traced in the 'Confessions.' We are only told, that Paley failed to repair the perplexity occasioned by Dwight, and that Locke and Shaftesbury helped the poor lad to 'reason himself into contempt for organized religion.' On coming of age, Southwell exchanged his handicraft for a newsvender's shop in Westminster, and that again for the profession of schoolmaster and lecturer. In this latter, he was 'thought to distinguish himself rather as a ready than a logical talker—one who found it far easier to amuse and astonish than to instruct.' A retentive memory, and the practice of amateur histrionics, joined with a native fluency of speech, have proved fatal to the sober usefulness of many a young man. They at least did not retard Southwell's progress on the 'road to ruin.' On the death of his wife—an event, he confesses, which caused him some grief, but the regaining of his freedom more joy—'disgusted with the past and ill at ease with the present,' he enlisted in the Spanish

Legion, raised by General Evans, in the summer of 1835. He had his full share of the hardships and sufferings experienced in that unfortunate enterprise. Soon after his return to England, he was duly appointed a 'Socialist Missionary.' In a year or two he became dissatisfied with the conduct of the movement, and the place in it assigned to himself. At the Socialist Congress of 1841, he bearded even 'Father Owen,' resigned his official mission, set up as a bookseller at Bristol, and started 'The Oracle of Reason.' The fourth number of that modestly entituled periodical contained an article of which its author says, 'It was certainly a provoking one; my object in writing it was to provoke; and with that view, used terms the most offensive I could use.' This deliberate outrage of social decency, he calls 'testing a great principle:' many who deprecate the punishment it incurred, will deem it, rather, a flagrant offence against the right of free speech. Southwell was arrested, held to bail, indicted for blasphemy, and after two days' trial (January, 1842), sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred pounds. The 'Oracle' was succeeded, on its editor's liberation, by the 'Investigator,' which lived to the twenty-eighth number. He was subsequently concerned in a paper called the 'Movement.' In 1843, he attempted an agitation in Scotland, which prematurely terminated in the punishment for blasphemy of some concerned, and an exposure of the infamous character of others. In 1844, he opened a lecture-room in the Blackfriars'-road, where, he says, 'considerable profit was realized through furnishing refreshment as well as amusement.' Tiring of this, he 'sold the business,' and became lessee of the Canterbury Theatre—a speculation in which he lost all that he had realized at the Paragon Lecture-room. A similar establishment in the same neighbourhood would quickly have repaired his ill-fortune; but a breach of the excise regulations in his coffee-room incurred a bill of 150*l.*, to evade which he fled to France. Friends in Manchester induced him to take the Hall of Science there—and to publish the 'Lancashire Beacon.' This speculation, however, failed. The Hall of Science, I believe, has been converted into a public library, the 'Beacon' is extinguished, and Mr. Southwell has 'settled down in London, a hopeful though disappointed Freethinker.' He has recently published a tractate entitled, 'The Impossibility of Atheism Demonstrated.' I was prepared to congratulate the author on his returning agreement with the almost universal consensus of mankind. After a painfully careful reading, however, of some twenty-four pages of dismally obscure writing, I can only make out that in Charles Southwell's opinion, 'Atheism has no intelligible sense, except in relation to the senseless terms—Deism, Theism, Polytheism; and that these *are* senseless,' he hopes 'to convince every unprejudiced reader.' This seems at most but a piece of logomachy; nevertheless, it is made the ground of serious difference with Mr. Holyoake. That gentleman aptly characterises his captious friend's production as a 'fourpenny wilderness' of words; and Mr. Southwell fiercely retorts that he has 'convicted Mr. Holyoake of in-

capacity, disingenuousness, beggarly avariciousness, and preposterous egoism.' 'A very pretty quarrel as it stands.'

I may, perhaps, be permitted to conclude this series of sketches, with the expression of two or three thoughts suggested by their writing—or rather, out of which the writing arose. They relate to the aspect of the Christian Church towards those who systematically indoctrinate the people with hostility to Christianity as a supernaturally revealed religion.

In the first place, I would say, it is essential to the vindication of Christianity itself, and to the success of efforts on its behalf, that any legal disability under which men may labour on account of its rejection, be emphatically repudiated. It is now almost universally admitted, that the prosecution of opinion is unjust and impolitic; the bare statement of an opposite notion disgusts all but the Ultramontane party of the Romish Church. Even the few eccentric philosophers and priestly fanatics who still assert the right of the magistrate to punish false opinions, do so on grounds apart from the Christian religion. The world has also made up its mind that the exclusion from civil advantages on account of opinion, is but a milder and quite indefensible form of persecution. 'Infidels' are practically the only description of persons now subjected to positive disability. The statute law, by prescribing oath-taking on the Bible and in the name of God, deprives the conscientious Atheist or Deist of the bodily protection enjoyed by other citizens, imperils his property, and excludes him from many positions of honour and emolument. The common law—that is, the usage of our courts—hands over bequests for the maintenance of infidel institutions to other claimants, on the ground that legacies for irreligious or superstitious purposes are invalid. And more than this—the open avowal of Atheistic sentiments exposes the person making it to indictment for blasphemy, and the penalty of imprisonment or fine. The abolition of these disabilities and terrors is the primary object, as I have shown, of the 'Secular Society.' For Nonconformists—themselves so recently liberated from the pains and penalties of dissent, and professing to abhor magisterial interference with opinion—for such to be anticipated by Mr. Holyoake's friends in agitating for the abolition of these remanets of intolerant ages, shows either timid inconsistency or selfish sluggishness. If he challenge their co-operation, they cannot decline without dishonour. To the clerics who maintain that infidelity is a civil offence, and yet seek converts to the Christian faith, I would advise the Seculars to reply with the Roman sage, 'It is dangerous to argue with the master of ten legions.'

Secondly: the genius of the religion of Jesus, the courtesies of controversy, the laws of mind, require abstinence from the imputation of motives and opinions that are disclaimed. I hold this to be the dominant vice of theologians, and to account, in great part, for their ill-success in the advocacy of the plainest and most attractive truths. Of all the many sermons I have heard, the many books I have read, in

defence of Christianity, very few omitted to set out with this maxim 'Infidelity is rather a disease of the heart than the head.' With preachers and religious writers, the general notion of an *argumentum ad hominem* appears to be, telling your opponent if he is not convinced, it is because he is depraved, and perhaps profligate. I quite admit that moral disturbance is a principal cause of intellectual error; but to throw that belief in my antagonist's face, with a plain personal application, is a rudeness to my fellow-men, an outrage on the laws of controversy, I will never be guilty of. I regret that so far from this evil habit being put away, it is adopted, with an enlargement, in the high places of Dissent. The Rev. J. Angell James, in a letter to the 'British Banner,' imputes to the people to whom he would send Mr. Brewin Grant as a missionary, revolutionary designs, in addition to their individual depravity. He writes:—

'One of the travelling agents of the Religious Tract Society lately stated in our Town Hall these three facts:—1st. There is an organized system of Infidelity at work in this country. 2nd. The object of this is to revolutionize the country in its political constitution. 3rd. This organization has continental connexions and continental resources. And he sustained each particular by facts. We have only to refer to the crimes and horrors of the first Gallican revolution to learn what unbridled and maddened atheism accomplished in that country, and which it may be expected, under similar circumstances, to repeat wherever it prevails.'

So the anti-Gallican panic is to be revived, because Mr. Holyoake has organized his friends into discussion clubs! I am curious to be made acquainted with the 'facts' by which the travelling agent sustained his appalling discovery. I suspect the good honest man has been sadly hoaxed by some Lancashire wag. I am sure the 'Seculars' will be vastly amused at their affiliated debating societies being magnified into a huge conspiracy of English and continental revolutionists. I much wonder, too, that so worldly-wise a man as Mr. James should repeat the story of 'continental resources,' as though the rank and file of European liberalism were not now in London, living and hoping on the contributions of their English friends. But seriously do I deplore that an effort otherwise promising should be maimed, at its commencement, by such a mistake as this. With what disposition will the sceptical and republican operatives of our great towns listen to Mr. Brewin Grant, if the men who send him forth announce as a motive for doing so that Messrs. Holyoake and Cooper have designs of sedition and anarchy which they solemnly disclaim?

Thirdly: I would suggest—and I beg to be held individually responsible for an individual opinion—that the usual method of presenting Christianity, whether to the young, the worldly, or the sceptical, is capable of great improvement. I do not, of course, ask that the preacher suppress or modify his conscientious views of the gospel system: he can but speak as he perceives. But pointing to the fact clearly brought out in these papers, that the three infidel teachers most influential in the present day on the masses, repel the *evidences* because they are themselves repelled by the *doctrines* of

Christianity, I ask whether it is not probable that those doctrines are falsely represented to minds not naturally more indisposed than others to accept them? The hosts of infidelity are recruited not so much by direct perversion from the truth, as by the gradual alienation from Christian institutions of young men nurtured beneath their shadow. I, for one, cannot but suspect, that had these strayed sheep been gently led to the green pastures and still waters of evangelic truth, instead of being fed with the husks of mere doctrine—the human formulas which confine and corrupt divine principles—they would not have mistaken the voice of strangers for that of the Good Shepherd.

Δ

Words for the Wise.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'—SOLOMON.

'Ego autem neminem nomino; quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui ante de se voluerit confiteri.'—CICERO.

XIII. PEW-RENTS.

LANCASHIRE passes sentence on the Corn-laws. The world stares, listens open-mouthed for a second or two, gradually relaxes into a smile, shakes its knowing head, and swaggers on: has not for the present, it would seem, the remotest intention of executing the sentence for Lancashire. Years pass in this way, seven of them in all; orators perorating, cotton lords subscribing, editors demonstrating, Justice herself adjuring, all to no purpose. The world has heard enough, and Lancashire is in despair.

Then a change, sudden as night-fall in the tropics. Black Death has seized on the potato-crops, and the world's smile is gone. Who so ready as the world to take counsel now? There is a pause, brief but anxious; a cold shudder at the thought of death by hunger; and, in the columns of the *Times*, the world has told herself, that the Lancashire sentence is, after all, a 'great fact.' We need not continue the narrative. The Stock Exchange (chief ruler in modern England) has willed it in the usual form: *Le roi le veut*. Execution is done upon the Corn-laws, and Lancashire is herself again.

It may well be thought that the cotton lords were at first greatly astonished, when they found themselves placed thus suddenly in the ascendant; but astonishment is a transient emotion, and Lancashire, when the tumult has subsided, will do several things. The great towns shall govern England. Commerce shall bring to pass what Christianity could not accomplish, and war shall be no more. Rival education-schemes shall find it worth their while to contend for the *imprimatur* of the County Palatine. Eighty thousand of her Sunday scholars shall sing before the Queen. Cobden shall bandy com-

pliments with Disraeli, and Thackeray strike hands with Dickens at the anniversaries of her Athenæum. 'Lungs' shall be found for Manchester, as well as for London, and her new park be made to bear the honoured name of Peel. Whilst, in the general rush of life, time shall yet be found for the battle of the Churches. The 'ins' shall obtain a bishop, a veritable *nolo-episcopari* man; and the 'outs,' not to be outdone, shall swell, as only 'outs' in Lancashire know how, the great cry for 'Chapel extension.' In short, the latest Manchester movement has taken the shape of a resolution 'to build fifty chapels!'

The shrewd hard-headed men, with their pardonable confidence in their own energy, and their touch of Yankee faith in the 'Almighty dollar;' I should belie my own blood if I did not respect them; and the fifty chapels (unless indeed the worm should get the cotton crops) may be expected to figure in the next census.

Would Lancashire but pause, however, ere she commits herself to any further following in the wake of London! She was not always so humble. The stolid resignation with which London bore the monopoly of food, Lancashire did what she could to disturb. Would she only teach the somnolent 'city' how to deal with the bread of life! Would she but reflect that, if she *must* build, it were better to build one free-trade hall, which stood upon a solid fact, than half a hundred chapels based, mainly, on a fiction! And, if she *must* league, would she only league against 'pew-rents,' with half the zeal which once reduced to their natural dimensions the rent-rolls of Richmond and Derby.

These 'pew-rents' are, I sometimes think, the strangest birth of our times. Would any sane man, during the great Puritan struggle, have ventured to foretel that the Christian religion would one day come down to *them?* From Henry Barrowe hanging by the neck for the crime of visiting his Nonconformist brother in prison, to Tritissimus fattening on pew-rents—what a step! We take it however every day; and we occupy our new ground with a kind of bashful unconsciousness. We are loud upon the 'voluntary principle.' An excessive diffuseness seizes on our orators, whenever they touch upon the subject; immense audiences applaud to the echo; and you are in danger of fancying they will all run over, in one boundless flood of voluntaryism and love; until you recollect how soon they will have recourse to an astringent, in the form of 'pew-rents.'

For, to tell the truth, this ingenious device, strange as at first sight it may appear, is after all extremely characteristic of the age we live in. Indeed, Redtape, who studies my papers with assiduity, but can in no wise make them out, deems the device as worthy of the nineteenth century as it is unobjectionable in itself. 'Pay for what you have,' says he,—'is not that fair?' Fair enough, good sir, and right glad am I that your tradesmen have to do with so honest a man. But fairness and honesty are not here in question. We are now, or we ought to be, on far other ground. It may, on the commercial principle, be perfectly fair that every pulpit in the land should be rendered

vocal by means of 'pew-rents:' but *is it Christianity?* Is it the religion of the gospel, in any credible sense of that word? Is it, at the utmost, anything better than a poor theft from Anglicanism, of the pillage torn in olden time from the dead body of Judaism?

Honestus jogs my elbow here, and bids me have a care what I write; since 'pew-rents,' says he, 'are indispensable at present to the independence of the ministry.' He, poor fellow, bruised and battered down in ——shire by the rich factor Diotrephes, has no wish to return to the 'subscription' system, with Diotrephes for treasurer, and in default of that, takes up with London 'pew-rents.' I do not wonder at it; but Honestus would make a sorry advocate if that should constitute the whole of the defence. 'Needful for the independence of the ministry,' does he say? He is not complimentary towards the Christian communities he has known. Honestus, I pity you from my heart; but if that be the whole of your case, I must write on.

See, here are two men, brothers in Christ. One is a merchant, rich and childless. The other is his clerk; poor, but with a home populous as the palace of the Queen. Both 'sit under' Tritissimus, and both are members of his church. The merchant has two sittings, which he does not always occupy, but for which he duly pays; the clerk has four, and blushes to think he should so often occupy six. Perhaps the merchant will die of apoplexy, and his wealthy relict win golden opinions by continuing to pay for the second sitting. Perhaps the clerk will die of consumption, and his struggling widow—but the heart sickens at the recital. Even Deacon Goodfellow cannot make Christianity out of such a system as that. And yet deacon, merchant, and clerk have all, as it is understood that Tritissimus himself has, 'an invincible repugnance to the compulsory maintenance of religious institutions.'

It was with such words as these, that our Anti-church-rate Samson made sport for the Philistines on Mr. Trelawny's committee. They had asked him, it appears, more than once, the ground of his objection to 'church-rates;' and he made steadfast answer to this effect, that he had 'an invincible repugnance to the compulsory maintenance of religious institutions.' Upon which the quick-witted Churchmen bethought themselves of 'pew-rents;' and 'some of the committee,' says my report, 'seem to have tried to fog the witness, and not quite unsuccessfully, as to pew-rents—asking whether those payments in Dissenting chapels are not virtually as compulsory as legal exactions: but witness adhered to his opinion, that pew-rents everywhere, that is, where the gospel is faithfully preached, would be sufficient for the maintenance of divine worship.' Honest Samson! All men must love you as the affectionate editor of the almost inspired dreamer; but I would as soon attempt a 'pilgrim's progress' for the day we live in, or break my neck against the pillars of any Philistine temple of the time, as allow 'pew-rents' to stand for the gospel in the eyes of the elected Commons of England.

And yet the system works well—within its own limits. For wherever, in metropolitan church or chapel, you see a vast crowd of persons

jostling and incommoding one another, there you may be very sure that, with scarcely an exception, every square inch of every pew in the place is rented and paid for. It would be churlish to deny, then, that within its own bounds this system prospers; or that, within those, you might carry it on for ever, with no worse result possibly than that degeneracy which is known to characterise certain close families in Spain, where the race is too noble to allow of the infusion of vulgar blood. But what of 'them that are without?' As well expect a hidalgo of Castile to marry a peasant girl, instead of his own niece, as hope to persuade the multitude that you intend your *pew-rent* gospel as a provision for their wants.

The common people heard Christ gladly. Where are they now? Where are those who thronged the steps of Jesus whilst he lived, and who formed the chief part of his care when he was about to ascend to God? Oh! more bitter than any jibes from infidel lips is the satire involved in the answer, 'Go on Sunday to Battersea fields if you would see.' Proclamation is made to these people that the gospel may be had—at five shillings a quarter, or something less. Proclamation, the faintest possible echo of which can be heard at Battersea at all, and then to such effect as this: 'Ragged wretches from the alleys, courts, and back slums of London, why will ye hie away on the day of rest, immoral and profane ones that ye are, to blaspheme and torture miserable donkeys at Battersea? Come hither and be made Christians; our terms are five shillings a quarter. Unfortunates! our hearts swell with a divine pity when we contemplate your godless condition. See this noble building. It is for you. Doors open at 11 a.m. Terms, five shillings a quarter, with an allowance to families.' It is too ridiculous. Some roving fancy might wander along this track of thought until it had seen the prescribed conditions complied with, and poverty listening for the first time to the glad tidings from the text in Isaiah, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: and he that hath no money come—' but I have said enough.

'True for once,' cries Sugar Candy, who has been rubbing up his Latin since that fatal day, 'true for once; *Satis superque*. But why not be candid and give us the benefit of our *free sittings*? Why, at least, were they not allowed to figure in the Battersea Proclamation?' Indeed, Sugar Candy, I cannot tell; but methinks, my candid friend, this silence should not surprise you. Look at the railways. Once in the day, at least, must every railway company in the kingdom convey all who desire it in covered carriages, at the rate of one penny per mile; but what company makes its 'parliamentary train' prominent in its advertisements? Flesh and blood could not extend so far. Economy contrives, however, to hunt down the 'parliamentary train' in the columns of Bradshaw; and justice demands the acknowledgment that in most of our modern temples there are to be found *free sittings;* whilst truth requires us to add, that they are generally accessible enough—for they are near the lobby; and would not let very well, perhaps, as pews. Sometimes I have seen these benches lettered

boldly along the back, FREE SITTINGS. This serves to prevent confusion and mistakes; for should the poor man drop in during a shower of rain he knows where to go—much as on the Shaveall Railway he is directed to its roofed-in bullock-pens, by means of a plain-spoken announcement along the side of each, FOR THE WORKING CLASSES. 'There are "Negro pens" in your English meetings,' says my friend Smarte.

Veridicus is unusually pleasant upon the topic in hand. 'Well for our aristocracy,' says he, 'that their gilded saloons must never be polluted by the presence of the *canaille*. Well for our *bourgeoisie* that none but themselves should ever see their doubtful pictures and heavy plate. But I have heard it said that "the church is a republic;" and even Tractarian curates make war upon "pues," and lisp out that "the distinction of ranks is in logical phrase an accident." Were it not advisable then to erase from the benches near the door those invidious letters, if not to divest of its crimson curtains that dignified deacon's pew? Or suppose,' says he, 'we put the crimson curtains behind the Spitalfields weaver, who looks so pale and delicate, and on whose life the livelihood of so many depends.' Upon which there ensues such shaking of fat sides and universal convulsion of diaconal diaphragms, tickled by the thought, that he is fain to break off abruptly.

Discipulus has a few words in a graver strain. 'The entire system requires revision,' says he, 'if Christianity is to make any effectual inroads on the empire of Darkness and Sin. "Pews" and "pew-rents" are amongst the entrenchments and defences which the Evil One has thrown up across her path. Let her look to it in time; and forthwith send out some sturdy band of pioneers who shall make short work with these cunning contrivances of the enemy, which are an offence to her, and which obstruct her sublime march to victory.'

But, as if pausing upon this last thought, he muses awhile ere he adds, somewhat unexpectedly, but with an earnestness unusual even in him, 'Reformers are a prolific race; and he is but a simpleton who would throw himself into the arms of the first demagogue that hoists the pendant of liberty. Partisan leadership will do nothing for us, or worse than nothing, in this warfare; and the most inveterate Jesuit I ever chanced to know, was one who called himself a "Plymouth Brother." It may be that new organizations are not what we want, and that if they were, the materials for such do not exist at present. The Popery of CHAPEL EXTENSION would be ill encountered with the Popery of Plymouth Brethrenism; nor let worldly ambition dare to knot a scourge of small cords, thinking thereby to drive out of the temple the traffickers in PEW-RENTS. If any aspire to lead us, we must be sure that they have waited first, as did the fishermen once at Jerusalem, until "the day of Pentecost had *fully* come." Perhaps we shall look for such assurance in vain. Perhaps "no sign will be given" us. Perhaps it were better so. For then we may weary of crying day by day, "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" and instead of looking wistfully around us for guidance, may learn in our extremity

to look *up*. It is when we have reformed ourselves, that the wider reformation for which we sigh will be in sight. The Government is not upon *our* shoulders. But the New Testament is in our hand; and on the last page of its most wonderful book is that rebuke which Peter received from the Lord he loved so well, "If I will that he tarry till I come, *what is that to thee?* FOLLOW THOU ME."'

X. Y. Z.

Caroline Chisholm.*

'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest.'

So frequently of late has the name heading this paper been before the public in connexion with emigration, that whilst during the last few years many families in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have become so directly interested in her movements, that 'Caroline Chisholm' is with them a household name, there can be comparatively few to whom it is unknown. A lady who in five years has acquired so extensive a reputation in our own country—who came hither from the Antipodes, followed by the prayers and blessings of the whole population, and publicly recommended by the 'members of council, magistrates, landholders, merchants, and others, inhabitants of New South Wales'—who has been the subject of despatches between the Home and the Colonial Governments—and the results of whose experience have been sought by, and the wisdom of whose advice has guided, Colonial Secretaries and Emigration Commissioners, cannot be an ordinary person. It is not for these circumstances alone, however, that we propose to give our readers some account of her life and character. If her name is now to thousands the cherished symbol of what is good and kind and noble, it is simply because, being ever ready to act on the precept, 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you,' she has seized every opportunity which Providence has thrown in her way of being useful to such as have most needed her sympathy and help. The works of one animated by this spirit, multiply and accumulate, for they are not the result of mere sentiment, or of fitful feeling, nor, when once undertaken, are they hastily abandoned. It is surprising, too, how naturally occasions for usefulness will present themselves to those who look for them—how numerous they become—and how they increase in apparent importance. At first, indeed, it may be but the giving of 'a cup of cold

* Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, &c., by Eneas Mackenzie. 8vo. Pp. 187. Webb and Co., 1852. The Three Colonies of Australia, with illustrations by S. Sydney, Esq. Large 8vo. Ingram, Cooke and Co., 1852. Report of the Family Colonization Society. 'Daily News,' 1851-2, &c. Mrs. Chisholm's letter to Earl Grey. A B C of Colonization, &c.

water' to one of the 'little ones;' but if that first act of kindness be the 'fruit of the Spirit,' it may be the precursor of benefits that shall bless an entire community. How remarkably this is illustrated by the life of Mrs. Chisholm, our brief sketch will show.

The parents of Mrs. Chisholm resided at Wooton, in Northamptonshire, and are said to have been in respectable circumstances. At the place mentioned, Caroline was born, but we cannot give the date of her birth, as either the ignorance or the gallantry of her biographer (Mr. E. Mackenzie), has prevented his gratifying our natural curiosity in this respect, and we have not seen it mentioned elsewhere. Mrs. Chisholm, however, appears to be now in the prime of life. In her early education and associations she was fortunate. Her father (Mr. William Jones), was a man of great uprightness and integrity of character, and a yeoman of the old English school of kindliness and hospitality. Her mother, who was left a widow when Caroline was very young, was a pious woman, of much firmness of character, very acute perceptions, and overflowing benevolence. As one result of her early training, and the excellent spirit she imbibed, our heroine was accustomed, while yet a girl, to visit the abodes of the wretched, administer to the wants of the poor and sick, and advise and comfort the distressed. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that before she was twenty years of age, she charmed the heart of one of like disposition, and that Captain Alexander Chisholm made her his wife. Two years after marriage, the young couple sailed for Madras. Here they were not long settled, before they felt much troubled, at observing the low state of morality existing amongst the families of the soldiers, and especially was Mrs. Chisholm concerned on account of the evils to which the young of her own sex were exposed, 'familiarity with licentious and profane expressions' obliterating, in many instances, all delicacy of mind and manners, and this education of the barracks leading too often to the very worst results. The ladies of the officers were too 'fine' or too timid to interfere. Mrs. Chisholm's energy of mind aided her benevolence of heart, and she resolved to attempt a reform. A girl's school must be established, and means taken to bring the scholars under the power of higher principles than those of the barrack-room, and to protect those who had the misfortune to be orphans. A school, in which 'education was blended with the duties of housekeeping,' was accordingly commenced in the precincts of the barracks; and Mrs. Chisholm, 'anxious to exercise a personal superintendence,' and her husband sympathising with her, they left their own comfortable residence, and took up their abode near it. So unhealthy was the district in which the school was situated, that her friends refrained from visiting her, from fear of infection. After persevering for a time, she found that this locality was too near the sink of iniquity, from whence she had taken the children, for the work of reform to make effectual progress. The 'school of industry' was, therefore, removed to a greater distance. The experiment, however, had shown the possibility of attaining the desired result, and experience had enabled Mrs. Chisholm to render her plans more efficient. Persons

high in office also now aided her self-denying efforts, which were ultimately crowned with so much success, that 'this institution is now an extensive orphanage, rearing in industry and protecting in virtue those who have lost the guardianship of parents, fallen a sacrifice to the glory'—or folly of their country.

The state of Captain Chisholm's health having rendered necessary a change of climate, he left India in 1838, accompanied by his wife and children, and sailed for Australia. About the end of that year they reached Sydney, and there for a time resided. In this nest of demoralized society, there was an urgent demand for the exercise of Christian usefulness. To the observant eye and kind heart of Mrs. Chisholm, that appeal was not made in vain. Appalling as was the state of things when viewed as a whole, she did not shrink from dealing humanely and actively with such individual cases as necessarily came under her notice. More than this—she sought them out. Emigrants, ignorant of the country and destitute, were constantly arriving, and settling down in idleness, were adding to the misery and immorality of the town. The local government scarcely attempted to cope with the evil—its system of mismanagement rather increased it. On the arrival, therefore, of the emigrant ships, Mrs. Chisholm went amongst the passengers, took trouble to ascertain their circumstances, gave them good advice, recommended them to seek occupation in the interior where labour was in demand, and in necessitous cases lent them what she could spare from her own limited resources. On one occasion, her attention was specially attracted by 'a party of Highland emigrants,' who landed in the colony unable to speak any language but their native Gaelic, and 'without a friend to assist or guide them.' She 'lent them money to purchase tools and wheelbarrows,' to enable them, as a temporary means of relief, to 'cut and sell firewood to the inhabitants.' The success of such experiments was gratifying, and stimulated her to yet greater exertions. Meanwhile (1840), her husband, who had 'ardently reciprocated' all her benevolent anxieties, returned alone to India; it being thought desirable that Mrs. Chisholm and her family should remain in the more favourable climate of New South Wales. At parting the captain urged his wife to persevere in the self-denying course she had commenced.

Unobtrusive as were Mrs. Chisholm's efforts at this time, she was unconsciously laying the foundation of lasting benefits to the colony. Her increased experience and knowledge of the state of matters at Sydney, in relation to the influx of emigrants from the 'old country,' brought her into acquaintance with an evil, that appealed with irresistible force to her woman's heart. Amongst the hundreds of newcomers were many unprotected single young women. Arriving almost uncared-for, and quite unguarded, they were often taken in hand on ship-board by well-dressed '*ladies*,' and conducted to ruin. 'There were neither,' writes Mrs. Chisholm, 'sufficient arrangements made for removing emigrants into the interior, nor for protecting females on their arrival. A few only were properly protected, while hundreds were wandering about Sydney, without friends or protection. . . . .

I received several into the "Home," whom, I found, had slept out many nights in the government domain, seeking the sheltered recesses of the rocks, rather than encounter the dangers of the streets. It was estimated that there were six hundred females, at the time I commenced the "Home," unprovided for in Sydney.' It greatly aggravated this evil that many young women arrived in the colony in a state of great poverty—having, in some instances, only a few pence in their pockets—and in consequence of the practice of allowing persons to engage them in service before landing, they were often caught in the traps of designing parties. 'Mrs. Chisholm,' says her biographer, 'went amongst the helpless and gave them advice—the captains and agents she besought to act with caution and humanity, and sacrificing every domestic comfort and privacy, when she saw a poor creature amid dangers and exposed to ruin, *she took her to her own house*,' 'having sometimes as many as nine' sheltered and protected under her roof.

It is strange, yet true, that in all this Mrs. Chisholm not only met with no sympathy from people generally, but got considerably laughed at for her pains. Single-handed, however, she gave her energy and attention to the mitigation of the unfortunate circumstances of the young women, until, finding the work increase upon her hands, and becoming sensitively alive to the greatness of the evil prevailing—not only in its moral, but also in its social and political aspects—she was convinced that it was the duty of society to adopt means for its correction, and that to do the work effectually needed the earnest co-operation of all interested in the welfare of the colony. She, therefore, privately appealed to those within her reach. Her entreaties were 'entirely disregarded,' on account, apparently, of the very magnitude of the evil, and for a time she shrank from the greater publicity necessary to rouse the general apathy and indifference. Whilst hesitating between her sense of duty and her fears in this direction, an incident occurred which nerved her resolution. 'A young and beautiful Highland girl,' respecting whom her mother, when warned by Mrs. Chisholm, had said, 'there was no fear of Flora, for her head had never rested but on her mother's hearth,' soon after her arrival in the colony, met the unfortunate fate of too many. A providential accident brought Mrs. Chisholm across her path when she was about to commit suicide. 'I did not leave the place,' she says, 'until, with subdued feelings, I heard her vow never to attempt self-destruction. I provided her lodgings; my spirits returned; I felt God's blessing was on my work. . . . *From the time I was on the beach with Flora, fear left me.*'

Mrs. Chisholm resolved now, at all hazards, to persevere in her course, looking to heaven for wisdom, and strength, and blessing. Having propounded a plan for a 'Female Emigrants' Home,' she appealed to Governor Gipps and his lady for countenance and support, but was in the first instance disregarded, and treated as some 'wild enthusiast.' The clergy of various denominations were next appealed to, but 'doubted' until the appeal was made to them through the

public press. The newspapers, with some hesitation, discussed the proposition, though they eventually became its warm advocates. Fearless courage having overcome the preliminary difficulties, a small committee of ladies was formed. The Governor was importuned to grant the use of a government building for the purposes of the 'Home,' Mrs. Chisholm offering her gratuitous services for its management. 'Sir George at last, on receiving a guarantee against the Government being put to any expense,' granted her request, but not without first remarking to her (by way of encouragement), 'I believe you have overrated the powers of your own mind, and believing so, and also in your disinterested views, I think it right to tell you.' Subsequently this same Governor considered her services of such importance, that as she carried on an extensive correspondence, 'he conferred a privilege upon her never but once known to have been granted to a lady, and that was the wife of President Jefferson'—'he allowed her to *frank her letters*.' At a later date it is also recorded, that Governor Gipps spoke as follows before the Legislative Council—

'I cannot give a stronger evidence of the economy of the people working for themselves, than by referring to what has been done by Mrs. Chisholm, and I am glad of this opportunity of doing justice to that lady's exertions, and do so with much greater pleasure and satisfaction, from having, at the commencement of her labours, thrown cold water upon her plans.'

The 'government building' granted for the 'Home' consisted of a low wooden erection in a 'tumble-down' condition. Notwithstanding this, as she was convinced of the necessity of a personal superintendence, and had found the advantage of it in the case of the School of Industry at Madras, she determined, at any sacrifice, to reside on the premises. The room appropriated to her private use was not more than seven feet square. The following is her account of 'taking possession:'—

'On closing the door, I reflected on what I had been compelled to endure for forty-nine square feet. My first feelings were those of indignation that such a trifle had been so long withheld; but better feelings followed. I determined to trust to Providence to increase its size, and prove my usefulness. . . . Having been busy all day, I retired wearied to rest. My courage was put to the proof at starting. Scarce was the light out, when I fancied, from a noise I heard, that dogs must be in the room, and in some terror I got a light. What I experienced on seeing *rats* in all directions, I cannot describe! My first act was to throw on a cloak, and get at the door with the intent of leaving the building. My second thoughts were—if I did so, my desertion would cause much amusement, and ruin my plan. I therefore lighted a second candle, and seating myself on my bed, kept there until three rats, descending from the roof, alighted on my shoulders. I felt that I was getting into a fever, and, in fact, that I should be very ill before morning—but to be *out-generalled by rats* was too bad! I got up with some resolution. I had two loaves and some butter (for my office, bed-room, and pantry were one); I cut the bread into slices, placed the whole in the middle of the room, put a dish of water convenient, and with a light by my side, I kept my seat on the bed, reading "Abercrombie," and watching the rats until four in the morning. I at one time counted thirteen, and never less than seven did I observe at the dish during the entire night. The following night I gave them a similar treat, with the addition of arsenic, and in this manner I passed my first four nights at the "Home."'

These enemies being got rid of, Mrs. Chisholm persevered until she obtained increased accommodation for the emigrants, by having four small rooms thrown into one, and in a short time ninety-four young women were sheltered under her protection, not one of whom had any other place of abode. The duties Mrs. Chisholm assigned herself were, to protect them in the town, and to procure situations for them, if possible, in the country. The latter was at first a task of some difficulty, on account chiefly of the opposition of the young women themselves, who had heard not very glowing accounts of the native 'boors,' and imagining numberless 'lions in the way,' feared to venture far away from town. Mrs. Chisholm, therefore, went into the wilderness first herself.

'I proceeded,' she says, 'into the interior, to form committees, and to establish country "Homes," taking, in some cases, parties of females with me. When I commenced taking them up the country, I had to meet, in the first instance, their travelling expenses, which were afterwards refunded. The inhabitants of the districts cheerfully supplied them with food. The committees afforded them protection and advice. . . . . The first parties of young women varied from fifteen to sixty in number.'

These were all willingly received as servants, and settled in families under the protection of married people. It was not long before most of them were comfortably married (there being a great demand for *wives* in the colony), 'and *not one lost her character.*'

Besides the 'Home,' Mrs. Chisholm afterwards established at Sydney a 'Female Registry Office,' 'where all persons that required service used to attend from 10 till 4.' In her evidence before the House of Lords Committee on Irish emigration (1847), Mrs. Chisholm said—'My first endeavour was always to get one female servant placed in a neighbourhood, and having succeeded thus far, I left the feeling to spread. . . . . I have been able to learn the subsequent progress in life of hundreds of these emigrants. Girls that I have taken up the country, in such a destitute state that I have been obliged to get a decent dress to put upon them, have come to me again, having every comfort about them and wanting servants. They are constantly writing home to get out their friends and relatives.' Not only did Mrs. Chisholm thus apply herself to the work of protecting and settling female emigrants, but she also attempted the reclamation of the 'unfortunate.' 'Seventy-six of these women were reclaimed, and only seven returned to a career of infamy.'

Another demand was made upon the exertions of our heroine. Labourers were much wanted in the interior of the country, while, at the same time, by the mismanagement of the local authorities, 'there were numbers idle in Sydney supported at the expense of the Government. Things wore a serious aspect,' and mischief was brewing. 'The Irish lay on the streets looking vacantly, and basking in the sun. Apart from them, Englishmen, sullen in feature, sat on gates or palings, their legs swinging in the air. Another group was composed of Scotchmen—their hands thrust into their empty pockets—suspiciously glancing at everything and everybody from beneath their bushy

eyebrows.' This discontented, mischief-breeding pauperism, Mrs. Chisholm set about destroying. *Distrust* on the part of employers and those wanting employment, had in great measure caused the evil. Arriving ignorant of the manners and customs of the colony, the emigrants were often imposed upon.

'Frequently the agreement was that wages were not to commence until the arrival of the employed at the place where he was required to labour, which might be a three weeks' journey. The luggage was heavily charged for conveyance; perhaps the food was innutritious, while the poor man was liable to be discharged at a moment's notice—the verbal arrangement being often disputed. To check this evil, Mrs. Chisholm commenced a Registry-office for male servants, having a printed form of agreement, to be signed by both the employer and the employed, and kept at the office—a duplicate being given to both parties. . . . . This system was not at first liked, but as both master and servant perceived that their interests were served, they readily availed themselves of the bond. Out of all the agreements made, ten only were ever disputed, and they were arranged by a reference to the original documents.'

But not only were young women protected and Registry-offices opened for the advantage of both sexes—Mrs. Chisholm 'went with numbers in search of employment, far into the country. She undertook journeys of 300 miles into the interior with families.' 'The largest number,' she says, 'that ever left Sydney under my charge at one time was *one hundred and forty-seven*, but by accessions on the road they increased considerably. The longest journey of this kind occupied five weeks, three weeks of which were passed on the road.' These excursions into the Australian bush were often beset by great difficulties, and were always attended with much inconvenience, and no little risk to a female adventurer; but having 'put the women and children in waggons, and made the strong men walk, she mounted a good horse herself,' and rode on at the head of her party. She had, we are told, 'as many as two hundred souls at one time, all marching through a wilderness, like the Israelites of old when they marched towards the promised land. At noon they used to halt, make a fire gypsy-fashion, boil water, make cakes, and frizzle meat, then set out again, and at night make a camp under blankets, if they could not find a hut, where the women and children could sleep.'

Mrs. Chisholm sometimes had a murmuring and rebellious people to lead.

On one occasion, she says, when 'we entered the bush, we found there was no water. I had thirty women and children in the party, all tired, hungry, and thirsty—the children crying. Without saying a word, I sent one of my old bushmen off on horseback three miles, to get enough of milk or water for the children. In the meantime some of the emigrants came up, and said in a discontented tone, "Mrs. Chisholm, this is a pretty job—what must we do? there is no water." I knew it would not do for them to be idle; anything was better than that in their frame of mind; so partly judging from the locality I said to them without hesitation—"If you will dig here, I think you will find water." Directing the tools to be got out, they immediately set

to work, and they had not dug many feet when they came to water. This had such an exhilarating effect upon their spirits, that they instantly threw off their coats, began to dig fresh holes, and did not leave off till moonlight.'

Rivers had to be forded. One writer says that a gentleman travelling through the wild land of the interior witnessed one day the following scene. He found 'Mrs. Chisholm standing on the far side of a swampy ford over a river—a party of emigrants being encamped on the other side. She was calling her docile horse across with two children slung on his back. As soon as he had landed with these, she drove him back with a wave of the hand—when he was again loaded, she called him to her, and so on until all the young things had crossed. . . . That same day she had ridden thirty miles to find situations for her party.'

Mrs. Chisholm's noble disinterestedness had now won her many friends, and when the beneficial character of her operations began to be felt, the settlers aided her in every possible way. 'The people who kept inns and taverns would not let her pay anything for her own expenses when stopping with them. Everybody was willing to lend her horses, waggons, and oxen. Labouring men travelled miles to offer her a small present of birds, wild honey, or anything they thought she would like.' Whilst travelling on one occasion 'she came to a small tavern (a wooden hut thatched with bark) of only one room. The husband was out, and no one but the wife at home. Mrs. Chisholm's horse was tired, and she wanted to be driven ten miles; the people had several horses, but no one at home to drive. The wife, after thinking a bit, said, "You sha'n't be delayed for want of a driver, I will drive you myself," and so saying, she turned out a traveller to finish his breakfast under the trees of the forest—locked up the tavern for the day, and taking the reins and whip in hand, declared, "it shall never be said that a wife would not do as much as her husband to help Mrs. Chisholm."'

For seven years, Mrs. Chisholm pursued the system of which we have given a sketch—meeting, as may be supposed, with many strange adventures, and not only outliving all the contempt with which her efforts had at first been treated, but receiving the thanks and approbation of all classes of the colonists.* By the end of that period, she had been the means of comfortably settling *eleven thousand persons*. All this had been done too at very little expense to the public, and the Government had only contributed about £150. For other lasting benefits besides those we have enumerated, the people of New South Wales are also indebted to Mrs. Chisholm.

In 1846, Mrs. Chisholm was rejoined by her husband, and returned to England. Previous to her departure, a committee, consisting of

* In one of her first excursions with emigrants, part of the distance had to be undertaken by water, and so great was the ridicule cast upon her labours at that time, that personal friends on board the steam-boat actually kept aloof from her, lest they should share in her disgrace.

'eight members of council, the mayor of Sydney, the high sheriff, thirteen magistrates, and many leading merchants,' raised a subscription as a testimonial, and presented her publicly with an address and a purse of 150 guineas, which latter she devoted to emigration purposes. Since her arrival in England, she has had abundance of labour, in communicating with the friends and relatives of the colonists. 'Her private residence has been thrown open to aid persons desirous of emigrating,' and she has personally superintended the shipment of the inexperienced. These services have been rendered gratuitously, and notwithstanding his limited means, Captain Chisholm has not hestitated in many instances to become responsible for expenses. Their confidence, however, in the emigrants has never been betrayed, the amounts advanced having been always honourably repaid, as soon as the borrowers have had it in their power. How Mrs. Chisholm has laboured in England to promote the emigration of nearly starving *families* to a land of plenty, during the past five years, is now well known, though all her efforts have been remarkably unobtrusive and free from ostentation. Many reports of her addresses at 'group meetings' have appeared in the newspapers, but these addresses have been of the most practical and unpretentious character —being delivered only for the benefit of intending emigrants, and not for the purpose of captivating the ear of the general public. The 'Family Colonization Society,' of which she was the founder a year or two ago, and by means of which many hundreds have immensely benefited, though it is self-supporting, and repudiates alike government and eleemosynary aid, originated not as a merely theoretical speculation, but naturally and almost accidentally, from her habit of practical benevolent observation. Indeed, our readers must have remarked, as eminently characteristic of all her works, that they have *grown* into public importance from small and quiet beginnings—originating in a conviction of personal duty to *do* good. In an address to the children in the school at Madras, Mrs. Chisholm wrote, 'for let me tell you (and I speak the truth), that *there is no situation in life in which you cannot do some good.*' When at Sydney, oppressed with the difficulties she had at first to contend against, and exposed to the contempt of people who at that time neither appreciated her character nor her abilities, she was still hesitating, with a woman's timidity, to go before the public, she says, 'I saw that my plan, if carried into effect, would *serve all.* My delay pressed on my mind as *a sin;* and when I heard of a poor girl suffering distress, and losing her reputation in consequence, *I felt that I was not clear of her guilt, for I did not do all I could to prevent it.*' Animated by such a spirit, and possessed of excellent business talents, we cannot wonder either at her perseverance or her success.*

* The 'Times' of November 14th contains a report of the launch of a splendid new screw-ship at Millwall on the previous day, called the 'Adelaide,' and destined for the Australian service, in which it is stated, that at a banquet afterwards given in the saloon, 'the health of a lady distinguished in the

In England, Mrs. Chisholm has deservedly won golden opinions from all classes, notwithstanding that a base and bigoted attempt has been made to stay the progress of her beneficent work, by imputing to her an attachment to the Roman Catholic faith. We find no trace of such attachment in any of her writings, addresses, or operations; and even if it be true, it can be understood only in a very modified sense. Christians of all denominations have recognised in her a truly Christian spirit; and at the head of the Family Colonization Society, and active in promoting its purposes, is the very Protestant Earl of Shaftesbury. If the mean-spirited attempt alluded to had not been made publicly, we should have allowed it to pass unnoticed. Her work has been of too great and disinterested a character from the first to allow of her proselytizing to any sect. Of this she manifested her deep consciousness, when she nobly vowed, at the commencement of her labours in Australia, 'to know neither country nor creed, but to try to serve all justly and impartially.'

Although giving so much time and attention to the interests of others, it is due to Mrs. Chisholm that our readers of the fair sex should be informed, that her maternal duties are never neglected. 'In the midst of a vast correspondence and personal superintendence of business details, certain periods are sacredly assigned to domestic duties. Mrs. Chisholm has six children living, the three eldest of whom have aided in the labours of carrying into effect the gratuitous and philanthropic plans of emigration propounded by the Family Colonization Society, and it is gratifying to see the species of adoration and love with which they look on their amiable parents. Piety in deeds as well as in words—matrimonial, filial, and paternal love, unite together, and form one of the happiest of happy family circles.' Captain Chisholm is at the present moment in Australia, receiving the 'family groups' on their arrival; and we have been recently informed that Mrs. Chisholm intends to leave England for the same destination in August next, in a screw steam-ship now building, to be called 'The Caroline Chisholm.'

[We are indebted to several sources for the materials of the preceding paper, but chiefly to the 'Memoirs' by Eneas Mackenzie. Respecting his book, we will not say much, as we have not taken it up with a view to criticism. The facts it contains render it sufficiently interesting. We cannot praise the *style* of its author, or the manner in which he has executed his task; but as he seems conscious of its imperfections in these respects, we can only remark, that the subject was certainly worthy of abler treatment.]

---

colonial world, who was present, was then drunk,' and Mrs. Chisholm 'returned thanks in person, with a grace of utterance that betokened a heart devoted, with all the energies of a powerful mind and a resolute will, to a work of Christian charity.'

The Reviewer Reviewed;

OR, THE 'NORTH BRITISH REVIEW' *v.* LONGFELLOW.

We read in a very ancient historical book of an Ephraimite, who was in a terrible pucker, because some men had stolen from him the graven image to which he burnt incense. Very graphic is the picture which represents the enraged Ephraimite pursuing the thieves, and exclaiming, 'Ye have taken away my gods which I made, and what have I more?' We do not put ourselves in the same category with Micah, but we thoroughly sympathize with his honestly-expressed feeling. What we love we do not like to be robbed of. We cry 'Hands off' to the spoiler, when he presumes to touch our cherished household gods; and if he will not hear this deprecation, we have something more in reserve for him. Now, as we want to discharge ourselves of a considerable amount of indignation with as little delay as possible, the sooner we indicate our meaning the better. In the August number of that always able quarterly, the 'North British Review,' there is an article entitled, 'American Poetry,' than which we remember nothing more disgraceful, more ungentlemanly, and more unlike the polish and refinement of a man of letters. William Cullen Bryant's poems, poor Edgar Poe's, Thomas Buchanan Read's, and Longfellow's, are passed before the reviewer in quick succession, and dealt with in a manner that equally violates the canons of criticism, and the rules of good breeding. At the end of the Review are several pages of advice tendered to all American poets; 'recommendations,' which the reviewer says, it is 'especially desirable' they should follow; but which, as advice is always given gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity, we opine the 'American poets' will consider, before they do take it, even though the result should be, that if they do not, 'they will never rise above their present mediocrity, which is not tolerable to "gods or men," although unfortunately it is tolerated by women!' In reading this advice, running through three pages, we know not whether most to smile or to be indignant; to smile at the pert insolence and extreme Sir-Oracleism of the whole, or to be indignant at the brazen hollowness of the man that could interlard such insolence with scraps from Holy Writ.

As for Longfellow, he is 'done for,' clean and complete. Henceforth he will hide his diminished head. The reviewer has given him such a dressing, and done it with such glee, such intense satisfaction, has chuckled over his tomahawk exploits in such a fashion, that we are strongly tempted to think the whole article was written by Master Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. It is his juvenile precocity in full development. 'Oh my eye! won't I give it to the boys! Oh, father, won't I make 'em squeak again!' Those of our readers, and those who are not our readers (for there are many sincere admirers of

Longfellow out of our circle, albeit that is a widening one), who have been accustomed to read in their families, the gentle and loving poems of our best American writer, will be surprised at the grand anonymous, with a pompous 'we' for a pseudonyme, dealing with him after the following fashion:—'Evangeline' is an 'ambitious poem,' 'written in lines that are intended to pass for hexameters,' which are nothing else 'than the measured prose which was thought so much of in the days of our grandmothers,' in which said hexameters 'illustrations from the Bible make up in sacredness for any degree of inaptitude,' and in which are 'conceits of scarcely a first-rate album rank;' and in which 'the life and doctrines of Christianity are brought in for artistical effect.'

Our readers remember the passage in which Father Felician is introduced as endeavouring to calm the stern and chafed spirits of the Acadians, in words which we think, begging the reviewer's pardon, are alike beautiful and Christian; but we must repeat them to give an idea of the taste of the Scotch reviewer. After awing into silence that clamorous throng, the poet represents the venerable Father as saying—

'Lo! where the crucified Saviour, from his cross, is gazing upon you!
See in those sorrowful eyes, what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark, how those lips still repeat the prayer, "Oh, Father, forgive them!"
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, "Oh, Father, forgive them!"
Few were his words of rebuke; but deep in the hearts of the people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak.'

Upon this saith our Lycurgus:—'If any preacher were foolish enough thus to address good Christians so situated, we trust he would get well laughed at for his pains, and duly *censured by his authorities*' (Presbyterian or Episcopal?) for his gross misinterpretation and misapplication of scriptural precepts; but the foolish Acadians repented them forthwith of their righteous wrath and impulse to resistance, &c.' The conclusion of all which is, that the 'pity' of the reviewer for Gabriel, the son of Basil the blacksmith, the betrothed of Evangeline, is 'very much diminished by knowing that he is one of this congregation of *spoonies!*' Much more to the same effect is added, but the conclusion caps the climax: anything more cold-blooded we do not remember to have fallen in our way since the exultant shout of Master Wackford Squeers quoted above. 'We have laid,' says the critic, 'disproportionate emphasis upon the blame deserved by the poem, because we consider that the praise which it has obtained has been out of all proportion to its deserts.' This is a canon of literary immorality that we believed could not be found in religious journalism. The world says, Give every one, even So-and-so, his due. The 'North British' says, No, give him less than his due; disproportionate blame; because others have praised him. The old story; Why do you ostracise Aristides? Why? Because I am tired of hearing him called the Just!

There is a sweet poem,—the 'Psalm of Life,'—which we have seen

quoted by Dr. Hamilton, in his 'Life in Earnest,' and by Dr. Campbell, in his 'Witness,' and which our eldest son repeats to us frequently on a Sabbath evening, beginning with—

'Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,' &c.

We can scarcely resist the temptation to quote these stanzas :—

'Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time.

'Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.'

On this the reviewer says, '*We, the intelligent* critics of the *North British Review*,' (sic) pronounce these verses to be '*pretensious, unprofitable, anti-christian trash ;*' and the 'young man' who said this in his heart to the Psalmist 'an unconscionable puppy!' We might go on quoting more, but the task is too sickening; it is like sipping rhubarb and magnesia at dinner. More than once have we thought of bestowing a kindly and a genial notice of Longfellow upon our readers, but this reviewer has moved us out of our place to be wroth instead of fraternal. We ought to add that the cloven foot of the *odium theologicum* is not quite concealed beneath this rabid effusion of a most dull prosaic soul, apparently without one spark of poetry or enthusiasm. 'Mr. Longfellow, we believe, makes no secret of his being a Socinian: we should have guessed him to be such.' Thus saith the reviewer, and because Mr. Longfellow is a Socinian he cannot write good verses. Burns was a sot and a villain, but he was a Scotchman, knew the Assembly's Catechism, swore by the Solemn League and Covenant, and wrote capital verses, for, thank God, *he* was not like Longfellow, a Socinian,* on whom this great tower in Siloam has now fallen.

But having reviewed the reviewer, not because we liked the task, but because duty impelled us to notice what seems to have escaped

* We commend to this reviewer an article in 'Edin. Rev.' vol. ii. p. 393, on Burns, from which we quote the following :—'The great boast of polished life is the delicacy and even the generosity of its hostility; that quality which is still the characteristic, as it furnishes the denomination, of a gentleman; that principle which forbids us to attack the defenceless, to strike the fallen, or to mangle the slain; and enjoins us in forging the shafts of satire, to increase the polish exactly as we add to their keenness or their weight.' And again, on Burns, who was not a Socinian, 'It requires no habit of deep thinking, nor anything more, indeed, than the information of a honest heart, to perceive that it is cruel and base to spend in vain superfluities that money which belongs of right to the pale industrious tradesman, and his famishing infants; or that it is a vile prostitution of language to talk of that man's generosity or goodness of heart, who sits raving about friendship and philanthropy in a tavern, while his wife's heart is breaking at her cheerless fireside, and his children pining in solitary poverty.'

the attention of all our periodical literature, let us close our remarks by diverging from this antagonistic strain into one more genial. We make no secret of loving Longfellow: we read him often, and love him more as we know him more. We don't admire the 'Spanish Student:' it is wearisome and flat, and the plot neither novel nor well sustained. The 'Golden Legend' contains some very clever things, but we read it rather as a laborious duty than as a resistless pleasure. We are not conscious of any Longfellolatry; but our hearts hang about some of his minor pieces with wordless delight. Who that has tasted sorrow and been called to bid farewell to the loved and lovely, does not murmur to himself the 'Footsteps of Angels,' and find in them a soothing balm? Who that has parted with a beloved child, and whose heart has been probed to the profound extent of parental anguish, does not remember, for it has been learnt by heart,—by heart, because it is liked and loved,—that exquisite piece beginning thus:—

'There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.'

And then the last verse: does not its truthful power touch every heart?—

'We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.'

There are two other pieces of Longfellow we have never yet seen quoted, but which in spite of some 'north countrie'-man pouncing upon them as 'anti-christian trash,' we will here quote, and bid farewell to our audience, begging them to do us the justice to remember that we were not first in the fray.

Here is a beautiful fancy:—

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

'I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.'

The other piece is 'Blind Bartimeus.' Children are good judges

in general of what is beautiful, and we shall not soon forget the delight of some we happen to know, quite innocent of Greek and of their 'teens as yet, when we read this not long since on a Sunday evening. All the next week we heard pieces of it repeated by one and another, while one youth, older than the rest, copied it out for an absent sister. We appeal from the logic of the reviewer's head to the logic of our children's hearts.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

'Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls in tones of agony,
Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με.

'The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee;"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε.

'Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"
And he replies, "Oh, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, "Ὑπαγε·
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε.

'Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three;
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με.
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε.'

Correspondence.

THE WORKING CLASSES & RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

DEAR SIR,—The agitation respecting the opening of the New Crystal Palace on Sunday, has, at least, brought out in a more startling form the alienation of the working classes from religious bodies and institutions. The subject is no new one. For years past it has been pushing itself into prominence. It has been the topic of repeated discussions in various newspapers and magazines, including your own. It forms the main substance of a book* with which many of your readers are, no doubt, familiar, and whose remedial suggestions have been

* 'The British Churches in relation to the British People.' By E. Miall, M.P. London: A. Hall, Virtue & Co.

repeatedly canvassed, and, in some instances, acted upon. Once more the momentous question comes before us with overpowering distinctness. The confessions of the 'Times' newspaper and the statements of Dr. Campbell force upon us the melancholy conviction that, so far at least as London is concerned, religious institutions have but the smallest hold upon the masses. The following is the language of the leading journal in discussing the Crystal Palace question:—

'Do the masses, the people, the working-classes of London crowd to our churches, morning, afternoon, evening, whenever the bells invite them? Do we see our aisles, our free seats, our galleries, crowded with the pale faces, the horny hands, the fustian jackets, the coarse linen, of those who do the rough work of this vast metropolis? Where are the artizans, the labourers, the porters, the coalwhippers, the lightermen, the sailors, and the myriads of toiling and suffering humanity? Here and there one of them, a marvel of his class, a man to write a book about, the hero, perhaps, already of half-a-dozen religious tracts, does go to church, or to meeting, on the Sunday morning, and, perhaps, the evening also. Will the statists and prophets of Sion College tell us where the others are—the 999 out of a thousand? We presume they will not say, with the Pharisees of old, "this people is accursed;" nor can they imagine that these 999 are engaged in private prayer, or otherwise observing the Sabbath. No; without specifying the various attractions which the existing laws permit on the Sunday afternoon, we may at once reply that the said 999 are sotting, or sleeping, or talking politics, or reading the Sunday papers, or fighting, or seeing their dogs fight, or rat-catching, or walking in the fields—if there chance to be any within walking distance—or quarrelling with their wives, or simply doing nothing at all, being jaded, wearied, prostrated, in a sort of hebdomidal trance or *coma*.'

Not less emphatic are the admissions of Dr. Campbell, in a speech recently delivered at a Jubilee meeting of the Sunday School Union. 'Adult conversions in London and England' were (he said) 'a rare thing,' and he described the artizan class as 'sealed, unapproachable, unimpressible.' He proceeded in the following strain:—

'Were you to multiply your ministers, both Church and Dissent, with real evangelical men, and to build edifices so that each thousand of our adult population should command for its service—if it choose to avail itself of it—such clergyman, or minister, it would very slightly alter the case. . . . I have no hesitation in saying, that, unless some other agency than the public ministration of the Word is brought actively into operation, even if we had such an assemblage of gifts and talents concentred in our preachers as the world never saw, we could not do much.'

To a similar effect are the statements of Mr. J. F. Johnson, in two or three very admirable letters, on 'Spiritual Destitution,' which have been published in the 'British Banner.' He says, 'Those who mingle directly or indirectly with the working classes, know that they cannot be induced to attend our present places of worship in great numbers. . . . Comparing the attendants with the non-attendants, the former constitute an insignificant minority. But is it not a fact that most of our present chapels are class chapels, and are principally occupied by the middle classes? . . . If we are to wait until the working classes can be induced to attend our present chapels before the gospel is preached to them, hundreds of thousands must perish without hearing it at all.'

It may be said, the painful fact is admitted and needs no further evidence to prove its truth. But I do not think that it is really believed; at least Christians do not *act* as though they believed it. If true, does it not seem only rational that all the powers of the Church should be thrown into the great controversy—that the amplest and freest discussion should be invited on all sides, so that, if possible, some good may be gathered from it—that with so overwhelming a majority of our industrial population removed far beyond the reach of religious institutions, such matters as Sabbath observance and Sunday railway travelling become perfectly trivial—devoid of present significance. The great fact is either an impeachment of Christianity itself, which, in its early days, 'the common people' heard gladly; or of its professors. The religious world cannot escape the dilemma. The first conclusion is inconsistent with experience; we are driven, therefore, upon the other alternative, that something in the spirit or institutions of Christians in the present day, checks the progress of their faith. Why a man should be condemned who reluctantly utters the startling truth, I know not; unless it be that, in some quarters, there is a determination to disregard known facts, or an implicit confidence in the sufficiency of things as they are.

Admitting the fact, what a fearful responsibility does it throw upon the Christian church! To think that while we are building new chapels in every direction for the middle classes—the mere decorations of some of which, Mr. Johnson says, would suffice to raise two or three edifices in which the Gospel might be proclaimed to perishing hundreds—the multitude are beyond the reach of religion; the subjects not so much of infidelity, for that can never take a lasting hold upon the masses, as of a careless indifference.

It is not my intention—indeed, it would be absurd—to enter upon a consideration of this great question in the compass of two or three pages. My object is simply to bring out, or, rather, to reiterate the fact, and its corollary. The matter *must* be pondered by the church of Christ with all the seriousness, prayerfulness, and assiduity befitting so vital a question in this solemn matter. I would rather witness the extravagance of the mere theorist than the apathy of the complacent stickler for conventionalism. I should be disposed to hail every attempt, provided it were not vicious in principle, tending to awaken interest or effort in this direction. If ever the working classes are, to any great extent, brought to experience the value of religion, it will not be by one but many agencies. Scripture readers amongst Episcopalians, lay agency amongst Dissenters, special lectures and discussions, City Missions, and Christian Instruction societies, and last, not least, the Working Man's Educational Union, are all, I hope, contributing to swell the stream of spiritual blessings which flow in in that direction. Scarcely less should the religious world encourage every attempt made to elevate the masses socially and politically; for by this means the soil becomes all the more favourable for the regenerating influence of the Gospel. Instead of denouncing such 'signs of the times' as the recent conference of Nonconformist laymen

at Norwich, the Christian church ought rather to rejoice at it as a symptom of earnest inquiry and awakening life.

I hope, dear Sir, these disjointed remarks may be only the prelude to a frank and full discussion of the great question in your pages. By admitting correspondence from your readers, within suitable bounds, I believe great good will result. Many who would shrink from writing a formal article, no doubt, would be happy, in this form, to furnish suggestions, or valuable reflections. The medium for such a discussion is most suitable. You have ever stood by the political and social rights of the industrial classes, bewailed their indifference rather than denounced their wilfulness, and advocated their freedom to spend the Sabbath as they deem best, when other Christians have attempted to restrict it. In spite of my faith in the power of Christianity, I tremble to think of the future in respect to them. I am almost disposed to share Dr. Campbell's despair of reclaiming the adult portion of our industrial classes—not because I think they are impenetrable to the softening influence of the Gospel of love and peace, but because, by the mistaken alarms and agitations of the religious world, the breach is being widened. Alas! alas! that Christians should think they are doing God service by exasperating whole classes whom they desire to conciliate, and while carrying to them the message of a Saviour's love, demanding, also, that the State should build a wall of authority around their acts, forcing upon them, as far as possible, their interpretations of religious obligation. They may shut up a Crystal Palace on the Sabbath, but have they reflected on its probable consequence—the increased alienation of the masses from religious institutions?

Yours faithfully,

A LAYMAN.

For the Young.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

DID you ever see Barnstaple in Devonshire? A curious old town it is, and unlike any that I have ever seen in England. It is prettily situated in a wide valley on the banks of the river Taw, and if you are curious to know the reason of its name, I will tell you that it is supposed to be derived from the British *bar*, or river's mouth, and the Saxon *staple*, or market town.

We must fancy ourselves in Barnstaple, the town of merchandise, some fifteen or twenty years ago. Not that the town is greatly changed at present. New houses have sprung up, indeed, both in and around the place, but many of the old ones remain, and the stage-

coaches still rattle through the stony streets, to Exeter and Ilfracombe, as they did in days of yore, for railway there is none.

It is a pity that our visit cannot be in summer-time, and on a market day, when the stalls are gay with fruit and flowers, and the Devonshire farmers' wives, according to primitive custom, expose their goods for sale along the narrow street—and a fine display they make. Such fresh chickens, geese, and turkeys, as, if you have not been into Devonshire, you have never seen, and at such prices as you would scarcely believe if you chance to live in London. But you are not yet arrived at the age to think more of geese and turkeys, than of the business of eating them, therefore it will be of little use to give you, in this place, a history of the price of a fine fat goose.

The townsfolk of Barnstaple kept early hours in those days, and I believe they do so still; and Mr. and Mrs. Gretton, who lived in the handsome red brick house, at the entrance of the town, commanding a noble view of the Taw, from its upper window and from its lower, looking out on a pleasant lawn and well-planted garden, thought seven o'clock late indeed to wait for tea. Mr. Gretton could not keep awake over the debates in the 'Globe,' and Mrs. Gretton, ladylike and collected as she usually was, gaped audibly, and looked so often at the time-piece, that it was evident some event was expected soon to take place. The boys, four in number, were all at home for the holidays, but they had become so restless that they were, with one consent, banished to the play-room. The two elder girls were up stairs putting the finishing touch to their dress, 'doing one another's hair,' as the young ladies' phrase goes, and trying to be particularly neat and nice in person. Martha, the housemaid, was dusting and making final arrangements in the spare room, and it is worthy of note that during the process of dusting, &c., she received three separate interruptions by means of a certain bell; to reply to which bell she had occasion to go down stairs three times, and to reply to three very immaterial questions. Miss Temple, the young governess at the Grettons, was writing a long letter in the school-room, to inform her friends in Kent that owing to the unexpected visit of a young lady, it would be inconvenient, 'impossible,' Mrs. Gretton said, for her to be spared for the Christmas visit; and this letter, which she watered with many tears, being concluded, she proceeded to make her preparations for the visitor.

Here is a glance at the family and their occupations, one afternoon in the Christmas week of the year 1832—but I think I ought to sketch the master.

Mr. Gretton was a retired surgeon: a legacy at the age of thirty did for him that which his own talents, I am afraid, never would have accomplished—it made him an independent man. He was kind, benevolent, and I know of no word so descriptive of his temperament, as *easy*. The greatest anxiety he had was that his family should never do anything to disgrace their station and their pedigree—of which he could have given you a most circumstantial account—but I am not versed in pedigrees, and should make some egregious blunder if I

began to tell you of Mr. Gretton's, besides that this is not the family secret I have promised to tell. Yes, he was a thoroughly kind man—he gave of his abundant means to the poor and needy; he was charitable, from natural disposition to do kindly and to feel kindly; but he was not so from Christian *principle*. He was rather too easy in his religious creed, as in all else, too fond of quoting Pope, and that well-known couplet—

'For forms of creeds let angry bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

Alas! alas! one thing he lacked, and he who lifted his head so proudly in the family pew at church, and was wont to boast that his place there had not been vacant more than twice for ten years, had little more thought that prayer was a spiritual communion with God than the thoughtless children in the aisle who played and slept during the solemn services of God's house. Such was Mr. Gretton. His wife, with a far higher intellect, and of a superior order of mind, was nevertheless inferior to her husband in some gifts of heart. Hers was a spirit of perpetual *unrest*, and there was that in her otherwise fine countenance that reminded you of the restless ocean. Her daughters—but their characters will all be better understood by entering at once into the family circle.

'How I wish Miss Farre would come! I wonder what she is like," said Jane Gretton.

'Miss Temple, do be so kind as to pick up this tiresome stitch in my knitting,' said Catherine Gretton, a damsel of fifteen, who made it a point to do nothing for herself which she could by any possibility have done for her, and so Miss Temple and the house-maidens found to their cost.

'If she is like her mother,' said Mrs. Gretton, 'she is all you can wish. I only hope she may not have imbibed some strange notions that her mother had, but she is so young that I think it is not very likely.'

'Dear! is she a Catholic?' asked Miss Louisa Gretton, who had very little idea of any peculiarity or error which did not involve the soundness of the Protestant faith.

'How late the coach is! but hark! hark!' and in a few moments the point was determined, for the coach drew up before the iron gate, much to the discomfort of the eager horses, who scented afar off the hay and corn in the manger at the White Hart, and had no notion of being suddenly brought to a stand so near their journey's end; so they pawed, and fretted, and stamped. The coachman on the box grumbled and fretted in his way quite as much as the horses, but a very young lady, escorted by an elderly gentleman, who were passengers, although as quick as they could be, took the matter more quietly, which is quite the best way of taking all matters in this world.

And now the luggage was in the hall, and the young lady in the bedroom, Mrs. Gretton smiling welcomes to her, and the Misses Gretton assisting her to unwrap, whilst the elderly gentleman, her father,

was getting sociable with Mr. Gretton by the parlour fire, and telling him of the good roads, the fine travelling, and the agreeable journey they had had. Oh! blessings on those genial spirits who make life a perpetual summer, and have always more tales to tell of the pleasant than the painful. Such a spirit was Mr. Farre's.

His daughter, too, Who could doubt of her sunny nature as she came down to tea in her neat black silk dress and white collar, the dress she had travelled in, for Marion Farre was always dressed; she was simple, neat, and elegant at all times, and as she did not think it necessary to be otherwise on a journey, the consequence was that at its close she was quite '*fit to be seen.*' The tea warmed the cold visitors, and soon they were talking together quite sociably. There is no hour like the tea-hour for travellers, for you may shiver in the frost of a whole day's formality and visitor-like horrors if you arrive at your destination in the morning, but the tea dispels it all at once, and melts the ice most completely. So it was at Barnstaple on the evening in question.

What a comfortable fireside it was, round which the little party gathered. How Mrs. Gretton loved to look on the sweet face of that child of her earliest friend, a face from which the father's eyes only wandered to return, and there to rest ever and anon, when the cloud came over his spirit. Marion would charm it away either by a look peculiarly her own, or a cheerful and well-timed word in her own sweet tone of voice. He was a sorrowful widower was Mr. Farre, and had but lately buried the wife of his bosom out of sight. His earthly love now centred on his children, and for their sakes he aroused himself from the melancholy, which at one time threatened to unfit him for life, and for their sakes he felt that the world was not a blank. I wish you had known Marion Farre, his only daughter. Pretty she was not, but beautiful she was, but it was the beauty of the soul, a beauty which lit up her countenance, and gave a pleasantness to features neither regular nor firm. She was come to pay a visit of a few weeks to these early friends of her mother, in order to re-establish her health, which the anxiety and grief attendant on her mother's illness and death had considerably shaken. Her father was going for a business tour on the continent, and Marion was content to await his return in Devonshire. Let us look in upon her after she has been there a week, and begun to feel *at home*. They were all kind to her, very kind, and she felt sometimes angry with herself that she could not be *quite happy*, and for the very reason that no one about her seemed particularly so. If we except Mr. Gretton, whose content was somewhat of a negative kind, no one seemed really happy; there were continually those little jars and breaks of the family peace, which, without amounting to positive quarrels, were certainly anything but tokens of love. All for not knowing a certain family secret, and this Marion very shortly discovered.

It was the last day but one in the new year, and there was, as was usual years ago, as well as in the present day, a vast deal of effort to show all manner of outward rejoicing that time was speeding away. The Christmas Tree fashion had not then been introduced, but a

Twelfth cake, of extraordinary dimensions, and eatables and drinkables of all kinds, were to adorn the supper-table on New Year's Eve. And there was to be a child's party in one room, and an elders' party in another, and plenty of frolic and music for all.

Poor Miss Temple! had she possessed ten pairs of hands, instead of the one pretty little couple with which nature had endowed her, she would have found a use for them all.

'Miss Temple,' called Mrs. Gretton, politely. (Mrs. Gretton was always polite.) 'Be so kind as to come into the drawing-room directly, I want some ornaments cut for the wax candles, like these Miss Sparks has lent me.'

'Yes, ma'am;' and Miss Temple went. She had scarcely been seated at her employment five minutes, when John Gretton, who had just arrived at the dignity of a *stock*, called loudly on Miss Temple. Marion, who had heard as many calls on that name as must, if attended to, have been inevitably followed by severe fatigue, opened the breakfast-room door, and asked what *she* could do.

'Oh, it is of no consequence, Miss Farre, only that tiresome Miss Temple has pretended to alter my stock, and has spoiled it.'

'How so? Give it to me; I always do these little things for my brother; oh, don't be such a particular gentleman. There, it only wants the buckle removed. I can do that without disturbing poor Miss Temple!'

Poor Miss Temple! John Gretton certainly had never thought that Miss Temple was at all liable to the sensation of fatigue, and he mentally ejaculated with scorn, 'Poor Miss Temple, indeed!'

Soon, Miss Louisa Gretton came in with a face of great indignation, and furiously rang the bell. I am sorry to use such a word as furiously, applied to a very pretty young lady, but certainly it was quite applicable to her mode of bell-ringing that day. 'Martha, I want you to tell Joseph to run with that parcel that is in the hall, to Bristow's directly, there is not a single pair of gloves there that will fit me nor my sister.'

'Yes, Miss;' and Martha looked very cross. 'But Joseph is only just come home from St. Bees Farm, where he has been to get cook the cream.'

'Well, he is in now, I suppose?'

'Yes, Miss; but he has had no breakfast yet.'

'I can't help it, he *must* take those gloves back, for if I cannot get any there, I must go somewhere else.'

Martha shut the door abruptly, and there was a good deal of grumbling in the kitchen when the order was given. Moreover, it was not attended to, which would not have been the case had it been issued with a little more courtesy and at a more convenient season. Servants are, considering the idea that some persons have of their inferiority and difference to ourselves, wonderfully like their employers in this respect, they do like to be *asked* civilly, rather than to be *ordered*, and they will fly on the wings of love much swifter than they will move on the heavy wheels of obligation.

In a few moments more, Mrs. Gretton came in, and had just sat down to write an answer to a letter, which required some thought, when the two elder Master Grettons (Mr. Grettons they liked to be called) youths of fourteen and fifteen, came in from skating with three companions, filling up the sitting-room, and talking loudly, annoyed Mrs. Gretton considerably. 'It was not exactly the thing,' Mrs. Gretton remarked, when the boys had left the room for the garden, 'to bring in these lads to luncheon, knowing how busy every one was that day.'

Miss Farre quite agreed with Mrs. Gretton, and considered it certainly was thoughtless. Every one in the house had enough to do surely! Mrs. Gretton pulled the bell.

'Oh, that bell!' called the housemaid, angrily. Indeed, there might be an English song of the bell, without borrowing from our German neighbours. 'Oh, that bell!'

Dear young ladies, who pull at that ivory handle so thoughtlessly, did your ancles and your backs ever ache from weariness? Has your chest ever felt oppressed or your heart beat with undue exertion, with that perpetual running up stairs and down,—that unending life on foot? Something of this sort passed through Marion's mind as Martha, pale and breathless, for she had been making beds at the topmost story of a tall house, answered the twice repeated summons.

'Martha, did you give the order about the additional cream to cool?'

'Oh, yes, ma'am, the boy has been back with it this hour.'

That was all, and now Martha had to toil up stairs once more, with how many chances, do you think, of being rung down again and again on matters about as frivolous? Marion, whose mother had certainly taught her, among other 'peculiar' tenets, that servants do not *like* to be interrupted in their work, and are as liable to feel overdone and fatigued as their masters and mistresses, ran up stairs, and quickly making her own bed, had just accomplished it when Martha and the under-housemaid entered the room. Martha looked so astonished that Marion laughed.

'I often make my bed at home, Martha, when the servants are busy. I have not made it look so nicely as you would have done though.'

'Oh, dear, Miss Farre, if my missis knew it how angry she would be!'

'Nonsense, Martha,' said Miss Farre, cheerfully. 'Now can I do anything else for you? You don't look well.'

'No, miss, I got up with a wretched sick headache, and I think that makes me cross,' said the poor girl, bursting into tears.

How small a thing will comfort our fellow-creatures! how will a word softly spoken, a look of tender sympathy, a touch, or some little act of kindness, lighten a whole load of pain and grief!

Martha said so herself when she drank a little simple mixture which Marion's experience in that distressing form of headache rendered it expedient for her to keep by her.

'Ah, I could serve her without weariness.'

Marion then went down stairs to see what assistance she could render there. Miss Temple's work went on slowly enough. If Martha cried out, 'Oh, that bell!' the poor governess might well cry,

'Oh, those young ladies' voices!' They seemed to think her very slow, and indeed did not scruple to say so, and Mrs. Gretton, though she did not say so, *looked* the very words. And Emma Temple, who had a heavy heart, for she had only that morning heard of trouble at home, in the return of her only brother dangerously ill from college, felt that her fingers would not move nimbly, and that her tears *would* fall.

'I cannot think how it is,' said Mrs. Gretton, 'but Miss Temple always seems "out of sorts,"' (she meant out of spirits), 'when we have anything going on out of the common way; and as to Martha, she is an excellent servant, but has such a temper, I really *must* get rid of her—but servants are *all* alike, they really get so uppish and so particular about their work, that I think we shall soon have to change places.' Marion was so unaccustomed to hear complaints of servants, or to see them treated in any other manner than as trusty friends, only removed by the providence of God and by their imperfect education from being our associates and companions, that she was amazed. She had certainly observed a want of hearty good will in the service of the house, but she could not believe that this was the result of innate badness and degeneracy in the race of *maids*. No, they were just the same as servants always have been and always will be, human beings, with human affections, feelings, and sympathies; and she very often thought that for her part, if she were so rubbed, and reproved, and worried, the finer parts of her affections might be worn away, and that she should not feel it very easy to perform services with a smiling face which were so sternly exacted. This might be a peculiarity of Marion's, but I assure you it made her very amiable, and the servants at her father's house were of the same opinion.

Marion was too well bred, and too humble to expostulate with Mrs. Gretton, so she merely remarked that Martha had a headache, which might account for her being less brisk than usual. The day wore on, and really it was a matter of some doubt with our simple-minded Marion, whether the festivities in the evening could possibly overbalance the misery, anxiety, and heart-burning, the worry and flurry of the preparations; but she exerted herself with laudable activity; it was not so much what she did nor what she said, but the spirit which pervaded every place she visited was a gentle and a peaceful spirit.

'Dear me, how *thoughtful* of Marion,' said Louisa and Catherine Gretton, when Marion volunteered her services as shopper for a few forgotten articles, and came, cold as was the day, equipped for her walk.

'Well, I never heard of the like in a young lady,' said cook, who, having been delayed in the manufacture of a syllabub for lack of lemons, and being unable to find any one at liberty to purchase them, betook herself to grumbling as a resource.

'I never knew such a sweet young lady. Think of her not only going to buy me the lemons, but what's more, think of her bringing them home at once, that I might not be kept waiting. Well, I should never mind what I did for Miss Farre.' 'No, nor I,' said Martha.

'Young lady as she is,' continued Martha, 'how careful she is to give no trouble. To see her room: so nicely she puts all her things away. Ah, there's the bell, not even the *meals* in peace to day.'

'Well, I've lived in places where washing-days were great troubles,' said cook, 'but I'd rather have two washing-days a week than one company day in the month.'

The hour for dressing came, and when Marion's simple toilet was completed, she went from one to another to help, to cheer, and to pacify. At last she thought—

'Poor Miss Temple, she is expected, I know, to come down and play and sing. I will go and look after her, and see if *her* dress wants fastening.' So snatching up a beautiful white camellia from the dressing-table, one which she was to have worn herself, she tapped gently at the governess's door.

'Miss Temple, can I help you?' said she, as she entered and saw the poor young thing reading for the twentieth time the tale of home sorrows.

'Ah, Miss Farre,' said Emma, 'what a mockery does all this seem, and my brother at home dying, perhaps. Will you read this?'

Marion took the letter, and soon her own tears mingled with those of the governess.

'Shall I ask Mrs. Gretton to excuse your presence to-night?'

'Oh, no! no! it is to be a young party, and you know I shall be wanted to keep order, and to play, and to do a great deal. Oh, dear, no! thank you, dear. Miss Farre, it is wrong to give way thus, and a sight of your kind face will help me through the evening.'

'Well, but let me make you look nice.'

And she took the comb and arranged Emma's soft light hair in neat and becoming bands. 'There, now, with the camellia you are quite smart,' and she kissed her forehead.

What was there in that kiss? what in the little womanly office she had just performed for a fellow-creature—what in the offer of that white camellia? Do you ask this rather scornfully? I will tell you, there was *love*. Ay, and there was one of the results of love, but that is a *secret* which I have not yet divulged, a secret for all those who would make homes and hearts happy. You shall see at the end of the story, if you do not discover its name before.

I cannot describe a large party: the juvenile room, where there was plenty of laughter, and where, when the little ladies forgot their new dresses, they really enjoyed a good hearty play at blind-man's-buff and charades, was the happier scene. Twelve o'clock struck, and two young hearts in that assembly were thinking, the one of her mother in heaven, the other of her brother sick in bed, and were subdued and mournful; and not only so, they both had higher aspirations than those of a lighted drawing-room, decked out with flowers and wax lights. Both had been taught that there are times when we are peculiarly called upon to rest on our life's journey, and to think and meditate; and Emma Temple and Marion Farre had never yet been accustomed to dance or sing the Old year out nor

welcome the New comer in with any language than that of prayer and praise, and so they were serious. But when the dancing, and the music, and the grand supper, were all ended, and the guests were all gone, there was not one among the number who felt so peaceful as those two who had entered the least heartily into the mirth of the evening.

Marion could not forget the sorrow of Emma Temple, and she thought she would make one effort in her behalf to liberate her for a visit to her dying brother. She, therefore, frankly asked Mrs. Gretton after breakfast the next morning if she would accept her services as governess during the remainder of the holidays, and would allow Miss Temple to attend the summons into Yorkshire, especially as she feared her visit had disappointed Miss Temple. They could not hear of it—how could they? Miss Gretton quite laughed at the idea (Marion was only two years older than herself), but the boys rather advocated the measure, and Marion was so earnest that it was carried. She was not rich, but finding that the payment of Miss Temple's salary had, owing to the non-acquaintance of the Grettons with any family secret, been omitted, she slipped a five-pound note into her hand at parting, and said, with the delicacy which the same secret always imparts, 'As a loan if you *please*, but don't refuse me. I shall only spend it, dear, and it will be safe with you.'

'It is not much of a Christmas holiday for you, Miss Farre,' said Mr. Gretton one evening, as he watched Marion patiently teaching Louisa to net, and John to draw, by turns, ever and anon called off by entreaties such as these—'Oh, Miss Farre, do tell me the end of that story.' 'Miss Farre, you have promised to help me with my kite to-morrow remember.' Or, 'To-morrow, you know, Miss Farre, we are going MY walk.'

'Not a holiday?' said Marion, simply. 'Oh, I think idleness is no holiday. I have only plenty to do, and if these are busy holidays, they are very happy ones, I assure you.'

'Well, it is extraordinary that you should say so. Miss Temple never seems happy here. There is always such a melancholy look about her, as if she thought us such a *trouble*.'

Marion smiled. 'Perhaps you are a little trouble sometimes, Mary.'

Miss Gretton coloured. 'I can't see that at all, and Miss Temple is here to attend on us.'

'I thought she was here to teach you, and certainly if you ordered me quite in the same manner you order Miss Temple, I fear *I* should look melancholy; besides, you know I undertake to help you of my own free will, and that makes some difference.'

Now, although Marion seldom preached to her young friends, her quiet, consistent example had a very important effect on the younger branches of the family. Sometimes she would say gently, 'I would not ring the bell, dear Catherine; or could you not call to Martha—it would save her one journey?' Or if, in shopping, the Grettons, as was their custom, asked to see whole piles of goods, and perhaps left the

shop without a purchase, she would drop a hint which was not without effect. Still there was great room for improvement, and how Marion wished that kind-hearted people, who fed their servants well, paid them handsomely, and would not have been intentionally cruel for the world, could have learned *one* little secret both for their own sakes and their domestics'.

It was a cold evening in January, but no one in the snug warm dining-room felt the cold except Marion Farre, and she sate shivering, contrary to her wont, close in the chimney corner. For once she could not sing and talk as she was expected to do. She had felt chilly all day, and when walking by the river side in the morning, where the boys would linger to watch some boats put off, she was first sensible of illness and headache. Still, strange to say, possibly from the fact of having been greatly absorbed in preparation for a visit on the following day, none of the Misses Gretton had observed her indisposition, and Mrs. Gretton being absent from home, no remark was made on the subject. At last Martha, who certainly waited on Miss Farre with more assiduity than on any other inmate of the house, noticed the poor girl's appearance as she brought in tea, and asked if she were not well.

'I don't know, Martha, I am very cold. I think if I could get warm I should be better.'

'Go to bed, Miss Farre,' said Martha, as she put her hand on Marion's burning temples, and observed how she shivered; 'you are not well indeed. I will bring you some warm gruel when you are upstairs; but stay, let me light the fire first.'

The fire was lighted, the bed warmed, and Marion went to bed, but she did not feel better, and the next morning Martha, who had not taken her clothes off all night, the better to watch Miss Marion, knocked with a very serious face at Mr. Gretton's door.

'I am afraid, sir, Miss Farre is very ill. Will you go quickly and see her?'

Mr. Gretton quite confirmed Martha's fears after his interview with Marion, and a physician was sent for without delay. It was a case of small-pox.

When the malady was declared in the Gretton family, the panic was universal.

'If it had been anything but small-pox,' Miss Gretton would have had no fear of going into the room, but she had such a horror of it she would be certain to take it.

What was to be done? Mrs. Gretton was sent for, and came without delay, but she was not, either mentally or physically, adapted for sick nursing, and although she was willing to do all she could in the sick room, yet that all was very little.

'Now,' said Mr. Gretton, 'let no one that feels any fear go into Miss Farre's chamber; we had, indeed, better get a nurse at once.'

'A nurse!' said Martha, 'sir, a nurse? a stranger to smooth that angel young lady's pillow? No, sir, if God has need of me as a nurse he can keep the sickness from me, or indeed from any of us.

I will nurse Miss Farre. Many a time has she comforted me when I was low and poorly, and I won't leave her now.'

'How astonishing that Martha, that disobliging girl, should be so willing and anxious to wait on Marion.'

'Not astonishing at all that any one should be anxious to wait on *her*, I think,' said Mr. Gretton; 'those who always care and think for others are the very persons to be cared for and thought of in their turn.'

It was no light task that Martha undertook. Marion, in her weakened state, was so unlike *herself* that she would receive neither medicine nor nourishment that Martha did not offer; and day and night, if the girl's face were missed from her bedside, she would call for her piteously, whilst in the sorrowful darkness of delirium no voice could soothe, no hand could restrain, so well as Martha's. Long did she hang between life and death; and when her father, in obedience to the summons, stood by her bedside as she lay in a deep and heavy slumber, he said truly he could see no trace of his child in the form before him.

'But ah, sir,' said Martha, whose hand was locked in the sleeper's, 'you won't care for the body being marred. Nothing can spoil Miss Marion's soul.'

Hours passed away, and days, and there was no improvement.

'If I could but hear her speak like herself once more,' said Martha, as she attended to the quick and feverish entreaty of the poor invalid not to leave her, 'I should have hope.' At length a deep sleep fell on Marion. Martha still watched. In the grey dull dawn of morning, Mr. and Mrs. Gretton, who had been much with Marion during the day, and who, with the afflicted father, had not long been asleep, were awoke by a quick tap at the door. Mrs. Gretton arose hastily.

'Martha, is there any change, any change for the *worse*?'

'There is a change, ma'am, but oh, I think not for the worse. Miss Farre is herself again, for when she awoke just now, she whispered, with her own look all the time, "Go to bed, Martha, kind Martha, you will be worn out with watching me." Oh, Miss Marion will live, I know she will, she is *herself* again, for her first thought is for others;' and Martha was right—Marion recovered.

It was a happy Sunday evening when she was first permitted to join the family in the dining-room. Miss Temple was home, and the boys were gone back to school. It was a quiet, calm Sunday night. The bells rang for church, and Marion, with her usual thoughtfulness, begged them all to go; Martha especially. Catherine and Mary would stay, however, and they never forgot that Sunday. It was beautiful to hear the young girl's thankfulness, and to see how little she regretted the loss of that which to youth is so precious.

'And now I must soon go home, dear,' she said, to her two friends; 'it will be hard to part.'

'It will, indeed, but you have taught us many good things, Marion. Many dear Marion. Hence I—I am very glad. When you lay ill,

as we thought, dying, Martha came and told us how she would wait on you to the last. I asked Martha what it was that made her love you so. She said, "Miss Gretton, I would do the same by you as by Miss Farre, as a *duty*, but there is one part of her character which wins all *hearts* — her *consideration*, her thoughtfulness for others. It is this that makes us love her so; and you know, Miss, I have often said there is too little of that here." But I hope, Marion, we have learned better things. I see plainly how the love of our servants is not to be bought by gifts, but to be won by love; and how we cannot show that love better than by *consideration*.'

Marion's visit never was forgotten. The Misses Gretton took a new view of matters altogether; and instead of thinking servants and dependents never *could* be tired, they began to be very fearful on that score, and the bells in the old house at Barnstaple had long seasons of repose.

H. R. G.

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

'Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth,
And those debonaire romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run;
Look up, poets, to the sun!
Pan is dead!'

Mrs. E. Barrett Browning.

Oh! ye widows, pause in weeping;
Weary workers, in your toil;
Wake, ye slothful, up from sleeping;
Rise, ye earth-bound, from the soil.
For lo! God aloud hath spoken,
His long silences are broken—
Christ is born.

The curse of Time lay crushing
On the feeble soul of man,
With a blood-stained, dull, dark rushing,
Down to death life's river ran,
When a voice was heard on high—
'To do thy will come I!'
Christ was born.

New pulses through creation,
Electric ran that hour;
Rose all pure anticipation,
Rose each soul-destroying power.
Eager hell, and earth, and sky
Gazed to see Him live and die,
When Christ was born.

Brake the darkness out in singing,
  Peasant tongues told glorious news,
Her far gifts came Wisdom bringing,
  That night angels wept the dews,
When meek and low descending,
Divine with human blending,
                Christ was born.

Aged eyes, their dimness losing,
  Through His life saw death's release;
Vine and lily spake, refusing
  Before Him to hold their peace.
Yea, the corn-fields where He walked,
Echoing Him, of wisdom talked,
                When Christ was born.

Bread He blessed while He was fasting;
  Healed men's wounds to bear their smiting;
Smiled on joys He passed untasting;
  'Sleep on!' said when He was fighting
With strong pain, and fear, and dying;
  Died forgiving, not defying.
                Christ is born.

Born, and dead, and ever risen,
  Alive for evermore.
Hark! the ruins of our prison,
  Crash loud from shore to shore.
See, the stone is rolled away,
Into graves has shone the day,
                Since Christ was born.

Sprang a pulse-beat fresher, stronger,
  To the heart of all creation;
Rang a voice out louder, longer,
  Words of promise and ovation,
Everlasting life their guerdon,
'Hear my word and live!' their burden,
                'Christ is born.'

Rises yet in grand fulfilling
  Of that prelude touched by angels,
An eternal music thrilling
  Space and time with sweet evangels,
Raising, tuning, new-directing
  Human loving and electing,
                Where Christ is born.

For each cold, forsaken altar,
  Lo! a world, a life made holy;
For dead forms that dully falter,
  Lo! a spirit-worship solely,
Lit in love Christ's love returning,
  Earth's affections all new-burning,
                Christ is born.

God's great universe embracing,
  Swift from link to link advancing,
See life, death, and sin is chasing;
  See the quick, bright flashes glancing,
As truth strikes from soul to soul,
  Till life fill and move the whole,
                Now Christ is born.

O God! hold our souls from cleaving
To the dust, so basely losing
Thine open heaven, so leaving
Bread else multiplied in using!
In Christ's footsteps lead our feet,
Bid our hourly life repeat
Joy—Christ is born!

Oswestry. JAMES MATHESON.

Notices of Books.

Extracts from the Reports of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Intended chiefly for the use of the Managers and Teachers of such Elementary Schools as are receiving Government aid. London: Longmans.

THE bulkiness and expense of the Annual Minutes of the Privy Council Committee on Education, and the accompanying Inspectors' Reports, are the very sufficient apologies of the editor of this volume for presenting it before the public. It is likely to be more extensively useful than any of the blue books from which it has been compiled. These, as are most blue books, are of very considerable value, but the light they give is verily 'hid under a bushel.' Hardly one in a hundred, even of the literary class, is aware of the publication of any Government or Parliamentary Report till it has been dissected in the daily papers; and very few of these documents are judged by the journalists to be worth such notice. In the present case, much of interesting statement and pregnant suggestion has been rescued from the oblivion of Messrs. Hansard's office. 'Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools' have hitherto been gentlemen of education, talent, and experience; their reports, though differing—rather perhaps *because* differing—sometimes even in fundamental principles, must have been felt to be peculiarly valuable to every person interested in either the management or support of schools. The editor has, therefore, carefully gone through them, and selected from the last six or seven volumes the 'Extracts' given in this work. These are classified under the following heads:—Qualifications of Teachers—Religious Instruction—Discipline—Industrial Occupation—Organization and Monitorial Teaching—Arrangement and Division of the School—General Teaching—Infant Schools—Sunday and Evening Schools—School Buildings and their Appurtenances—Ragged and Pauper Schools. From this enumeration of subjects it will be seen that the work may be serviceable to every Sunday and day school teacher; and we may add, that it would not be valueless to the parent who is instructing his child at home. We regret to be obliged to express our apprehensions, that the editor will not be able to compile so useful a manual from the reports of the next few years. Lord Derby, with characteristic bad taste and illiberality, has just appointed a fresh body of Inspectors of Government Schools, selected wholly from the Puseyite clergy of the Established sect. They are gentlemen of whom, with the exception of their party, the public know literally nothing. May the appointment tend to the overthrow of the system of which they are now made part and parcel!

The Journal of Sacred Literature. New Series, No. V., opens with a paper on 'Romanism in France.' It contains much information that is new and interesting, but is written in too declamatory a style both for the subject and the journal in which it is treated. 'Hades and Heaven,' which

follows, is a calmly speculative article on the intermediate state of the soul, in which the writer labours to disprove the growing notion of a Hades full of sentient but incorporeal beings. The 'Greek Vulgate' is a learned and very satisfactory paper on the real superiority of the Stephanic and Elziver text—the 'received' Greek version—to any of the corrected texts of Griesbach, Lechmann, or Tischendorf. The writer, although more than once making use of Scholz's name and the results of his researches, to confirm and illustrate the accuracy of his own remarks, does not discuss the value of his Revised Text. By many students of the Greek Testament, Scholz's labours are more highly appreciated than those of either Griesbach or Tischendorf, and much more highly than Lechmann's. In labour he is not more diligent, but in judgment and discrimination he certainly excels. 'Clemens Alexandrinus' is the subject of the sixth paper—a well-compressed and competently-written biography of one of the most eminent and able of the presidents of the Alexandrine school. The paper is founded on the recent work of Reinkens, the general results of whose researches and opinions are mostly adopted by the writer. Both Dr. Reinkens and the writer of the article labour to prove, that as a philosopher Clement was an Aristotelian. Others have laboured to prove him a Stoic, others a Pythagorean, others a Neo-Platonist. But, to our mind, the very fact that there is something in his writings to establish the truth of each of these hypotheses, is sufficient proof that neither is true as a whole. If Clement's own words are to be believed, he belonged to neither school, but was strictly an Eclectic.

The Popular Educator. Vol. I. J. Cassell.—Of all the cheap weekly publications which crowd the windows of booksellers, this is the one which we can recommend as the most practical in aim and the most useful in design. With the exception of Messrs. Chambers' 'Educational Course,' it is the best of all elementary educational works yet published, and it excels any and every publication of its kind for popularity of style and cheapness of price. In the present volume, the learner is carried partly through ten or twelve courses of study, including, among the sciences, Architecture, Arithmetic, Botany, Geology, Geometry, and Music; among the languages, English, French, Latin, and German. There are, also, some miscellaneous papers. The work is conducted with great aptitude and much ability, and will be invaluable to those in whom deficiency in early education and straitened pecuniary resources have hitherto contracted the limits of knowledge and study.

The Protestant Dissenters' Almanack, in addition to the usual denominational information, is increased in attractiveness this year by the introduction of several well-designed, pictorial illustrations of important events in the history of Nonconformity. The explanatory letter-press is hardly so well executed. The religious statistics are carefully compiled, and contain much interesting information. The list of metropolitan chapels will be found extremely useful to visitors to London. The work is beautifully printed.

Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanack, from the same press as the above, and the last of 'Uncle Tom's Companions' in England, is a boldly-conceived and well-executed manual of anti-slavery feeling. Twenty illustrations, by four of the first artists, Mr. Cruikshank, Mr. H. K. Brown, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Gilbert, present a series of very graphic events in American slave life. The three by Mr. Cruikshank—the 'Apprehension of the Fugative,' the 'Sale of Henson,' and 'The Slave pursued by Slave-hunters and Bloodhounds,' are characterised by an extraordinary vividness and power. The letter-press contains an outline sketch of the principal features of slavery in America, and of the fugitive slave bill; narratives of celebrated escapes; an article on the 'influence of the American Church upon the abolition movement;' a sketch of the fugitive settlements in Canada; a paper on 'the negro race and their capabilities;' and some interesting intelligence concerning the king of Daho-

mey and his subjects. There are, besides, two or three anti-slavery hymns, and one of which is set to music by Mr. Perry. We very heartily commend this Abolitionist memento to our readers. If any of them have been sceptical of the truth of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, they will find here evidence damning enough, we should hope, to convince even an American clergyman of the sin and horror of the system which the majority of his class prostitute their profession by gilding and defending without shame or remorse.

The Soul's Arena; or, Views of Man's Great Contest. By William Bathgate. London: Ward and Co. Pp. 183.

'MAN'S Great Contest' has seldom been more vividly pictured than by the powerful pen of the writer of this work. Its aim is to exhibit the vital importance of the moral conflict between the great antagonistic principles of the universe—Good, its Author and his willing subjects; Evil, its abettor and his slaves. Its nature, reality, and consequence, are therefore first set forth, and followed by a statement and definition of the 'stand-points of vision' of the conflict—conscience, the written law, and a revealed gospel. In succession, the writer then treats of the Unchristian Aspects of the Contest; Favourable though not Christian Aspects; the Closing Struggle; and Britain's Attitude in the Contest. We do not remember recently to have met with more vigorous, earnest, or thoughtful writing, on any of these themes, than in Mr. Bathgate's book. It is, characteristically, the production of one who has felt what he has said, and who is capable of giving to his thoughts an unusual and remarkable intensity of expression. The fervour of the author's feelings has, however, occasionally betrayed him into a too theatrical style of writing, which, while it detracts from the dignity of the work, adds nothing to its weight or force. This is a fault into which an enthusiastic writer is very apt to fall, but it is one not less easy to correct than well altogether to avoid.

Isabella Hamilton. A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. London: J. F. Shaw. Pp. 95.

THIS is a brief and well-conceived tale of religious persecution in Scotland, about a century before the time of the Covenanters. The courage, heroism, piety, and faith of the few who then dared to avow their dissent from Romanism, are especially illustrated in the narrative of Isabella Hamilton. Archbishop Hamilton, her uncle and executioner, is a historical portrait, painted with the colours supplied by M'Crie's Life of Knox. What is known of this man perfectly justifies the author in placing him in the position he here occupies. One lesson we learn from this position is, that more devilry and inhumanity has been practised by hypocrites and traitors in the name of religion, than all heathenism will have to answer for.

The Voice in Rama Hushed. By the Rev. A. E. Pearce. J. Snow. Pp. 60.

THIS is a second edition of a sweet and touching little book. It is the voice of Christian hope and consolation in reply to the 'Voice in Rama:' a leaf from the tree of life as a salve for the wounds of death. May it administer much consolation to 'bereaved parents!'

The Age and the Church; or, the Church called to Exertion. London: Ward & Co. Pp. 107.

THIS is, confessedly, a 'juvenile production,' and such its fervid and rhetorical pages indicate it to be. It contains, notwithstanding, matter that may awaken much introspective thought and fresh impetus to exertion. It also shows marks of careful reading, and is well constructed and arranged, but it leaves the half unsaid.

The Religion of Good Sense. By Edward Richer. London: J. Simms and J. Chapman. Pp. 248.

THIS attractive title to a not less attractive-looking book, will tempt many an unfortunate book-buyer into investing eighteen-pence in trash. It is Platitude explaining to Praise the fundamental theory of religion. What this fundamental theory is our readers may gather from the following advertisement of the 'Object of the Scriptural Library,' of which the 'Religion of Common Sense,' in Vol. I., or rather 'a short and familiar' preface to Vol. I. :—

'The object of the Scriptural Library is to lead man back to God, and the scriptural state from which he has fallen; to prove that communication with the spiritual world, or CLAIRVOYANCE, is as possible and practicable now as it was (!) when Abraham talked with angels before his tent; and that spiritual medicine, or MESMERISM, is as potent a means of cure now as it was when practised by our Lord and his apostles, &c.'

We once thought that credulity could no further go than Mormonism, but it is evident that there is an *Ultima thule* of absurdity beyond even that.

---

1. *Wellington and War.* By Newman Hall, B.A.
2. *Wellington and Victory.* By A. Morton Brown, LL.D. London: John Snow.

WE look upon it that not the least important function of the Christian pulpit is to turn to a moral or spiritual use the great events of actual life. Perhaps no occurrence of recent date has been so largely fruitful of observation as the death of the 'Great Duke.' Mr. Newman Hall has judiciously spoken of it. He would condemn war, as every sane man must; but because a hero and a great man is a warrior, he would not, therefore, ignore his greatness or bespatter his glory. In the course of a brief illustrative summary of some of the worst results of war, he says, 'It was because the Duke himself was fully alive to this, because though a warrior he hated war—that we chiefly honour him. This is his great and illustrious characteristic. . . . War with him was a means, and not an end; and was prosecuted as being the only method of securing a permanent and honourable peace.'

Dr. Brown, we think, has erred in his estimate of Wellington. We read with some surprise, that Wellington the statesman had 'become even more endeared than Wellington the soldier;' a statement, as far as our own knowledge of the people and of history extends, without a shadow of foundation.

Both these sermons have one object—to expose the horrors of war, and to illustrate the character of the Christian life as a warfare, and the vanity of human honours, compared with the honour of those who are 'more than conquerors through Christ.'

WE have received, almost too late for notice, the first series of the cheap reissue of the Congregational Lectures, Jackson and Walford, Publishers. It consists of the following works:—

1. *Christian Ethics.* By Dr. Wardlaw.
2. *Causes of the Corruption of Christianity.* By Dr. Vaughan.
3. *The Christian Atonement.* By Rev. J. Gilbert.
4. *Divine Inspiration.* By Dr. Henderson.

The 'Lectures,' of which these were the commencement, include some of the ablest doctrinal and ecclesiastical treatises of any age or denomination. For varied talent, sound scholarship, clear thinking, and masterly presentation of their themes, though necessarily of unequal merit in each of these respects, they are surpassed by no similar series. With the treatment of some of the subjects allotted to the Lecturers, we may at once state we cannot altogether concur; and of one or two of the works in the series, we are precluded, by our prescribed limits, from speaking; but as a whole, they command our high admiration and approval. We readily call attention to this excellent and timely reprint of them, and trust that the enterprise which has produced it will receive such encouragement as to justify the speedy issue of the remaining volumes.

Monthly Retrospect.

A ROYAL Speech—a funereal pageant—earthquake and floods—the sittings of an ecclesiastical Parliament—a great debate in the national council—the crisis of a Ministry—the restoration of an imperial dynasty—such are the events, of unusual number and magnitude, which the eye takes in as it glances over the month of November, 1852. That which fills the largest space in memory may well claim priority of record.

On Thursday, the 18th, the body of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington was borne to its final resting-place. On the previous Wednesday, at midnight, it was removed from the chamber at Walmer Castle in which the great man died to Chelsea Hospital. For five days it lay enshrined in military and heraldic pomp, a spectacle to which people crowded in such unexpected numbers, that unhappily four persons perished: two were drawn out of the crush, dead—two have since died of the injuries they received in that terrible struggle. This very melancholy event contributed, no doubt, to the safety of thousands who might otherwise have suffered on the great day. A million and a half of people, it is believed, were drawn together by the spectacle of Thursday. Two hundred thousand were probably accommodated in private houses and on temporary erections. The whole line of procession was occupied with a multitude whose numbers it seemed impossible to exaggerate. From Hyde Park Corner to St. Paul's, scarcely one standing-place or foot-hold was unoccupied.

> 'Stalls, bulks, windows
> Were smothered up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
> With variable complexions: all agreeing
> In earnestness to see—'

a faithfuller servant of the State than he on whom the Roman populace thus pressed to gaze. 'No jutty frieze, buttress, nor coigne of vantage,' but had its human pendent. The footpaths were crowded from before the dawn of that chill November day. Yet so judiciously and well-observed were the police arrangements—so unanimous the good feeling of the people—that all came and went in safety; and no single act of indecorum blemished this great manifestation of national homage. Some five thousand soldiers kept the road or moved in the procession. Every regiment in the British service had there its representatives. Eighty-three veterans left the retreat provided for their age, to walk before the bier of their great commander. Banners that had fluttered midst the iron hail of battle were borne along drooping and craped. At the stroke of the muffled drum, strains of solemn music burst forth ever and anon. High upon a trophied car were borne the coffin, sword, and hat of the vanquished warrior. In the train of mourners was his favourite horse. Princes of the blood, officers of state, the special representatives of foreign nations, imperial and municipal dignitaries, had places in the cortège. Within the cathedral, all draped and dimly lighted, sixteen thousand people were assembled. Their voices joined in putting up the Lord's Prayer. Their hearts throbbed in unison while the solemn

song and service proceeded. Indescribably impressive was that moment at which the herald, after recapitulating the many titles of the deceased, cast upon the entombed coffin the broken pieces of his household staff. The voice of bells and cannon communicated to the whole city something of the impressions of immediate spectators. And in our chief towns, as well as throughout the metropolis, the day was marked by the suspension of business.

To the method of doing this thing, we can see objection considerable—but the thing itself has our unqualified sympathy, and we regret that some who felt otherwise should have deemed it their duty to disturb the national unanimity, even with the harsh expression of crude notions. Thus, Mr. Samuel Carter, member for Tavistock, characterised the whole funereal ceremonial as a folly and an impiety: he was shocked at seeing the cold clay of a fellow-mortal enshrined in velvet and gold, and could see no good to the living in what was of no benefit to the dead. This is a utilitarianism which would shrivel up all that is beautiful if it be also costly, and a religiousness that blights the very root of 'natural piety.' Very superficially must that man read and think who sees not upon a nation's character the image of its honoured dead—or who deems that hero-worship can be adequately performed in contemplative silence. And very deficient in that sentiment which religion does not create but consecrate, must be he, who when a child did not cover with leaves his dead bird, and in manhood would not sacrifice an ornament from his home to deck the tomb of his father. True it is, that in nothing is conventionalism more hideously displayed than in funereal pomp, and in none of our social rites is reform more needed than in the burial of our dead. But public obsequies shut out private ostentation. And it would be well, perhaps, as we have seen somewhere suggested, if in our cemeteries there were no erections over private graves but the simple tombstone—reserving conspicuous monuments for the perpetuation of conspicuous merit, as decreed by the public of a locality or nation; the equality of the graveyard broken only by the record of illustrious service.

Marvellous is sometimes the conjunction of events upon the cycles of time! As the body of the victor of Waterloo descends into the tomb, the French Empire rises again from the ballot-box! From 1793 till 1802, our fleets and armies encountered those of France and her coerced allies, that the Bourbons might re-ascend the throne which had fallen under the wrath of God and man—from 1803 till 1815, to displace the idol and the scourge of France, the devastator of Europe, and the threatened invader of our own isle, from his imperial eminence. The prisoner of St. Helena now sleeps beneath the dome of the Invalides, and his conqueror in the crypt of St. Paul's—while the titular greatness of both rests upon non-illustrious heirs. Was there ever read out, in the ears of earth, a more emphatic warning of the general inutility of war? Happily, the voice is heard and understood. England laughs at the row of figures, each time larger in amount, that are conjoined for the third time this December to the name of Louis Napoleon; and will not honour with its fear the man whose power is falsehood as well as violence. That 'the Empire is Peace,' the slight reduction of the army which Napoleon has just made, would not convince us—but we see

the enforced observance of the pledge in the acclamations with which France greets the phrase, and accepts the corresponding deed.

The newly-elected Parliament was formally constituted on the 4th ult. The process of swearing in occupied several days. On Thursday, the 11th, the Queen opened the session with a speech, one paragraph of which excited strong dissatisfaction, though the address was voted unanimously. Instead of a frank recommendation that, in obedience to the clearly-expressed will of the country, Parliament ratify 'recent commercial legislation,' the allusion thereto was ambiguous, and almost insulting. As had been announced conditionally at a great free-trade banquet in Manchester, on the eve of the opening of Parliament, Mr. Villiers gave notice of a resolution declaring the legislation of 1846 'wise, just, and beneficial.' The Chancellor of the Exchequer placed on the notice-paper an amendment accepting but not eulogizing the free-trade measures. The great debate commenced on the evening of Tuesday, the 23rd. Mr. Disraeli chose to represent the question as one of confidence or no-confidence in the Ministry, and based upon a very ingenious misstatement of historical facts a forcible appeal to the new members. Mr. Bright utterly demolished Mr. Disraeli's argumentation, and turned the edge of his appeal. The two speeches strongly exemplify the comparative powers of a very clever but heartless rhetorician, and of a vigorous intellect set in motion by honest feeling. Lord Palmerston interposed for the salvation of the Ministry. He suggested a 'form of words' which the Free-traders of yesterday and to-day could alike adopt, and which would therefore have the force of a unanimous resolution. The result does credit to the sagacity, whatever the light it may cast upon the designs, of his lordship. When the House re-assembled on Thursday, Sir William Clay—than whom no man knows better how to serve his party—inquired of Mr. Villiers and Mr. Disraeli whether they would not withdraw their resolutions in favour of Lord Palmerston's. An edifying illustration of 'government by party'—so much lauded by certain political writers—was presently furnished. It appeared that Sir James Graham and Lord Aberdeen were the original authors of the Free-trade resolution—that Lord John Russell had added the phrase which the ministerialists had refused to swallow—and that, of all men, Mr. Cobden had not been consulted in its preparation! Sir James and Mr. Gladstone joined in recommending Lord Palmerston's resolution; and Mr. Disraeli consented to withdraw *his* amendment. Lord John Russell recommended Mr. Villiers to assent, but, on the advice of Mr. Cobden, he refused. Mr. Thomas Duncombe, earlier in the conversation, expressed his honest indignation at this tampering with a great national principle for party convenience. The adjourned debate was then resumed, and again adjourned.

The sitting of Convocation has been a subject of repeated conversation in Parliament. Instead of being prorogued immediately on its assembling, the two Houses met on Friday, the 12th, in the Jerusalem Chamber, and proceeded to discuss not only an address to the Queen, but divers points of discipline and action. In the Upper House, an amendment was moved to the address, and the Archbishop's right to prorogue Convocation on his own authority was explicitly denied by the Bishop of Oxford, armed with the

opinion of the Attorney-General. The Primate asserted, but did not exercise, his prerogative. The Houses were simply adjourned till the following Tuesday. The secular press took alarm, and Ministers were questioned. Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole declared they had no intention, and never had, of permitting Convocation to legislate; but that while it did not discuss the canons of the Church, only the Primate had authority to terminate its sessions. The High Church party prudently abstained from pushing their advantage too far, and after the appointment of committees, Convocation was prorogued on the third day of its sitting to February next.

The Crystal Palace question has taken a new shape. A statute of George the Third forbids the opening of places of amusement for money on the Lord's-day. The evasion of this law is easy and notorious; and whether it applies at all to the gardens at Sydenham, is a point under consideration by the law officers of the Crown. Meanwhile the agitation slumbers—influential expressions of opinion on the other side are made—and it may be hoped that when Dissenters are distinctly asked to enforce a law against 'Sabbath-breaking,' they will decidedly refuse.

Earthquake is, happily, of such rare occurrence in these isles, that the startling sensation experienced in Lancashire and Cheshire on the morning of Tuesday, the 9th, must receive at least a record. This symptom of extreme elemental disturbance has been followed by floods in the midland, western, and southern counties; four lives are reported to have been lost, flocks of sheep have perished, and the feeble houses of the poor have in several places been destroyed by the flood.

The citizens of the United States have elected as President, by an overwhelming majority, the democratic candidate, Frank Pearce. The illustrious Daniel Webster was withdrawn from the rivalry by sudden death. The flower of American statesmanship—Calhoun, Clay, and Webster—have perished in quick succession. In the last-mentioned, we Englishmen had greater interest than in the former two, inasmuch as he was the 'representative man' of the Puritan States, as well as the interpreter of American relations with Europe; but with his abandonment of the anti-slavery cause, our admiration and sympathy abated. From the election of General Pearce we see little to fear and much to hope. In his person, Free-trade triumphs, and continental Liberalism is assured of transatlantic aid. And in these words we think we catch the strain that eighteen centuries and a half ago bade the world rejoice in hope. Through commerce and liberty alone, of worldly agencies, can we realize the prophetic announcement—

'Peace on earth and good will to men!'

May this returning Christmas find thee, at least, dear reader, in the enjoyment of heart and household amity—at one with thy Maker, thy kinsmen, and thyself! May plenty crown thy board, happiness brighten thy face, and generous kindness move thy hand!

Intelligence.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE IRISH CHURCH.

We had not space in our last number to do more than briefly allude to a letter from Mr. Bright, to the editor of the Dublin 'Freeman's Journal,' on the Irish Church question. We cannot here particularize every point of this important document, which has now doubtless been read by most of our readers. Its practical suggestions are the most significant. These relate to the future appropriation of the revenues of this 'bloated' Establishment. On this, Mr. Bright says—

'The most simple plan would be to absorb the revenues of the Established Church as the livings become vacant, and to apply them in some channel not ecclesiastical, in which the whole population of Ireland could participate.'

But he objects to this plan as entailing hardship on the Protestant Episcopalians, who have been unused to support their own institutions.

Mr. Bright then develops his own plan. He assumes as a basis, that 'the Protestant Episcopal Church has 500,000*l.* per annum entrusted to it, or a principal sum, at twenty years' purchase, of 10,000,000*l.* sterling. The Presbyterian Church or Churches have 40,000*l.* per annum, or, estimated at the same rate, a principal sum of 800,000*l.* The Roman Catholic Church has 26,000*l.* per annum, or a principal sum of 520,000*l.*' He would deal with this as follows:—'Let an act be passed to establish a "Church Property Commission" for Ireland; and let this Commission hold in trust, for certain purposes, all the tithes and other property now enjoyed by the Established Church; let it, in fact, become possessed of the 10,000,000*l.* sterling, the income from which now forms the revenues of that Church, as the livings and benefices become vacant. . . . Let this Commission be empowered and directed to appropriate certain portions of this fund as a free gift to each of the three churches in Ireland—to the Protestant Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, and the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever is thus given must be a free gift, and become as much the private property of the respective sects or churches as is the property of the Free Church in Scotland, or that of the Wesleyan Methodists in England. It must no longer be a trust from the State, liable to interference or recall by the State, or the "equality" and independence of the Irish sects will not be secured.' In dividing the sum, he would appropriate so much of it to the Roman Catholics as would provide that there was a small piece of land in every parish—'say from ten to twenty acres'—in the 'possession of the Catholic Church'—sufficient to constitute a home for the priest, who would still be dependent on voluntary payments for his support—to be 'made over absolutely and for ever to the Catholics of Ireland.' Under this arrangement, of course the grant to the College of Maynooth would be withdrawn. In their turn, the Presbyterians would resign the *Regium Donum*, and receive instead such a portion of the general fund, absolutely and for ever, as would produce a revenue equal to the Parliamentary grant. Similarly would he treat the Protestant Episcopalians; giving them absolutely a sum about equal to that bestowed on the others, together with the privilege of possessing their churches at a nominal rent, so long as there should be a congregation, and the fabric be kept in repair.

Thus would be exhausted three out of the nine or ten millions to be allotted. 'The remaining five or seven millions, as the case might be, might, and in my opinion ought, to be reserved for purposes strictly Irish, and directed to the educational and moral improvement of the people, without respect to class or creed. This fund would extend and perfect the educational institutions of the country; it would establish and endow free libraries in all the chief towns of Ireland; and would dispense blessings in many channels for the free and equal enjoyment of the whole population.'

The remainder of his letter Mr. Bright devotes to a reply by anticipation to the objections that will be made to this scheme.

RAGGED SCHOOLS AND GOVERNMENT EDUCATION GRANTS.

A letter from the Committee of Council on Education, dated the 10th ult., states, that their lordships would not object, where a boy in a ragged-school had, during a considerable period, continued to give undeniable evidence of good character, and of special aptitude for becoming a teacher in such a school, to apprentice him to the master on the ordinary terms. But their lordships could not consent to sanction such